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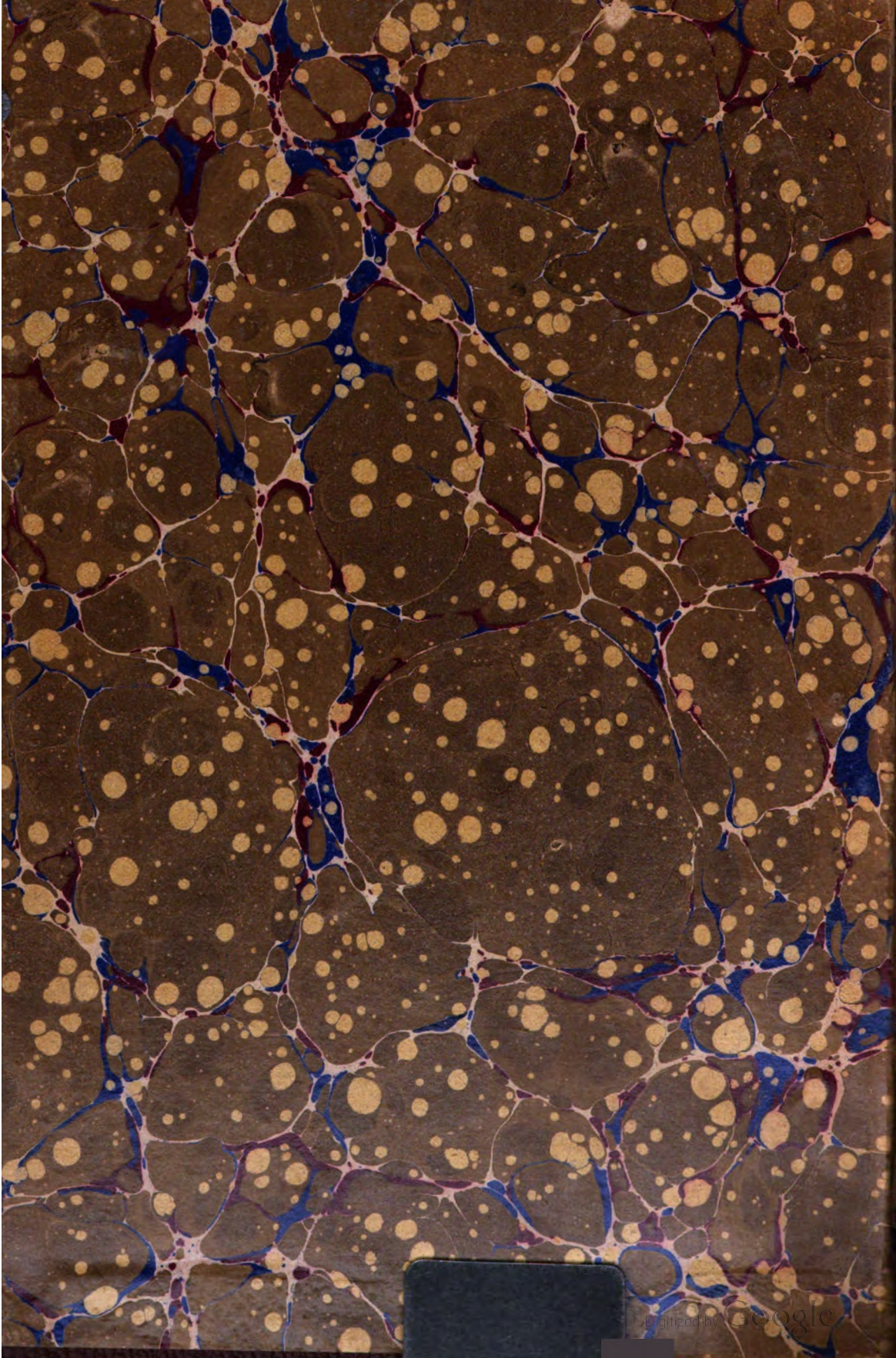
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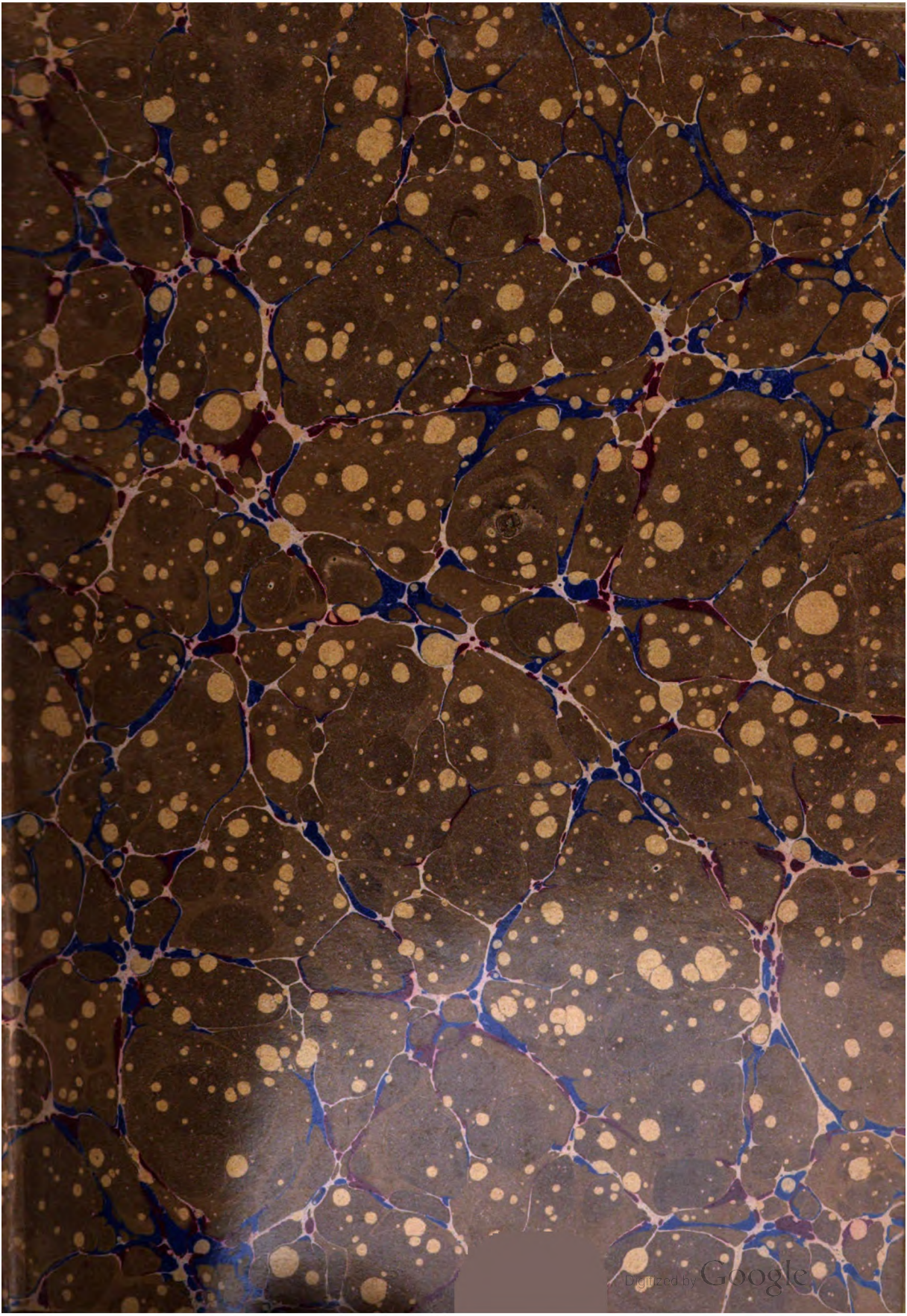
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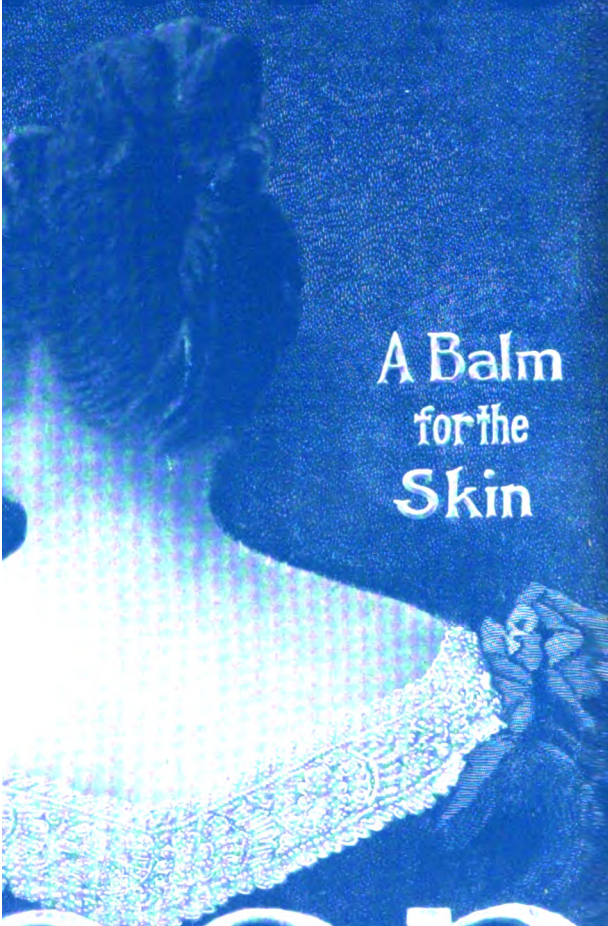


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	PAGE
GENERAL	
.....	126
.....	67
.....	205
POLE.	
.....	411
R. H.	
.....	180
SONAL	
.....	211
.....	273
.....	179
GENERAL	
.....	18
ARR...	246
.....	193
.....	197
.....	32
.....	75
9, 385, 482	
.....	282
.....	143
.....	377
.....	571
.....	534
.....	525
.....	404
.....	165
.....	505
.....	226
.....	475
.....	268
.....	54
.....	99
.....	60
.....	47
.....	306
E.	
...	361
ERI-	
..	389
...	67
...	497
.	386
...	485
AR-	
...	498
...	93

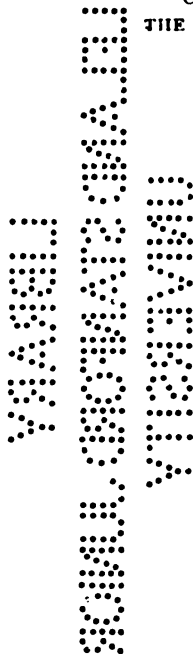
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CONTENTS OF McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOLUME X.

NOVEMBER, 1897, TO APRIL, 1898.

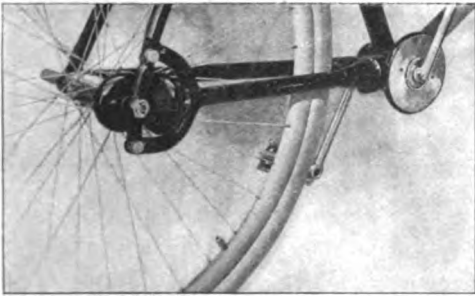
	PAGE
ADAMS, JOHN QUINCY, THE DEATH OF. A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION. GENERAL JOHN M. THAYER.....	126
AMERICA, A FRENCH CRITIC'S IMPRESSIONS OF. FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.....	67
AMERICAN, AN, AT KARLSBAD. CY WARMAN. <i>Illustrated</i>	205
ANDRÉE PARTY, LETTERS FROM THE. THE BALLOON EXPEDITION TO THE POLE. <i>Illustrated</i>	411
ASIA, IN UNEXPLORED. DISCOVERIES AND ADVENTURES OF DR. SVEN HEDIN. R. H. SHERARD. <i>Illustrated</i>	180
BRAKEMAN, A, IN THE YARD AND ON THE ROAD. A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCES. HERBERT E. HAMBLÉN. <i>Illustrated</i>	211
BROWN, JOHN, REMINISCENCES OF. DANIEL B. HADLEY.....	273
CHRISTMAS NIGHT. PAINTING BY F. S. CHURCH.....	179
CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS, THE GOVERNMENT COLLECTION OF. GENERAL A. W. GREELY.....	18
CLEMENS, SAMUEL L. "MARK TWAIN." A CHARACTER SKETCH. ROBERT BARR...	246
DANA, CHARLES A.: AN EDITORIAL NOTE	193
DE MONVEL, BOUTET. A PAINTER OF CHILDREN. NORMAN HAPGOOD. <i>Illustrated</i>	197
DREAMERS. A POEM. ROSALIE M. JONAS. <i>Illustrated</i>	32
EDISON'S REVOLUTION IN IRON MINING. THEODORE WATERS. <i>Illustrated</i>	75
EDITORIAL NOTES.....	289, 385, 482
FICTION: SHORT STORIES.	
ACCORDIN' TO SOLOMON. MARY M. MEARS.....	282
ARCHBISHOP'S, THE, CHRISTMAS GIFT. ROBERT BARR. <i>Illustrated</i>	143
BRIDE, THE, COMES TO YELLOW SKY. STEPHEN CRANE. <i>Illustrated</i>	377
CUPID'S MESSENGER. GERTRUDE ADAMS. <i>Illustrated</i>	571
DAY, THE, OF THE DOG. MORGAN ROBERTSON. <i>Illustrated</i>	534
DOMINOES, THE ROW OF. FRANK CRANE. <i>Illustrated</i>	525
EXPERIMENT IN BURGLARY, AN. H. HOBART NICHOLS. <i>Illustrated</i>	494
INCIDENT, THE, OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR. BLISS PERRY.....	165
"KING FOR A DAY." W. A. FRASER.....	505
LONG LADDER, THE. ROBERT BARR. <i>Illustrated</i>	226
OTTENHAUSEN'S COUP. JOHN WALKER HARRINGTON. <i>Illustrated</i>	475
SAIRY SPENCER'S REVOLT. CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN. <i>Illustrated</i>	268
SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES. ANNA A. ROGERS.....	54
TOMB, THE, OF HIS ANCESTORS. RUDYARD KIPLING. <i>Illustrated</i>	99
TWENTIETH CENTURY WOMAN, A. ELLA HIGGINSON. <i>Illustrated</i>	60
UNJUST ACCUSATION, AN. ROBERT BARR. <i>Illustrated</i>	47
WEE TAY TABLE, THE. SHAN F. BULLOCK. <i>Illustrated</i>	306
FIRING A LOCOMOTIVE. A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCES. HERBERT E. HAMBLÉN. <i>Illustrated</i>	361
FREIGHT ENGINEER, ADVENTURES OF A. A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCES. HERBERT E. HAMBLÉN. <i>Illustrated</i>	389
FRENCH CRITIC'S, A, IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA. FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE.....	67
GAY GORDONS, THE. DARGAI, OCTOBER, 20, 1897. A POEM. HENRY NEWBOLT	497
GEORGE'S, HENRY, LAST BOOK. HAMLIN GARLAND.....	386
GORDON HIGHLANDERS, STORIES OF THE. CHARLES LOWE. <i>Illustrated</i>	485
GRANT AND WARD FAILURE, THE. A ROMANCE OF WALL STREET. HAMLIN GARLAND. <i>Illustrated</i>	498
HALCYON DAYS. A POEM. WALT WHITMAN.....	93

	PAGE
HYMNS THAT HAVE HELPED. W. T. STEAD.	172
INCIDENT, AN, OF '49. JAMES H. HOLMES. <i>Illustrated</i>	251
INDIA, FROM, TO SOUTH AFRICA. THE DIARY OF A VOYAGE. MARK TWAIN. <i>Illustrated</i>	3
IRON MINING, EDISON'S REVOLUTION IN. THEODORE WATERS. <i>Illustrated</i>	75
IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS? <i>Illustrated</i>	192
KARLSBAD, AN AMERICAN AT. CY WARMAN. <i>Illustrated</i>	205
KLONDIKE! HO FOR THE. THE VARIOUS WAYS IN.—WHERE THE GOLD IS FOUND. HAMLIN GARLAND. <i>Illustrated</i>	443
LIFE IS STRUGGLE. A POEM. ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.....	96
LINCOLN, SOME GREAT PORTRAITS OF. IDA M. TARBELL. <i>Illustrated</i>	339
MADONNAS, THREE FAMOUS.	
VIRGIN ADORING THE INFANT CHRIST. PERUGINO.....	121
MADONNA AND CHILD, AND ST. JOHN. BOTTICELLI.....	122
MADONNA AND CHILD ("THE MADONNA OF THE GRAND DUKE"). RAPHAEL.....	123
MIRROR, THE. A POEM. MARGARET F. MAURO.....	277
MODERN MIRACLE, A. H. G. PROUT. <i>Illustrated</i>	45
PAINTER, A, OF CHILDREN—BOUTET DE MONVEL. NORMAN HAPGOOD. <i>Illustrated</i>	197
PASSENGER ENGINEER, ADVERSITIES OF A. A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCES. HERBERT E. HAMBLIN. <i>Illustrated</i>	513
POLAR EXPLORATION, FUTURE NORTH. DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN. <i>Illustrated</i>	293
PRIZE DRAWINGS:	
A TYPE OF AMERICAN HEAD. PAINTED BY MISS LILLIE O'RYAN.....	94
A TYPE OF AMERICAN HEAD. DRAWN BY J. HARRISON MILLS.....	95
RAILROAD MAN, THE LIFE OF THE. DRAWN FROM FIFTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE. HERBERT E. HAMBLIN.	
A BRAKEMAN IN THE YARD AND ON THE ROAD. <i>Illustrated</i>	211
FIRING A LOCOMOTIVE. <i>Illustrated</i>	361
ADVENTURES OF A FREIGHT ENGINEER. <i>Illustrated</i>	389
ADVERSITIES OF A PASSENGER ENGINEER. <i>Illustrated</i>	513
RAILROADS, THE NATION'S. GEORGE B. WALDRON. <i>Illustrated</i>	557
REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR. CHARLES A. DANA.	
I. FROM THE "TRIBUNE" TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT. <i>Illustrated</i>	20
II. FROM MEMPHIS TO VICKSBURG.—THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN. <i>Illustrated</i>	150
III. LIFE IN THE TRENCHES AT VICKSBURG AND THE MEN IN COMMAND. <i>Illustrated</i>	253
IV. IN COUNCIL AND IN BATTLE WITH ROSECRANS AND THOMAS.—A VISIT TO BURNSIDE AT KNOXVILLE. <i>Illustrated</i>	347
V. THE BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA.—IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT WITH STANTON. <i>Illustrated</i>	431
VI. MR. LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET. <i>Illustrated</i>	561
RUPERT OF HENTZAU. A NOVEL. Chapters I.—XIV. ANTHONY HOPE. <i>Illustrated</i>	128, 235, 322, 455, 546
SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH. A POEM. ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.....	96
SOUTH AFRICA, TO, FROM INDIA. THE DIARY OF A VOYAGE. MARK TWAIN. <i>Illustrated</i>	3
ST. IVES. A NOVEL. CONCLUSION. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.....	33
STEVENSON'S GALLERY, THE LAST PORTRAIT IN. A POEM.....	290
TARBELL, IDA M. A PORTRAIT... ..	427
TO R. T. H. B. A POEM. WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.....	96
TRUCK SIX, AN ADVENTURE OF. A TRUE STORY OF A FIREMAN'S BRAVERY. RAY STANNARD BAKER.....	428
VESPERTINA QUIES. A PAINTING BY SIR EDWARD BURNE-JONES.....	267
WALL STREET, A ROMANCE OF. THE GRANT AND WARD FAILURE. HAMLIN GARLAND. <i>Illustrated</i>	498
WASHINGTON, GEORGE, THE LAST DAYS OF. FROM THE MANUSCRIPT DIARY OF HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY, COLONEL TOBIAS LEAR. <i>Illustrated</i>	315
WHERE IS ANDRÉE? WALTER WELLMAN. <i>Illustrated</i>	422
YET FOR PITY. A POEM. ELLA HIGGINSON. <i>Illustrated</i>	124

THE COLUMBIA CHAINLESS.

THE AUTHENTIC STORY OF A MARVELOUS ACHIEVEMENT.

BY RUSSELL STONE.



The chainless bicycle, be it said in the beginning, has come. The long-promised, long-deferred is here. In that quiet Connecticut capital from whence near a million bicycles have come, through streets whose arching trees were just turning to yellow and gold, I have taken my first ride upon a successful chainless wheel.

The word successful implies much; in the present instance, it implies a marvel. I wish to indicate all of this. The wheel which I rode, one of the earliest made, has been in service about a year; it has had the roughest usage; it has been out in all weathers; it has been subjected to every possible test which a bicycle might ever be expected to undergo. And it runs to-day as easily as any bicycle that was ever put on the road. It has been under test, as I say, for months, and its shaft is not twisted,

its bevel gears are not out of plumb, the wheels are not sprung, the cogs are not broken.

In brief, what the greatest of bicycle makers regarded as impossible, what the most competent of mechanical engineers declared was utterly impracticable, what even his own experts looked upon as a foolhardy attempt, the indomitable builder of the famous Columbia has at last achieved.

The wonder of it, if the paradox is allowable, is that nothing wonderful is apparent; it is so extraordinarily simple. Outwardly there is nothing more noticeable than the absence of the awkward and clumsy chain. Inwardly there is nothing more than a pair of bevel gears, set at either end of a short slender steel shaft. All this is boxed in; the metal case which encloses the gearing is but little larger than one of the big cyclometers which were in use a few years ago; the shaft itself turns in a hollow tube no larger than that comprising the frame of an ordinary chain-and-sprocket wheel. And that is all. The entire mechanism occupies so little visible space that, as you look at the machine for the first time, you are at a loss to understand how it runs.

It is just because of this, and because it does run, smoothly, noiselessly and with greater ease than any wheel which has yet been made, of any type, that it is a success.

NOTE.—These articles on Great Business Enterprises are prepared under the supervision of the editor of the MAGAZINE, by a member of its regular staff, and with the same literary and artistic care as articles designed for the body of the MAGAZINE. The cost of them is borne, however, by the several firms whose industries they describe.

In order to realize the full measure of this achievement it will be necessary to go back a little. For ten years or more rivalry in the field of bicycle construction has been of the keenest. Probably no industry in the world has engaged finer mechanical genius, nor, for that matter, larger capital, proportionately, than has been lavished on the perfected "safety." One must have personally made a tour through one of the great factories and seen with his own eyes the truly marvelous mechanical contrivances, the care and detail which go to the making of the swift, graceful machine we ride, in order to adequately realize what a triumph of constructive ingenuity it is.

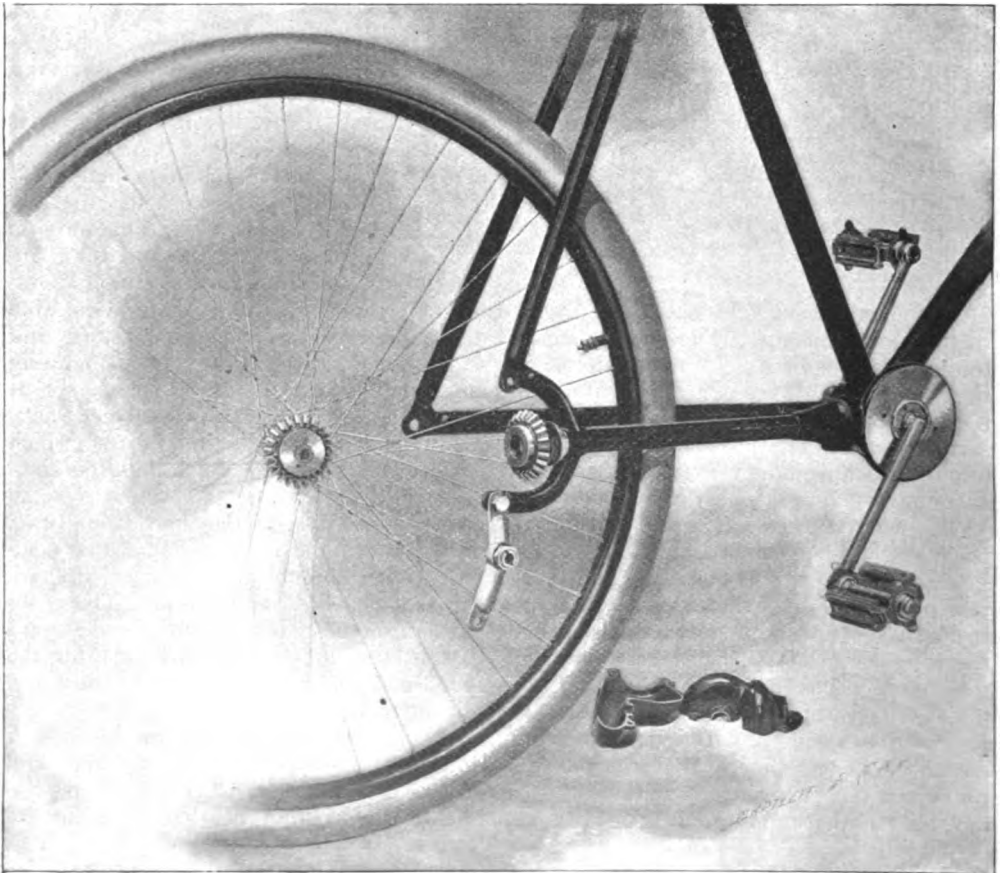
And yet there was one unsatisfactory feature. That, it is needless to say, is the chain. It does not require an expert knowledge of dynamics to understand that the chain and sprocket is an expensive device for the transmission of power. As soon as the chain begins to do work, it begins to wear—and fill. It is exposed to

the weather, and mud and dust. All these influences directly shorten its life. More than all this, its effect, since it is placed upon one side, with no counter-balancing force, is to pull the rear wheel out of plumb—to twist it round.

Thousands of dollars, hundreds of devices, and endless experiments have hitherto failed to overcome these difficulties or to find out any better substitute.

Among these hundreds of devices the bevel gear and transmitting shaft was one; and one of the most attractive. And for this reason almost every bicycle maker has tried to construct such a gearing—one that would be a success.

Now, not the least remarkable part of the matter is that four or five years ago such a bevel gear and shaft was actually devised—was an actual success. That was the old League wheel. It was a cumbersome machine, its construction was faulty, its tread was very wide, its weight was thirty-eight pounds. It was far from a



SHOWING EASE OF LIFTING OUT REAR WHEEL.

thing of beauty. But a thousand or more of these machines were marketed before the company failed and went out of business.

This wheel was so well liked in spite of all its faults that there is more than one rider in this country who has awaited the construction of a new and better chainless before he would give up the old one. The wheels were surprisingly easy to ride—they even made records. A well-known rider, "Jack Knowles," made sixty consecutive centuries on one of them, and that, too, in sixty consecutive days. Many of his runs were over roads that would have been impassable for an ordinary chain-and-sprocket wheel; they were ridden through mud and slush, and with water, at times, almost to the hubs.

All this was not merely extraordinary then; it has never been equaled since by any wheel now on the market. It is notable, too, that whoever rode a League wheel found his initial prejudice giving place to admiration for some of its features. With all the handicap of a bad model and crude workmanship, the League wheels were a demonstration that the bevel gears were built to run.

After the League enterprise failed its patents went into the hands of the Columbia company. As a matter of course League wheels in Hartford and round about began in time to come to the Pope Manufacturing Company's works to be repaired. The vital part of the story is here: *they never came because of any failure of the bevel gears.* Other parts of the machine might go to pieces; the bevel gears were still intact.

All this, it should be noted, was in entire contradiction to what all the experts and trained engineers had invariably declared would take place. The experts were persuaded that the cogs would bind, that the apparatus would crumple up, and, in short, that the bevel-gear principle could not be applied on a bicycle with success.

Any one who has gone even a little way into the history of invention and mechanical advance, especially in this country, will have learned that "impossible" is a dangerous word. The present instance is to be added to other notable cases of such bad usage.

The fact that stood boldly out was that the mechanical demonstration of the chainless bicycle had been made. It was one thing, however, to make a bevel-gear wheel which would run for thousands of miles without appreciably showing wear and tear; it was quite another to make a chainless

wheel that could be put on the market at a price which would enable it to compete with the wheel now in vogue. The success of the bevel gear was due to two things: first, fine gear cutting, and second, to a frame so rigid that the gearing could not be dislocated or sprung. The introduction of nickel steel made possible a frame that would be at once sufficiently rigid and still not unsightly or clumsily large. There remained the problem of cutting on a large scale absolutely perfect gears.

It has cost half a million dollars to solve this problem. When the makers of the Columbia began their experiments, two years ago, there were not in the wide world factories with a sufficient capacity to supply the Pope factory with bevel gears for an hour a day.

It was an absolute requisite that these little gears—not so wide as the palm of your hand—should be cut so true that when they came to be put together, or rather, what is much more to the point, when they came to roll together, they would not vary a hair's breadth—not one two-thousandths of an inch! Formerly they were cut by hand, at least such as required this extreme accuracy. In order to make them in sufficient quantities for use in a bicycle, it was necessary that they should be made by machinery, and by the hundreds a day.

The machine to do this has been built and is at work. As you stand watching it it does not seem human—it seems more. With clock-like precision it takes hold of the roughed-out pieces of bevel cogs as they come from the die in which they have been forged, and chisels and pares them down to a fineness of finish comparable only to the movement of the most delicate watch.

It is not merely that these cogs must be cut smooth and true; they must be cut upon a curve and with a shelving face. Not only must the cog be rounded with absolute precision, but the opening between the teeth must be slightly wider toward the upper end. This tapering of the teeth and the spaces must be exactly uniform. More than this, the side of each tooth must be cut with a gradual and mathematically exact swell (what is known as an epicycloidal curve), so that when the teeth are in operation they will come together and separate with a rolling motion and without any slipping or grinding whatever.

Now, imagine, if you will, a machine which, when the roughed-out gear is set in

place, will cut away these teeth of such extraordinary shape—file them down, as it were, to the exact degree of fineness, and, having completed one, turn to the next without any interference from the operator; and so on clear around the circle. Then with a sharp click, like that of a benign old lady snapping together her needles when the stocking is done, this automaton of steel draws back its knives, throws off the belt and thus announces that its appointed task is finished. As I stood before it, marveling greatly, I seemed to understand why it did not look up and speak to me; it was much too busy, and no doubt its voiceless brain was too weary, after such an exacting task, for speech.

Yet even when these wonderful affairs were designed and completed and set up, row after row, like workmen at a bench, merely a beginning—though it was a very great beginning—had been made. To have mechanically perfect gears that could be cut by machinery in half an hour where it had formerly required days was a great advance. But it was still necessary to construct a frame which should not merely permit of a free working of the parts when first set up, but should hold them together so firmly that they might be subjected to any strain, short of that which would ruin the entire machine. The frame must be so rigid that no strain will draw the gearing apart by so much as the hundredth of an inch. This

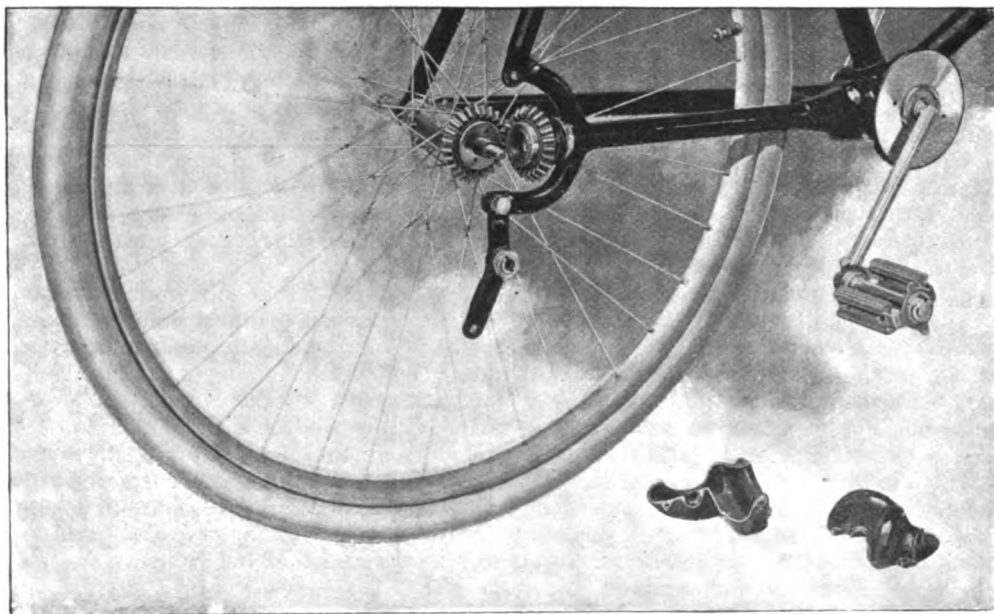
is one reason why the old League wheel was so heavy. Its makers knew no other way to give it this required firmness than to make it, figuratively, as heavy as a dray.

It was just about this time that the National Government had shown the astonishing possibilities that lay in the use of nickel steel for armor plate. Elaborate tests upon this new metal disclosed that by the addition of a small percentage of nickel, steel takes on a wonderful rigidity without losing those other qualities which have made it the most useful metal in the world.

It was a naval engineer who suggested to Colonel Pope the possibility that nickel steel might be employed in the manufacture of bicycles in the making of frames. At that time there was not a single establishment in existence manufacturing nickel steel tubing; it was not even known that such a tubing could be satisfactorily made.

It has required an outlay of nearly a million dollars to build and equip a plant for this purpose; but the result has justified the expenditure. Nickel steel tubing has been introduced in all the Columbia Bicycles made this year, and it has been found to be the most perfect material for this purpose which has yet been discovered.

It is nickel steel which, as I remarked a little way back, has made possible the construction of light, graceful bevel-gear shafting. A glance at the illustrations which



CAPS REMOVED TO SHOW REAR GEAR IN PLACE.

accompany this article will disclose the principle employed and likewise the method of construction.

Bevel gears join the rear axle and likewise the crank-shaft between the pedals. Between these two pairs of gearings is a short, hollow shaft, set upon ball bearings and transmitting the motion of the crank-shaft to the rear wheel. Practically this is all. Delicate devices, which it would be difficult here to describe with profit, unite the shaft with the bevel gears so firmly that they will run for years without disturbance and yet permit the rear gearing to be removed and another substituted with quickness and ease.

It almost goes without saying that a long-headed business man with a reputation which a generation of commercial and mechanical success has established, will not risk either that reputation or the half million dollars he has invested, on a product that offers the slightest possibility of failure when placed before the public. Still, I can give but a faint idea of the long course of experimentation and the exhaustive tests which have wrought the new chainless wheel to probably the highest pitch of perfection which it is possible at this day to achieve.

The fact which should be borne in mind is that the bevel gear has been worked out in the face of what those who were regarded as the highest authorities had to say upon the subject. It is very interesting to learn that even after the thing had been done the experts still declared that it was not commercially practicable. Even the trained engineers persisted in this belief long after the old League wheel had shown that the bevel gear could be made a success. The chainless wheels made by this company had been running in Hartford, and notwithstanding every test, for two years before the men who had made the Columbia what it is—the finest-built wheel in the world—could be brought to believe that the new type might be so far perfected as to be superior to the chain-and-sprocket wheel. Such is the force of educated prejudice.

If such a degree of prejudice is to be found among those who have made all these questions more or less of a life-long study, it will not be surprising to find much adverse opinion in the minds of those who are merely bicycle riders. It will be of interest, therefore, to run over one after another of the questions which naturally

arise when one comes to consider the chainless for the first time. In doing this we may note what the tests, hundreds upon hundreds in number, have demonstrated. These tests, it may be said in passing, may be regarded as the final word upon the subject, since it is obvious that for the Pope company itself to entertain the slightest delusion regarding the new wheel would result, in the end, in sure and certain disaster.

First, as to the question of efficiencies. It was found that under a heavy load the chainless wheel showed an efficiency of nearly 95 per cent. and under light loads 88.5 per cent. This is not only a higher average than can be obtained with a chain wheel, but it likewise develops the highly important fact that under extremely heavy loads, corresponding to the very worst of hill climbing, the bevel gearing shows none of that "cramping," which was so much feared. It simply did not occur.

It was also noted that where the chain wheel lost in efficiency when a side strain was put upon the crank bracket, similar to that which comes in hill climbing, under the same conditions the chainless wheel lost nothing at all.

Again, it is probable that most people would, at first thought, regard the friction of bevel gearing as greater than that of any other form. This, because of the fact that in the transmission of the motion there are two right-angle turns. As a matter of fact it has been found that, all other things being equal, bevel gearing is slightly more efficient than spur gearing, (of which the chain and sprocket is a combination type).

It has been found that what would be called ordinarily a fairly clean chain is less efficient by 3 or 4 per cent. than the same chain when carefully cleaned and oiled. Such variation of conditions does not exist with the driving mechanism of the chainless, as it is practically perfectly protected from dirt; and this is what no gear case can insure. Further than this, the wear of the chain, with accompanying disagreement of pitch with sprockets, goes on just the same even within the gear case.

The wear upon the gear teeth, cut and carefully hardened as they are, is inappreciable, so that they can be run for many thousands of miles without showing the slightest deterioration.

In the discussion of the chainless bicycle much has been said of the "torsional strain" to which such a shaft as

that employed in bevel gearing would necessarily be subjected. It seems a prevalent idea that no piece of steel could be made sufficiently strong to withstand this strain without being all out of proportion to the rest of the wheel. As a matter of fact, not only has such a shaft been constructed so slender that it rolls within a piece of frame tubing of the ordinary size, but it is so strong that under ordinary strains it actually increases, very slightly, in efficiency, rather than the opposite. This is precisely the reverse of the behavior of the chain wheel under a similar strain.

I may compact into a few brief sentences some other of the disclosures of the tests both on the road and in the shop—tests which have now been carried on for more than a year.

Under all conditions of riding, and under all tests, the chainless runs easier than the chain machine. This is due to the fact that the bevel gear offers less resistance due to friction than the best chain bicycle which can be built. A perfectly-cut bevel gear presents a rolling contact against its mate, producing no more friction than a pair of shafts, or even ball bearings, rolling together.

The frame does not get out of line under the application of pressure, and even if it should do this by any accident, this fact

makes no difference with the gearing whatever. Both the shaft and the teeth of the gears are so hard and so strong that the driving cranks will break before they give way. This is the best illustration I can give of the strength of the bevel-gear construction.

The chainless wheel makes less noise than the chain wheel even when each are new from the factory, and it goes without saying that as the chainless gearing is nowhere exposed to dirt or the atmosphere, and hence undergoes no wear or rust from these influences, it is as noiseless at the end of the year as the day it started.

The driving mechanism of the chainless is, on the whole, less complicated and has a smaller number of parts than the chain machine, and is, therefore, less liable to get out of order. More than this, it requires a skillful hand to take apart the chain-and-sprocket wheel and put it together again properly. The chainless is so simple that no more than ordinary experience with a wheel is required to take it down and put it up.

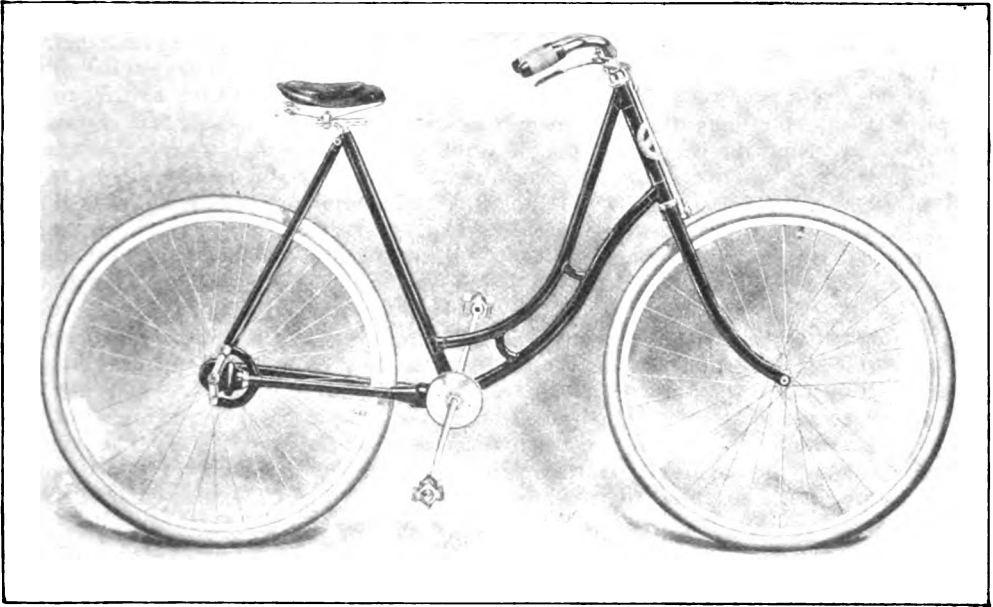
The difference in the weight of the chain wheel and the chainless, model for model, is so slight as to make no appreciable difference—a matter of no more than two or three pounds.

With the use of nickel steel tubing, and the bracing device to give additional firmness, the Columbia Chainless is the strongest bicycle that has ever been made.



THE COLUMBIA CHAINLESS READY FOR THE ROAD.

THE COLUMBIA CHAINLESS.



THE LADIES' COLUMBIA CHAINLESS.

Finally, it is practically established that the bevel gearing will outlast the other important parts of the machine. In other words, so highly has the new mechanism been developed that it has practically surpassed many other portions of the bicycle. This is to me a very striking fact.

It remains for me to give account of my own sensations on the new wheel. I mount on a street opposite the factory that has a considerable grade and start off up the hill. The sensation afforded by the first stroke of the pedal is an odd one. There is no "give," or yielding as in the chain wheel, at all, but a curious feeling of firmness. At the instant that I apply pressure upon the pedal the machine seems to answer. There is no "back-lash," as riders have come to call it—that slight jog or interval which comes at the moment when one pedal releases the tension and the other takes it up.

More than this, although the chainless is absolutely noiseless and the friction is demonstrably a great deal less than in the type to which I have been accustomed, it seems as if I can yet *feel* the gearing and follow it as it carries the motion of the crank-shaft back to the driving wheel. I cannot better describe this rather elusive impression than to say it seems to add to that exhilaration which every bicycle rider must experience "in making the thing go."

It is, I fancy, an added sense of having your machine absolutely under your own control.

I have not been upon my own wheel for perhaps a month, and yet I mount the hill with surprising ease. This is due, I suspect, to the fact which I have already noted—that the stroke is longer and quicker to take effect. The considerable loss of energy which must necessarily occur in taking up the slack of the chain, when passing the "dead point" at each revolution, is completely eliminated.

So, again, when I turn the corner and meet a strong head wind, I experience the same effect. The positive motion of the bevel gears gives one a peculiar sensation of "going straight ahead." There is no feeling of a strain, and momentary pause, and then the answering motion, as in the case of the chain wheel. Similarly in going down hill there is the same impression of absolute control, and hence ability to stop the wheel or slow it as one likes.

Disregarding the municipal regulations of Hartford I put the new wheel to various coasting tests and am rather astonished to find that it moves off with no more feeling of resistance than that of the chain wheel under the best possible conditions. I am told that the most precise tests have shown that the chainless will actually coast farther and run farther when the wheel is lifted

off the ground, than the best of the old type.

Nor is this all. In every century road test the rider of a Columbia Chainless has shown much less fatigue than his companions. Upon returning from a spin of 104 miles over a rough country, an experienced rider, who started out with "no faith in bevel gears" gave this report: "I must say that I rode this distance with less effort than any 100 miles I ever attempted before."

A slight matter which is still worth reporting is this: I rode all about the streets of Hartford upon the chainless wheel without any "trouser clips," and just as I stepped upon the machine from the street. There seems not the slightest opportunity for any part of the machine to catch in your clothes.

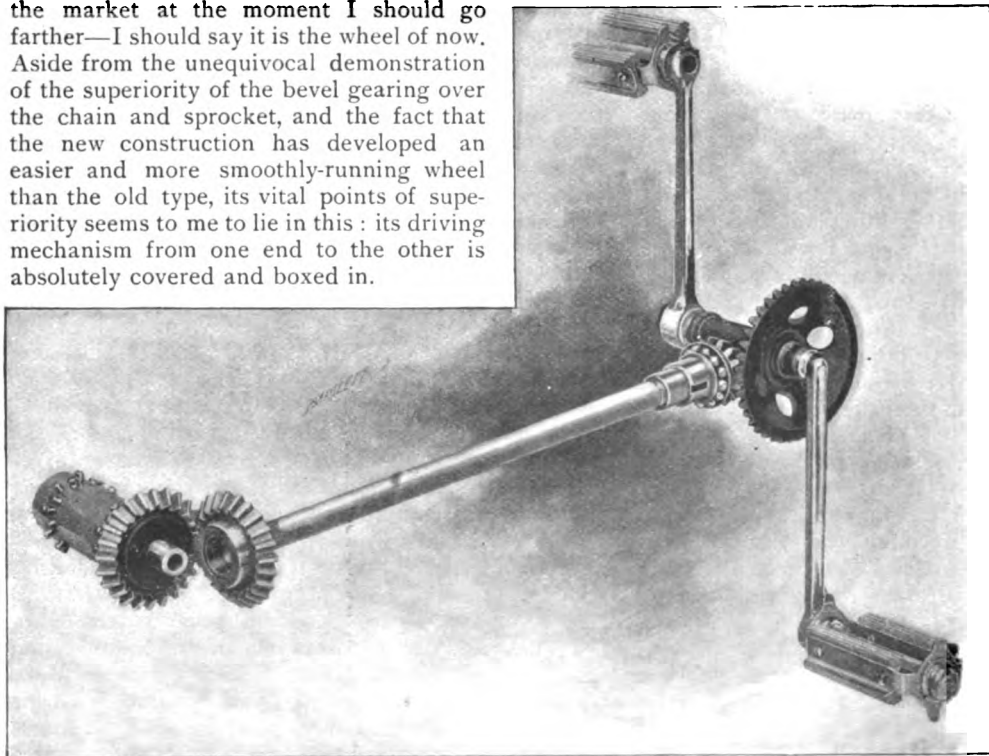
The absence of the chain guard must be inexpressibly welcome to women, for with this comes the assurance that no flapping of skirts will hereafter result in a sometimes perilously sudden and involuntary dismount.

It must be clear from what I have said thus far that my experience with the chainless wheel has left me without a doubt that it is the wheel of the future. Were it on the market at the moment I should go farther—I should say it is the wheel of now. Aside from the unequivocal demonstration of the superiority of the bevel gearing over the chain and sprocket, and the fact that the new construction has developed an easier and more smoothly-running wheel than the old type, its vital points of superiority seems to me to lie in this: its driving mechanism from one end to the other is absolutely covered and boxed in.

The importance of this marked step in advance seems to me exactly comparable to the difference between an enclosed and open crank-shaft, axles and ball bearings. If it is important that these last should be shut in and protected from exposure to weather and dust and mud, it seems to me it is quite as important that the rest of the driving gear should be equally protected.

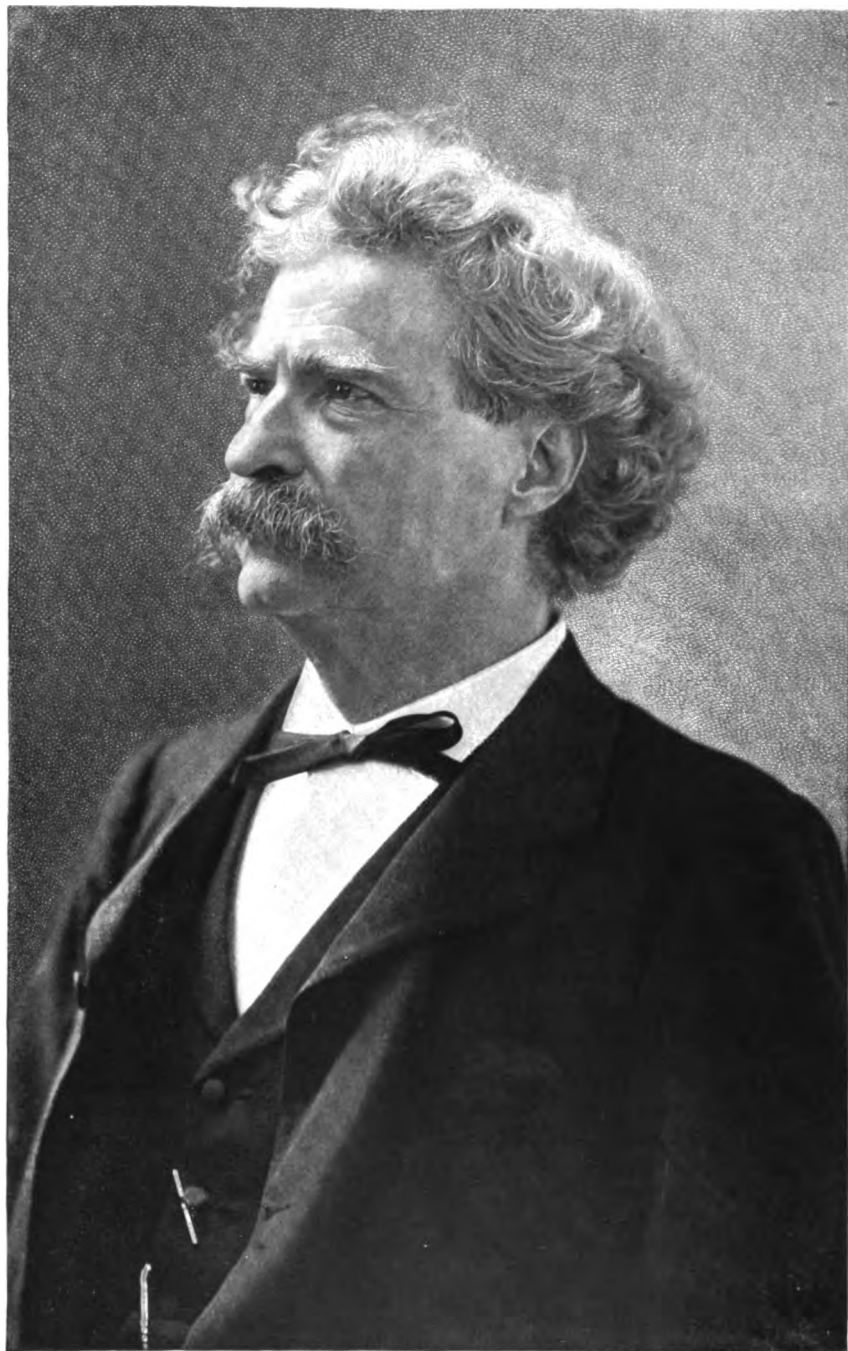
For the rest, I do not believe that any one can go over the ground as carefully as I have done and not come to the belief that the bevel gear is the simplest, safest, cleanest, most economical, and most durable form of power transmission that has yet been used in bicycle construction; that for come-as-it-may riding it gives a maximum of speed for a minimum of effort; and, lastly, that in the Columbia Chainless the Pope Manufacturing Company has produced a practically perfect wheel. It represents to me the highest achievement of mechanical genius in this field. More could hardly be said.

The cost of construction, and consequently the price at which it must be sold, seems the only possible bar to its universal use.



THE COMPLETE BEVEL-GEAR MECHANISM.

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Be good + you will be handsome.

Mark Twain
—

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McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

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NOVEMBER, 1897.

No. 1.

FROM INDIA TO SOUTH AFRICA.

THE DIARY OF A VOYAGE.

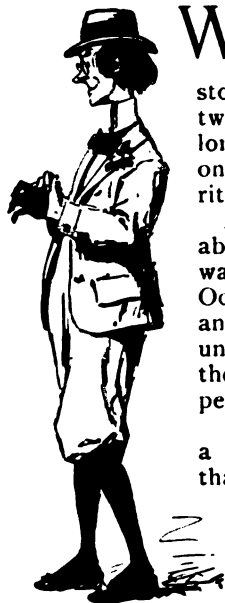
BY MARK TWAIN.

Author of "The Innocents Abroad," "Adventures of Tom Sawyer," etc.

A TRUTHFUL CAPTAIN WHOM NOBODY WOULD BELIEVE, AND A FABLING PASSENGER WHOM NOBODY WOULD DISCREDIT.—A STEAMSHIP LIBRARY PERFECT IN ITS OMISSIONS.—THE ADVANTAGES OF LIVING AWAY FROM MAURITIUS.—BARNUM'S PURCHASE OF SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE.

I.

There are no people who are quite so vulgar as the over-refined ones.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's New Calendar.*



—A Female Uncle.

WE sailed from Calcutta toward the end of March; stopped a day at Madras; two or three days in Ceylon; then sailed westward on a long flight for Mauritius. From my diary:

April 7th.—We are far abroad upon the smooth waters of the Indian Ocean now; it is shady and pleasant and peaceful under the vast spread of the awnings, and life is perfect again—ideal.

The difference between a river and the sea is, that the river looks fluid, the sea solid—usually looks as if you could step out and walk on it.

The captain has this peculiarity—he cannot tell the truth in a plausible way. In this he is the very opposite of the austere Scot who sits midway of the table:

he cannot tell a lie in an *un*-plausible way. When the captain finishes a statement the passengers glance at each other privately, as who should say, "Do you believe that?"

When the Scot finishes one, the look says, "How strange and interesting!" The whole secret is in the manner and method of the two men.

The captain is a little shy and diffident, and he states the simplest fact as if he were a little afraid of it, while the Scot delivers himself of the most abandoned lie with such an air of stern veracity that one is forced to believe it although one knows it isn't so. For instance, the Scot told about a pet flying-fish he once owned, that lived in a little fountain in his conservatory, and supported itself by catching birds and frogs and rats in the neighboring fields. It was plain that no one at the table doubted this statement.

By and by, in the course of some talk about custom-house annoyances, the captain brought out the following simple, everyday incident, but through his infirmity of style, managed to tell it in such a way that it got no credence. He said:

"I went ashore at Naples one voyage when I was in that trade, and stood around helping my passengers, for I could speak a little Italian. Two or three times, at intervals, the officer asked me if I had any—

thing dutiable about me, and seemed more and more put out and disappointed every time I told him no. Finally a passenger whom I had helped through asked me to come out and take something. I thanked him, but excused myself, saying I had taken a whisky just before I came ashore.

"It was a fatal admission. The officer at once made me pay sixpence import duty on the whisky—just from ship to shore, you see; and he fined me five pounds for not declaring the goods, another five pounds for falsely denying that I had anything dutiable about me, also five pounds for concealing the goods, and fifty pounds for smuggling, which is the maximum penalty for unlawfully bringing in goods under the value of sevenpence ha'penny. Altogether, sixty-five pounds sixpence, for a little thing like that!"

The Scot is always believed, yet he never tells anything but lies; whereas the captain is never believed, although he never tells a lie—so far as I can judge. If he should say his uncle was a male person, he would probably say it in such a way that nobody would believe it; at the same time the Scot could claim that he had a female uncle and not stir a doubt in anybody's mind. My own luck has been curious all my literary life: I never could tell a lie that anybody would doubt, nor a truth that anybody would believe.

Lots of pets on board—birds and things. In these far countries the white people do seem to run remarkably to pets. Our host in Cawnpore had a fine collection of birds—the finest we saw in a private house in India. And in Colombo, Dr. Murray's great compound and commodious bungalow were well populated with domesticated company from the woods: frisky little squirrels; a Ceylon mina walking sociably about the house; a small green parrot, that whistled a single urgent note of call without motion of its beak, also chuckled; a monkey in a cage on the back veranda, and some more out in the trees; also a number of beautiful macaws in the trees; and various and sun-

dry birds and animals of breeds not known to me. But no cat. Yet a cat would have liked that place.

April 9th.—Tea-planting is the great business in Ceylon now. A passenger says it often pays forty per cent. on the investment. Says there is a boom.

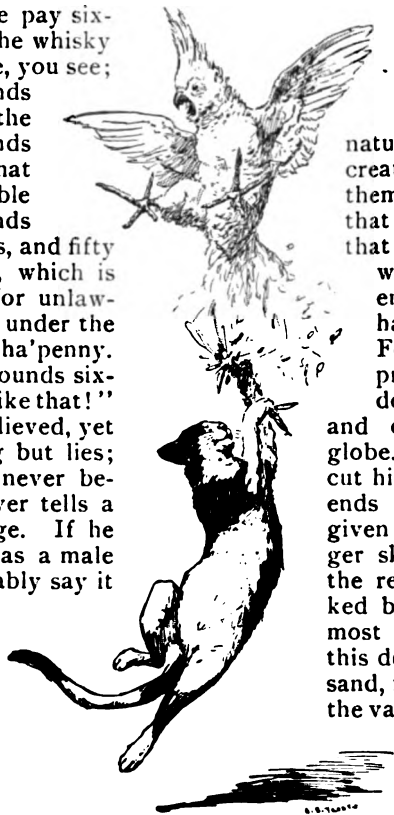
April 10th.—The sea is a Mediterranean blue; and I believe that that is about the divinest color known to nature.

It is strange and fine—nature's lavish generosity to her creatures. At least to all of them except man. For those that fly she has provided a home that is nobly spacious—a home which is forty miles deep and envelops the whole globe, and has not an obstruction in it. For those that swim she has provided a more than imperial domain which is miles deep and covers three-fifths of the globe. But as for man, she has cut him off with the mere odds and ends of the creation. She has given him the thin skin, the meager skin which is stretched over the remaining two-fifths—the naked bones stick up through it in most places. On the one-half of this domain he can raise snow, ice, sand, rocks, and nothing else. So the valuable part of his inheritance

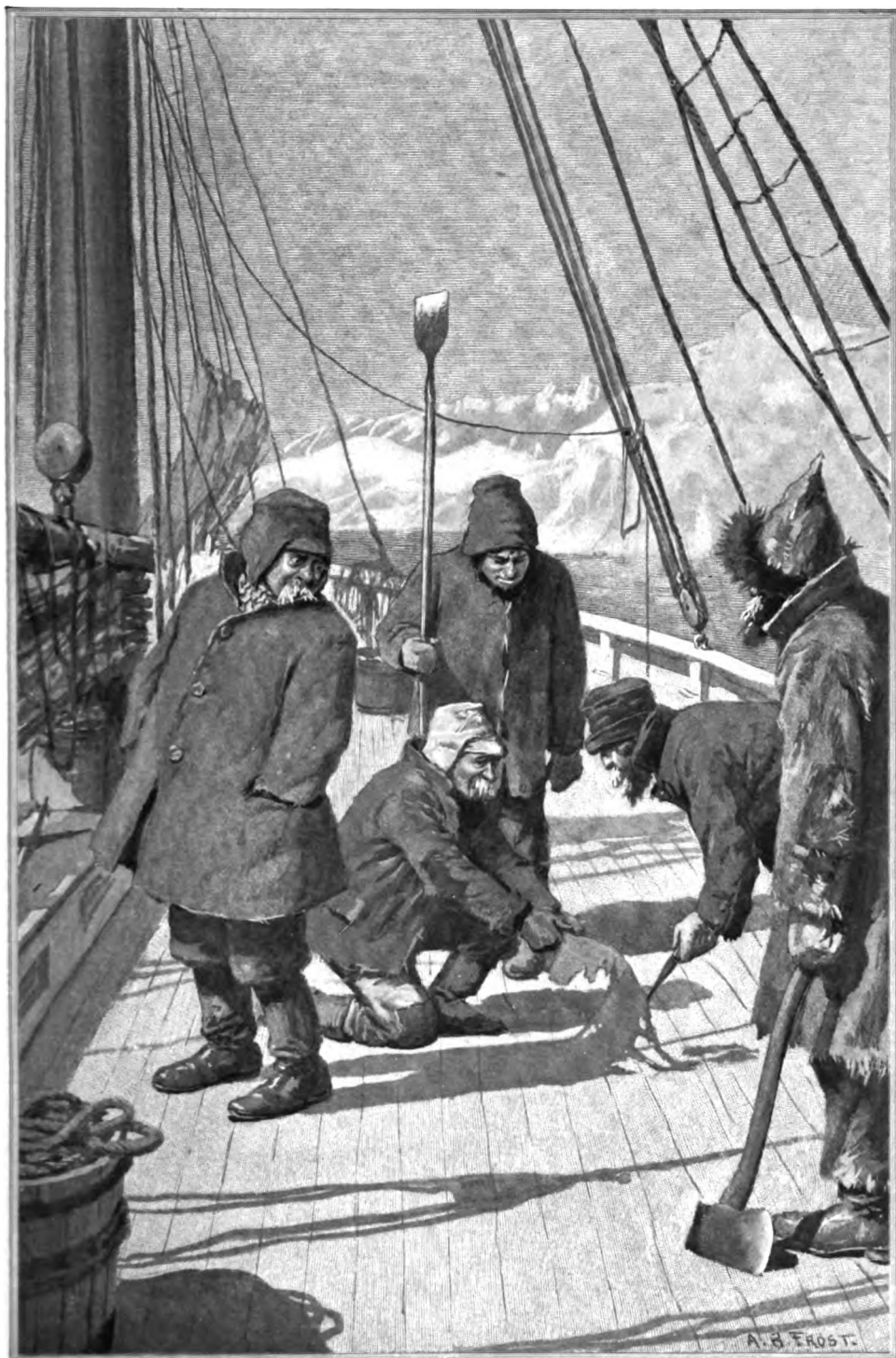
really consists of but a single fifth of the family estate; and out of it he has to grub hard to get enough to keep him alive and provide kings and sol-

diers and powder to extend the blessings of civilization with. Yet man, in his simplicity and complacency and inability to cipher, thinks nature regards him as the important member of the family—in fact, her favorite. Surely it must occur to even his dull head, sometimes, that she has a curious way of showing it.

Afternoon.—The captain has been telling how, in one of his Arctic voyages, it was so cold that the mate's shadow froze fast to the deck and had to be ripped loose by main strength. And even then he got only about two-thirds of it back. Nobody said anything, and the captain went away. I think he is becoming disheartened. . . . Also, to be fair, there is another word of praise due to this ship's library: it contains no copy of the "Vicar of



"Yet a cat would have liked that place."



"THE MATE'S SHADOW FROZE FAST TO THE DECK."



"Every shade of complexion."

Wakefield," that strange menagerie of complacent hypocrites and idiots, of theatrical cheap-john heroes and heroines who are always showing off, of bad people who are not interesting and good people who are fatiguing. A singular book! Not a sincere line in it, and not a character that invites respect; a book which is one long waste-pipe discharge of goody-goody puerilities and dreary moralities; a book which is full of pathos which revolts and humor which grieves the heart. There are few things in literature that are more piteous, more pathetic, than the celebrated "humorous" incident of Moses and the spectacles.

Jane Austin's books, too, are absent from this library. Just that one omission alone would make a fairly good library out of a library that hadn't a book in it.



B.F.

"Only one match in sixteen will light."

Customs in tropic seas: At five in the morning they pipe to wash down the decks, and at once the ladies who are sleeping there turn out, and they and their beds go below. Then one after another the men come up from the bath in their pajamas, and walk the decks an hour or two with bare legs and bare feet. Coffee and fruit served. The

ship cat and her kitten now appear and get about their toilets; next the barber comes and flays us on the breezy deck. Break-

fast at 9:30, and the day begins. I do not know how a day could be more reposeful; no motion; a level blue sea; nothing in sight from horizon to horizon; the speed of the ship furnishes a cooling breeze; there is no mail to read and answer; no newspapers to excite you; no telegrams to fret you or fright you—the world is far, far away; it has ceased to exist for you—seemed a fading dream, along in the first days; has dissolved to an unreality now; it is gone from your mind with all its businesses and ambitions, its prosperities and disasters, its exultations and despairs, its joys and griefs and cares and worries. They are no concern of yours any more; they have gone out of your life; they are a storm which has passed and left a deep calm behind. The people group themselves about the decks in their snowy white linen, and read, smoke, sew, play cards, talk, nap, and so on. In other ships the passengers are always ciphering about when they are going to arrive; out in these seas it is rare, very rare, to hear that subject broached. In other ships there is always an eager rush to the bulletin board at noon to find out what the "run" has been; in these seas the bulletin seems to attract no interest; I have seen no one visit it; in thirteen days I have visited it only once. Then I happened to notice the figures of the day's run. On that day there happened to be talk, at dinner, about the speed of modern ships. I was the only passenger present who knew this ship's gait. Necessarily the Atlantic custom of betting on the ship's run is not a custom here—nobody ever mentions it.

I myself am wholly indifferent as to when we are going to "get in;" if any one else feels interested in the matter he has not indicated it in my hearing. If I had my way we should never get in at all. This sort of sea life is charged with an indestructible charm. There is no weariness, no fatigue, no worry, no responsibility, no work, no depression of spirits.



"Every shade of complexion."

There is nothing like this serenity, this comfort, this peace, this deep contentment, to be found anywhere on land. If I had my way I would sail on forever and never go to live on the solid ground again.

One of Kipling's ballads has delivered the aspect and sentiment of this bewitching sea correctly:

"The Injlan Ocean sets
an' smiles
So sof', so bright, so
bloomin' blue;
There aren't a wave for
miles an' miles
Excep' the jiggle from
the screw."

April 14th.—It turns out that the astronomical apprentice worked off a section of the Milky Way on me for the Magellan Clouds. A man of more experience in the business showed one of them to me last night. It was small and faint and delicate, and looked like the ghost of a bunch of white smoke left floating in the sky by an exploded bombshell.

Wednesday, April 15th, Mauritius.—Arrived and anchored off Port Louis two A.M. Rugged clusters of crags and peaks, green to their summits; from their bases

to the sea a green plain with just tilt enough to it to make the water drain off. I believe it is in 56 E. and 22 S.—a hot, tropical country. The green plain has an inviting look; has scattering dwellings nestling among the greenery. Scene of the sentimental adventure of Paul and Virginia.

Island under French control—which means a community which depends upon quarantines for its health, not upon sanitation.

Thursday, April 16th.—Went ashore in the forenoon at Port Louis—a little town, but with the largest variety of nationalities and complexions we have encountered yet: French, English, Chinese, Arabs, Africans with wool, blacks with straight hair, East Indians, half-whites, quadroons—and great varieties in costumes and colors.

Took the train for Curepipe at 1:30—two hours' run, gradually up hill. What a contrast, this frantic luxuriance of vegetation, with the arid plains of India; these architecturally picturesque crags and knobs and miniature mountains, with the monotony of the Indian dead-levels!

A native pointed out a handsome swarthy man of grave and dignified bearing, and said in an awed tone, "That is So-and-so; has held office of one sort or another under this government for thirty-seven years—he is known

all over this whole island—and in the other countries of the world perhaps—who knows? One thing is certain; you can speak his name anywhere in this whole island, and you will find not one grown person that has not heard it. It is a wonderful thing to be so celebrated; yet look



The wettest climate on earth.

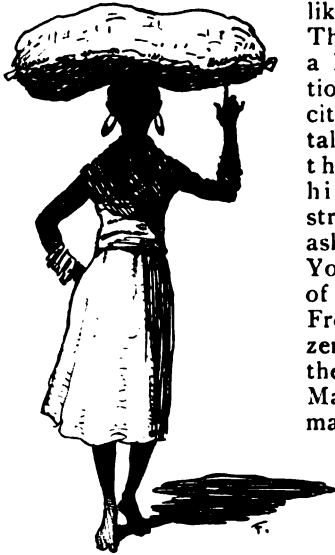
at him; it makes no change in him; he does not even seem to know it."

Curepipe (means Pincushion, or Peg-town, probably).—Sixteen miles (two hours) by rail from Port Louis. At each end of every roof and on the apex of every dormer window a wooden peg two feet high stands up; in some cases its top is blunt, in others the peg is sharp and looks like a toothpick. The passion for this humble ornament is universal.

Apparently there has been only one prominent event in the history of Mauritius, and that one didn't happen. I refer to the romantic sojourn of Paul and Virginia here. It was that story that made Mauritius known to the world, made the name familiar to everybody, the geographical position of it to nobody.

A clergyman was asked to guess what was in a box on a table. It was a vellum fan painted with the shipwreck, and was "*one of Virginia's wedding gifts.*"

April 18th.—This is the only country in the world where the stranger is not asked



"How do you like this place?" This is indeed a large distinction. Here the citizen does the talking about the country himself; the stranger is not asked to help. You get all sorts of information. From one citizen you gather the idea that Mauritius was made first, and then heaven; and that heaven was copied after Mauritius.

Another one tells you that this is an exaggeration; that the two chief villages, Port Louis and Curepipe, fall short of heavenly perfection; that nobody lives in Port Louis except upon compulsion, and that Curepipe is the wettest and rainiest place in the world. An English citizen said:

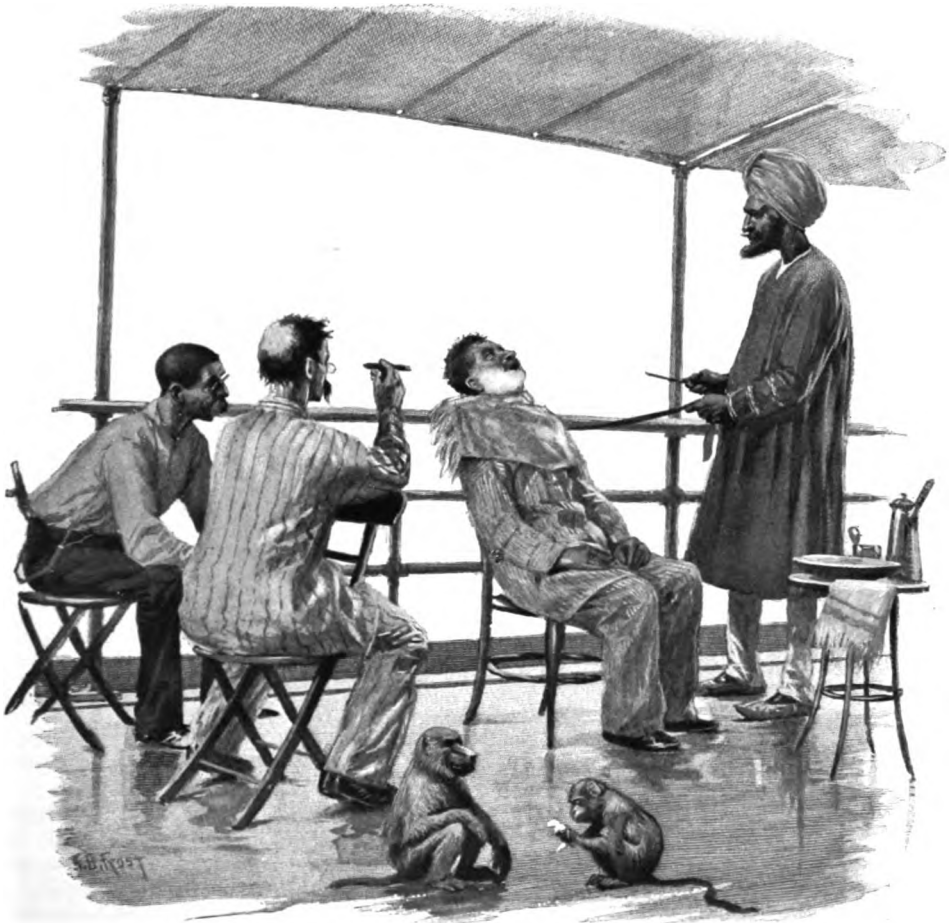
"In the early part of this century Mauritius was used by the French as a basis from which to operate against England's Indian merchantmen; so England cap-

tured the island and also the neighbor, Bourbon, to stop that annoyance. England gave Bourbon back; the government in London did not want any more possessions in the West Indies. If the government had had a better quality of geography in stock it would not have wasted Bourbon in that foolish way. A big war will temporarily shut up the Suez Canal some day, and the English ships will have to go to India around the Cape of Good Hope again; then England will have to have Bourbon and will take it.

"Mauritius was a crown colony until twenty years ago, with a governor appointed by the crown and assisted by a council appointed by himself; but Pope Hennessey came out as governor then, and he worked hard to get a part of the council made elective, and succeeded. So now the whole council is French, and in all ordinary matters of legislation they vote together and in the French interest, not the English. The English population is very slender; it has not votes enough to elect a legislator. Half a dozen rich French families elect the legislature. Pope Hennessey was an Irishman, a Catholic, a Home Ruler M. P., a hater of England and the English, a very troublesome person, and a serious incumbrance at Westminster. So it was decided to send him out to govern unhealthy countries, in the hope that something would happen to him. But nothing did. The first experiment was not merely a failure, it was more than a failure. He proved to be more of a disease himself than any he was sent to encounter. The next experiment was here. The dark scheme failed again. It was an off season, and there was nothing but measles here at the time. Pope Hennessey's health was not affected. He worked with the French and for the French and against the English, and he made the English very tired and the French very happy, and lived to have the joy of seeing the flag he served publicly hissed. His memory is held in worshipful reverence and affection by the French.

"It is a land of extraordinary quarantines. They quarantine a ship for anything or for nothing; quarantine her for twenty and even thirty days. They once quarantined a ship because her captain had had the smallpox when he was a boy. That and because he was English.

"The population is very small; small to insignificance. The majority is East Indian; then mongrels; then negroes (descendants of the slaves of the French



"THE BARBER . . . FLAYS US ON THE BREEZY DECK."

times); then French, then English. There was an American, but he is dead or mislaid. The mongrels are the result of all kinds of mixtures; black and white, mulatto and white, quadroon and white, octoroon and white. And so there is every shade of complexion; ebony, old mahogany, horse-chestnut, sorrel, molasses-candy, clouded amber, clear amber, old-ivory white, new-ivory white, fish-belly white—this latter the leprous complexion frequent with the Anglo-Saxon long resident in tropical climates.

"You wouldn't expect a person to be proud of being a Mauritian, now, would you? But it is so. The most of them have never been out of the island, and haven't read much or studied much; they think the world consists of three principal countries—Judea, France, and Mauritius; so they are very proud of belonging to one of the three grand divisions of the globe. They think that Russia and Ger-

many are in England, and that England does not amount to much. They have heard vaguely about the United States and the equator, but they think both of them are monarchies. They think Mount Peter Botte is the highest mountain in the world, and if you show one of them a picture of Milan Cathedral, he will swell up with satisfaction and say that the idea of that jungle of spires was stolen from the forest of pegtops and toothpicks that makes the roofs of Curepipe look so fine and prickly.

"There is not much trade in books. The newspapers educate and entertain the people. Mainly the latter. They have two pages of large-print reading matter—one of them English, the other French. The English page is a translation of the French one. The typography is super-extra primitive; in this quality it has not its equal anywhere. There is no proof-reader now; he is dead.

"Where do they get matter to fill up a

page in this little island lost in the wastes of the Indian Ocean? Oh, Madagascar. They discuss Madagascar and France. That is the bulk. Then they chock up the rest with advice to the government. Also, slurs upon the English administration. The papers are all owned and edited by creoles—French.

"The language of the country is French. Everybody speaks it—has to. You have to know French—particularly mongrel French, the patois spoken by Tom, Dick, and Harry of the multiform complexions—or you can't get along.

"This was a flourishing country in former days, for it made then and still makes the best sugar in the world; but first the Suez Canal severed it from the world and left it out in the cold, and next the beet root sugar, helped by bounties, captured the European markets. Sugar is the life of Mauritius, and it is losing its grip. Its downward course was checked by the depreciation of the rupee—for the planter pays wages in rupees, but sells

his crop for gold—and the insurrection in Cuba and paralyzation of the sugar industry there have given our prices here a life-saving lift; but the outlook has nothing permanently favorable about it. It takes a year to mature the canes—on the high ground, three and six months longer—and there is always a chance that the annual cyclone will rip the profit out of the crop. In recent times a cyclone took the whole crop, as you may say; and the island never saw a finer one. Some of the noblest sugar estates in the island are in deep difficulties. A dozen of them are investments of English capital; and the companies that own them are at work now trying to settle up and get out with a saving of half the money they put in. You

know, in these days, when a country begins to introduce the tea culture, it means that its own specialty has gone back on it. Look at Bengal; look at Ceylon. Well, they've begun to introduce the tea culture *here*.

"Many copies of 'Paul and Virginia' are sold every year in Mauritius. No other book is so popular here except the Bible. By many it is supposed to be a part of the Bible. All the missionaries work up their French on it when they come here to pervert the Catholic mongrel. It is the greatest story that was ever written about Mauritius, and the only one."

II.

The principal difference between a cat and a lie is that the cat has only nine lives.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's New Calendar*.

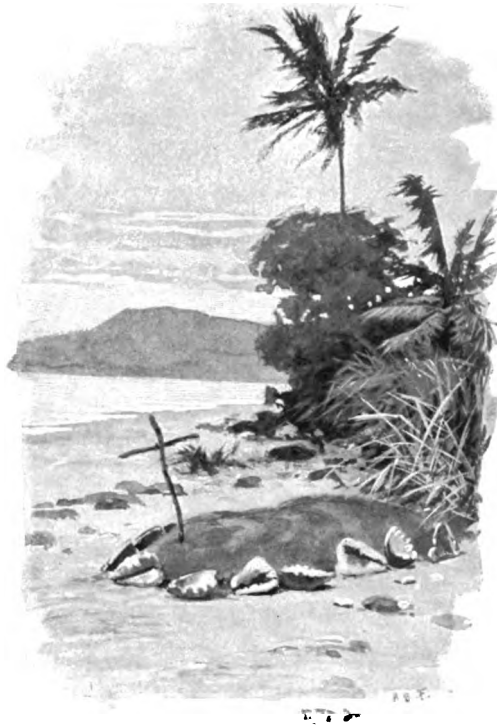
April 20th.—The cyclone of 1892 killed and crippled hundreds of people; it was accompanied by a deluge of rain which drowned Port Louis and produced a water famine. Quite true; for it burst the reservoir

and the water-pipes; and for a time after the flood had disappeared there was much distress from want of water.

This is the only place in the world where *no* breed of matches can stand the damp. Only one match in sixteen will light.

The roads are hard and smooth; some of the compounds are spacious, some of the bungalows commodious, and the roadways are walled by tall bamboo hedges, trim and green and beautiful; and there are azalea hedges, too, both the white and the red. I never saw that before.

As to healthiness: I translate from today's (April 20th) "Merchants' and Planters' Gazette," from the article of a regular contributor, "Carminge," concerning



"The third year they do not gather shells."

*The cyclone.*

the death of the nephew of a prominent citizen.

"Sad and lugubrious existence, this which we lead in Mauritius; I believe there is no other country in the world where one dies more easily than among us. The least indisposition becomes a mortal malady; a simple headache develops into meningitis; a cold into pneumonia, and presently, when we are least expecting it, death is a guest in our home."

This daily paper has a meteorological report which tells you what the weather was day before yesterday.

One is never pestered by a beggar or a peddler in this town, so far as I can see. This is pleasantly different from India.

April 22d.—To such as believe that the quaint product called French civilization would be an improvement upon the civilization of New Guinea and the like, the snatching of Madagascar and the laying on of French civilization there will be fully justified. But why did England allow the French to have Madagascar? Did she respect a theft of a couple of centuries ago? Dear me, robbery by European nations of each other's territories has never been a sin, is not a sin to-day. To the several cabinets the several political establishments of the world are clothes-lines; and a large part of the official duty of these cabinets is to keep an eye on each other's wash and grab what they can of it as opportunity offers. All the territorial possessions of all the political establishments in the earth—including America,

of course—consist of pilferings from other people's wash. No tribe, howsoever insignificant, and no nation, howsoever mighty, occupies a foot of land that was not stolen. When the English, the French, and the Spaniards reached America, the Indian tribes had been raiding each other's territorial clothes-lines for ages, and every acre of ground in the continent had been stolen and re-stolen five hundred times. The English, the French, and the Spaniards went to work and stole it all over again; and when that was satisfactorily accomplished they went diligently to work and stole it from each other. In Europe and Asia and Africa every acre of ground has been stolen several millions of times. A crime persevered in a thousand centuries ceases to be a crime, and becomes a virtue. This is the law of custom, and custom supersedes all other forms of law. Christian governments are as frank to-day, as open and above-board, in discussing projects for raiding each other's clothes-lines as ever they were before the golden rule came smiling into this inhospitable world and couldn't get a night's lodging anywhere. In one hundred and fifty years England has beneficently retired garment after garment from the Indian lines, until there is hardly a rag of the original wash left dangling anywhere. In eight hundred years an obscure tribe of Muscovite savages has risen to the dazzling position of land-robber-in-chief; she found a quarter of the world hanging out to dry on a hundred parallels of lati-

*Resting in Europe.*

tude, and she scooped in the whole wash. She keeps a sharp eye on a multitude of little lines that stretch along the northern boundaries of India, and every now and then she snatches a hip-rag or a pair of pajamas. It is England's prospective property, and Russia knows it; but Russia cares nothing for that. In fact, in our day, land-robbery, claim-jumping, is become a European governmental frenzy. Some have been hard at it in the borders of China, in Burma, in Siam, and the islands of the sea; and *all* have been at it in Africa. Africa has been as coolly divided up and portioned out among the gang as if they had bought it and paid for it. And now straightway they are beginning the old game again—to steal each other's grabbings. Germany found a vast slice of Central Africa with the English flag and the English missionary and the English trader scattered all over it, but with certain formalities neglected—no signs up, “Keep off the grass,” “Trespassers forbidden,” etc.—and she stepped in with a cold, calm smile, and put up the signs herself, and swept those English

pioneers promptly out of the country.

There is a tremendous point there. It can be put into the form of a maxim: Get your formalities right—never mind about the moralities.

It was an impudent thing, but England had to put up with it. Now, in the case of Madagascar, the formalities had originally been observed, but by neglect they had fallen into desuetude ages ago. England should have snatched Madagascar from the French clothes-line. Without an effort she could have saved those harmless natives from the calamity of French civilization, and she did not do it. Now it is too late.

The signs of the times show plainly enough what is going to happen. All the savage lands in the world are going to be brought under subjection to the Christian governments of Europe. I am not sorry, but glad. This coming fate might have been a calamity to those savage peoples two hundred years ago,

but now it will in some cases be a benefaction. The sooner the seizure is consummated, the better for the savages. The dreary and dragging ages of bloodshed and disorder and oppression will give place to peace and order and the reign of law. When one considers what India was under her Hindoo and Mohammedan rulers, and what she is now; when he remembers the miseries of her millions then and the protections and humanities which they enjoy now, he must concede that the most fortunate thing that has ever befallen that empire was the establishment of British supremacy there. The savage lands of the world are to pass to alien possession, their peoples to the mercies of alien rulers. Let us hope and believe that they will all benefit by the change.

April 23d.—“The first year they gather shells; the second year they gather shells and drink; the third year they do not gather shells.” (Said of immigrants to Mauritius.) . . . What there is of Mauritius is beautiful. You have undulating, wide expanses of sugar cane—a fine, fresh green

and very pleasant to the eye; and everywhere else you have a ragged luxuriance of tropic vegetation of vivid greens of varying shades, a wild tangle of underbrush, with graceful tall palms lifting their plumes high above it; and you have stretches of shady, dense forest with limpid streams frolicking through them, continually glimpsed and lost and glimpsed again in the pleasantest hide-and-seek fashion; and you have some tiny mountains, some quaint and picturesque groups of toy peaks, and a dainty little vest-pocket Matterhorn; and here and there and now and then a strip of sea with a white ruffle of surf breaks into the view.

That is Mauritius; and pretty enough. The details are few. The massed result is charming, but not imposing; not riotous, not exciting; it is a Sunday landscape. Perspective, and the enchantments wrought by distance, are wanting. There are no distances; there is no perspective, so to speak. Fifteen miles as the crow flies is the usual limit of vision. Mauritius is a garden and a park combined. It affects one's emotions as parks and gardens affect them. The surfaces of one's spiritual deeps are pleasantly played upon, the deeps

themselves are not reached, not stirred. Spaciousness, remote altitudes, the sense of mystery which haunts apparently inaccessible mountain domes and summits reposing in the sky—these are the things which exalt the spirit and move it to see visions and dream dreams.

The Sandwich Islands remain my ideal of the perfect thing in the matter of tropical islands. I would add another story to Mauna Loa's sixteen thousand feet if I could, and make it particularly bold and steep and craggy and forbidding and snowy; and I would make the volcano spout its lava-floods out of its summit instead of its sides; but aside from these non-essentials, I have no corrections to suggest. I hope these will be attended to; I do not wish to have to speak of it again.

III.

When your watch gets out of order you have choice of two things to do: throw it in the fire, or take it to the watch-tinker. The former is the quickest.—*Pudd'nhead Wilson's New Calendar*.

The "Arundel Castle" is the finest boat I have seen in these seas. She is thor-



"FIFTEEN OR TWENTY AFRICANDERS . . . SAT UP SINGING ON THE AFTERDECK, IN THE MOONLIGHT, TILL THREE A.M."

oughly modern; and that statement covers a great deal of ground. She has the usual defect, the common defect, the universal defect, the defect that has never been missing from any ship that ever sailed: she has imperfect beds. Many ships have good beds, but no ship has *very* good ones. In the matter of beds all ships have been badly edited, ignorantly

and receiving worrying cables and letters. And a sea voyage on the Atlantic is of no use—voyage too short, sea too rough. The peaceful Indian and Pacific oceans and the long stretches of time are the healing thing.

May 2d, A.M.—A fair, great ship in sight—almost the first we have seen in these weeks of lonely voyaging.

Last night the burly chief engineer,



"FIFTY INDIANS AND CHINAMEN SLEEP IN A BIG TENT IN THE WAIST OF THE SHIP FORWARD."

edited, from the beginning. The selection of the beds is given to some hearty, strong-backed, self-made man, when it ought to be given to a frail woman accustomed from girlhood to backaches and insomnia. Nothing is so rare, on either side of the ocean, as a perfect bed, nothing is so difficult to make. Some of the hotels on both sides provide it, but no ship ever does or ever did. In Noah's Ark the beds were simply scandalous. Noah set the fashion, and it will endure in one degree of modification or another till the next flood.

8 A.M. — Passing Isle de Bourbon. Broken-up sky-line of volcanic mountains in the middle. Surely it would not cost much to repair them, and it seems inexcusable neglect to leave them as they are.

It seems stupid to send tired men to Europe to rest. It is no proper rest for the mind to clatter from town to town, in the dust and cinders, and examine galleries and architecture and be always meeting people and lunching and teating and dining,

middle-aged, was standing telling a spirited seafaring tale, and had reached the most exciting place—where a man overboard was washing swiftly astern on the great seas and uplifting despairing cries, everybody racing aft in a frenzy of excitement and fading hope—when the band, which had been silent a moment, began impressively its closing piece, the English national anthem. As simply as if he was unconscious of what he was doing, he stopped his story, uncovered, laid his laced cap against his breast, and slightly bent his grizzled head; the few bars finished, he put on his cap and took up his tale again as naturally as if that interjection of music had been a part of it. There was something touching and fine about it, and it was moving to reflect that he was one of a myriad, scattered over every part of the globe, who by turn were doing as he was doing, every hour of the twenty-four—those awake doing it while the others slept—those impressive bars forever float-

ing up out of the various climes, never silent and never lacking reverent listeners.

All that I remember about Madagascar is that Thackeray's little Billee went up to the top of the mast and there knelt him upon his knee, saying,

I see
Jerusalem and Madagas-
car,
And North and South
Amerikee.

May 3d, Sunday.

—Fifteen or twenty
Africans who
will end their
voyage to-day and
strike for their sev-
eral homes from
Delagoa Bay to-
morrow, sat up singing on the
afterdeck in the moonlight till
3 A.M. Good fun and whole-
some. And the songs were
clean songs, and some of them were
hallowed by their tender associations.
Finally, in a pause, a man asked if they
had heard a certain old and an altogether
lowly anecdote. It was a discord, a wet
blanket. The men were not in the mood
for humorous dirt. The songs had carried
them to their homes, and in spirit they sat
by those far hearthstones and saw faces and
heard voices other than those that were
about them. The poor man hadn't wit
enough to see that he had blundered, but
asked his question again. Again there was
no response. It was embarrassing for him.
In his confusion he chose the wrong
course, did the wrong thing—began the
anecdote. Began it in a deep and hostile
stillness, where had been such life and
stir and warm comradeship before. The
two rows of men sat like statues. There
was no movement, no sound. He *had* to go
on; there was no other way—at least none
that an animal of his caliber could think of.
When at last he finished his tale, which
is wont to fetch a crash of laughter, not a
ripple of sound resulted. It was as if the
tale had been told to dead men. After
what seemed a long, long time, somebody
sighed, somebody else stirred in his seat;
presently the men dropped into a low
murmur of confidential talk, each with his
neighbor, and the incident was closed.
There were indications that that man was
fond of his anecdote; that it was his pet,
his standby, his shot that never missed,
his reputation-maker. But he will never
tell it again. No doubt he will think of

it sometimes, for that cannot well be
helped; and then he will see a picture—and
always the same picture: the double rank
of dead men; the vacant deck stretching
away in dimming perspective beyond
them, the wide desert of smooth sea all
abroad; the rim of the moon spying from
behind a rag of black cloud; the remote
top of the mizzenmast shearing a zigzag
path through the field of stars in the
deeps of space; and this soft picture
will remind him of the time that he
sat in the midst of it and told his
poor little tale and felt so lonesome
when he got through.

Fifty Indians and
Chinamen sleep in a
big tent in the waist of
the ship forward; they
lie side by side with no
space between; the
former wrapped
up, head and
all, as in the
Indian streets;
the Chinamen
uncovered; the
lamp and
things for
opium-smok-
ing in the center.

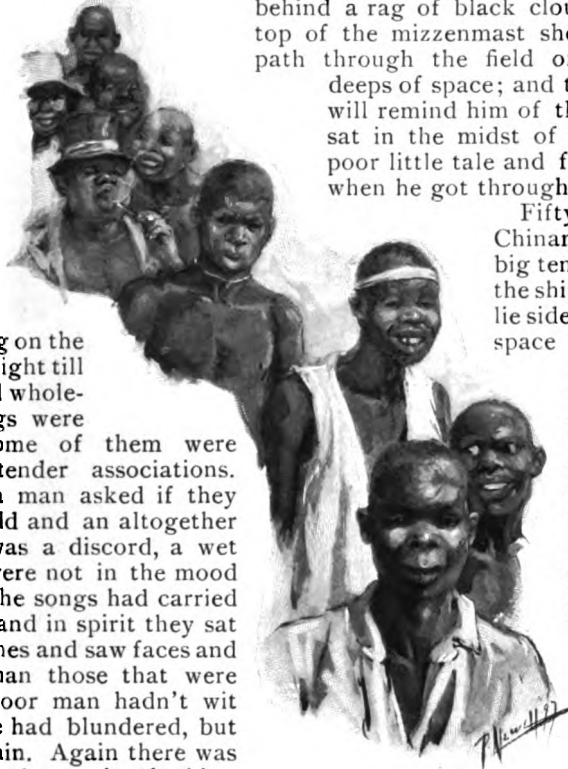
*Monday, May
4th.*—Steam-
ing slowly in
the stupend-
ous Delagoa
Bay, its dim
arms stretch-
ing far away
and disap-
pearing on

"MOST OF THEM ARE EXACTLY LIKE
THE NEGROES OF THE SOUTHERN
STATES—ROUND FACES, FLAT NOSES."

both sides. It could furnish plenty of
room for all the ships in the world, but
it is shoal. The lead has given us three
and one-half fathoms several times, and we
are drawing that, lacking six inches.

A bald headland—precipitous wall 150
feet high—very strong red color, stretch-
ing a mile or so. A man said it was Por-
tuguese blood—battle fought here with
the natives last year. I think this doubt-
ful. Pretty cluster of houses on the table-
land above the red—and rolling stretches
of grass and groups of trees, like Eng-
land.

The Portuguese have the railroad (one
passenger train a day) to the border,
seventy miles—then the Netherlands Com-
pany have it. Thousands of tons of
freight on the shore—no cover. This is



Portuguese all over—indolence, piousness, poverty, impotence.

Crews of small boats and tugs all jet black, woolly heads, and very muscular.

Winter.—The South African winter is just beginning now, but nobody but an expert can tell it from summer. However, I am tired of summer; we have had it unbroken for eleven months. We spent the afternoon on shore, Delagoa Bay. A

eter of a teacup. It required nice balancing—and got it.

No bright colors; yet there were a good many Hindoos.

The Second Class Passenger came over as usual at "lights out" (eleven), and we lounged along the spacious vague solitudes of the deck and smoked the peaceful pipe and talked. He told me an incident in Mr. Barnum's life which was evidently



"IT'S A FIRST-RATE IDEA. I'LL BUY THE MONUMENT."

small town—no sights. No carriages. Three rickshaws, but we couldn't get them—apparently private. These Portuguese are a rich brown, like some of the Indians. Some of the blacks have the long horse-heads and very long chins of the negroes of the picture books; but most of them are exactly like the negroes of our Southern States—round faces, flat noses, good-natured, and easy laughers.

Flocks of black women passed along, carrying outrageously heavy bags of freight on their heads—the quiver of their leg as the foot was planted and the strain exhibited by their bodies showed what a tax upon their strength the load was. They were stevedores, and doing full stevedore's work. They were very erect when unladen—from carrying weights on their heads—just like the Indian women. It gives them a proud, fine carriage.

Sometimes one saw a woman carrying on her head a laden and topheavy basket the shape of an inverted pyramid—its top the size of a soup-plate, its base the diam-

characteristic of that great showman in several ways. This was Barnum's purchase of Shakespeare's birthplace, a quarter of a century ago.

The Second Class Passenger was in Jamrach's employ at the time, and knew Barnum well. He said the thing began in this way. One morning Barnum and Jamrach were in Jamrach's little private snuggerly back of the wilderness of caged monkeys and snakes and other common-places of Jamrach's stock in trade, refreshing themselves after an arduous stroke of business, Jamrach with something orthodox, Barnum with something heterodox—for Barnum was a teetotaler. The stroke of business was in the elephant line. Jamrach had contracted to deliver to Barnum in New York eighteen elephants for \$360,000, in time for the next season's opening. Then it occurred to Mr. Barnum that he needed a "card." He suggested Jumbo. Jamrach said he would have to think of something else—Jumbo couldn't be had; the Zoo wouldn't part

with that elephant. Barnum said he was willing to pay a fortune for Jumbo if he could get him. Jamrach said it was no use to think about it; that Jumbo was as popular as the Prince of Wales, and the Zoo wouldn't dare to sell him; all England would be outraged at the idea; Jumbo was an English institution; he was part of the national glory; one might as well think of buying the Nelson monument. Barnum spoke up with vivacity and said:

"It's a first-rate idea. *I'll buy the monument.*"

Jamrach was speechless for a second. Then he said, like one ashamed:

"You caught me. I was napping. For a moment I thought you were in earnest."

Barnum said pleasantly:

"*I was in earnest.* I know they won't sell it, but no matter. I will not throw away a good idea for all that. All I want is a big advertisement. I will keep the thing in mind, and if nothing better turns up I will offer to buy it. That will answer every purpose. It will furnish me a couple of columns of gratis advertising in every English and American paper for a couple of months, and give my show the biggest boom a show ever had in this world."

Jamrach started to deliver a burst of admiration, but was interrupted by Barnum, who said:

"Here is a state of things! England ought to blush."

His eye had fallen upon something in the newspaper. He read it through to himself; then read it aloud. It said that the house that Shakespeare was born in at Stratford-on-Avon was falling gradually to ruin through neglect; that the room where the poet first saw the light was now serving as a butcher's shop; that all appeals to England to contribute money (the requisite sum stated) to buy and repair the house and place it in the care of salaried and trustworthy keepers had fallen resultless. Then Barnum said:

"There's my chance. Let Jumbo and the monument alone for the present—they'll keep. I'll buy Shakespeare's house. I'll set it up in my museum in New York, and put a glass case around it and make a sacred thing of it; and you'll see all America flock there to worship; yes, and pilgrims from the whole earth; and I'll make them take their hats off, too. In America we know how to value anything that Shakespeare's touch has made holy. You'll see!"

In conclusion the S. C. P. said:

"That is the way the thing came about. Barnum did buy Shakespeare's house. He paid the price asked, and received the properly attested documents of sale. Then there was an explosion, I can tell you. England rose! What, the birthplace of the master genius of all the ages and all the climes—that priceless possession of Britain—to be carted out of the country like so much old lumber and set up for sixpenny desecration in a Yankee show-shop! The idea was not to be tolerated for a moment. England rose in her indignation, and Barnum was glad to relinquish his prize and offer apologies. However, he stood out for a compromise; he claimed a concession—England must let him have Jumbo. And England, consented, but not cheerfully."

It shows how, by help of time, a story can grow—even after Barnum has had the first innings in the telling of it. Mr. Barnum told me the story himself, years ago. He said that the permission to buy Jumbo was not a concession; the purchase was made and the animal delivered before the public knew anything about it; also, that the securing of Jumbo was all the advertisement he needed. It produced many columns of newspaper talk free of cost, and he was satisfied. He said that if he had failed to get Jumbo he would have caused his notion of buying the Nelson monument to be treacherously smuggled into print by some trusty friend, and after he had gotten a few hundred pages of gratuitous advertising out of it, he would have come out with a blundering, obtuse, but warm-hearted letter of apology, and in a postscript to it would have naively proposed to let the monument go and take Stonehenge in place of it at the same price.

It was his opinion that such a letter, written with well-simulated asinine innocence and gush, would have gotten his ignorance and stupidity an amount of newspaper abuse worth six fortunes to him and not purchasable for twice the money.

I knew Mr. Barnum well, and I placed every confidence in the account which he gave me of the Shakespeare birthplace episode. He said he found the house neglected and going to decay, and he inquired into the matter, and was told that many times earnest efforts had been made to raise money for its proper repair and preservation, but without success. He then proposed to buy it. The proposition was entertained, and a price named—\$50,000, I think; but whatever it was, Barnum paid

the money down, without remark, and the papers were drawn up and executed. He said that it had been his purpose to set up the house in his museum, keep it in repair, protect it from name-scribblers and other decorators, and leave it by bequest to the safe and perpetual guardianship of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. But as soon as it was found that Shakespeare's house had passed into foreign hands and was going to be carried across the ocean, England was stirred as no appeal from the custodians of the relic had ever stirred her before, and protests came flowing in—and money, too,—to stop the outrage. Offers of re-purchase were made—offers of double the money that

Mr. Barnum had paid for the house. He handed the house back, and took only the sum which it had cost him—but on the condition that an endowment sufficient for the future safeguarding and maintenance of the sacred relic should be raised. This condition was fulfilled.

That was Barnum's account of the episode; and to the end of his days he claimed with pride and satisfaction that not England, but America—represented by him—saved the birthplace of Shakespeare from destruction.

At three P.M., May 6th, the ship slowed down, off the land, and thoughtfully and cautiously picked her way into the snug harbor of Durban, South Africa.*

THE GOVERNMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

BY GENERAL A. W. GREELY.

IN its progress the American civil war was marked by the application to its use and benefit of many phases of industrial evolution that had hitherto been unemployed in the art of war. One of the most interesting for the future historian was the utilization of photography. Fortunately for historical students there has been concentrated, arranged, and catalogued, in the War Department Library, more than eight thousand photographs relating to the civil war, which are the property of the United States. Of these more than six thousand are represented by negatives. Inasmuch as *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* has been the first to thoroughly examine these photographs for historical purposes, under permission of Secretary of War Russell A. Alger, and will present many of them to its readers in connection with the reminiscences of the former Assistant Secretary of War, Charles A. Dana, one of the ablest and most active officials of the war period, it may be of interest to its readers to know the story of the aggregation of these photographs and of the vicissitudes which nearly caused their total loss to the world.

These negatives and photographs were brought together in the War Department

Library in 1894, under an order of Secretary of War Lamont, reorganizing certain divisions of the War Department, which directed that collections of photographs of any bureau of the War Department, not used in the administrative work thereof, should be transferred to the War Department Library. As a result there are now in the files of the War Department Library 8,115 photographs, ranging in size from three by four inches to seventeen by twenty inches.

While fewest in number, yet, from their official character, the most important photographs are those contributed by the Corps of Engineers and the Quartermaster's Department. The Quartermaster's photographs, over a thousand in number, illustrate not only the multifarious operations and activities of this great department, but also of other army bureaus. We find represented bakeries, hospitals, stables, warehouses, barracks, conscript camps, prisoners' quarters, signal towers, convalescent camps, draft rendezvous, gunboats, refugee camps and quarters, contraband quarters, hospitals, and camps, rolling-mills, shipyards, waterworks—in short, nearly every phase of the operations in the rear of or accessory to a great

* Editor's Note.—These chapters (copyright, 1897, by Olivia L. Clemens) are from a forthcoming book by Mark Twain, entitled "Following the Equator," and are published here by special arrangement with the American Publishing Co., of Hartford, Conn. They constitute the only account of any part of Mark Twain's recent journey around the world that will appear in periodical form, and all rights are expressly reserved. The book will be sold only by subscription, and its sale in New York and the vicinity is under the exclusive control of the Doubleday and McClure Company.

army. There is an extended series of views of gunboats and transports, and a very valuable one showing the operation, construction, and repair of military railways as conducted by the Railway Division of the Quartermaster's Department. These photographs exhibit experimental bridges, the manner of straightening bent rails, of various expedients for crossing streams, of barges carrying freight cars, with appliances for loading and unloading, from which originated the great transfer railway ferryboats, which are still peculiar to America only. The Adjutant-General's photographs consist of nearly seven hundred portraits of distinguished officers who served in the war. Very few of these photographs have ever been reproduced, the collection not being accessible until now. Among views obtained from private sources the most important collection is that belonging to Captain W. C. Margeant, about fifty views of Chattanooga and its surroundings in 1863-64.

Far the greater number, and those possessing the greatest popular interest, are contained in the views and negatives known as the Brady war photographs. The Brady collection covers the operations of the war in the District of Columbia, Georgia, Maryland, New York, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, and Virginia. It also comprises photographs of Presidents Lincoln and Johnson, and their cabinets, senators and members of the House of Representatives, judges, many distinguished citizens, and a large number of military and naval officers. Secretary of War William W. Belknap purchased for the War Department in July, 1874, a large number of photographic negatives of war views and portraits of prominent men. The government secured a perfect title to the entire collection in April, 1875, at an aggregate expense of nearly \$28,000.

For nearly twenty years subsequent to the passing of these negatives into the possession of the United States, the story of the Brady war photographs is practically one of neglect or misfortune. Intrusted to the care of subordinate officials, who were either indifferent to or ignorant of the value and interest of the collection, it suffered to an extraordinary degree from the lack of proper care in handling. Passing from one official to another, it was nearly ten years before any attempt was made to make a list of the six thousand negatives. Meanwhile, for various official and historical purposes, free and

unguarded access was allowed to the negatives, which naturally suffered from inexperienced and careless handling. Many negatives were broken, some defaced by handling, some destroyed by neglect and exposure, while others were lost.

When in 1894 Secretary Lamont ordered that the civil war photographs be grouped and catalogued, the labor of identification, cleaning, repairing, and putting beyond the possibility of further damage of this Brady collection seemed at first a hopeless task; but fortunately, after a period of three years, this has been in a measure done, except three hundred unidentified negatives. The perfected work is now, through a published catalogue of the War Department, in such shape as to be available to historical students, and the original negatives of the various collections, in dust-proof envelopes, have been so arranged, classified, and stored that any one of them is immediately accessible.

Future generations, in dwelling on the civil war, must necessarily revert to these war photographs for information and impressions; and, as man is always of greater interest than his environment, the portraits of the prominent actors in this stupendous war must be ever of the greatest value. The wealth of the collection in this direction may be appreciated by the names of a few of the Federal and Confederate commanders, now dead, whose deeds and services have won renown.

Among these are Anderson, Bartlett, Beauregard, Birney, Boggs, Buell, Buford, Burnside, Casey, Corcoran, Combs, Custer, Dahlgren, Davis, Dix, Dupont, Emory, Farragut, Foote, Foster, Frémont, Garfield, Grant, Gregg, Griffin, Hancock, Hazen, Heintzelmann, Hooker, Hunt, "Stonewall" Jackson, Johnston, Kearney, Lee, Logan, McClellan, McPherson, Meade, Morris, Ord, Paulding, the Porters, Rodgers, Rowan, Schenck, Scott, Sedgwick, Sheridan, Sherman, Slocum, Terry, Thomas, and Warren.

In short, there are but few Federal officers of rank and distinction whose lineaments are not preserved in this collection, which in another generation will be considered one of the inestimable treasures of the American nation. The genius of the artist may well be looked to for the delineation of the heroic figures of the American civil war. But it is safe to say that, however beautiful may be these works of art, they can never touch the heart or awaken the imagination as do certain photographs of this collection.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY CHARLES A. DANA,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF
CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

I.

FROM THE "TRIBUNE" TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT.



HAD been associated with Horace Greeley on the New York "Tribune" for about fifteen years when, one morning early in April, 1862, Mr. Sinclair, the advertising manager of the paper, came to me saying that Mr. Greeley would be glad to have me resign. I asked one of my associates to find from Mr. Greeley if it was really his wish. In a few hours he came to me saying that I had better go. I stayed the day out, in order to make up the paper and give them an opportunity to find a successor, but I never went into the office after that. I think I owned a fifth of the paper—twenty shares—at that time; this stock my colleagues bought.

Mr. Greeley never gave a reason for dismissing me, nor did I ever ask for one. I know, though, that the real explanation was that while he was for peace I was for war, and that as long as I staid on the "Tribune" there was a spirit there which was not his spirit—that he did not like.

My retirement from the "Tribune" was talked of in the newspapers for a day or two,* and brought me a letter from the

Secretary of War, Edwin M. Stanton, saying he would like to employ me in the War Department. I had already met Mr. Lincoln, and had carried on a brief correspondence with Mr. Stanton. My meeting with Mr. Lincoln was shortly after his inauguration. He had appointed Mr. Seward to be his Secretary of State, and some of the Republican leaders of New York who had been instrumental in preventing Mr. Seward's nomination to the Presidency and in securing that of Mr. Lincoln, had begun to fear that they would be left out in the cold in the distribution of the offices. General James S. Wadsworth, George Opdyke, Lucius Robinson, T. B. Carroll, and Henry B. Stanton were among the number of these gentlemen. Their apprehensions were somewhat mitigated by the fact that Mr. Chase, to whom we were all friendly, was Secretary of the Treasury. But, notwithstanding, they were afraid that the superior tact and pertinacity of Mr. Seward and of Mr. Thurlow Weed, Seward's close friend and the political manager of the Republican party, would get the upper hand, and that the power of the Federal administration would

*AN EDITORIAL CHANGE.

It seems to be generally understood, and we believe it is true, that Charles A. Dana, Esq., who has been for the last fifteen years managing editor of the "Tribune," has withdrawn from that position, and dissolved his connection with that journal.

The reasons of this step are not known to us, nor are they proper subjects of public comment.

We presume, however, that Mr. Dana intends to withdraw from journalism altogether and devote himself to the more congenial pursuits of literature. He is one of the ablest and most accomplished gentlemen connected with the newspaper press. The ranks of the profession are not sufficiently crowded with such members to render his departure from it a matter of indifference.

The "Albion" makes the following just and merited notice of this incident:

"The daily press of this city has sustained—for a time at

least—a serious loss in the discontinuance of Mr. Charles A. Dana's editorial connection with the 'Tribune.' Differing as we almost invariably have done with the policy and the tenets of that paper, and having been drawn at intervals into controversy with it, we should nevertheless omit both a pleasure and a duty if we failed to put on record our grateful sense of many professional courtesies experienced at Mr. Dana's hands.

"Remembering also that during the palmy days of the New York Press Club, no member of that association was more personally popular than this our genial and scholarly friend, we do but unite, we are sure, with all our brethren in hoping that he will not long absent himself from the ranks. Should he, however, hold aloof from a difficult and thankless office, his taste and abilities are certain to bring him most honorably before the public in some other department of letters. Such as he cannot hide their light under a bushel."—"The Times," New York, April 6, 1862.



HORACE GREELEY IN 1862. AGE 51 YEARS.
 Editor of the New York "Tribune" from 1841 to 1872.

be put into the control of the rival faction; accordingly, several of them determined to go to Washington, and I was asked to go with them.

I believe the appointment for our interview with the President was made through Mr. Chase; but, at any rate, we all went up to the White House together, except Mr. Henry B. Stanton, who stayed away because he was himself an applicant for office.

Mr. Lincoln received us in the large room upstairs in the east wing of the White House, where he had his working office, and stood up while General Wadsworth, who was our principal spokesman, and Mr. Opdyke stated what was desired. After the interview was begun, a big Indian, who was a messenger in attendance in the White House, came into the room and said to the President,

"She wants you."

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Lincoln, without stirring.

Soon afterward the messenger returned again, exclaiming,

"I say she wants you!"

The President was evidently annoyed, but, instead of going out after the messenger, he remarked to us:

"One side shall not gobble up everything. Make out a list of places and men you want, and I will endeavor to apply the rule of give and take."

General Wadsworth answered:

"Our party will not be able to remain in Washington, but we will leave such a list with Mr. Carroll, and whatever he agrees to will be agreeable to us."

Mr. Lincoln continued: "Let Mr. Carroll come in to-morrow, and we will see what can be done."

This is the substance of the interview, and what most impressed me was the evident fairness of the President. We all felt that he meant to do what was right and square in the matter. While he was not the man to promote factious quarrels and difficulties within his party, he did not intend to leave in the lurch the special friends through whose exertions his nomination and election had finally been brought about. At the same time he understood perfectly that we of New York and our associates in the Republican body had not gone to Chicago for the purpose of nominating him, or of nominating any one in particular, but only to beat Mr. Seward, and thereupon to do the best that could be done regarding the selection of the candidate.

FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH STANTON.

My acquaintance with Mr. Stanton had come about through an editorial which I had written for the "Tribune" * on his entrance to the War Department, and which I had sent to him with a letter calling his attention to certain facts with which, it seemed to me, the War Department ought to deal. In reply I received the following letter:

WASHINGTON, *January 24, '62.*

My dear Sir:—Yours of the 22d only reached me this evening. The facts you mention were new to me, but there is too much reason to fear they are true. But that matter will, I think, be corrected *very speedily*.

You cannot tell how much obligation I feel myself under for your kindness. Every man who wishes

* "The New Head of the War Department," New York "Tribune," January 21, 1862. Mr. Stanton became Secretary of War the middle of January, 1862.

the country to pass through this trying hour should stand on watch, and aid me. Bad passions, and little passions, and mean passions gather around and hem in the great movements that should deliver this nation.

Two days ago I wrote you a long letter—a three pager—expressing my thanks for your admirable article of the 21st, stating my position and purposes; and in that letter I mentioned some of the circumstances of my unexpected appointment. But interrupted before it was completed, I will not inflict, or afflict, you with it.

I know the task that is before us—I say *us* because the "Tribune" has its mission as plainly as I have mine, and they tend to the same end. But I am not in the smallest degree dismayed or disheartened. By God's blessing, we shall prevail. I feel a deep, *earnest* feeling growing up around me. We have no jokes or trivialities; but all with whom I act show that they are now in dead earnest.

I know you will rejoice to know this.

As soon as I can get the machinery of the office working, the rats cleared out, and the rat-holes stopped, we shall *move*. This army has got to fight or run away; and while men are striving nobly in the West, the champagne and oysters on the Potomac must be stopped. But patience for a short while only is all I ask, if you and others like you will rally around me.

Yours truly,

EDWIN M. STANTON.

C. A. DANA, Esq.

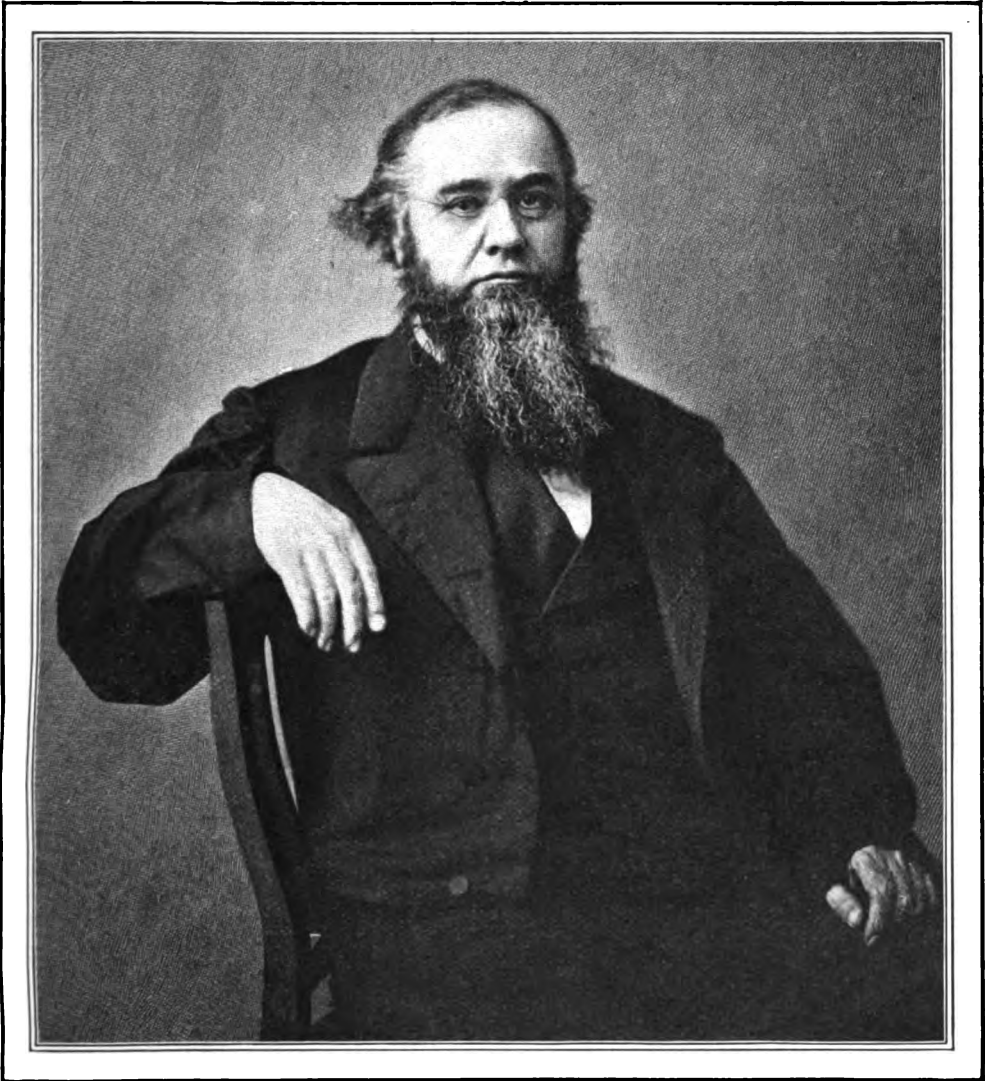
A few days after this I wrote Mr. Stanton a second letter, in which I asked him to give General Frémont a chance. At the breaking out of the war Frémont had been made a major-general in the regular army and the command of the Western department had been given him. His campaign in Missouri in the summer of 1861 gave great dissatisfaction, and in November, 1861, he was relieved, after an investigation by the Secretary of War. Since that time he had been without a command. I believed, as did many others, that political intrigue was keeping Frémont back, and I was anxious that he should have fair play, in order that the great mass of people who had supported him for the Presidency in 1856, and who still were his warm friends, might not be dissatisfied. To my letter Mr. Stanton replied:

WASHINGTON, *February 1, '62.*

Dear Sir:—If General Frémont has any fight in him he shall (so far as I am concerned) have a chance to show it, and I have told *him* so. The times require the help of every man according to his gifts; and having neither partialities nor grudges to indulge, it will be my aim to practice on the maxim "the tools to him that can handle them."*

There will be serious trouble between Hunter and Lane. What Lane's expedition has in view, how it came to be set on foot, and what is expected to be accomplished by it, I do not know and have tried in vain to find out. It seems to be a haphazard affair that no one will admit himself to be responsible for. But believing that Lane has pluck and is an earnest

* A few weeks later, viz., March 11th, General Frémont was assigned to the command of the "Mountain Department," composed of parts of Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee.



EDWIN M. STANTON,

Secretary of War from January, 1862, to May, 1868.

man, he *shall have fair play*. If you know anything about him or his expedition pray tell it to me.

To bring the War Department up to the standard of the times, and work an army of five hundred thousand with machinery adapted to a peace establishment of twelve thousand, is no easy task. This was Mr. Cameron's great trouble, and the cause of much of the complaints against him. All I ask is reasonable time and patience. The pressure of members of Congress for clerk and army appointments, notwithstanding the most stringent rules, and the persistent strain against all measures essential to obtain time for thought, combination, and conference, is discouraging in the extreme—it often tempts me to quit the helm in despair. The only consolation is the confidence and support of good and patriotic men—to their aid I look for strength.

Yours truly, EDWIN M. STANTON.

C. A. DANA, ESQ., "Tribune" Office.

Very soon after Mr. Stanton went into office military affairs were energized, and a forward movement of the armies was apparent. It was followed by several victories, notably those of Fort Henry and Fort Donelson. On different occasions the "Tribune" credited to the head of the War Department this new spirit which seemed to inspire officers and men. Mr. Stanton, fearful of the effect of this praise, sent to the paper the following despatch:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK "TRIBUNE."

Sir:—I cannot suffer undue merit to be ascribed to my official action. The glory of our recent vic-

stories belongs to the gallant officers and soldiers that fought the battles. No share of it belongs to me.

Much has recently been said of military combinations and organizing victory. I hear such phrases with apprehension. They commenced in infidel France with the Italian campaign, and resulted in Waterloo. Who can organize victory? Who can combine the elements of success on the battlefield? We owe our recent victories to the Spirit of the Lord that moved our soldiers to rush into battle and filled the hearts of our enemies with dismay. The inspiration that conquered in battle was in the hearts of the soldiers and from on high; and wherever there is the same inspiration there will be the same results. Patriotic spirit, with resolute courage in officers and men, is a military combination that never failed.

We may well rejoice at the recent victories, for they teach us that battles are to be won now and by us in the same and only manner that they were ever won by any people, or in any age, since the days of Joshua, by boldly pursuing and striking the foe. What, under the blessing of Providence, I conceive to be the true organization of victory and military combination to end this war, was declared in a few words by General Grant's message to General Buckner—"I propose to move immediately on your works."

Yours truly,

EDWIN M. STANTON.

On receiving this I at once wired to our representative in Washington to know if Mr. Stanton meant to "repudiate" the "Tribune." I received my answer from Mr. Stanton himself.

WASHINGTON, February 19, '62.

Dear Sir:—It occurred to me that your kind notice of myself might be perverted into a disparagement of the Western officers and soldiers to whom the merit of the recent victories justly belongs, and that it might create an antagonism between them and the head of the War Department. To avoid that misconception was the object of my despatch—leaving the matter to be determined as to publication to the better judgment of the "Tribune," my own mind not being clear on the point of its expediency. Mr. Hill* called to see me this evening, and from the tenor of your despatch it seemed to me that your judgment did not approve the publication or you would not speak of me as "repudiating" anything the "Tribune" says. On reflection I am convinced the communication should not be published, as it might imply an antagonism between myself and the "Tribune." On this, as on any future occasion, I defer to your judgment. We have one heart and mind in this great cause, and upon many essential points you have a wider range of observation and clearer sight than myself; I am therefore willing to be guided by your wisdom.

Yours truly,

EDWIN M. STANTON.

C. A. DANA, Esq.

On receiving this letter we of course published his telegram at once.†

When Mr. Stanton went into the War Department there was great dissatisfaction in the "Tribune" office with Mc-

* Adams S. Hill, now professor of English literature in Harvard University. Then he was a correspondent of the "Tribune" in Washington.

† New York "Tribune," February 20, 1862, editorial page,

Clellan. He had been placed in command of the Army of the Potomac in the preceding August, and since November 1st had been in command of all the armies of the United States; but while he had proved himself an excellent drill-master, he had, at the same time, proved that he was no general at all. His friends were loyal, however, and whatever success our armies met with was attributed to his generalship.

When the capture of Fort Donelson was announced McClellan's friends claimed that he had directed it by telegraph from his headquarters on the Potomac. Now, the terminus of the telegraph toward Fort Donelson was many miles off from the battlefield. Besides, the absurdity of a general directing the movements of a battle a thousand miles off, even if he had fifty telegraph wires, leading to every part of the field, was apparent. Nevertheless, McClellan's supporters kept up their claim. On February 20th, the Associated Press agent at Washington, in reporting a meeting of a railroad convention at which Mr. Stanton had spoken, said:

"Secretary Stanton, in the course of his address, paid a high compliment to the young and gallant friend at his side, Major-General McClellan, in whom he had the utmost confidence, and the results of whose military schemes, gigantic and well-matured, were now exhibited to a rejoicing country. The secretary, with upraised hands, implored Almighty God to aid them and himself, and all occupying positions under the government, in crushing out this unholy rebellion."

I did not believe Stanton had done any such thing, so I sent the paragraph to him. The secretary replied:

[Private.]

WASHINGTON, February 23, '62.

Dear Sir:—The paragraph to which you called my attention was a ridiculous and impudently impertinent effort to puff the general by a false publication of words I never uttered. Sam Barlow, one of the secretaries of the meeting, was its author, as I have been informed. It is too small a matter for me to contradict, but I told Mr. Kimlen, the other secretary, that I thought the gentlemen who invited me to be present at their meeting owed it to themselves to see that one of their own officers should not misrepresent what I said. It was for them, and due to their own honor, to see that an officer of the government might communicate with them in safety. And if it was not done, I should take care to afford no other opportunity for such practices.

The fact is that the agents of the Associated Press and a gang around the Federal Capitol appear to be organized for the purpose of magnifying their idol.

And if such men as those who composed the railroad convention in this city do not rebuke such a

practice as that perpetrated in this instance, they cannot be conferred with in future.

You will, of course, see the propriety of my not noticing the matter, and thereby giving it importance beyond the contempt it inspires. I think you are well enough acquainted with me to judge in future the value of any such statement.

I notice the "Herald" telegraphic reporter announces that I had a second attack of illness on Friday and could not attend the department. I was in the department, or in cabinet, from 9 A.M. until 9 at night, and never enjoyed more perfect health than on that day and at present.

For your kind solicitude accept my thanks. I shall not needlessly impair my means of usefulness.

Yours truly,
EDWIN M.
STANTON.

C. A. DANA, ESQ.

P.S.—Was it not a funny sight to see a certain military hero in the telegraph office at Washington last Sunday organizing victory, and by sublime military combinations capturing Fort Donelson *six hours after* Grant and Smith had taken it sword in hand and had victorious possession! It would be a picture worthy of "Punch."

FIRST CONNECTION WITH THE WAR DEPARTMENT.

Thus when the newspapers announced my unexpected retirement from the "Tribune," I was not unknown to either the President or the Secretary of War.

To Mr. Stanton's letter asking me to go into the service of the War Department, I replied that I would take anything he wanted me to, and in May he wrote me that I was to be appointed on a commission to audit unsettled claims against the quartermaster's department at Cairo, Illinois. I was directed to be in Cairo on June 17th. My formal appointment, which I did not receive until after I reached Cairo, read:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.,
June 16, 1862.

Sir:—By direction of the President, a commission has been appointed, consisting of Messrs. George S. Boutwell, Stephen T. Logan, and yourself, to examine and report upon all unsettled claims against the War Department, at Cairo, Illinois, that may have originated prior to the first day of April, 1862.

Messrs. Boutwell and Logan have been requested to meet with you at Cairo on the eighteenth day of

June instant, in order that the commission may be organized on that day and enter immediately upon the discharge of its duties.

You will be allowed a compensation of eight dollars per day and mileage.

Mr. Thomas Means, who has been appointed solicitor for the government, has been directed to meet you at Cairo on the 18th instant, and will act under the direction of the commission in the investigation of such claims as may be presented.

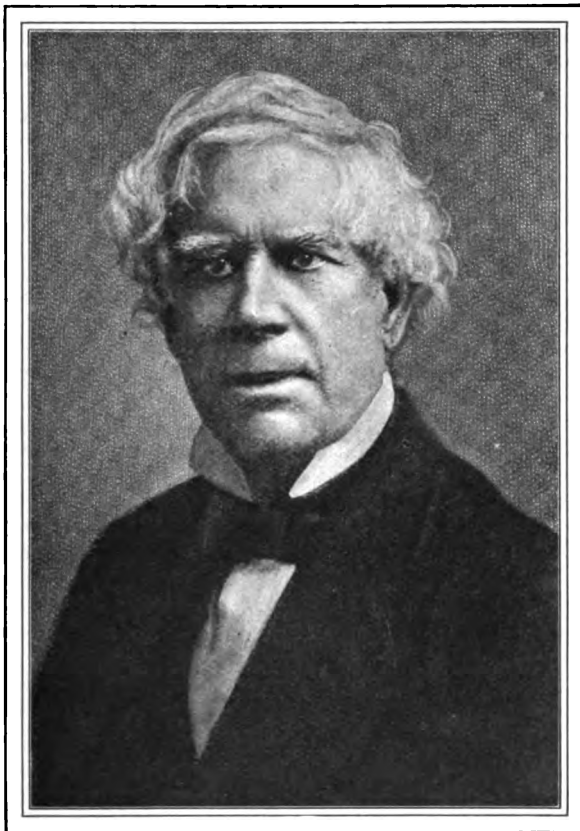
EDWIN M.
STANTON,
Secretary of War.

HON. CHARLES A.
DANA of New
York,
Cairo, Illinois.

On reaching Cairo on the appointed day, I found my associates, Judge Logan of Springfield, Illinois, one of Mr. Lincoln's

friends, and Mr. Boutwell of Massachusetts—afterward governor of that State, Secretary of the Treasury, and a senator—both present. We organized on the 18th, as directed. Two days after we met, Judge Logan was compelled by illness to resign from the commission, and Shelby M. Cullom, now United States Senator from Illinois, was appointed in his place.

The main Union armies had by now advanced far to the front, but Cairo was still an important military depot—almost an outpost—in command of General William K. Strong, whom I had known well in New



THURLOW WEED.

When Mr. Dana entered the War Department Mr. Weed was in Europe, trying to prevail on foreign governments to refrain from recognizing the Confederacy.

York as a Republican politician. There was a large number of troops stationed in the town, and from there the armies on the Mississippi, in Missouri, and Kentucky got all their supplies and munitions of war. The quartermaster's department there had been organized hastily, and the demands upon it had increased rapidly. Much of the business had been done by green volunteer officers who did not understand the technical duties of making out military requisitions and returns; the result was that the accounts were in great confusion, and hysterical newspapers were charging the department with fraud and corruption. The matter could not be settled by any ordinary means, and the commission went there as a kind of supreme authority, accepting or rejecting claims, and paying them as we thought fit, after examining the evidence.

Sixteen hundred and ninety-six claims, amounting to \$599,219.36, were examined by us. Of those approved and certified for payment the amount was \$451,105.80.

Of the claims rejected a considerable portion were for losses suffered in the active operations of the army, either through departure from discipline on the part of soldiers, or from requisitions made by officers who failed to give receipts and certificates to the parties, who were thus unable to support their claims by sufficient evidence. Many claims of this description were also presented by persons whose loyalty to the government was impeached by credible witnesses. In rejecting these the commission set forth the disloyalty of the claimants, in the certificates written on the face of their accounts. Other accounts, whose rightfulness was established, were rejected on proof of disloyalty. The commission regarded complicity in the rebellion as barring all claims against the United States.

A very small percentage of the claims were rejected because of fraud. In almost every case it was possible to suppose that the apparent fraud was accident. My observation throughout the war was the same. I do not believe that so much business could be transacted with a closer adherence to the line of honesty. That there were frauds is a matter of course, because men, and even some women, are wicked, but they were the exception.

FIRST MEETING WITH GRANT.

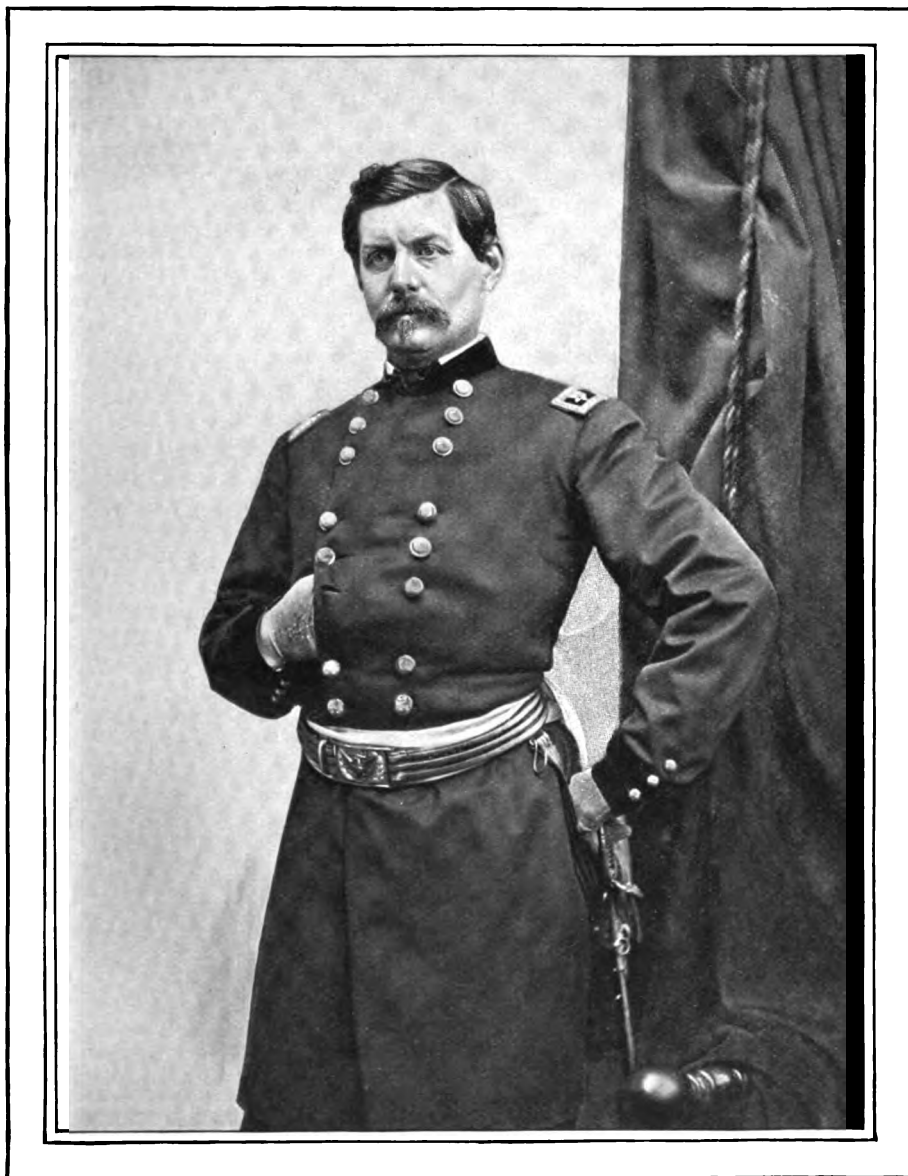
All the leisure that I had at Cairo I spent in horseback riding up and down the river

banks and in visiting the adjacent military posts. My longest and most interesting trip was on the Fourth of July, when I went down the Mississippi to attend a big celebration at Memphis. I remember it particularly because it was there that I first met General Grant. The officers stationed in the city gave a dinner that day to which I was invited. At the table I was seated between Grant and Major John A. Rawlins of his staff. I remember distinctly the pleasant impression Grant made—that of a man of simple manners, straightforward, cordial, and unpretending. He had already fought the successful battles of Fort Donelson and Shiloh, and when I met him, was a major-general in command of the district of West Tennessee, Department of the Missouri, under Halleck, with headquarters at Memphis. Although one would not have suspected it from his manners, he was really under a cloud at the time because of the operations at Shiloh. Those who did not like him had accused him of having been taken by surprise there, and had declared that he would have been beaten if Buell had not come up. I often talked later with Grant's staff officers about Shiloh, and they always affirmed that he would have been successful if Buell had not come to his relief. I believe Grant himself thought so, although he never, in any one of the many talks I afterwards had with him about the battle, said so directly.

RETURN TO WASHINGTON.

We finished our labors at Cairo on the 31st of July, 1862, and I went at once to Washington with the report, placing it in the hands of Mr. Stanton on August 5th. It was never printed, and the manuscript is still in the files of the War Department.

There was a great deal of curiosity among officers in Washington about the result of our investigation, and all the time that I was in the city I was questioned on the subject. It was natural enough that they should have been interested in our report. The charges of fraud and corruption against officers and contractors had become so reckless and general that the mere sight of a man in conference with a high official led to the suspicion and often the charge that he was conspiring to rob the government. That in this case, where the charges seemed so well based, so small a percentage of corruption had been proved was a source of solid



GENERAL GEORGE B. McCLELLAN, COMMANDER OF THE ARMIES IN 1862.

satisfaction to everyone in the War Department.

As Mr. Stanton had no immediate need of my services, I returned to New York in August, where I was occupied with various private affairs until the middle of November, when I received a telegram from Assistant Secretary of War P. H. Watson, asking me to come immediately to Washington to enter upon another investigation. I went, and was received by Mr. Stanton, who offered me the place of Assistant Secretary of War. I said I would accept.

"All right," said he, "consider it settled."

As I went out from the War Department into the street I met Major Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly) of the Sixty-ninth New York Infantry. I had known Halpine well as a newspaper man in New York, and I told him of my appointment as Mr. Stanton's assistant. He immediately repeated what I had told him to some newspaper people; it was reported in the New York papers the next morning. The secretary was greatly offended, and

withdrew the appointment. When I told Halpine I had, of course, no idea he was going to repeat it; besides I did not think there was any harm in telling.

Immediately after this episode I formed a partnership with Roscoe Conkling and George W. Chadwick to buy cotton. The outcry which the manufacturers had raised over the inability to get cotton for their industries had induced the government to permit trading through the lines of the army, and the business looked profitable. Conkling and I each put \$10,000 into the firm, and Chadwick gave his services, which, as he was an expert in cotton, was considered equal to our capital. To facilitate our operations, I went to Washington to ask Mr. Stanton for letters of recommendation to the generals on and near the Mississippi, where we proposed to begin our operations. Mr. Stanton and I had several conversations about the advisability of allowing such traffic, but he did not hesitate about giving me the letters I asked. There were several of them—one to General Hurlbut, then at Memphis, another to General Grant, who was planning his operations against Vicksburg, and another to General Curtis, who commanded in Arkansas. The general purport of them was: "Mr. Dana is my friend, you can rely upon what he says, and if you can be kind to him in any way you will oblige me."

It was in January, 1863, that Chadwick and I went to Memphis, where we staid at the Gayoso Hotel, at that time the swell hotel of the town and the headquarters of several officers.

It was not long after I began to study the trade in cotton before I saw it was a bad business and ought to be stopped. I at once wrote Mr. Stanton the following letter which embodied my observations and gave my opinion as to what should be done:

MEMPHIS, January 21, 1863.

Dear Sir:—You will remember our conversations on the subject of excluding cotton speculators from the regions occupied by our armies in the South. I now write to urge the matter upon your attention as a measure of military necessity.

The mania for sudden fortunes made in cotton, raging in a vast population of Jews and Yankees scattered throughout this whole country, and in this town almost exceeding the numbers of the regular residents, has to an alarming extent corrupted and demoralized the army. Every colonel, captain, or quartermaster is in secret partnership with some operator in cotton; every soldier dreams of adding a bale of cotton to his monthly pay. I had no conception of the extent of this evil until I came and saw for myself.

Besides, the resources of the rebels are inordinately increased from this source. Plenty of cotton is

brought in from beyond our lines, especially by the agency of Jewish traders, who pay for it ostensibly in treasury notes, but really in gold.

What I would propose is that no private purchaser of cotton shall be allowed in any part of the occupied region.

Let quartermasters buy the article at a fixed price, say twenty or twenty-five cents per pound, and forward it by army transportation to proper centers, say Helena, Memphis, or Cincinnati, to be sold at public auction on government account. Let the sales take place on regular fixed days, so that all parties desirous of buying can be sure when to be present.

But little capital will be required for such an operation. The sales being frequent and for cash will constantly replace the amount employed for the purpose. I should say that two hundred thousand dollars would be sufficient to conduct the movement.

I have no doubt that this two hundred thousand dollars so employed would be more than equal to thirty thousand men added to the national armies.

My pecuniary interest is in the continuance of the present state of things, for while it lasts there are occasional opportunities of profit to be made by a daring operator; but I should be false to my duty did I, on that account, fail to implore you to put an end to an evil so enormous, so insidious, and so full of peril to the country.

My first impulse was to hurry to Washington to represent these things to you in person; but my engagements here with other persons will not allow me to return East so speedily. I beg you, however, to act without delay if possible. An excellent man to put at the head of the business would be General Strong. I make this suggestion without any idea whether the employment would be agreeable to him.

Yours faithfully,

CHARLES A. DANA.

MR. STANTON.

P. S.—Since writing the above I have seen General Grant, who fully agrees with all my statements and suggestions, except that imputing corruption to every officer, which of course I did not intend to be taken literally.

I have also just attended a public sale by the quartermaster here of five hundred bales of cotton, confiscated by General Grant at Oxford and Holly Springs. It belonged to Jacob Thompson and other notorious rebels. This cotton brought to-day over a million and a half of dollars, cash. This sum alone would be five times enough to set on foot the system I recommend, without drawing upon the treasury at all. In fact there can be no question that by adopting this system the quartermaster's department in this valley *would become self-supporting*, while the army would become honest again and the slaveholders would no longer find that the rebellion had quadrupled the price of their great staple, but only doubled it.

As soon as I could get away from Memphis I went to Washington, where I had many conversations with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton about restricting the trade in cotton. They were deeply interested in my observations, and questioned me closely about what I had seen. My opinion that the trade should be stopped had the more weight because I was able to say, "General Grant and every general officer whom I have seen hopes it will be done."



ROSCOE CONKLING.

Mr. Conkling was a Member of Congress from 1858 to 1862. In the latter year he was defeated of reelection, but was reelected in 1864.

The result of our conferences was that on March 31, 1863, Mr. Lincoln issued a proclamation declaring all commercial intercourse with the States in insurrection unlawful, except when carried on according to the regulations prescribed by the Secretary of the Treasury. These regulations Mr. Chase prepared at once. At the same time that Mr. Lincoln issued his proclamation, Mr. Stanton issued an order forbidding officers and all other members of the army to have anything to do with the trade. In spite of all these regulations, however, and the modifica-

tions of them which experience brought, there was, throughout the war, more or less difficulty over cotton trading.

SPECIAL COMMISSIONER IN GRANT'S ARMY.

From Washington I went back to New York. I had not been there long before Mr. Stanton sent for me to come to Washington. He wanted some one to go to Grant's army, he said, to report daily to him the military proceedings, and to give such information as would enable Mr. Lincoln and him to settle their minds as to

Grant, about whom, at that time, there were many doubts, and against whom there was some complaint.

"Will you go?" Mr. Stanton asked. "Yes," I said. "Very well," he replied. "The ostensible function I shall give you will be that of a special commissioner of the War Department to investigate the pay department in Western armies, but your real duty will be to report to me every day what you see."

On March 12th, Mr. Stanton wrote me the following letter:

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON CITY,
March 12,
1863.

Dear Sir:—I enclose you a copy of your order of appointment and the order fixing your compensation, with a letter to Generals Sumner,* Grant, and Rosecrans, and a draft for one thousand dollars. Having explained the purposes of your appointment to you personally, no further instructions will be given unless specially required. Please acknowledge the receipt of this and proceed as early as possible to your duties.

Yours truly,

EDWIN M. STANTON.

C. A. DANA, ESQ., New York.

My commission read:

ORDERED, That C. A. Dana, Esq., be and he is hereby appointed special commissioner of the War

* General E. V. Sumner, who had just been relieved at his own request from the Army of the Potomac and appointed to the Department of the Missouri. He was on his way thither when he died on March 21st.

Department to investigate and report upon the condition of the pay service in the Western armies. All paymasters and assistant paymasters will furnish to the said commissioner for the Secretary of War information upon any matters concerning which he makes inquiry of them as fully and completely and promptly as if directly called for by the Secretary of War. Railroad agents, quartermasters, and commis-

sioners will give him transportation and subsistence. All officers and persons in the service will aid him in the performance of his duties and will afford him assistance, courtesy, and protection. The said commissioner will make report to this department as occasion may require.

The letters of introduction and explanation to the generals were identical:

General:—Charles A. Dana, Esq., has been appointed a Special Commissioner of this Department to investigate and report upon the condition of the pay service in the Western armies. You will please aid him in the performance of his duties and communicate to him fully your views and wishes in respect to that branch of the service in your command, and also give to him such information as you may deem beneficial to the service. He is specially commended to your courtesy and protection.

EDWIN M. STANTON.

I at once started for Memphis, going by way of Cairo and Columbus.

THE DANA CIPHER.

I sent my first despatch to the War Department from Columbus, on March 20th.

Message or division of *Columns*

COMMENCEMENT WORDS.

Army	Astor	Anderson
Anson	Advance	Ambush
Action	Artillery	Agree
COLUMNS	COLUMNS	COLUMNS

ROUTE:—Up the.....column—down the.....—up the.....—

down the.....—up the.....—down the.....—up the.....

Lines

Abuse	1	Adapt
Accordion	2	Adle
Adelaide	3	Indolent
Actra	4	Infatuate
Affront	5	Impulse
Agility	6	Innocent
Alimony	7	Insulate
Amuse	8	Intricate
Antique	9	Interview
Apron	10	Invisible
Aquatic	11	Jealous
Arrow	12	Joyful
Attitude	13	Juggle
Auburn	14	Ankle
Awful	15	Anguish

PAGE FROM KEY TO THE DANA SPECIAL CIPHER.

The key to the Dana Cipher bears Mr. Stanton's own mark, the words "Dana Special" being written in his hand on the first page. A duplicate key was kept at the War Department in Washington. By changing the number of columns and their order of reading, three combinations of cipher were possible from this page alone. As there were eight similar pages the cipher could be varied frequently, though as a matter of fact Mr. Dana's cipher books show that he usually employed the "route" marked on the above page and cited in his text as an illustration.

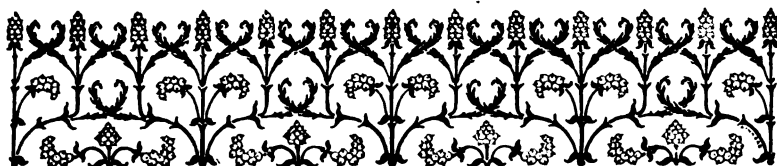
It was sent by a secret cipher furnished by the War Department, which I used myself, for throughout the war I was my own cipher clerk. The ordinary method at the various headquarters was for the sender to write out the despatch in full, after which it was translated from plain English into the agreed cipher by a telegraph operator or clerk, retained for that exclusive purpose, who understood it, and by another retranslated back again at the other end of the line. So whatever military secret was transmitted was at the mercy always of at least two outside persons, besides running the gauntlet of other prying eyes. Despatches written in complex cipher codes were often difficult to unravel, unless transmitted by the operator with the greatest precision. A wrong word sometimes destroyed the sense of an entire despatch, and important movements were delayed thereby. This explains the oft-repeated "I do not understand your telegram" found in the official correspondence of the war period.

I have, since the war, become familiar with a great many ciphers, but I never found one which was more satisfactory than that I used in my messages to Mr. Stanton. In preparing my message I first wrote it out in lines of a given number of words, spaced regularly so as to form five, six, seven, eight, nine, and ten columns. My key contained various "routes" to be followed in writing out the messages for transmission. Thus a five-column message had one route, a six-column another, and so on. The route was indicated by a "commencement word." If I had put my message into five columns, I would write the word "army," or any one in a list of nine words, at the beginning. The receiver, on looking for that word in his key, would see that he was to write out what he had received in lines of five words, thus forming five columns, and then he was to read it down the fifth column, up the third, down the fourth, up the second, down the first. At the end of each column an "extra" or "check"

word was added as a blind; a list of "blind" words was also printed in the key, with each route, which could be inserted if wished at the end of each line so as still further to deceive curious people who did not have the key. The key contained a large number of cipher words—thus, P. H. Sheridan was "soap" or "Somerset;" President was "Pembroke" or "Penfield;" instead of writing "there has been," I wrote "maroon;" instead of secession, "mint;" instead of Vicksburg, "Cupid." My own cipher was "spunky" or "squad." The months, days, hours, numerals, and alphabet all had ciphers.

The only message sent by this cipher to be translated by an outsider on the route, so far as I know, was that one of 4 P.M., September 20, 1863, in which I reported the Union defeat at Chickamauga. General R. S. Granger, who was then at Nashville, was at the telegraph office waiting for news when my despatch passed through. The operator guessed out the despatch, as he afterward confessed, and it was passed around Nashville. The agent of the Associated Press at Louisville sent out a private printed circular quoting me as an authority for reporting the battle as a total defeat, and in Cincinnati Horace Maynard repeated, the same day of the battle, the entire second sentence of the despatch, "Chickamauga is as fatal a name in our history as Bull Run."

This premature disclosure to the public of what was only the truth, well known at the front, caused a great deal of trouble. I immediately set on foot an investigation to discover who had penetrated our cipher code, and soon arrived at a satisfactory understanding of the matter, of which Mr. Stanton was duly informed. No blame could attach to me, as was manifest upon the inquiry; nevertheless, the sensation resulted in considerable annoyance all along the line from Chattanooga to Washington. I suggested to Mr. Stanton the advisability of concocting a new and more difficult cipher; but it was never changed, so far as I now remember.





DREAMERS.

BY ROSALIE M. JONAS.

With drawing by Louise L. Heustis.

DRUMS and trumpets thrown aside,
Eyelids drooping, "arms at rest,"
Fast asleep on mother's breast.

Lo! this dimpled warrior dreams
Of far conquests that shall be
When a "grown-up man" is he.

And she dreams, who holds him close,
"I shall always keep him so,
Safely shielded from life's woe."

Dreamers both! but bide ye, Fate,
On the threshold of their door,
For a little moment more.

ST. IVES

THE ADVENTURES OF A FRENCH PRISONER IN ENGLAND.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON,

Author of "Treasure Island," "Kidnapped," etc.

CONCLUSION.

CHAPTER XXVIII (*Continued*).

EVENTS OF MONDAY: THE LAWYER'S PARTY.

IT is a strange thing how young men in their teens go down at the mere wind of the coming of men of twenty-five and upwards! The vapid ones fled without thought of resistance before the major and me; a few dallied awhile in the neighborhood—so to speak, with their fingers in their mouths—but presently these also followed the rout, and we remained face to face before Flora. There was a draught in that corner by the door; she had thrown her pelisse over her bare arms and neck, and the dark fur of the trimming set them off. She shone by contrast; the light played on her smooth skin to admiration, and the color changed in her excited face. For the least fraction of a second she looked from one to the other of her rival swains, and seemed to hesitate. Then she addressed Chevenix:

"You are coming to the Assembly, of course, Major Chevenix?" said she.

"I fear not; I fear I shall be otherwise engaged," he replied. "Even the pleasure of dancing with you, Miss Flora, must give way to duty."

For awhile the talk ran harmlessly on the weather, and then branched off towards the war. It seemed to be by no one's fault; it was in the air, and had to come.

"Good news from the scene of operations," said the major.

"Good news while it lasts," I said. "But will Miss Gilchrist tell us her private thought upon the war? In her admiration for the victors, does not there mingle some pity for the vanquished?"

"Indeed, sir," she said, with animation, "only too much of it! War is a subject that I do not think should be talked of to

a girl. I am, I have to be—what do you call it?—a non-combatant? And to remind me of what others have to do and suffer: no, it is not fair!"

"Miss Gilchrist has the tender female heart," said Chevenix.

"Do not be too sure of that!" she cried. "I would love to be allowed to fight, myself!"

"On which side?" I asked.

"Can you ask?" she exclaimed. "I am a Scottish girl!"

"She is a Scottish girl!" repeated the major, looking at me. "And no one grudges you her pity!"

"And I glory in every grain of it she has to spare," said I. "Pity is akin to love."

"Well, and let us put that question to Miss Gilchrist. It is for her to decide, and for us to bow to the decision. Is pity, Miss Flora, or is admiration, nearest love?"

"Oh, come," said I, "let us be more concrete. Lay before the lady a complete case: describe your man, then I'll describe *mine*, and Miss Flora shall decide."

"I think I see your meaning," said he, "and I'll try. You think that pity—and the kindred sentiments—have the greatest power upon the heart. I think more nobly of women. To my view, the man they love will first of all command their respect; he will be steadfast—proud, if you please; dry, possibly—but of all things steadfast. They will look at him in doubt; at last they will see that stern face which he presents to all the rest of the world soften to them alone. First, trust, I say. It is so that a woman loves who is worthy of heroes."

"Your man is very ambitious, sir," said I, "and very much of a hero! Mine is a humbler and, I would fain think, a more human dog. He is one with no particular trust in himself, with no superior steadfastness to be admired for, who sees a lady's face, who hears her voice, and, without

any phrase about the matter, falls in love. What does he ask for, then, but pity?—pity for his weakness, pity for his love, which is his life. You would make women always the inferiors, gaping up at your imaginary lover; he, like a marble statue, with his nose in the air! But God has been wiser than you; and the most steadfast of your heroes may prove human, after all. We appeal to the queen for judgment," I added, turning and bowing before Flora.

"And how shall the queen judge?" she asked. "I must give you an answer that is no answer at all. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth': she goes where her heart goes." Her face flushed as she said it; mine also, for I read in it a declaration, and my heart swelled for joy. But Chevenix grew pale.

"You make of life a very dreadful kind of a lottery, ma'am," said he. "But I will not despair. Honest and unornamental is still my choice." And I must say he looked extremely handsome and very amusingly like the marble statue with its nose in the air to which I had compared him.

"I cannot imagine how we got upon this subject," said Flora.

"Madam, it was through the war," replied Chevenix.

"All roads lead to Rome," I commented. "What else would you expect Mr. Chevenix and myself to talk of?"

About this time I was conscious of a certain bustle and movement in the room behind me, but did not pay to it that degree of attention which perhaps would have been wise. There came a certain change in Flora's face; she signaled repeatedly with her fan; her eyes appealed to me obsequiously; there could be no doubt that she wanted something—as well as I could make out, that I should go away and leave the field clear for my rival, which I had not the least idea of doing. At last she rose from her chair with impatience. "I think it time you were saying good-night, Mr. Ducie!" she said. I could not in the least see why, and said so. Whereupon she gave me this appalling answer, "My aunt is coming out of the card-room." In less time than it takes to tell, I had made my bow and my escape.

Looking back from the doorway, I was privileged to see, for a moment, the august profile and gold eyeglasses of Miss Gilchrist issuing from the card-room; and the sight lent me wings. I stood not on the order of my going; and a moment after,

I was on the pavement of Castle Street, and the lighted windows shone down on me, and were crossed by ironical shadows of those who had remained behind.

CHAPTER XXIX.

EVENTS ON TUESDAY: THE TOILS CLOSING.

THIS day began with a surprise. I found a letter on my breakfast-table addressed to Edward Ducie, Esquire; and at first I was startled beyond measure. "Conscience doth make cowards of us all!" When I had opened it, it proved to be only a note from the lawyer, enclosing a card for the Assembly Ball on Thursday evening. Shortly after, as I was composing my mind with a cigar at one of the windows of the sitting-room, and Rowley, having finished the light share of work that fell to him, sat not far off tootling with great spirit and a marked preference for the upper octave, Ronald was suddenly shown in. I got him a cigar, drew in a chair to the side of the fire, and installed him there—I was going to say, at his ease, but no expression could be farther from the truth. He was plainly on pins and needles, did not know whether to take or to refuse the cigar, and, after he had taken it, did not know whether to light or to return it. I saw he had something to say; I did not think it was his own something; and I was ready to offer a large bet it was really something of Major Chevenix's.

"Well, and so here you are!" I observed, with pointless cordiality, for I was bound I should do nothing to help him out. If he were, indeed, here running errands for my rival, he might have a fair field, but certainly no favor.

"The fact is," he began, "I would rather see you alone."

"Why, certainly," I replied. "Rowley, you can step into the bedroom. My dear fellow," I continued, "this sounds serious. Nothing wrong, I trust."

"Well, I'll be quite honest," said he. *I am* a good deal bothered."

"And I bet I know why!" I exclaimed. "And I bet I can put you to rights, too."

"What do you mean!" he asked.

"You must be hard up," said I, "and all I can say is, you've come to the right place. If you have the least use for a hundred pounds, or any such trifling sum as that, please mention it. It's here, quite at your service."

"I am sure it is most kind of you," said Ronald, "and the truth is, though I can't think how you guessed it, that I really *am* a little behind board. But I haven't come to talk about that."

"No, I daresay!" cried I. "Not worth talking about! But remember, Ronald, you and I are on different sides of the business. Remember that you did me one of those services that make men friends forever. And since I have had the fortune to come into a fair share of money, just oblige me, and consider so much of it as your own."

"No," he said, "I couldn't take it; I couldn't, really. Besides, the fact is, I've come on a very different matter. It's about my sister, St. Ives," and he shook his head menacingly at me.

"You're quite sure?" I persisted. "It's here, at your service—up to five hundred pounds, if you like. Well, all right; only remember where it is, when you do want it."

"Oh, please let me alone!" cried Ronald. "I've come to say something unpleasant; and how on earth can I do it, if you don't give a fellow a chance? It's about my sister, as I said. You can see for yourself that it can't be allowed to go on. It's compromising; it don't lead to anything; and you're not the kind of man (you must feel it yourself) that I can allow my female relatives to have anything to do with. I hate saying this, St. Ives; it looks like hitting a man when he's down, you know; and I told the major I very much disliked it from the first. However, it had to be said; and now it has been, and, between gentlemen, it shouldn't be necessary to refer to it again."

"It's compromising; it doesn't lead to anything; not the kind of man," I repeated thoughtfully. "Yes, I believe I understand, and shall make haste to put myself *en règle*." I stood up, and laid my cigar down. "Mr. Gilchrist," said I, with a bow, "in answer to your very natural observations, I beg to offer myself as a suitor for your sister's hand. I am a man of title, of which we think lightly in France, but of ancient lineage, which is everywhere prized. I can display thirty-two quarterings without a blot. My expectations are certainly above the average: I believe my uncle's income averages about thirty thousand pounds, though I admit I was not careful to inform myself. Put it anywhere between fifteen and fifty thousand; it is certainly not less."

"All this is very easy to say," said Ronald, with a pitying smile. "Unfortunately, these things are in the air."

"Pardon me—in Buckinghamshire," said I, smiling.

"Well, what I mean is, my dear St. Ives, that you *can't prove* them," he continued. "They might just as well not be: do you follow me? You can't bring us any third party to back you up."

"Oh, come!" cried I, springing up and hurrying to the table. "You must excuse me!" I wrote Romaine's address. "There is my reference, Mr. Gilchrist. Until you have written to him, and received his negative answer, I have a right to be treated, and I shall see that you treat me, as a gentleman." He was brought up with a round turn at that.

"I beg your pardon, St. Ives," said he. "Believe me, I had no wish to be offensive. But there's the difficulty of this affair; I can't make any of my points without offence! You must excuse me, it's not my fault. But, at any rate, you must see for yourself this proposal of marriage is—is merely impossible, my dear fellow. It's nonsense! Our countries are at war; you are a prisoner."

"My ancestor of the time of the Ligue," I replied, "married a Huguenot lady out of the Saintonge, riding two hundred miles through an enemy's country to bring off his bride; and it was a happy marriage."

"Well!" he began; and then looked down into the fire, and became silent.

"Well?" I asked.

"Well, there's this business of—Gogue-lat," said he, still looking at the coals in the grate.

"What!" I exclaimed, starting in my chair. "What's that you say?"

"This business about Gogue-lat," he repeated.

"Ronald," said I, "this is not your doing. These are not your own words. I know where they came from: a coward put them in your mouth."

"St. Ives!" he cried, "why do you make it so hard for me? and where's the use of insulting other people? The plain English is, that I can't hear of any proposal of marriage from a man under a charge like that. You must see it for yourself, man! It's the most absurd thing I ever heard of! And you go on forcing me to argue with you, too!"

"Because I have had an affair of honor which terminated unhappily, you—a young soldier, or next-door to it—refuse my

offer? Do I understand you aright?" said I.

"My dear fellow!" he wailed, "of course you can twist my words, if you like. You say it was an affair of honor. Well, I can't, of course tell you that—I can't—I mean, you must see that that's just the point! Was it? I don't know."

"I have the honor to inform you," said I.

"Well, other people say the reverse, you see!"

"They lie, Ronald, and I will prove it in time."

"The short and long of it is, that any man who is so unfortunate as to have such things said about him is not the man to be my brother-in-law," he cried.

"Do you know who will be my first witness at the court? Arthur Chevenix!" said I.

"I don't care!" he cried, rising from his chair and beginning to pace outrageously about the room. "What do you mean, St. Ives? What is this about? It's like a dream, I declare! You made an offer, and I have refused it. I don't like it, I don't want it; and whatever I did, or didn't, wouldn't matter—my aunt wouldn't hear of it, anyway! Can't you take your answer, man?"

"You must remember, Ronald, that we are playing with edged tools," said I. "An offer of marriage is a delicate subject to handle. You have refused, and you have justified your refusal by several statements. First, that I was an impostor; second, that our countries were at war; and third—no, I will speak," said I; "you can answer when I have done,—and third, that I had dishonorably killed—or was said to have done so—the man Goguelat. Now, my dear fellow, these are very awkward grounds to be taking. From any one else's lips I need scarce tell you how I should resent them; but my hands are tied. I have so much gratitude for you, without talking of the love I bear your sister, that you insult me, when you do so, under the cover of a complete impunity. I must feel the pain—and I do feel it acutely—I can do nothing to protect myself."

He had been anxious enough to interrupt me in the beginning; but now, and after I had ceased, he stood a long while silent.

"St. Ives," he said at last, "I think I had better go away. This has been very irritating. I never at all meant to say anything of the kind, and I apologize to

you. I have all the esteem for you that one gentleman should have for another. I only meant to tell you—to show you what had influenced my mind; and that, in short, the thing was impossible. One thing you may be quite sure of: I shall do nothing against you. Will you shake hands before I go away?" he blurted out.

"Yes," said I, "I agree with you—the interview has been irritating. Let bygones be bygones. Good-by, Ronald."

"Good-by, St. Ives!" he returned. "I'm heartily sorry."

And with that he was gone.

The windows of my own sitting-room looked toward the north; but the entrance passage drew its light from the direction of the square. Hence I was able to observe Ronald's departure, his very disheartened gait, and the fact that he was joined, about half-way, by no less a man than Major Chevenix. At this, I could scarce keep from smiling; so unpalatable an interview must be before the pair of them, and I could hear their voices, clashing like crossed swords, in that eternal antiphony of "I told you," and "I told you not." Without doubt, they had gained very little by their visit; but then I had gained less than nothing, and had been bitterly dispirited into the bargain. Ronald had stuck to his guns and refused me to the last. It was no news; but, on the other hand, it could not be contorted into good news. I was now certain that during my temporary absence in France, all irons would be put into the fire, and the world turned upside down, to make Flora disown the obtrusive Frenchman and accept Chevenix. Without doubt she would resist these instances; but the thought of them did not please me, and I felt she should be warned and prepared for the battle.

It was no use to try and see her now, but I promised myself early that evening to return to Swanston. In the meantime I had to make all my preparations, and look the coming journey in the face. Here in Edinburgh I was within four miles of the sea, yet the business of approaching random fishermen with my hat in one hand and a knife in the other, appeared so desperate, that I saw nothing for it but to retrace my steps over the northern counties, and knock a second time at the doors of Birchell Fenn. To do this, money would be necessary; and after leaving my paper in the hands of Flora I had still a balance of about fifteen hundred pounds. Or rather I may say I had them and I had them not;

for after my luncheon with Mr. Robbie I had placed the amount, all but thirty pounds of change, in a bank in George Street, on a deposit receipt in the name of Mr. Rowley. This I had designed to be my gift to him, in case I must suddenly depart. But now, thinking better of the arrangement, I had despatched my little man, cockade and all, to lift the fifteen hundred.

He was not long gone, and returned with a flushed face and the deposit receipt still in his hand.

"No go," Mr. Anne, says he.

"How's that?" I inquired.

"Well, sir, I found the place all right, and no mistake," said he. "But I tell you wot gave me a blue fright! There was a customer standing by the door, and I reckoned him! Who do you think it was, Mr. Anne? W'y, that same Red-Breast—him I had breakfast with near Aylesbury."

"You are sure you are not mistaken?" I asked.

"Certain sure," he replied. "Not Mr. Lavender, I don't mean, sir; I mean the other party. 'Wot's he doin' here?' says I. 'It don't look right.'"

"Not by any means," I agreed.

I walked to and fro in the apartment reflecting. This particular Bow Street runner might be here by accident; but it was to imagine a singular play of coincidence that he, who had met Rowley and spoken with him in the "Green Dragon," hard by Aylesbury, should be now in Scotland, where he could have no legitimate business, and by the doors of the bank where Rowley kept his account.

"Rowley," said I, "he didn't see you, did he?"

"Never a fear," quoth Rowley. "W'y, Mr. Anne, sir, if he 'ad you wouldn't have seen *me* any more! I ain't a hass, sir!"

"Well, my boy, you can put that receipt in your pocket. You'll have no more use for it till you're quite clear of me. Don't lose it, though; it's your share of the Christmas-box: fifteen hundred pounds all for yourself."

"Begging your pardon, Mr. Anne, sir, but wot for?" said Rowley.

"To set up a public-house upon," said I.

"If you'll excuse me, sir, I ain't got any call to set up a public-house, sir," he replied, stoutly. "And I tell you wot, sir, it seems to me I'm reether young for the billet. I'm your body-servant, Mr. Anne, or else I'm nothink."

"Well, Rowley," I said, "I'll tell you what it's for. It's for the good service you have done me, of which I don't care—and don't dare—to speak. It's for your loyalty and cheerfulness, my dear boy. I had meant it for you; but to tell you the truth, it's past mending now—it has to be yours. Since that man is waiting by the bank, the money can't be touched until I'm gone."

"Until you're gone, sir?" reëchoed Rowley. "You don't go anywheres without me, I can tell you that, Mr. Anne, sir!"

"Yes, my boy," said I, "we are going to part very soon now; probably to-morrow. And it's for my sake, Rowley! Depend upon it, if there was any reason at all for that Bow Street man being at the bank, he was not there to look out for *you*. How they could have found out about the account so early is more than I can fathom; some strange coincidence must have played me false! But there the fact is; and, Rowley, I'll not only have to say farewell to you presently, I'll have to ask you to stay indoors until I can say it. Remember, my boy, it's only so that you can serve me now."

"W'y, sir, you say the word, and of course I'll do it!" he cried. "'Nothink by 'alves,' is my motto! I'm your man, through thick and thin, live or die, I am!"

In the meantime there was nothing to be done till towards sunset. My only chance now was to come again as quickly as possible to speech of Flora, who was my only practicable banker; and not before evening was it worth while to think of that. I might compose myself as well as I was able over the "Caledonian Mercury," with its ill news of the campaign of France and belated documents about the retreat from Russia; and, as I sat there by the fire, I was sometimes all awake with anger and mortification at what I was reading, and sometimes again I would be three parts asleep as I dozed over the barren items of home intelligence. "Lately arrived"—this is what I suddenly stumbled on—"at Dumbreck's Hotel, the Viscount of Saint-Yves."

"Rowley," said I.

"If you please, Mr. Anne, sir," answered the obsequious, lowering his pipe.

"Come and look at this, my boy," said I, holding out the paper.

"My crikey!" said he. "That's 'im, sure enough!"

"Sure enough, Rowley," said I. "He's on the trail. He has fairly caught up with

us. He and his Bow Street man have come together, I would swear. And now here is the whole field, quarry, hounds, and hunters, all together in this city of Edinburgh."

"And wot are you goin' to do now, sir? Tell you wot, let me take it in 'and, please! Gimme a minute, and I'll disguise myself, and go out to this Dum—to this hotel, leastways, sir—and see wot he's up to. You put your trust in me, Mr. Anne: I'm fly, don't you make no mistake about it. I'm all a-growing and a-blowing, I am."

"Not one foot of you," said I. "You are a prisoner, Rowley, and make up your mind to that. So am I, or next door to it. I showed it you for a caution; if you go on the streets, it spells death to me, Rowley."

"If you please, sir," says Rowley.

"Come to think of it," I continued, "you must take a cold, or something. No good of awakening Mrs. McRankine's suspicions."

"A cold?" he cried, recovering immediately from his depression. "I can do it, Mr. Anne."

And he proceeded to sneeze and cough and blow his nose, till I could not restrain myself from smiling.

"Oh, I tell you, I know a lot of them dodges," he observed proudly.

"Well, they come in very handy," said I.

"I'd better go at once and show it to the old gal, 'adn't I?" he asked.

I told him, by all means; and he was gone upon the instant, gleeful as though to a game of football.

I took up the paper, and read carelessly on, my thoughts engaged with my immediate danger, till I struck on the next paragraph:

"In connection with the recent horrid murder in the Castle, we are desired to make public the following intelligence. The soldier, Champdivers, is supposed to be in the neighborhood of this city. He is about the middle height or rather under, of a pleasing appearance and highly genteel address. When last heard of he wore a fashionable suit of pearl gray, and boots with fawn-colored tops. He is accompanied by a servant about sixteen years of age, speaks English without any accent, and passed under the *alias* of Ramornie. A reward is offered for his apprehension."

In a moment I was in the next room, stripping from me the pearl-colored suit!

I confess I was now a good deal agitated. It is difficult to watch the toils

closing slowly and surely about you and to retain your composure; and I was glad that Rowley was not present to spy on my confusion. I was flushed, my breath came thick; I cannot remember a time when I was more put out.

And yet I must wait and do nothing, and partake of my meals, and entertain the ever-garrulous Rowley, as though I were entirely my own man. And if I did not require to entertain Mrs. McRankine also, that was but another drop of bitterness in my cup! For what ailed my landlady, that she should hold herself so severely aloof, that she should refuse conversation, that her eyes should be reddened, that I should so continually hear the voice of her private supplications sounding through the house? I was much deceived, or she had read the insidious paragraph and recognized the comminated pearl-gray suit. I remembered now a certain air with which she had laid the paper on my table, and a certain sniff, between sympathy and defiance, with which she had announced it: "There's your 'Mercury' for ye!"

In this direction, at least, I saw no pressing danger; her tragic countenance betokened agitation; it was plain she was wrestling with her conscience, and the battle still hung dubious. The question of what to do troubled me extremely. I could not venture to touch such an intricate and mysterious piece of machinery as my landlady's spiritual nature; it might go off at a word, and in any direction, like a badly-made firework. And while I praised myself extremely for my wisdom in the past, that I had made so much a friend of her, I was all abroad as to my conduct in the present. There seemed an equal danger in pressing and in neglecting the accustomed marks of familiarity. The one extreme looked like impudence, and might annoy; the other was a practical confession of guilt. Altogether it was a good hour for me when the dusk began to fall in earnest on the streets of Edinburgh and the voice of an early watchman bade me set forth.

I reached the neighborhood of the cottage before seven; and as I breasted the steep ascent which leads to the garden wall, I was struck with surprise to hear a dog. Dogs I had heard before, but only from the hamlet on the hillside above. Now, this dog was in the garden itself, where it roared aloud in paroxysms of fury, and I could hear it leaping and straining on the chain. I waited some while, until the brute's fit of passion had

roared itself out. Then, with the utmost precaution, I drew near again, and finally approached the garden wall. So soon as I had clapped my head above the level, however, the barking broke forth again with redoubled energy. Almost at the same time, the door of the cottage opened, and Ronald and the major appeared upon the threshold with a lantern. As they so stood, they were almost immediately below me, strongly illuminated, and within easy earshot. The major pacified the dog, who took instead to low, uneasy growling intermingled with occasional yelps.

"Good thing I brought Towzer!" said Chevenix.

"Damn him, I wonder where he is!" said Ronald; and he moved the lantern up and down, and turned the night into a shifting puzzle-work of gleam and shadow.

"I think I'll make a sally."

"I don't think you will," replied Chevenix. "When I agreed to come out here and do sentry-go, it was on one condition, Master Ronald: don't you forget that! Military discipline, my boy! Our beat is this path close about the house. Down, Towzer! good boy, good boy—gently, then!" he went on, caressing his confounded monster.

"To think! The beggar may be hearing us this minute!" cried Ronald.

"Nothing more probable," said the major. "You there, St. Ives?" he added, in a distinct but guarded voice. "I only want to tell you, you had better go home. Mr. Gilchrist and I take watch and watch."

The game was up. "*Beaucoup de plaisir!*" I replied, in the same tones. "*Il fait un peu froid pour veiller; gardez-vous des engelures!*"

I suppose it was done in a moment of ungovernable rage; but in spite of the excellent advice he had given to Ronald the moment before, Chevenix slipped the chain, and the dog sprang, straight as an arrow, up the bank. I stepped back, picked up a stone of about twelve pounds' weight, and stood ready. With a bound the beast landed on the cope-stone of the wall; and, almost in the same instant, my missile caught him fair in the face. He gave a stifled cry, went tumbling back where he had come from, and I could hear the twelve-pounder accompany him in his fall. Chevenix, at the same moment, broke out in a roaring voice: "The hell-hound! If he's killed my dog!" and I judged, upon all grounds, it was as well to be off.

CHAPTER XXX.

EVENTS OF WEDNESDAY: THE UNIVERSITY OF CRAMOND.

I AWOKE to much diffidence, even to a feeling that might be called the beginnings of panic, and lay for hours in my bed considering the situation. Seek where I pleased, there was nothing to encourage me, and plenty to appal. They kept a close watch about the cottage; they had a beast of a watch-dog—at least, unless I had settled it; and if I had, I knew its bereaved master would only watch the more indefatigably for the loss. In the pardonable ostentation of love I had given all the money I could spare to Flora; I had thought it glorious that the hunted exile should come down, like Jupiter, in a shower of gold, and pour thousands in the lap of the beloved. Then I had in an hour of arrant folly buried what remained to me in a bank in George Street. And now I must get back the one or the other; and which? and how?

As I tossed in my bed, I could see three possible courses, all extremely perilous. First, Rowley might have been mistaken; the bank might not be watched; it might still be possible for him to draw the money on the deposit receipt. Second, I might apply again to Robbie. Or, third, I might dare everything, go to the Assembly Ball, and speak with Flora under the eyes of all Edinburgh. This last alternative, involving as it did the most horrid risks, and the delay of forty-eight hours, I did but glance at with an averted head, and turned again to the consideration of the others. It was the likeliest thing in the world that Robbie had been warned to have no more to do with me. The whole policy of the Gilchrists was in the hands of Chevenix; and I thought this was a precaution so elementary that he was certain to have taken it. If he had not, of course I was all right: Robbie would manage to communicate with Flora; and by four o'clock I might be on the south road and, I was going to say, a free man. Lastly, I must assure myself with my own eyes whether the bank in George Street were beleagured.

I called to Rowley and questioned him tightly as to the appearance of the Bow Street officer.

"What sort of a looking man is he, Rowley?" I asked, as I began to dress.

"Wot sort of a looking man he is?"

repeated Rowley. "Well, I don't very well know wot you would say, Mr. Anne. He ain't a beauty, any'ow."

"Is he tall?"

"Tall? Well, no, I shouldn't say *tall*, Mr. Anne."

"Well, then, is he short?"

"Short? No, I don't think I would say he was what you would call *short*. No, not pitical short, sir."

"Then, I suppose he must be about the middle height?"

"Well, you might say it, sir; but not remarkable so."

I smothered an oath.

"Is he clean-shaved?" I tried him again.

"Clean-shaved?" he repeated, with the same air of anxious candor.

"Good heaven, man, don't repeat my words like a parrot!" I cried. "Tell me what the man was like: it is of the first importance that I should be able to recognize him."

"I'm trying to, Mr. Anne. But *clean shaved*? I don't seem to rightly get hold of that p'int. Sometimes it might appear to me like as if he was; and sometimes like as if he wasn't. No, it wouldn't surprise me now if you was to tell me he 'ad a bit o' whisker."

"Was the man red-faced?" I roared, dwelling on each syllable.

"I don't think you need go for to get cross about it, Mr. Anne!" said he. "I'm tellin' you every blessed thing I see! Red-faced? Well, no, not as you would remark upon."

A dreadful calm fell upon me.

"Was he anywise pale?" I asked.

"Well, it don't seem to me as though he were. But I tell you truly, I didn't take much heed to that."

"Did he look like a drinking man?"

"Well, no. If you please, sir, he looked more like an eating one."

"Oh, he was stout, was he?"

"No, sir. I couldn't go so far as that. No, he wasn't not to say *stout*. If anything, lean rather."

I need not go on with the infuriating interview. It ended as it began, except that Rowley was in tears and that I had acquired one fact. The man was drawn for me as being of any height you like to mention, and of any degree of corpulence or leanness; clean shaved or not, as the case might be; the color of his hair Rowley "could not take it upon himself to put a name on;" that of his eyes he thought to have been blue—nay, it was the one

point on which he attained to a kind of tearful certainty. "I'll take my davy on it," he asseverated. They proved to have been as black as sloes, very little, and very near together. So much for the evidence of the artless! And the fact, or rather the facts, acquired? Well, they had to do not with the person but with his clothing. The man wore knee-breeches and white stockings; his coat was "some kind of a lightish color—or betwixt that and dark;" and he wore a "moleskin weskit." As if this were not enough, he presently hailed me from my breakfast in a prodigious flutter, and showed me an honest and rather venerable citizen passing in the square.

"That's *him*, sir," he cried, "the very moral of him! Well, this one is better dressed, and p'r'aps a trifle taller; and in the face he don't favor him no ways at all, sir. No, not when I come to look again, 'e don't seem to favor him noways."

"Jackass!" said I, and I think the greatest stickler for manners will admit the epithet to have been justified.

Meanwhile the appearance of my landlady added a great load of anxiety to what I had already suffered. It was plain that she had not slept; equally plain that she had wept copiously. She sighed, she groaned, she drew in her breath, she shook her head, as she waited on table. In short, she seemed in so precarious a state, like a petard three times charged with hysteria, that I did not dare to address her; and stole out of the house on tiptoe, and actually ran downstairs, in the fear that she might call me back. It was plain that this degree of tension could not last long. It was my first care to go to George Street, which I reached (by good luck) as a boy was taking down the bank shutters. A man was conversing with him; he had white stockings and a moleskin waistcoat, and was as ill-looking a rogue as you would want to see in a day's journey. This seemed to agree fairly well with Rowley's *signalement*: he had declared emphatically (if you remember), and had stuck to it besides, that the companion of the great Lavender was no beauty.

Thence I made my way to Mr. Robbie's, where I rang the bell. A servant answered the summons, and told me the lawyer was engaged, as I had half expected.

"Wha shall I say was callin'?" she pursued; and when I told her "Mr. Ducie," "I think this'll be for you, then?" she added, and handed me a letter from the hall table. It ran:

"DEAR MR. DUCIE,

"My single advice to you is to leave *quam pri-*
mum for the South.

"Yours,
T. ROBBIE."

That was short and sweet. It emphatically extinguished hope in one direction. No more was to be gotten of Robbie; and I wondered, from my heart, how much had been told him. Not too much, I hoped, for I liked the lawyer who had thus deserted me, and I placed a certain reliance in the discretion of Chevenix. He would not be merciful; on the other hand, I did not think he would be cruel without cause.

It was my next affair to go back along George Street, and assure myself whether the man in the moleskin vest was still on guard. There was no sign of him on the pavement. Spying the door of a common stair nearly opposite the bank, I took it in my head that this would be a good point of observation, crossed the street, entered with a businesslike air, and fell immediately against the man in the moleskin vest. I stopped and apologized to him; he replied in an unmistakable English accent, thus putting the matter beyond doubt. After this encounter I must, of course, ascend to the top story, ring the bell of a suite of apartments, inquire for Mr. Vavasour, learn (with no great surprise) that he did not live there, come down again, and, again politely saluting the man from Bow Street, make my escape at last into the street.

I was now driven back upon the Assembly Ball. Robbie had failed me. The bank was watched; it would never do to risk Rowley in that neighborhood. All I could do was to wait until the morrow evening, and present myself at the Assembly, let it end as it might. But I must say I came to this decision with a good deal of genuine fright; and here I came for the first time to one of those places where my courage stuck. I do not mean that my courage boggled and made a bit of a bother over it, as it did over the escape from the Castle; I mean, stuck, like a stop watch or a dead man. Certainly I would go to the ball; certainly I must see this morning about my clothes. That was all decided. But the most of the shops were on the other side of the valley, in the Old Town; and it was now my strange discovery that I was physically unable to cross the North Bridge! It was as though a precipice had stood between us, or the deep sea had intervened. Nearer to the Castle my legs refused to bear me.

I told myself this was mere superstition; I made wagers with myself—and gained them; I went down on the esplanade of Princes Street, walked and stood there, alone and conspicuous, looking across the garden at the old gray bastions of the fortress, where all these troubles had begun. I cocked my hat, set my hand on my hip, and swaggered on the pavement, confronting detection. And I found I could do all this with a sense of exhilaration that was not unpleasing and with a certain *cranerie* of manner that raised me in my own esteem. And yet there was one thing I could not bring my mind to face up to, or my limbs to execute; and that was to cross the valley into the Old Town. It seemed to me I must be arrested immediately if I had done so; I must go straight into the twilight of a prison cell, and pass straight thence to the gross and final embraces of the nightcap and the halter. And yet it was from no reasoned fear of the consequences that I could not go. I was unable. My horse balked, and there was an end!

My nerve was gone: here was a discovery for a man in such imminent peril, set down to so desperate a game, which I could only hope to win by continual luck and unflagging effrontery! The strain had been too long continued, and my nerve was gone. I fell into what they call panic fear, as I have seen soldiers do on the alarm of a night attack, and turned out of Princes Street at random as though the devil were at my heels. In St. Andrew's Square, I remember vaguely hearing some one call out. I paid no heed, but pressed on blindly. A moment after, a hand fell heavily on my shoulder, and I thought I had fainted. Certainly the world went black about me for some seconds; and when that spasm passed I found myself standing face to face with the "cheerful extravagant," in what sort of disarray I really dare not imagine, dead white at least, shaking like an aspen, and mowing at the man with speechless lips. And this was the soldier of Napoleon, and the gentleman who intended going next night to an Assembly Ball! I am the more particular in telling of my breakdown, because it was my only experience of the sort; and it is a good tale for officers. I will allow no man to call me coward; I have made my proofs; few men more. And yet I (come of the best blood in France and inured to danger from a child) did, for some ten or twenty minutes, make this hideous exhibition of myself on

the streets of the New Town of Edinburgh.

With my first available breath I begged his pardon. I was of an extremely nervous disposition, recently increased by late hours; I could not bear the slightest start.

He seemed much concerned. "You must be in a devil of a state!" said he; "though of course it was my fault—damnable silly, vulgar sort of thing to do! A thousand apologies! But you really must be run down; you should consult a medico. My dear sir, a hair of the dog that bit you is clearly indicated. A touch of Blue Ruin, now? Or, come: it's early, but is man the slave of hours? what do you say to a chop and a bottle in Dumbreck's Hotel?"

I refused all false comfort; but when he went on to remind me that this was the day when the University of Cramond met; and to propose a five-mile walk into the country and a dinner in the company of young asses like himself, I began to think otherwise. I had to wait until to-morrow evening, at any rate; this might serve as well as anything else to bridge the dreary hours. The country was the very place for me; and walking is an excellent sedative for the nerves. Remembering poor Rowley, feigning a cold in our lodgings and immediately under the guns of the formidable and now doubtful Bethiah, I asked if I might bring my servant. "Poor devil! it is dull for him," I explained.

"The merciful man is merciful to his ass," observed my sentimental friend. "Bring him by all means!

'The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy;'

and I have no doubt the orphan boy can get some cold victuals in the kitchen, while the Senatus dines."

Accordingly, being now quite recovered from my unmanly condition, except that nothing could yet induce me to cross the North Bridge, I arranged for my ball dress at a shop in Leith Street, where I was not served ill, cut out Rowley from his seclusion, and was ready along with him at the trysting-place, the corner of Duke Street and York Place, by a little after two. The University was represented in force: eleven persons, including ourselves, Byfield the aeronaut, and the tall lad, Forbes, whom I had met on the Sunday morning, bedewed with tallow, at the "Hunter's Tryst." I was introduced; and we set off

by way of Newhaven and the sea beach; at first through pleasant country roads, and afterwards along a succession of bays of a fairylike prettiness, to our destination—Cramond on the Almond—a little hamlet on a little river, embowered in woods, and looking forth over a great flat of quicksand to where a little islet stood planted in the sea. It was miniature scenery, but charming of its kind. The air of this good February afternoon was bracing, but not cold. All the way my companions were skylarking, jesting, and making puns, and I felt as if a load had been taken off my lungs and spirits, and skylarked with the best of them.

Byfield I observed, because I had heard of him before and seen his advertisements, not at all because I was disposed to feel interest in the man. He was dark and bilious and very silent; frigid in his manners, but burning internally with a great fire of excitement; and he was so good as to bestow a good deal of his company and conversation (such as it was) upon myself, who was not in the least grateful. If I had known how I was to be connected with him in the immediate future, I might have taken more pains.

In the hamlet of Cramond there is a hostelry of no very promising appearance, and here a room had been prepared for us, and we sat down to table.

"Here you will find no guttling or gormandising, no turtle or nightingales' tongues," said the extravagant, whose name, by the way, was Dalmahoy. "The device, sir, of the University of Cramond is Plain Living and High Drinking."

Grace was said by the Professor of Divinity, in a macaronic Latin, which I could by no means follow, only I could hear it rhymed, and I guessed it to be more witty than reverent. After which the *Senatus Academicus* sat down to rough plenty in the shape of rizzar'd haddocks and mustard, a sheep's head, a haggis, and other delicacies of Scotland. The dinner was washed down with brown stout in bottle, and as soon as the cloth was removed, glasses, boiling water, sugar, and whisky were set out for the manufacture of toddy. I played a good knife and fork, did not shun the bowl, and took part, so far as I was able, in the continual fire of pleasantry with which the meal was seasoned. Greatly daring, I ventured, before all these Scotsmen, to tell Sim's tale of Tweedie's dog; and I was held to have done such extraordinary justice to the dialect, "for a Southron," that I was

immediately voted into the Chair of Scots, and became, from that moment, a full member of the University of Cramond. A little after, I found myself entertaining them with a song; and a little after—perhaps a little in consequence—it occurred to me that I had had enough, and would be very well inspired to take French leave. It was not difficult to manage, for it was nobody's business to observe my movements, and conviviality had banished suspicion.

I got easily forth of the chamber, which reverberated with the voices of these merry and learned gentlemen, and breathed a long breath. I had passed an agreeable afternoon and evening, and I had apparently escaped scot free. Alas! when I looked into the kitchen, there was my monkey, drunk as a lord, toppling on the edge of the dresser, and performing on the flageolet to an audience of the house lasses and some neighboring ploughmen.

I routed him promptly from his perch, stuck his hat on, put his instrument in his pocket, and set off with him for Edinburgh. His limbs were of paper, his mind quite in abeyance; I must uphold and guide him, prevent his frantic dives, and set him continually on his legs again. At first he sang wildly, with occasional outbursts of causeless laughter. Gradually an inarticulate melancholy succeeded; he wept gently at times; would stop in the middle of the road, say firmly, "No, no, no," and then fall on his back; or else address me solemnly as "M'lord," and fall on his face by way of variety. I am afraid I was not always so gentle with the little pig as I might have been, but really the position was unbearable. We made no headway at all, and I suppose we were scarce gotten a mile away from Cramond, when the whole *Senatus Academicus* was heard hailing and doubling the pace to overtake us.

Some of them were fairly presentable; and they were all Christian martyrs compared to Rowley; but they were in a frolicsome and rollicking humor that promised danger as we approached the town. They sang songs, they ran races, they fenced with their walking-sticks and umbrellas; and, in spite of this violent exercise, the fun grew only the more extravagant with the miles they traversed. Their drunkenness was deep-seated and permanent, like fire in a peat; or rather—to be quite just to them—it was not so much to be called drunkenness at all, as the effect of youth and high spirits—a fine night, and

the night young, a good road under foot, and the world before you!

I had left them once somewhat uncereemoniously; I could not attempt it a second time; and, burthened as I was with Mr. Rowley, I was really glad of assistance. But I saw the lamps of Edinburgh draw near on their hill-top with a good deal of uneasiness, which increased, after we had entered the lighted streets, to positive alarm. All the passers-by were addressed, some of them by name. A worthy man was stopped by Forbes. "Sir," said he, "in the name of the *Senatus* of the University of Cramond, I confer upon you the degree of LL.D.," and with the words he bonneted him. Conceive the predicament of St. Ives, committed to the society of these outrageous youths, in a town where the police and his cousin were both looking for him! So far, we had pursued our way unmolested, although raising a clamor fit to wake the dead; but at last, in Abercromby Place, I believe—at least it was a crescent of highly respectable houses fronting on a garden—Byfield and I, having fallen somewhat in the rear with Rowley, came to a simultaneous halt. Our ruffians were beginning to wrench off bells and doorplates!

"Oh, I say!" says Byfield, "this is too much of a good thing! Confound it, I'm a respectable man—a public character, by George! I can't afford to get taken up by the police."

"My own case exactly," said I.

"Here, let's bilk them," said he.

And we turned back and took our way down hill again.

It was none too soon: voices and alarm-bells sounded; watchmen here and there began to spring their rattles; it was plain the University of Cramond would soon be at blows with the police of Edinburgh! Byfield and I, running the semi-inanimate Rowley before us, made good despatch, and did not stop till we were several streets away, and the hubbub was already softened by distance.

"Well, sir," said he, "we are well out of that! Did ever any one see such a pack of young barbarians?"

"We are properly punished, Mr. Byfield; we had no business there," I replied.

"No, indeed, sir, you may well say that! Outrageous! And my ascension announced for Saturday, you know!" cried the *aéronaut*. "A pretty scandal! Byfield the *aéronaut* at the police-court! Tut-tut! Will you be able to get your

rascal home, sir? Allow me to offer you my card. I am staying at Walker and Poole's Hotel, sir, where I should be pleased to see you."

"The pleasure would be mutual, sir," said I; but I must say my heart was not in my words, and as I watched Mr. Byfield departing, I desired nothing less than to pursue the acquaintance.

One more ordeal remained for me to pass. I carried my senseless load upstairs to our lodging, and was admitted by the landlady in a tall white night-cap and with an expression singularly grim. She lighted us into the sitting-room; where, when I had seated Rowley in a chair, she dropped me a cast-iron courtesy. I smelt gunpowder on the woman. Her voice tottered with emotion.

"I give ye nottice, Mr. Ducie," said she. "Dacent folks' houses . . ."

And at that, apparently, temper cut off her utterance, and she took herself off without more words.

I looked about me at the room, the goggling Rowley, the extinguished fire; my mind reviewed the laughable incidents of the day and night; and I laughed out loud to myself—lonely and cheerless laughter!

At this point the story breaks off, having been laid aside by the author some weeks before his death. The argument of the few chapters remaining to be written was known to his stepdaughter and amanuensis, Mrs. Strong, who has been good enough to supply materials for the following summary:

Anne goes to the Assembly Ball, and there meets Chevenix, Ronald, Flora, and Flora's aunt. Anne is very daring and impudent, Flora very anxious and agitated. The Bow Street runner is on the

stairs, and presently the Vicomte de St. Yves is announced. Anne contrives to elude them and to make an appointment with Flora that she should meet him with his money the next day at a solitary place near Swanston. They keep the appointment, and have a long interview, Flora giving him his money packet. They are disturbed by a gathering crowd in the neighborhood, and learn accidentally that a balloon ascent is about to take place close at hand. Perceiving Ronald and Chevenix, Anne leaves Flora and forces his way into the thickest of the crowd, hoping thus to evade pursuit. But the Bow Street runner and the rest of his pursuers follow him up to the balloon itself. The ropes are about to be cut when Anne, after a moment's whispered conversation with the *aéronaut*, leaps into the car as the balloon rises. The course of the balloon takes it over the British channel, where it descends, and the voyagers are picked up by an American privateer and carried to the United States. Thence St. Ives makes his way to France.

Meanwhile Rowley, with the help of Mr. Robbie, busies himself successfully at Edinburgh to bring about an investigation into the circumstances attending Goguelat's death. Chevenix, conceiving that Anne would never return, and wishing to appear in a magnanimous light before Flora, comes forward as the principal witness, and, by telling what he knows of the duel, clears his rival of the criminal charge hanging over him.

Upon the restoration of the monarchy, the Vicomte de St. Yves being discredited and ruined, Anne comes into possession of his ancestral domains, and returns to Edinburgh in due form and state to claim and win Flora as his bride.

S. C.

THE END.



A MODERN MIRACLE.

By H. G. PROUT.

IN the second volume of Kipling's "Jungle Book" appears a story, which is not a jungle story, entitled "The Miracle of Purun Bhagat." The main facts told are that a great landslip one mile long and 2,000 feet high came down into a valley and overwhelmed a village, and that the villagers were warned by a holy man, Purun Bhagat, and fled across the valley and up the other slope and were all saved. The only life lost was that of Purun Bhagat himself.

I propose to tell the real story, very briefly, for much of this did happen, and the facts are to be found in official documents lately made public. It is quite possible, however, that the landslip of which Kipling tells and that of which I shall tell were not identical.

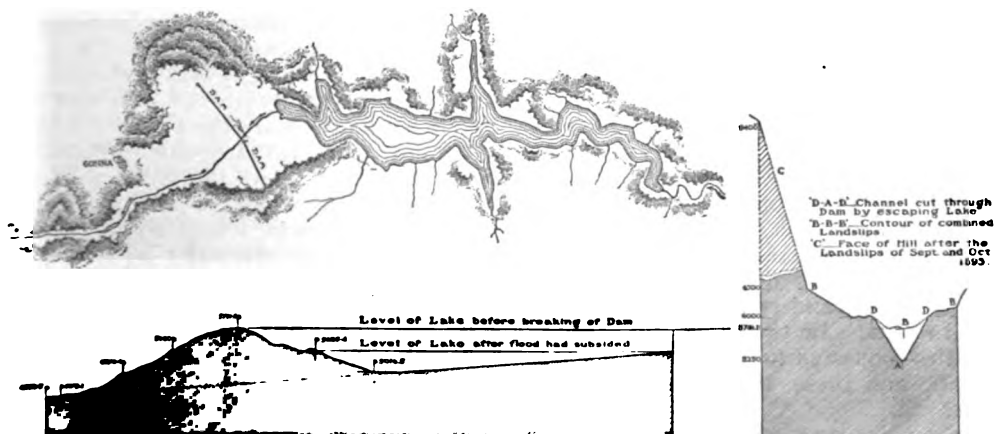
There was what might indeed seem to the ignorant a miracle, but it was only an exhibition of applied knowledge and intelligence and of official zeal and devotion. An appalling landslip did occur villages were swept away, a valley was devastated, and the only lives lost were those of a fakir (religious beggar) and his family.

On the northwestern frontier of India, in the flanks of the Himalayas, is a small stream, the Birahi Gunga, a tributary of the Ganges. High up on this stream is the little village of Gohna, and that is where the miracle took place.

In September, 1893, an enormous bulk of rock and earth slid down the mountain

side into the river, and in October of the same year was another great landslide. The mountain from which this material came down rises 4,000 feet above the bed of the stream. The dam which the material formed across the valley was about 900 feet high and 3,000 feet long, as measured across the gorge. Of course the formation of this dam would convert the stream above it into a lake, and it was calculated that when the water should reach the level of the top of the dam, it would cover an area of about one and one-third square miles and would contain about 16,650 million cubic feet of water, about as much water as could be carried in 500,000 of the biggest freight trains.

All of this was apparent to every one; but back of all this the British officers, civil and military, who were in charge of the affairs of that region, saw certain other truly awful facts. Some time the lake would fill and the water would begin to rise over the crest of the dam. But there being no masonry protection, the water would begin at once to cut away the crest and the face of the dam, and the breach started, it would increase by swift leaps, as greater and greater volumes of water were let loose, till the whole lake would be released, to sweep in one vast wave down the valley. This process of breaking down begun, the end would not be a matter of days, but of hours. Between the first trickling overflow and the



escape of the mass of the water, probably less than a day would elapse, possibly only a very few hours. In fact, seventeen hours after the first overflow did take place the great flood was let loose.

That all this would happen was not speculation; it was human experience. It was exactly what happened at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, in 1889, when several towns were wrecked and 5,000 lives were lost; only the Gohna dam was fourteen times as high and three and one-quarter times as long as the Johnstown dam, and the water held back was twenty-six times as much. All this the British officers knew was before them. What could they do to save lives and property, and how much time had they to do it?

From surveys they knew the area of the watershed from which the water would come to fill the lake, and from records they knew the ordinary rainfall; and so in the autumn of 1893 they calculated that the overflow would begin August 15, 1894. It actually began August 25th. No doubt the officers intended to make the error on the safe side, and hardly expected the overflow to take place as early as August 15th.

Having satisfied themselves when the flood would take place, they began to prepare for it. They built a telegraph line from Gohna, down the river, 150 miles, and established stations at all important points. They put up pillars of masonry on the slopes of the valley: in the upper part 200 feet above ordinary flood level, and farther down the valley, 100 feet above floods. These pillars were established near all villages and camping-grounds, and at intervals of half a mile down the river. The people were directed to retire above the line of pillars when they should receive warning of the flood. The valley is not thickly peopled, but it contains several villages, and one town which has a population of 2,000. It is, however, a famous resort for pilgrims, and is studded with shrines, and streams of devotees pass back and forth.

The protection of the people was provided for by these precautions, but it remained to save such property as might be saved. The permanent bridges along the valley were taken down and stored high up the slopes and replaced by temporary rope bridges. In two cases the local authorities requested that the bridges should be left, and these two were completely destroyed.

Below Hardwar, which is 150 miles be-

low Gohna, at the mouth of the valley, are situated the headworks of the great Ganges Canal. A flood coming down the valley might destroy these and greatly injure the works farther down. This in itself would be a terrible calamity, for the agriculture of vast regions depends upon this canal. Therefore, measures were taken to protect the canal works by dams and other constructions more or less substantial.

When they had done all they could the officers waited for the flood. At half past six on the morning of August 25th, a little stream began to trickle over the dam. At two o'clock in the afternoon a message was sent down the valley, saying that the flood would come during the night. A thick mist overhung the lake and the dam. At half past eleven at night a loud crash was heard, a cloud of dust rose through the mist and rain, and the flood roared down the valley.

Just below the dam the wave rose 260 feet above the ordinary flood level. If this wave had swept down Broadway, it would have risen to the cornices of some of the recent twenty-story buildings. Thirteen miles below the dam the wave was 160 feet high; and seventy-two miles below, at Srinagar, it was forty-two feet above ordinary flood level; and at Hardwar, 150 miles down the stream, at the mouth of the valley, the wave was still eleven feet high. The average speed of the flood going down the valley, in the first seventy miles of its course, was estimated at about eighteen miles an hour; but in the upper twelve miles it must have moved at a rate of over twenty-seven miles an hour. In four and a half hours 10,000 million cubic feet of water, almost two-thirds of the whole contents of the lake, were discharged. This mass weighed more than 300 million tons. Nothing could withstand that weight moving at such a speed. Rocks were ground to dust. The town of Srinagar was entirely destroyed, with the rajah's palace and the public buildings; and a thick bed of stones, sand, and mud was deposited where the town had stood. All the villages of the valley were swept away; but, wonderful to relate, there was absolutely no loss of life, except the Gohna fakir and his family. This old fellow scorned the warning of the Christians, and he and his family were twice forcibly moved up the slope, but each time they returned, to be finally overwhelmed in the flood.

So efficient were the preparations for protecting the headworks of the Ganges

Canal that these were but slightly injured. The whole cost of the protective work and the value of bridges and public property destroyed amounted to 2,500,000 rupees. The official value of the rupee in 1894 was thirty-two cents, and, therefore, this sum was equal to \$800,000. This does not include the destruction of private property, of which no estimate has been made.

To save the people of the valley and to save the Ganges Canal required more than mere knowledge. It required moral courage and resolution. The officers had to reckon with the ignorance and incredulity of the people, as shown in the case of the old fakir. They had also to meet opposi-

tion in high places, for there were men in the government who did not believe that the dam would fail even when the lake overflowed, and there were others who wanted plans tried which, as events proved, would have been useless.

The annals of the British conquest and government of India are full of instances of the fitness of our race to govern, but this little tale illustrates, perhaps as well as any of them, those qualities of faith in acquired knowledge, zeal in the performance of duty, and courage and efficiency in action which have made it possible for the English-speaking people to govern one-third of the habitable globe and one-fourth of the population of the earth.



AN UNJUST ACCUSATION.

BY ROBERT BARR,

Author of "In the Midst of Alarms," "The Mutable Many," etc.

THERE are houses in London which seem to take upon themselves some of the characteristics of their inmates. Down the steps of a gloomy-looking dwelling you generally see a gloomy-looking man descend, and from the portal of a bright-red brick façade, incrustured with terra-cotta ornaments, there emerges a fashionably dressed young fellow twirling a jaunty cane. The house in which a terrible murder has been committed, usually looks the exact place for such a crime, and ancient maiden ladies live in peaceful semi-detached suburban villas.

In like manner famous club buildings

give forth to the observant public some slight indication of the quality of their collective members. The Athenæum Club looks for all the world like a respectable massive book-case, made last century and closed up. One would expect, were the walls opened out, to see row upon row of stately useful volumes, like encyclopedias, and solid works of reference, strongly bound in sober leather. The Reform and the Carlton, standing together, resemble two distinguished portly statesmen, of opposing politics, it is true, but, nevertheless, great personal friends. The clubs where good dinners are to be had seem to

bulge out in front, and you can almost imagine a phantom hand patting a distended waistcoat with supreme satisfaction. The university clubs remind one of the architecture of Oxford and Cambridge. A benignant and holy calm pervades the clerical clubs, and the hall porters look like vergers; while there are wide-awake and up-to-date clubs on Piccadilly, frequented by dashing young sparks, and the windows of these clubs almost wink at you as you pass by.

Of no edifice in London can this theory be held more true than of the gloomy, scowling building that houses the Royal Ironside Service Club. It frowns upon the innocent passer-by with an air of irascible superiority, not unmingled with disdain. If you hail a hansom and say to the cabman: "Drive me to the Royal Ironside Service Club," the man will likely lean over towards you and ask with puzzled expression:

"To *where*, sir?"

But if, instead, you cry in snarly, snappy tones:

"The Growlers!" he will instantly whip along towards St. James's quarter, and

draw up at the somber entrance of the Ironsides, expecting with equal certainty to be well paid and found fault with.

The membership of the Growlers is made up entirely of veterans from the army and navy, all of whom have seen active service and most of whom have records for exceptional bravery. There are many armless sleeves in the club, and it has been stated that among the five hundred members

there are only seven hundred and twenty-three legs, although this cannot be definitely proved, for some cases of gout may have been mistaken for a patent leg. This question might be solved if all the members were like Admiral Sir Stonage Gradburn, who wears in plain sight an oaken leg strapped to his left knee, just as if he were a Portsmouth sailor, and on this he stumps sturdily in and out of the club, the thump of his wooden leg carrying

terror to every official of the place within hearing distance. The old man will have nothing to do with modern artificial contrivances in the way of patent legs, and when a well-known firm in London offered him one for nothing if he would but wear it, the angry admiral was only prevented from inflicting personal chastisement upon the head of the firm by the receipt of the most abject apology from that very much frightened individual.

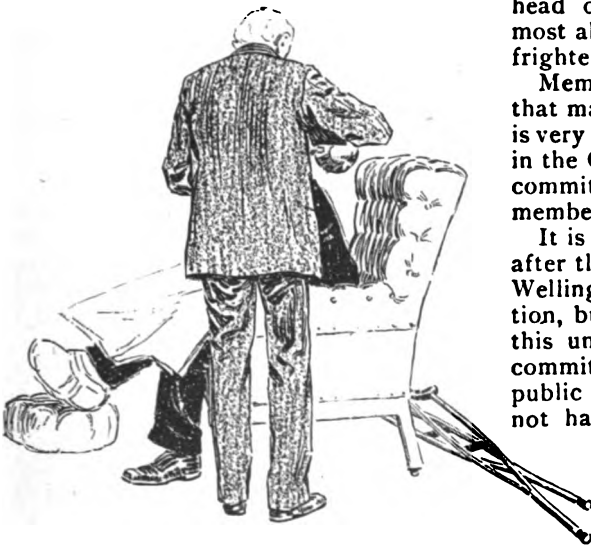
Membership in the Growlers is an honor that may be legitimately aspired to, but it is very seldom attained, for the blackballing in the Growlers is something fearful. The committee seems to resent applications for membership as if they were covert insults.

It is a tradition of the club that, shortly after the battle of Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington was elected without opposition, but members speak apologetically of this unusual unanimity, holding that the committee of the day was carried away by public feeling and that the duke should not have been admitted until he was at least ten years older.

The junior member of the club is Colonel Duxbury, who, being but sixty-five years old, neither expects nor receives the slightest consideration for any views he



"Like Admiral Sir Stonage Gradburn."



"Stop!"

may express within the walls of the club building.

It is not precisely known how this collection of warlike antiques came to select James C. Norton, a person of the comparatively infantile age of forty, to be manager of the club. Some say that his age was not definitely known to the committee at the time he was appointed. Others insist that, although the club dues are high, the finances of the institution got into disorder, and so an alert business man had to be engaged to set everything straight. Outsiders again allege that the club had got so into the habit of grumbling, that at last it thought it had a real grievance, and thus they brought in a new man, putting him over the head of the old steward, who, however, was not dismissed nor reduced in pay, but merely placed in a subordinate position. Scoffers belonging to other clubs, men who were doubtless blackballed at the Growlers, libelously state that the trouble was due to the club whisky, a special Scotch of peculiar excellence. In all other clubs in London, whisky, being a precious fluid, is measured out, and a man gets exactly so much for his threepence or his sixpence, as the case may be. No such custom obtains at the Growlers. When whisky is called for, in the smoking-room, for instance, the ancient servitor, Peters, comes along with the decanter in his hand and pours the exhilarating fluid into a glass until the member who has ordered it says "Stop!" The scoffers hold, probably actuated by jealousy and vain longing, that this habit of unmeasured liquor is enough to bankrupt any club in London.

Peters, whose white head has bent without protest under many fierce complainings poured out upon it by irascible members, is said to be the most expert man in London so far as the decanting of whisky is concerned. The exactitude of his knowledge respecting the temperament and requirements of each member is most admirable. When Sir Stonage Gradburn projects the word "Stop" like a bullet, not another drop of the precious liquid passes the lip of the decanter. When Colonel Duxbury, with the modesty of a youthful member, says "Stop" in quite a different tone of voice, Peters allows about an ounce more of whisky to pour into the glass, and then murmurs with deferential humility:

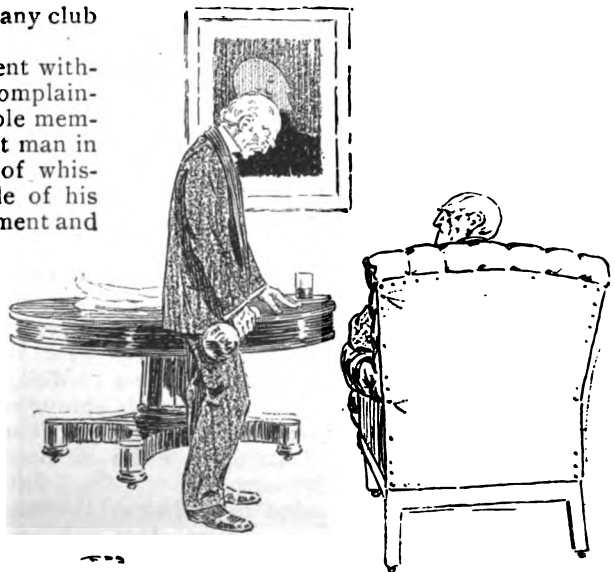
"Oh, I beg your pardon, sir."

Whereupon the colonel replies with chastened severity:

"I will overlook it this time, Peters, but be more careful in future." Whereupon the respectful Peters departs, with the decanter in his hand, saying, "Thank you, sir."

Shortly after the installation of the new manager, Admiral Sir Stonage Gradburn drove up to the Growlers' Club in his brougham, and stumped noisily through the hall, looking straight ahead of him, with a deep frown on his face. His forbidding appearance caused every one within sight to know that the British empire was going on all right, for if the admiral had ever entered with a smile on his face, such an unusual event would have convinced them that at last the peace of Europe had been broken.

The stump of the admiral's wooden leg was lost in the depths of the carpet that covered the smoking-room floor, and the old man seated himself with some caution in one of the deep, comfortable, leather-covered chairs that stood beside a small round table, Peters waiting upon him obsequiously to take his hat and stick, which the admiral never left in the cloak-room, as an ordinary mortal might have done. When the respectful Peters came back, Sir Stonage ordered whisky and the "Times," a mixture of which he was exceedingly fond. Peters hurried away with all the speed that the burden of eighty-six years upon his shoulders would allow, and return-



"Notice to quit, sir!"

ing, gave the admiral the newspaper, while he placed a large glass upon the table and proceeded to pour the whisky into it.

"That will do!" snapped the admiral when a sufficient quantity of "Special" had been poured out. Then an amazing, unheard-of thing happened, that caused the astonished admiral to drop the paper on his knee and transfix the unfortunate Peters with a look that would have made the whole navy quail. The neck of the decanter had actually jingled against the lip of the glass, causing a perceptible quantity of the fluid to flow after the peremptory order to cease pouring had been given.

"What do you mean by that, Peters?" cried the enraged sailor, getting red in the face. "What is the meaning of this carelessness?"

"I am very sorry, Sir Stonage, very sorry, indeed, sir," replied Peters, cringing.

"Sorry! Sorry!" cried the admiral. "Saying you are sorry does not mend a mistake, I would have you know, Peters."

"Indeed, Sir Stonage," faltered Peters, with a gulp in his throat. "I don't know how it could have happened, unless—" he paused, and the admiral, looking up at him, saw there were tears in his eyes. The frown on the brow of Sir Stonage deepened at the sight, and, although he spoke with severity, he nevertheless moderated his tone.

"Well, unless what, Peters?"

"Unless it is because I have notice, sir."

"Notice! Notice of what—a birth, a marriage, a funeral?"

"Notice to quit, sir."

"To quit what, Peters? To quit drinking, to quit gambling, or what? Why don't you speak out? You always *were* a fool, Peters."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," replied Peters, with humility. "I am to leave the service of the club, Sir Stonage."

"Leave the club!" cried the admiral with amazement. "Now, Peters, that simply proves the truth of what I have been saying. You are a fool, and no mis-

take. You may get higher wages, which I doubt; you may better yourself, as the detestable modern phrase goes, but where will you meet such kindly treatment as you receive in this club?"

Sir Stonage Gradburn glared at the servant so fiercely that Peters feared for a moment the admiral had forgotten he was not on the quarterdeck and about to order the culprit before him to receive a certain number of lashes; but the eyes of the aged waiter refilled as the last words of the admiral brought to his mind the long procession of years during which he had been stormed at, gruffly ordered about, and blamed for everything that went wrong in the universe. Still, all this had left no permanent mark on Peters's mind, for there had never been a sting in the sometimes petulant complaints flung at him, and he recognized them merely as verbal fireworks playing innocently about his head, relieving for a moment the irritation of some old gentleman who had been accustomed all his life to curt command and instant obedience.

Peters actually believed that the members had invariably been kind to him, and when he thought of how munificently they had remembered him Christmas after Christmas, a lump came into his throat that made articulation difficult. Although the members gave no audible token of their liking for him, nevertheless the old man well knew they would miss him greatly when he was gone, and Peters often pictured to

himself the heroic ordeal that awaited his unfortunate successor in office. So the admiral's remark about the kindness of the club to him touched a tender chord in the heart of the old menial, and the vibration of this chord produced such an agitation within him that it was some moments before he could recover sufficient control over his voice to speak. An impatient "Well, sir?" from the scowling admiral brought him to his senses.

"The new manager has dismissed me, Sir Stonage," replied Peters.

"Dismissed you!" cried the admiral. "What have you been doing, Peters? Not infringing any of the rules of the club, I hope? You have been with us, man and boy, for forty-two years, and should have



"... such kindly treatment."

a reasonable knowledge of our regulations by this time."

Peters had become a servitor of the club at the age of forty-four, and therefore every member looked upon him as having spent his infancy within the walls of the Ironside Service Club.

"Oh, no, Sir Stonage, I have broken none of the rules. I leave the club without a stain on my character," replied Peters, mixing in his reply a phrase that lingered in his mind from the records of the courts. "Mr. Norton dismisses me, sir, because I am too old for further service."

"WHAT!" roared the admiral in a voice of thunder.

Several members in different parts of the room looked up with a shade of annoyance on their countenances. Most of them were deaf, and nothing less than the firing of a cannon in the room would ordinarily have disturbed them, but the admiral's shout of astonishment would have been heard from the deck of the flagship to the most remote vessel in the fleet.

"Too old! Too old!" he continued, "too old for service! Why, you can't be a day more than eighty-six!"

"Eighty-six last March, sir," corroborated Peters, with a sigh.

"This is preposterous!" cried the admiral, with mounting rage. "Go and get my stick at once, Peters. We shall see if servants are to be discharged in the very prime of their usefulness."

Peters shuffled off, and returned from the cloak-room with the stout cane. The admiral took a gulp of his liquor without diluting it, and Peters, handing him his stick, stood by, not daring to make any ostentatious display of assisting Sir Stonage to rise, for the old warrior resented any suggestion that the infirmities natural to his time of life were upon him, or even approaching him. But on this occasion, to Peters's amazement, the admiral, firmly

planting his stick on the right-hand side of the deep chair, thrust his left hand within the linked arm of Peters, and so assisted himself to his feet, or rather to his one foot and wooden stump. Peters followed him with anxious solicitude as he thumped towards the door; then the admiral, apparently regretting his temporary weakness in accepting the arm of his underling, turned savagely upon him, and cried in wrath:

"Don't hover about me in that disgustingly silly way, Peters. You'll be saying I'm an old man next."

"Oh, no, sir," murmured the abject Peters.

The admiral stumped into the committee room of the club, and rang a hand-bell which was upon the table, for no such modern improvement as electricity was anywhere to be found within the club. When the bell was answered the admiral said shortly:

"Send Mr.

Norton to me, here."

Mr. Norton came presently in, a clean-cut, smooth-shaven, alert man, with the air of one who knew his business. Nevertheless, Mr. Norton seemed to have the

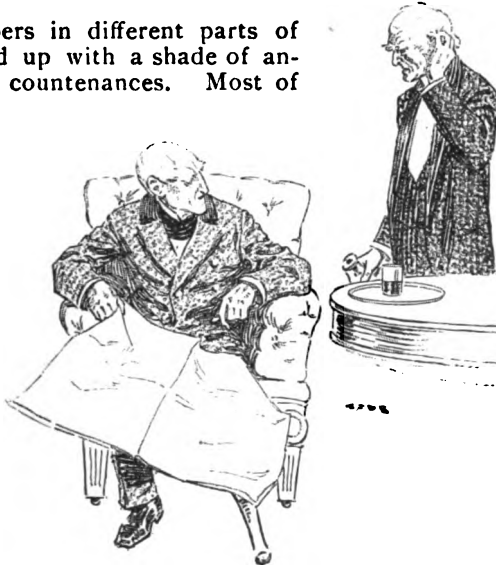
uneasy impression that he was a man out of place. He looked like a smug, well-contented, prosperous grocer, who was trying to assume the dignified air of a Bank of England porter. He bowed to so important a person as the chairman of the House Committee with a deference that was not unmingled with groveling; but the admiral lost no time in preliminaries, jumping at once to the matter that occupied his mind.

"I understand, sir, that you have dismissed Peters."

"Yes, Sir Stonage," replied the manager.

"And I have heard a reason given of such absurdity that I find some difficulty in crediting it; so I now give you a chance to explain. *Why* have you dismissed Peters?"

"On account of hage, Sir Stonage," replied the manager, cowering somewhat, fearing stormy weather ahead.



"Why, you can't be a day more than eighty-six!"



"Don't hover about me in that disgustingly silly way, Peters."

"Hage, sir!" roared the admiral, who for some unexplained reason always felt like striking a man who misplaced his "h's." "I never heard of such a word."

"Peters is hold, sir," said the manager, in his agitation laying special stress on the letter "h" in this sentence.

"Hold! Hold! Are you talking of a ship? Haven't you been taught to speak English? I have asked you what reason you can give for the dismissal of Peters. Will you be so good as to answer me, and use only words to which I am accused?"

The badgered manager, remembering that he had a legal contract with the club which that body could not break without giving him, at least, a year's notice or bestowing upon him a year's pay, plucked up courage and answered with some asperity:

"Peters is in his dotage, sir; 'e's hover eighty-six years hold, if 'e's a day, sir."

Lucky for Mr. Norton that the long committee table was between him and the

angry admiral. The latter began stumping down the room, rapping on the table with the knob of his stick as he went, as if he had some thought of assaulting the frightened manager.

"In his dotage at eighty-six!" he exclaimed. "Do you intend to insult the whole club, sir, by such an idiotic remark? How old do you think I am, sir? Do you think I am in my dotage?"

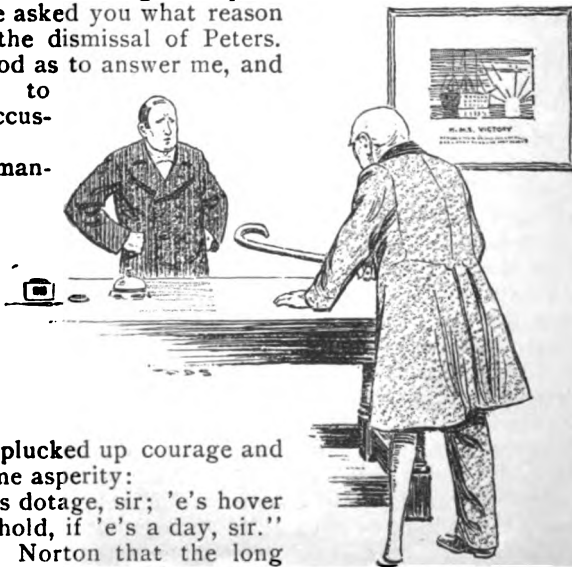
The manager, his grasp on the handle of the door, attempted to assure the approaching admiral that he had no intention whatever of imputing anything to anybody except to old Peters, but he maintained that if he was to reform the club, he must be allowed to make such changes as he thought necessary, without being interfered with. This remark, so far from pouring oil on the troubled waters, added to the exasperation of the admiral.

"Reform! The club has no need of reform."

So the conference ended futilely in the manager going back to his den and the admiral stumping off to call a meeting of the House Committee.

When the venerable relics of a bygone age known as the House Committee assembled in the room set apart for them, their chairman began by explaining that they were called upon to meet a crisis, which it behooved them to deal with in that calm and judicial frame of mind that always characterized their deliberations. Although he admitted that the new manager had succeeded in making him angry, still he would

now treat the case with that equable temper which all who knew him were well aware he possessed. Whereupon he disclosed to them the reason for their being called together, waxing more and more vehement as he continued, his voice becoming louder and louder; and at last he emphasized his remarks by pounding on the table with the head of his stick



"Peters is in his dotage, sir."



"A meeting of the House Committee."

until it seemed likely that he would split the one or break the other.

The members of the committee were unanimously of the opinion that the new manager had cast an aspersion on the club, which was not to be tolerated; so the secretary was requested to write out a check, while the manager was sent for, that he might at once hear the decision of the committee.

The chairman addressed Mr. Norton, beginning in a manner copied somewhat after the deliberative style of our best judges while pronouncing sentence, but ending abruptly, as if the traditions of the bench hampered him.

"Sir, we have considered your case with that tranquillity in which any measure affecting the welfare of our fellow-creatures should be discussed, and, dash me, sir, we've come to the conclusion that we don't want you any longer. Go!"

The chairman at the head of the table scanned malevolently the features of the offending manager, while the different heads of the committee, gray and bald, nodded acquiescence. The manager, seeing the fat was in the fire in any case, now stood up boldly for his rights. He demanded a year's notice.

"You shall have nothing of the kind, sir," replied the admiral. "It is not the custom of the club to give a year's notice."

"I don't care what the custom of the club his," rejoined Norton. "My contract calls for a year's pay if I ham dismissed."

"I don't care *that* for your contract,"

cried the admiral, bringing his stick down with a whack on the table. "The club will not change its invariable rule for you or your contract."

"Then I shall sue the club in the law courts. You will 'ear from my solicitor."

Here the admiral, rising, poured forth a stream of language which it is impossible to record, and the members of the committee also rose to their feet, fearing a breach of the peace.

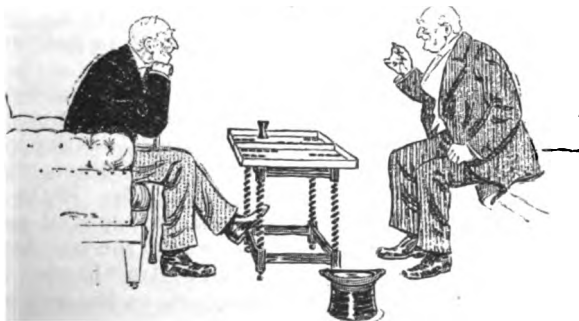
"In heaven's name," whispered the secretary to the manager, "don't anger the admiral further, or there will be trouble. Take the check now and go away without saying any more; then if you don't want the other year's salary, bring it back and give it quietly to our treasurer."

"The hother year's salary!" cried Norton.

"Certainly. It is a habit of the Growlers to pay two years' salary to any one whom they dismiss."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Norton, seizing the check, which he found was for double the amount which he expected. Whereupon he retired quickly to his den, while the committee set itself the task of soothing the righteous anger of the admiral.

And thus it comes about that Peters, who is, as Sir Stonage Gradburn swears, still in the prime of his usefulness, serves whisky in the smoking-room of the Growlers as usual, and the old steward of the club has taken the place so suddenly left vacant by the departure of the energetic Mr. Norton.



SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

BY ANNA A. ROGERS.

MRS. ENNIS was writing as usual on the bulging old atlas laid in her lap, the traveling-inkstand at her elbow on the low window-sill. She was entirely absorbed and curiously exhilarated as she rapidly filled, numbered, and tossed aside sheet after sheet of the thinnest note-paper.

All the thought, sentiment, and passion of her being found their outlet in her letters to her absent husband. More than all else, the pathos of her starved, unnatural existence was shown by the pages she wrote of homely details that strove to make real their marriage, to keep it from becoming to them both a sort of dream—an almost fierce determination to hold him close to her daily life, hers and the children's.

It was almost three years since she and her boy had stood on the beach at Fort Monroe, up near the soldiers' cemetery, and watched the ship "all hands up anchor," swing round, and head for the Capes. Sometimes she had heard every two weeks, sometimes the silence was unbroken for three dreary months, during a long cruise to some remote island of the Southern Archipelago. Then again, while in dock at Mare Island, the letters came daily. The repairs once finished, he was again blotted from her life for weeks, and a cablegram in the papers, a mere line to say the "Mohican" had arrived at Valparaiso or Callao, with the added brief "all well," was what she lived on till the long sea letter, often a month old, came to gladden her heart once more.

She was answering a letter that had come that morning unexpectedly, brought north by a tramp steamer.

As she began to re-read it the third time in search of fresh stimulus, she suddenly started and raised her flushed face. A woman's voice was singing, as it approached along the narrow hotel corridor, a series of soft trills ending in a chromatic run that had the effect of a low, sweet laugh. There was a pause, and then a sharp tattoo on the door-panel, and the voice sang to its accompaniment:

"Un beau matin on voit là,
Un beau vaisseau rapprocher,
Et voilà ce cher Pedro,
Que la Vierge a protégé—"

54

Mrs. Ennis pounced upon the foreign-stamped envelope lying at her feet, piled helter-skelter into her lap the many loose sheets about her, and, throwing over all her long sewing-apron, cried:

"Come in, Alice!"

The door was thrown wide, a voice announced pompously, "Miss Blithe," and a tall, beautiful girl swept in with a burlesque grand air and courtesy. Then she exclaimed naturally, laughing and running to Mrs. Ennis:

"I'm so insanely happy to-day, please don't mind anything I do. Are you happy, too, to-day?" She looked attentively at Mrs. Ennis, who nodded her head, returning the girl's sharp scrutiny. Then they both looked hastily away. Mrs. Ennis caught up a little jacket, holding it away from her lest Alice should detect the rustle of the hidden letter, and both women talked at random about the best way to darn an obtuse-angled rent.

"Mrs. Ennis," began Miss Blithe with a rising inflection. Then she took a deep breath, and began again with a falling inflection:

"Mrs. Ennis," again a pause, and then she said rapidly:

"We ought to hear by the same mail, oughtn't we, now that Archie has been transferred to your husband's ship?"

Mrs. Ennis looked up quickly. The girl's head was on one side, critically admiring the polish of her pretty finger-nails, her hand extended. Mrs. Ennis went on with her sewing.

"As a rule, yes; but you must learn, Alice, to make allowances at this distance. A mail might go off very suddenly, and Mr. Endicott might not hear the call; be on some special duty, asleep after a watch, or ashore. You must remember the possibilities."

"Yes? How about Dr. Ennis in all this? Doesn't any of it hold good in your case?" Alice asked with dancing eyes. Mrs. Ennis laughed nervously. Presently Miss Blithe wandered to the window that looked out toward the college, across the tree-tops.

"Oh, Mrs. Ennis! There goes Preston again, on the end of the longest kind

of a whip-lash! What shall we do with that—"

Alice heard an exclamation behind her, and, turning quickly, found her friend standing amidst a great flutter of flying papers, her face full of distress. The young girl danced up to her and exclaimed:

"Oh, how delicious! You had it under your apron all the time—and look!" She dived into her pocket and pulled out a letter, waving it aloft as she waltzed around the room; and then the two women fell into each other's arms, laughing, and Alice cried in a breath:

"Mine came an hour ago, and I was so afraid you hadn't got one—the doctor might have been asleep, you know; so I wouldn't tell till I knew, and you had it all the time! And we were both trying to be so deep and sly! Isn't it lovely! Now let's sit down and compare notes."

They gathered up the scattered sheets, and were once more on a natural and apparently perfectly frank footing; but Mrs. Ennis said nothing of a paragraph in the doctor's letter, near the end, which read: "Endicott has suddenly gone to pieces. I can't quite make it out—heart, I'm afraid. Our time is up, and orders for home have not yet come. Of course we're all a good deal rattled, but it's downright poison for him in his present state."

And when Alice read extracts of her letter to Mrs. Ennis, she, too, passed over a sentence with a gasp that made the other smile. It read: "Doctor Ennis told me there were two cases of yellow fever on this ship before I joined her, and she was in quarantine for weeks. He did not write his wife about it; and you, sweetheart mine, are to say nothing to her, unless exaggerated accounts get into the papers."

When the letters were tenderly folded and put away, Mrs. Ennis took up her work again, and Alice sat down on a stool at her feet, putting her elbows on her knees and resting her chin on the palms of her hands, watching the quiet, busy mother.

"I wish I could be more like you, Mrs. Ennis. I do get so utterly weary of the endless see-saw of my moods. You are so strong and brave, and, above all, sane."

"Not always, Alice."

"Well, then it's all the more admirable, for no one ever sees the other side."

"I had a temperament very like yours when I married the doctor, and I've been frozen into what you call sanity by the strain of this life of ours. He and I have been separated six years out of eleven.

Of course nowadays that is unusual, but he is not a 'Coburger'; we have no house in Washington, neither political nor social influence. When George is ordered to sea, after three years' shore duty, he goes. It's the old story of the willing horse."

"I should think you would have gone to San Francisco or Honolulu, as Mrs. French and Mrs. Atherton did. They saw their husbands twice, and had such lovely times, they wrote. Why didn't you, Mrs. Ennis?"

"We have nothing but the doctor's pay, Alice."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I am so thoughtless," cried the girl.

"Don't distress yourself, my dear child. Fortunately, expense is the last thing you ever have to think about. I don't in the least object to telling you my little affairs. He has to help his mother in a small way, and my father has his hands full. Then, because we can't save anything, my husband carries a rather heavy—for us, of course—life insurance; and so we always sail very close to the wind." And, to Alice's bewilderment, Mrs. Ennis smiled as she went on:

"I can't be too thankful I stumbled on this little nook—fresh air for Dorothy and a good school for Preston, and, between the college sessions, the hotel practically to ourselves. And then you followed me here, and behold my own opera on demand, like a queen; your lovely rooms, and all the books, and you and your gowns, neither ever twice the same—a constant source of delight to me."

"Oh, really!" and the girl's white face flushed with pleasure, and her eager young eyes drooped shyly like a child's.

There was a short silence, and Mrs. Ennis sewed buttons on a pile of little shabby shoes, and Alice put a liquid blacking on them, and laid them one by one on a newspaper to dry. Finally, the latter said:

"I was so glad to come, for Auntie is not very sympathetic about my engagement to Archie, you know. She doesn't object to the Mr. Endicott, but the Lieutenant Endicott. She declares she doesn't understand anything about the navy—never even heard of it before—and she's much too old to begin!"

"I fancy Mrs. Percy thinks it a little vulgar, Alice; many people do until—well, there's a war scare."

"You won't breathe it, will you, Mrs. Ennis, even to the doctor, if I tell you something?" Alice took a deep breath.

"I fairly hurled myself at Archie before he would propose!"

"I fancy you," said the other, with a laugh.

"Of course that sounds worse than it really was, because I knew perfectly well, ever since that winter in Washington, that he—liked me; and that it was only all this horrid money poor papa left that came between us—that and his stupid pride. You see, Aunt and I were at home in New York before the 'Mohican' sailed, and he kept coming to the house, and sometimes he would only stay ten minutes and then rush off, saying he had a watch to stand, or was on a board of survey, or had promised to take somebody's relief—whatever that means. He was so irritating, you can't believe! Well, one day those lawyers wrote me one of their tiresome legal letters that take four sheets to say one little simple thing that I can say in two sentences. I groped around in the slough of words awhile, and finally discovered I was being scolded for spending too much money to suit them—I had to give things to Aunt, you see, to make Archie's path more smiling—and that gave me an idea. I closed the house and dragged her off to the boarding-house in Gramercy Park, where I met you. It was before Dorothy came, and my heart ached so for you and the poor doctor." Alice, holding off a tiny wet shoe, stooped over and kissed the hand pulling the linen thread back and forth through a button-loop.

The mother looked up and smiled.

"Aunt vowed she'd take me before the Commission in Lunacy. She couldn't understand why I took to wearing old traveling-dresses, and packed away all my rings and furbelows. When Archie came I assumed an anxious, careworn look, and pretended to be nervous and absent-minded. I never worked so hard over anything in all my life. And he was so bewildered, poor boy! Only a fortnight before the 'Mohican' sailed, he came one afternoon and I was more pathetic than ever. I was simply determined! Finally, he burst out with: 'Miss Blithe, what is it? I can't stand this sort of thing any longer. Won't you tell me?' And Mrs. Ennis, what do you think I said? I answered in a husky sort of way—I'd been practicing for a month—'Money!' And then—well—there was a lovely scene. Don't you like scenes?"

"My dear, I'm a woman!"

"Then what do you suppose I did?"

"You asked him to give you till to-morrow, and so forth, and so forth."

"Exactly! Wasn't it too dreadful?" cried Alice.

"Oh! we all do it. We suggest, as it were, and then retreat. You must never quote me as saying so, but I shouldn't like to tell what I think would become of the question of matrimony if we didn't."

The children dashed in, and Alice ran away, singing as she went:

"Ecoutez, Sainte Marie,
Je donnerai mon beau collier,
Si vous ferez rapporter,
Revenir mon cher Pedro."

Several weeks later, one evening after the children had gone to sleep, Mrs. Ennis sat at the table covered with a temple-cloth, absorbed in the worship of the god called *Daikoku* in the land whence came the glittering brocade.

There should have been a thread of incense burning and the tinkle of a bell to rouse the ever-drowsy god of wealth; but the suppliant had much the same attitude and expression here as there, of hunger and weariness, as she sat with clasped hands and head bowed over several little piles of postal receipts from the Navy Mutual Aid Association. There had been two extra assessments that month, and that was a financial tragedy in her life. A feminine panic had seized upon her; she must go over it all once more. It meant so much just then. She had planned so closely, and had hoped to meet her husband dressed as he liked to see her, all in brown from head to foot—as if he really cared; but it would have been one of those ultra-happinesses that all her life long had been denied her.

There was a soft tap at the door, and Alice's maid handed her a note, a mere line:

"Please come down and be audience. Aunt will not keep awake, and I must sing to-night or die! Maggie will stay with the children."

So she went, and found Alice in her maddest mood and Mrs. Percy gone to bed in her grumpiest.

Alice had felt like making a toilet that evening, and wore a beautiful gown of soft clinging gray, with white chiffon at the fair throat and wrists, that fluttered like a seagull's wings against a dull sky as she flew to the door and greeted her friend.

"You angel of mercy! I was so afraid you couldn't, or you wouldn't, or you

mustn't, or something—that subjunctive of yours is the bane of my existence." And she laughed and pushed Mrs. Ennis into an arm-chair, and placed a footstool for her, lifting each square-toed, heavy-soled boot and putting it down on the soft plush cover, one at a time, with a tenderness that did not escape her friend. Then a cushion was laid under her head, and Alice exclaimed:

"There! It's the thing nowadays to make even hanging as comfortable as possible, so it's the very least I can do for my little victim."

Mrs. Ennis gave herself up to the girl's whim, folding her busy hands on her lap.

Always of an exquisite timbre and cultivated up to the limit of the social law in such matters, Alice's voice had in it that night an additional passionate throb that sent the tears at once to Mrs. Ennis's eyes, and they stayed there through song after song.

Then the girl suddenly stopped, and wheeled round on the stool. The soft, yellow light from the shaded piano-lamp fell about her like a radiance in the otherwise darkened room.

"Isn't that enough? I never know when to stop when I have you at my mercy; you're just the dear old gallery, which doesn't know one note from another, and yet has critical emotions, fresh and honest, with none of the pedantry of the orchestra nor the subdivided interest of the boxes. I know there are tears in your eyes, and I'm afraid I can't sing anything to-night to drive them away. Life seems all in a minor key—I mean as Wagner manages it—not thinly sentimental and genteelly pathetic, but harsh and terrible, with clashing discords that make one want to scream with the agony of it all. There! my singing's better than this sort of thing, at least. I'll spare you."

She turned again to the piano and sang, without the music, Grieg, Franz, Lassen; then once more back to Grieg. Then her voice was still, and her fingers played over and over again a curious succession of chords, that ended in a sort of interrogation. Finally she said, softly:

"There's something I haven't sung since Archie went away. I feel like singing it to-night for you. You see it ends in a long, rather high note, held endlessly with a slight tremolo, dying out and coming back in a sort of echo. One evening he said it carried him back to Japan. There's a park called Shiba, near Tokio, I think he said, where there's a huge statue

of Buddha, and a temple near by with a bell whose notes go ringing on and on, dying away and then returning in a wonderful way; so he called the song 'Shiba,' and this is the way it goes—" A sharp knock at the door startled them both.

"Let me go!" cried Mrs. Ennis, for what reason she never knew as long as she lived.

"The idea!" said Alice, opening the door with a laugh. A telegraph-boy stood outside, and he inquired:

"Miss Alice Blithe?"

There was a flash from her jeweled hand as she tore open the envelope the boy handed to her. An instant's silence, and with only a moan of, "Oh, my God!" the girl threw out her arms as if pushing something back from her, and fell backwards as if struck. The paper and envelope fluttered to the floor more slowly. Mrs. Ennis sprang to her feet, closed the door, calling Mrs. Percy again and again. She rang the bell and sent for a doctor—she was so sure of the contents of that hideous yellow paper—working meanwhile over the senseless girl, who lay as one dead. Mrs. Percy came in frightened and bewildered.

"What's the matter? I was sound asleep; I thought it was fire. Why doesn't Alice get up? What is it?"

"I don't know any more than you do," Mrs. Ennis found herself saying coldly. "A telegram came, and this is the result. I beg you to go at once for Maggie; I must have help."

Mrs. Percy read the telegram aloud first:

"From Montevideo. 'Lieutenant Endicott died March twentieth. Buried at sea.' Signed 'Westcott, Commander.'"

Mrs. Percy laid the paper down gently, and left the room instantly and in silence. It was then the first week in April, and they had not known.

For two days Alice was happily oblivious to everything, and the doctor made those three visits a day that represent so many fights with death. Mrs. Ennis stayed by her day and night, the children going to a neighbor's, until there was some change in the stricken girl. When the dry, white lips first moved, Mrs. Ennis bent closely and caught:

"Un beau matin on voit là
Un beau vaisseau—Pedro,"

and after that there were days of delirium, with terrible bursts of singing and pitiful laughter.

Two trained nurses came, and Mrs. Ennis took up her own life again, and with it a terror that would not leave her for an hour. The children tiptoed and whispered about their rooms, three floors removed.

After a fortnight Alice was better, free from fever, and conscious, lying almost pulseless, following with wide-stretched, vacant eyes the figures moving about her room.

Dr. Knutt did not like the looks of things, and he sent for Mrs. Ennis and told her as much, as they walked up and down together in the hall outside the sick-room.

"I want you to use your woman's wits—stir her up, wake her up, shake her up, somehow. I consider it pure philanthropy to force her to live, willy-nilly. There are plenty of good women in the world—a doctor knows that; and there are entirely too many clever ones. But beauty like Miss Blithe's is rare and owes its leaven to the lump. I know, I know!" he exclaimed, in response to a deprecatory movement of Mrs. Ennis's hands. "All the same, I'll stick to it, and a big dose of statistics once a day wouldn't hurt the whole lot of you. Well, good-night," and he stamped off down the long corridor.

Then there came the bright May morning and the telegram for Mrs. Ennis from Staten Island, which said:

"Arrived daybreak. Am well. Pack everything. Come immediately. Wire your train. Address Stapleton. GEORGE ENNIS."

Not until then did the woman's brave heart falter, much as an infant's tiny feet totter as they near the open arms at the end of their first little journey in the world. But she managed to say, quietly:

"The ship's in, Preston. Papa wants us. Take Dorothy into the other room and get her toys together."

Behind the closed door she gave way completely, and kneeling at her bedside she laid her head on her pillow—that woman's Gethsemane—which had known of her lonely, wakeful nights, the tears of weariness, and later that agony of suspense.

"It is over—it is over, thank God! Oh, my love, my love, no one will ever know what it has been," she whispered. Then she arose and walked up and down the little room, nervously patting her left hand with her right in unconscious self-pity, as she would have soothed Dorothy's woes.

The instinct of motherhood in some

women even encompasses themselves. A smile came slowly to her lips, a happy light to her eyes that took ten years from her age; then she stood and laughed aloud, called the children to her and kissed them, answering twenty excited questions in a breath.

They had three hours before the express train left for New York. She had studied it out long ago, and did not lose a moment. The delight of her stinted life, the Indian rug given by the wardroom of the "Marion" as a wedding present, was rolled up and slipped into the canvas bag, and with a score of strong stitches across the end it stood ready. The diagonal flights of Havana fans came down from the walls with a rush. The children's joy, the Chinese flag with its green-backed dragon reaching out with almost vegetable ardor for the fiery sun, fell without parley. Eight little gilt-headed tacks in each room were wrenched out, and down slid the blue Japanese *chijimi* curtains. Walls, tables, and closets were stripped in a flash, the trunks packed, and in less than two hours after the glad news came, the little high-perched rooms that had been their home for so long were bare, cheerless, characterless—a home no more; simply number seventy, fourth floor.

Mrs. Ennis stood ready, dressed, as ever, two years behind the fashions, but with a glow on her plain, strong face that made her almost beautiful.

The children, in a mood for exalted obedience, sat holding hands, wide-eyed. The mother drew a deep breath of relief; then suddenly she started and exclaimed:

"Alice!"

She took off her hat, and in two minutes was standing by the girl's bedside. Her hands were cold and trembled so, she dared not give the accustomed caress. She sat where her face could not be seen, and then said gently, fighting down the throb in her voice:

"Alice, I'm going away for a little while; but, of course, if you need me or even want me—you see how conceited you've made me!—you must let me know at once. You'll do that, won't you?"

At the first word the girl turned her head with an effort, so that she could see her friend's profile.

"Your father ill?" she asked faintly, in the voice that had changed even more than her face.

"Oh, no—that is, I hope not; although you remember I told you I feel very anxious about him, and—" Mrs. Ennis

was too honest, too simple, for the task. Alice watched her intently, detecting at once, with the invalid's quickened sensibility, first the repressed excitement, then the false note.

"Are you going there?" she asked in the same slow, expressionless way.

"Oh, yes! later—that is, I must go first—elsewhere. Now, Alice, I'll write a line every day, and I've arranged with Mrs. Percy to—"

"I know what it is! I know just what it is!" suddenly exclaimed Alice excitedly, dragging herself up on the pillows. Mrs. Ennis's heart gave a bound, and then seemed to stop.

"It's our ship—it has come! Our ship has come in!" She sat erect, with dilated eyes looking ahead. Mrs. Ennis threw herself on her knees, with her arms about the girl, and buried her face.

"I'd be so glad if I could only feel anything; but you know I'm glad, don't you, 'way down under it all? I can see it, I can see it! You said it would be this way; I remember every word: First the tiny streamer of smoke 'way down the bay—it's not like other smoke, somehow; we can always tell it, can't we? And the tugs and the other things get out of the way, don't they?" and she laughed a little. "And then she comes in sight, so slowly, just creeping along, and she looks so dingy and tired, somehow, from the long, long way she's come. And then we can see the long, homeward-bound pennant fluttering, and the big black bunches of sailors in the front, and the little dark knots of officers at the back, and each one looks exactly like the one—the one we—" She stopped, and then, with a terrible cry, she threw herself forward on the bed, and broke into wild, heartrending sobs.

Mrs. Ennis struggled to her feet and ran to the door, which she found ajar, and Dr. Knutt standing there smiling. He drew her outside, shut the door, and shook her hand till it ached.

"Nothing could be better! I'm simply delighted. I knew you'd find a way. We'll have her as right as a trivet in two weeks—you'll see. Trust me a little and nature a great deal. I tell you this has saved her life. Haven't you got to plow before new seeds are sown? Well! Now

you run away, and I'll send old Maggie in to her. All she needs is a little Irish babying. Confound these sailors, anyhow, for the way they have with the womenkind!" he muttered to himself when alone.

As the express train went slowly into the station at Jersey City, Mrs. Ennis exclaimed:

"Don't miss a single face, Preston!"

"Did you say a beard, mamma? I've forgotten. Maybe I won't know him; I'm so sorry," and the boy's voice broke.

"The last letter said no beard. Never mind, dear; mamma isn't at all sure she'll know him herself," and she laughed excitedly.

The train stopped, and they got out, but no one greeted them. They stood out of the line of people hurrying towards the ferries. Mrs. Ennis gripped Preston's hand and cried to him pitifully:

"Oh, my boy! do you think anything can be wrong?"

"It's all right, I'm just as sure as sure can be," the little man kept saying bravely, swallowing the rising lumps in his throat. Then a deep voice behind them said:

"Isn't this Mrs. Ennis—the wife of Surgeon Ennis of the—"

"Yes, yes; what is it? Why can't you speak?" she cried, turning fiercely. She was white to the lips, and moisture stood out on her face in beads.

"Why, mamma, it's Frohman!" exclaimed Preston, recognizing his old friend, the ship's apothecary, who said quickly:

"Dr. Ennis is perfectly well. He was detained on board, and told me to give you this," handing her a note, which she tore open, reading hungrily the hastily penciled lines:

"My darling, I'm so sorry not to meet you! You cannot feel it more than I do. The navigator is ill—there's a consultation—I had to be here. Think of his wife, and have courage for a few hours more. Seven o'clock, sure! Frohman will look after you. Go to the Gramercy Park House. Get nice rooms. Don't stint yourself. Saved a pile on the home run. Love to my babies, and God bless you—the best, bravest, truest, bonniest wife in the world!"

A TWENTIETH CENTURY WOMAN.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON,

Author of "The Takin' in of Old Miss Lane," and Other Stories.

MR. DAWSON stood at the dining room window. His hands were deep in his trousers pockets. He was jingling some pieces of silver money, and swearing silently with closed lips.

The room looked more like a business office than a dining-room in a house. It was furnished handsomely, but with extreme plainness. There was an air of stiffness about everything. There were no plants in the windows; there was not a flower on the table, which stood ready for breakfast. In a word, there were no feminine touches anywhere.

Precisely at eight o'clock a strong, quick step came down the stairs and through the hall. Mr. Dawson turned with a quelled impatience in his manner. His wife entered.

"Oh," she said. She glanced at him, smiling mechanically, as one would at a child. Then she walked rapidly to a little table, and began to look over the morning mail. "Have you been waiting?" she added, absent-mindedly.

"It is not of the least consequence." Mr. Dawson spoke with a fine sarcasm. It was wasted. She did not even hear the reply.

"Ah," she said, tossing down a letter and turning to ring for breakfast. "I must run up to Salem on the noon train."

An untidy servant entered.

"Breakfast, please," said Mrs. Dawson, without looking at the girl. She seated herself at the breakfast-table, and opened the morning paper, which had been laid at her place. Mr. Dawson sat down opposite her. There was silence, save for the occasional rustle of the paper as Mrs. Dawson turned it sharply. Her eyes glanced alertly from heading to heading, pausing here and there to read something of interest. Her husband looked at her from time to time. At last he said, again with fine sarcasm, "Any news?"

Mrs. Dawson finished the article she was reading. Then, with a little start, as if she had just heard, she said: "Oh, no, no; nothing of consequence, my dear." But she read on, more intently than before.

"Well," said her husband presently, with a touch of sharpness, "here are the strawberries. Can you take time to eat them?"

She sighed impatiently. Three deep lines gathered between her brows. She folded the paper slowly, and put it in an inside pocket of her jacket. She wore a street dress, made with a very full skirt which reached a few inches below the knees. The jacket was short, and had many pockets. She wore, also, a tan-silk shirt, rolled collar and tie, and leggings. Her hair was arranged very plainly. In spite of her unbecoming attire, however, she was a beautiful woman, and her husband loved her and was proud of her.

This did not prevent him, though, from saying, with something like a feminine pettishness, "Mrs. Dawson, I wish you would remember to leave the paper for me."

Mrs. Dawson looked at him in surprised displeasure. "I have not finished reading it myself," she said coldly. "Besides, there is nothing in it that will interest you. It is mostly political news. If I had time to read it before I go down town, it would be different; but I am out so late every night, I must sleep till the last minute in the morning to keep my strength for the campaign. You cannot complain that I forget to bring it home for you in the evening."

Mr. Dawson coughed scornfully, but made no reply for some minutes. Finally he said, in a taunting tone, "It's all very well for you. You are down town all day, among people, hearing everything that is going on—while I sit here alone, without even a paper to read!"

For a moment Mrs. Dawson was angry. Here she was with an invalid husband and two children, working early and late to support them comfortably. She had been successful—so successful that she had received the nomination for State Senator on the Republican ticket. She loved her husband. She was proud of herself for her own sake, but certainly more for his sake. She thought he ought to make her way



"... WHILE I SIT HERE ALONE WITHOUT EVEN A PAPER TO READ."

easier for her. He was not strong, and it was her wish that he should not exert himself in the least. All she asked of him was to look after the servants, order the dinners, entertain the children when the nurse was busy, and be cheerful and pleasant the short time she was at home. Surely, it was little enough to ask of him; and it was hard that he should fail even in this.

When, two years previous, equal suffrage had been graciously granted to women, Mr. Dawson, being then in failing health, had most cheerfully turned his real-estate business over to his wife. At first she managed it under his advice and instructions. He was simply amazed at the ease with which she "caught on." In less than six months she ceased to ask for suggestions, and his proffered advice was received with such a chill surprise that it soon ceased altogether.

At first the change had seemed like heaven to Mr. Dawson. It was a delightful novelty to give orders about dinners and things to maids who giggled prettily at his mistakes; to have the children brought in by the respectfully amused nurse for an hour's romp; to entertain his gentlemen friends at afternoon "smokers" (Mrs. Dawson's dainty afternoon tea-table had been removed to the garret; a larger table, holding cigars, decanters,

etc., had taken its place); to saunter down to his wife's office whenever he felt inclined.

But the maids soon grew accustomed to the change. They received some of his more absurd orders with more insolence than merriment. He began to have an uneasy feeling in their presence. They really were not respectful. The nurse no longer smiled when she brought the children. What was worse, she left them with him much more than at first.

The children themselves, somehow, seemed to be getting out of clothes and out of manners. He told the nurse to have some clothes made for them. She asked what seamstress he preferred, and what material.

"I don't know," he answered, helplessly. "Get any good seamstress, and let her select the materials."

The nurse brought a friend from the country. She asked him how he wished them made.

"How?" he repeated, with some anger. "Why, in the fashion, of course." She made them in the style then in vogue in Stumpville. When he saw them, he swore. When he spoke to his wife about it, she replied, with an impatience that strove to be good-natured, "Why, my dear, I don't trouble you about my business perplexities, do I? Really, I haven't time to think of so much—with this campaign on my shoulders, too. You must try to manage better. Find stylish seamstresses—and don't trust even them. Study the magazines and styles yourself. It is quite a study—but I am sure you have time. And while I think about it, dear, I wish you would see that the roasts are not overdone."

The smokers and little receptions among the men became bores.

So many women now being in business, their husbands were compelled to maintain the family position in society. Mr. Dawson submitted. But he considered it an infernal nuisance to carry his wife's cards around with him. Sometimes he could not remember how many gentlemen there were in a family.

There was something worse than all this. He could not fail to perceive, in spite of the usual masculine obtuseness in such matters, that he was no longer welcome at his wife's office. She received him politely but coldly. Then she ignored his presence. If she chanced to be busy, she at once became very busy—aggressively so, in fact. If idle, she immediately found something to engross her attention.

In anger, one day, he taunted her with it. She replied, without passion, but with cutting coldness, that it was not good for business to have one's husband sitting around the office; that women did not come in so readily, feeling afraid that something might be overheard and repeated.

"You have a young gentleman typewriter," sneered Mr. Dawson.

"That is different," said his wife, smiling good-naturedly.

So the two years had gone by. Some things had improved; others had grown worse. Ill health and the narrow world he moved in seemed to have affected Mr. Dawson's mind. He felt that his wife neglected him. At times he was proud of her brilliant success, financial and political; her popularity, her beauty and grace. At others he was violently jealous of—everything and everybody, even the young man who musically took down her thoughts in the office.

It was absurd, of course, but he was such a beastly good-looking young fool! What business had he to put fresh flowers in her vase every day? Mr. Dawson asked her once furiously if she paid him for that. She looked at him in cold displeasure. Then she left the house, and scarcely spoke to him for a week. At the end of the week she remembered his invalidism, and relented. On the way home she bought a pretty trifle, a jeweled scarf-pin, and gave it to him with a little show of affection. He was deeply touched. Then she really loved him, after all!

Thereafter she permitted herself to become angry with him more readily. The temporary estrangement furnished a reasonable excuse to spend several nights down town with the girls; and, when she was tired of it, she had only to carry home some pretty jewel—and peace was restored. Mr. Dawson's life was becoming such a narrow, walled-in one that he was losing his spirit.

It is not surprising that Mrs. Dawson looked at him angrily over the breakfast-table. However, she made no answer to his unreasonable complaint.

"Is it necessary that you should make so many trips to Salem?" he asked, presently.

"Yes, my dear," she replied,

coldly. "Unless you wish to see me defeated."

"And is it necessary that you should remain out until one or two o'clock every night?"

"It is," Mrs. Dawson spoke firmly to convince herself as well as her husband. "My dear, I have had enough of this. You were pleased—I repeat, pleased—with the idea of my running for senator, or I should not have accepted the nomination. Now, already, you annoy me with petty complaints and jealousies. I prefer being at home with you and the children, certainly; but I cannot neglect my business, or we should soon be in the poor-house. Nor can I make anything of a canvass without spending some time with the girls."

"And money," sneered Mr. Dawson.

"Yes, and money"—more coldly. "God knows I do not enjoy it; my tastes are domestic."

Mr. Dawson got up suddenly. He lifted his chair, and set it down with a crash.

"Mrs. Dawson," he said, "I don't care whether you make a good canvass or a poor one. When I gave my consent to our going into this thing, I supposed you'd run it differently. You women have been talking and ranting for the last fifty years about the way you'd purify politics when you got the ballot—and here you are run-



"... THE CHILDREN BROUGHT IN BY THE RESPECTFULLY AMUSED NURSE. ..."

ning things just as men have been doing ever since the United States were born."

"Oh, my dear!" interrupted Mrs. Dawson, with a little, aggravating laugh. "That is wrong, isn't it? was born would be better. Besides, why not say the earth at once?"

"And I don't care if you are defeated! I'm tired of being cooped up here with a lot of children and servants! Ordering puddings, and leaving cards on fools because you happen to know their wives in a business way, and doctoring measles and mumps! And you down town canvassing with the girls! What a home, where the wife only comes to eat!"

Mrs. Dawson arose silently and, putting on her hat in the hall, left the house. She was furious. Her face was very white. She shook with passion. What a life! What a home! What a husband for a rising woman to have dragging her down! Not even willing to help her socially! Why, it had been only two years, and here he was sunk to the shoulders in the narrow groove it had taken women centuries to struggle out of! Had she ever been proud of him? Impossible! He was unjust, contemptible, mean! Why—why—could he not be like John Darrach? There was a man, strong, fearless, a politician. He had not lost his grip. If she won, it would be because of his earnest support.

She went into her private office, and laid her head upon her desk and wept passionately.

Presently a knock came upon the door. She did not hear. The door opened, but she did not hear that either. But she felt a hand close firmly around her wrist; and then she heard a voice say, "Why, what does this mean?"

She lifted her head, and looked through her tears into John Darrach's eyes.

There was unmistakable tenderness in the look and in the pressure of his strong fingers. A warm color flamed over her face and throat. She controlled her feeling and smiled through her tears, slowly drawing her arm from his clasp.

"Forgive me," he said, instantly, returning to his usual manner toward her. "When I saw you were in trouble, I—forgot."

"It is nothing," she said, with an exaggerated cheerfulness. "Only, sometimes I fear this campaign is making me nervous. I hate nervous people," she added passionately.

"My carriage is at the door," said Darrach. He looked away from her with

a visible effort. "Shall we drive out to see that piece of property now?"

"Oh, yes, indeed; I had forgotten that. How good of you to always remind me! I am afraid I depend upon you too much."

"Not as much as I wish," he answered her in a low voice. He stood holding the door open while she rapidly drew on her gloves. Then seeing the color coming to her face again, he added, grimly: "I must earn my salary as your attorney, you know."

That was a delightful morning. The road ran along the Willamette from Portland to Vancouver. The perfect blue of an Oregon sky bent softly over them. The long, silver curves of the slow-moving river wound before them. There were green fields and bits of emerald wood and picturesque islands. Farther away were the heavily timbered hills, purple in the distance; and grand and white and glistening against the sky were the superb snow mountains, majestic in their far loneliness.

The air was fragrant with wild syringa, which grew by the roadside, flinging long, slender sprays of white, gold-hearted flowers in all directions. The soft, caressing winds let free about them a breath from the far ocean.

Mrs. Dawson leaned back in the carriage and forgot domestic cares—forgot ill-bred servants and over-done roasts, shabbily dressed children and an unreasonable, fault-finding husband. She loved the soft sway of the carriage, the spirited music of the horses' feet on the hard road, the sensuous, compelling caresses of the wind on her face and throat.

Darrach stopped the horses in a shady spot.

"We must have some of this syringa," he said, putting the reins in her hands. He broke a great armful, snapping the stems almost roughly. He bore them to the carriage, and piled them upon her knees until they covered her bosom and shoulders with their snowy drifts—some of the scented sprays curling even about her throat and hair.

"Do you know," said Darrach, looking at her, "these cool, white sprays always make me think of a woman's arms." He reached for the reins, and for a second his hand rested upon hers. She turned very pale.

"By the way," said Darrach, instantly, in a light tone, "is the canvass going on satisfactorily?"

"Not quite as I could wish," she replied.

"As I expected, the lower classes are solid for—my opponent. It is a bitter thing to run against such a woman. It will be more bitter to be defeated by her."

"You must not be."

"I cannot help it. How can I get such votes?"

Darrach shrugged his shoulders.

"Put up more money," he said, coldly, but in a low tone.

"Ah," said Mrs. Dawson, with deep contempt. "It is dishonorable—disgusting! Sell my birthright for a mess of pottage?"

"Nonsense," said Darrach. He turned and smiled at her. "Am I to be disappointed in you? Have I not guided you with a careful hand through dangers and pitfalls? Have I not helped you to success? It is wrong to spend money for such a purpose—I confess it, of course. We want all that changed. We can change it only by getting good women into power. We can get them into power only through money. We must ourselves stoop at first, to elevate politics eventually. Mrs. Dawson, you owe it to the State—to your country—you owe it to yourself—to sacrifice your noble principles and ideals this time, in view of the powerful reform you, and such women as you, can bring about in politics, once you are in power."

He turned the horses into a long, locust-bordered lane. At the end of it was a large, white farm-house. A woman sat on the front steps. She was tall and thin. Her face and hands were wrinkled and harsh. Her eyes were narrow and faded. Her sandy hair, gray in places, was brushed straight back from her face, and wound in a knot with painful tightness. She sat with her sharp elbows on her knees, her chin sunk in her palms.

She arose with a little country flurry of embarrassment at their approach. She stood awkwardly, looking at them, keeping her shabbily clad feet well under her scant skirt.

"Are you the lady who wishes to borrow money on a farm?" asked Darrach.

"Yes," she said, "I be." She did not change her expression. Her only emotion seemed to be excessive self-consciousness. She put her hands behind her to feel if her apron-strings were tied. Then she rested her right elbow in her left hand, and began to smooth her hair nervously with her right hand. "Yes, I want to git \$500 on this here farm. Land knows it's worth twicet thet."

"Yes," said Darrach, politely.

"It is too bad to mortgage it," said Mrs. Dawson, feeling a sudden pity. "Is it absolutely necessary?"

"Yes," said the woman, closing her thin lips together firmly; "my mind's set. My man's one o' them kind o' easy-goin's thet you can't never git worked up to the pitch o' doin' anythin'. I'm tired of it. We've set here on this here place sence we crossed the plains, an' we ain't got anythin' but land an' stawks an' farm machin'ry. We ain't got a buggy, ner a drivin' horse, ner a side-saddle; we ain't got 'n org'n, ner a fiddle, ner so much's a sewin'-machine—an' him a-gettin' new rakes, an' harrers, an' drills, an' things ev'ry year, all of 'em with seats to ride on. I ain't even got a washin'-machine!"

"But why do you mortgage your farm?" asked Mrs. Dawson, quietly.

"Because I've got my dose," said the woman, fiercely. "The place's in my name, an' now thet we've got our rights, I'm goin' to move to town. I'll show him! I'll git a job's street commish'ner—er somepin. He can let the place out er run it hisself, jist 's he's a mind, but I'm goin' to take that money an' hire a house 'n town an' buy furniture. My mind's set. I didn't sense what a fool I be tell we got our rights. If he'd a half give me my rights afore, I'd give him his'n now; but I've got the whip-hand, an' I guess I'll git even. He never even let me hev the hen money—consarn his ugly picter!"

"Oh, I am sure it is wrong to mortgage your farm," said Mrs. Dawson, looking distressed. "Your husband must have trusted you, or he would not have put it in your name."

The woman laughed harshly, but without mirth.

"Oh, I've played my game cute," she said. "I've schemed and laid low. Back 'n Kanzus we hed a fine place out 'n the rollin' kentry, all 'n his name, an' he made me sign a mortgage on 't to buy machin'ry with—said he'd leave me 'f I didn't, an' the hull place went. Mebbe I ain't worked to lay his sphish'uns, though! Mebbe I ain't laid awake nights a-plannin' to git this place 'n my name! Mebbe I didn't git it, too!"

"But will he sign the mortgage?" asked Darrach.

"He'll hev to." She spoke with something like a snarl. "If he don't—I'll do what he threatened me with back 'n Kanzus! I'll leave him!" Her tone was terrible now.

"Let us go," said Mrs. Dawson, turning a pale face to Darrach.

He made an appointment to meet the woman in town. Then they returned to the carriage. Looking back, they saw that she had re-seated herself in the same listless attitude on the steps, her chin sunken in her hand, watching them with those dull, narrow eyes.

Darrach sent the horses down the lane at a lively pace. Mrs. Dawson sat erect. Her face was pale and troubled.

"Well, that's awful, isn't it?" said Darrach, cheerfully. "It makes me suspect that this suffrage business isn't all it is represented to be."

"Oh, it is terrible," said Mrs. Dawson, earnestly. "That a woman should have such a feeling"—she pressed her hands together upon her knees—"I cannot help feeling sorry for her. She is wrong, all wrong, now; yet I think I understand what a miserable, starved life she has had. I believe that the hearts of millions of women would have leaped could they have heard those words: 'If he'd a half given me my rights before!' You men have been wrong; you have not been wise. You brought this revolution on your own heads. Why, what can one expect of the kind of man that woman's husband must be, when my own husband—a man of refinement and culture—treated me like a dependent in money matters?"

"The beast!" said Darrach. She turned a white, startled face upon him. "What?" she stammered.

He laughed instantly, although a thick

color mounted into his face. "Oh, I didn't mean Dawson. I was still thinking of that woman's husband." But he was trembling under strength of the feeling he was endeavoring to control.

"We must hasten," said she, "or I shall be too late for the Salem train."



"SHE SEATED HERSELF AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE, AND OPENED THE MORNING PAPER, . . ."

Once on the train, Mrs. Dawson had three hours of hard and bitter reflection. There are certain crises in the lives of all of us when a word, a look, a gesture, is sufficient to awaken us to a full realization of some wrong that we have been committing with shut eyes and dulled conscience. Mrs. Dawson had reached the crisis in her life. Her awakening

was sudden and complete; but it was crushing.

She sat with her burning cheek in her hand, looking out the window. She saw nothing—neither wide green fields, nor peaceful village, nor silver, winding river. The events of the past two years were marching, panorama-wise, before her aching eyes. Her heart beat painfully under its burden of self-accusation. Oh, blind, foolish, wicked!

She did not care for Darrach. He was an attentive, congenial companion; that was all. But how wrong, how loathsome, now seemed her association with him!

She felt a great choke coming into her throat. She detested her campaign, woman suffrage, and, most of all, herself as she had been in these two years.

Suddenly she sat erect. "I will give it all up," she said. "I will go back to my husband and my children, from whom I

have wandered—oh, God, how far! Other women may do as they choose—I shall make a home again, and stay therein. I believe active life will restore my husband's health. We will try all over again to forget, and just be happy. Oh, I have been walking in my sleep for two years! I have awakened—in time, thank God! Every act, almost every thought, of these two years is loathsome to me now. But I shall atone. I shall make my husband and my children happy."

Mr. Dawson had spent a wretched day. Upon reflection, he was heartily ashamed of the way he had spoken to his wife. Notwithstanding their deep love for each other, he felt that they were growing farther apart each day. He blamed himself bitterly. He even thought of going down to the office and apologizing; but he remembered that she was going to Salem.

Mrs. Dawson returned with a violent headache and fever. She had had a chill on the train. She took a cab and drove straight home. Her husband opened the door for her. "Dearest," he said. She threw herself upon his breast, and clung to him in her old dependent, girlish way, that was indescribably sweet to him.

"I am ill, dear," she sobbed, "so ill. And oh, I am so tired of it all! I have given it all up. I don't want to be a senator, nor a business woman, nor even a progressive woman; I just want to be your wife again. I want to take care of my children and my home, and I want you to be a man again!"

"Why, God bless my soul!" said Mr. Dawson. He was looking down at the

back of her head with the most amazed eyes imaginable.

Mrs. Dawson went to bed without her dinner. In the morning the doctor came, and said it was typhoid fever.

It was six weeks before Mrs. Dawson was able to go about the house and to hear news of the outside world. Then, one morning, Mr. Dawson conveyed to her with extreme delicacy and caution the information that woman suffrage had been declared unconstitutional and had been abolished. He added that he had considered

it his duty to take her place, and he was now running for the Senate.

"How lovely of you, dearest!" she said, with a sphinx-like smile.

Then she inquired for Darrach.

"Oh, he went off on a wild-goose chase to Australia soon after you were taken ill," said Dawson, lightly.

"Oh," said Mrs. Dawson. "And my type-

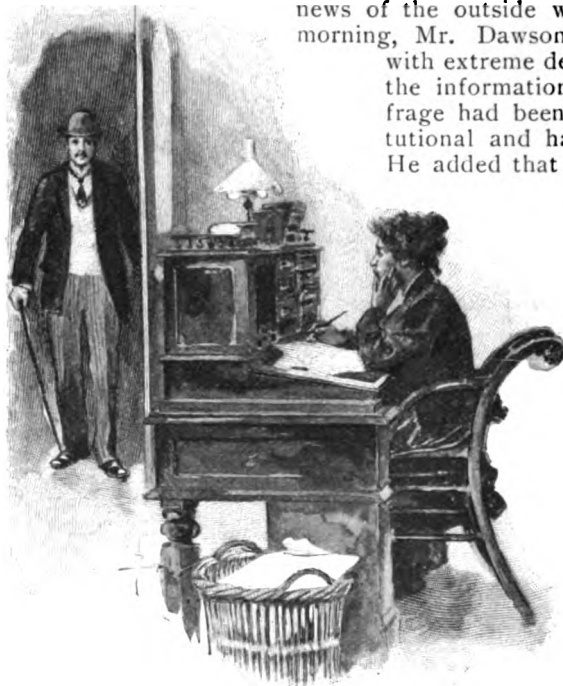
writer? Is he still with you?"

"Why—er—no," said Dawson. He looked with deep attention at an old Chinaman going along the street on a trot with two baskets of vegetables dangling at the ends of a pole on his shoulder. "The fact is—I didn't just like him. He wasn't competent. I—" he jingled some coins in his pocket—"I have a very speedy young woman—er—a Miss Standish."

"Oh," said Mrs. Dawson.

When Mr. Dawson started for the office the following morning his wife followed him to the hall door. She looked charming in her long, soft house-dress. Her lovely arms shone out of the flowing sleeves. Her hair was parted in the middle, and waved daintily. A red rose glowed on her breast. The color was coming back to her cheeks, and her eyes were bright.

Her husband put his arm around her, and drew her to him with affection and satisfaction. He was fully restored to health,



"... HE WAS NO LONGER WELCOME AT HIS WIFE'S OFFICE."

and thoroughly pleased with himself. Mrs. Dawson put one arm around his shoulder, and as she kissed him, with the other hand deftly extracted the morning paper from his inside pocket—at the same time giving him a most charming and adorable smile.

Dawson's countenance fell. But he decided instantly not to remonstrate—

this time. By and by, when she was stronger.

At the steps he paused and said, lightly, "Oh, I forgot: I'll not be home to dinner. Have to dine with some of the boys at the club. Infernal nuisance, this campaign!"

It requires so many exhausting lessons to teach a man anything.

A FRENCH CRITIC'S IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.

BY FERDINAND BRUNETIÈRE,

Editor of the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

NEW YORK AND BALTIMORE.—AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES.—AMERICAN CHARACTERISTICS.

NEW YORK, March 22d.—My greatest surprise is to be surprised so little; and in the mild atmosphere, under a brilliant sun, it does not seem to me that I have changed climates.

Nevertheless I am in America.

But what can you expect? My eyes and my mind are so fashioned that wherever I have journeyed I have found men more like each other than their vanity might be willing to admit; and doubtless that is not a favorable temper for "observing," but who knows whether it be not an excellent one for seeing better? How many travelers there are whose accounts have aroused in me nothing but a great astonishment at their ingenuity! They discover differences everywhere, and to my eyes these differences do not exist. Europeans or Americans, yellow men or white, Anglo-Saxons or Latins, we all have specimens at home of all the vices; let us add that the same is true of all the qualities and virtues, and repeat with the poet:

*"Humani generis mores tibi nosse volenti,
Sufficit una domus. . . ."*

. . . I am walking along Fifth Avenue, making these reflections and beginning to fear lest a spice of vexation at not possessing a more traveled soul may creep into them, when it suddenly occurs to me that this avenue is very long. I also perceive that all the streets

cross each other at right angles, and that, motley as the crowd may be which fills them with commotion, numerous as are the car lines by which they are furrowed, unlike and sumptuous as are the shops which line them, the impression they produce is, after all, a trifle monotonous. Fortunately, some tall houses come to dispel this at the very nick of time—very tall houses, of from twelve to fourteen stories; cubical houses with flat roofs; pierced with innumerable windows; stone houses whose crude whiteness enlivens at last this decoration which hitherto has been all in brick. I take pains to note, then, that in New York there are houses of fourteen stories, and, must it be said? they are not uglier than if they had only five. Where is it that I have seen uglier ones, not so tall, but in the same style, or the same taste, which proceeded less from the art of Bramante or Palladio than from the science of Eiffel the engineer? Was it not perchance at Rome, in the new quarters? What astonishes me most, however, and what I can scarcely account for to myself, is that, positively, these enormous houses do not seem to be embedded in the ground; one would say they were placed upon its surface.

I go on to the right, and the aspect of the scene has suddenly changed. The flooring of an aerial railway, supported by enormous cast-iron pillars, has robbed me of sunlight, and the trains which momentarily

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The author of this paper, M. Brunetière, besides being the editor of one of the most important periodicals in the world, is, perhaps, the foremost of living French critics. In it and two that are to follow (one in December and one in January) is collected whatever has particular interest for American readers in a series which M. Brunetière is now publishing in his own magazine, the "Revue des Deux Mondes."

succeed each other make a deafening racket over my head. Now the streets are lined with popular shops, saloons, oyster houses, and also with boot-blacks. Pedlars of Italian aspect offer me bananas, oranges, apples, and sticks of marshmallow. These are no longer the smells of Paris, but those of Marseilles and Genoa; in fact, they make me remember that I am in a maritime city. Did I say in a maritime city? I should have said in an island, where I ought to have found it quite natural that the manners and institutions should be "floating" (it is the remark of an ancient who had not seen America), and that the very houses should not yet succeed in "fixing themselves." A great maritime city always has a little the air of having been born yesterday; its monuments can be counted; and how often I have been surprised that of all our French cities the most ancient, the one that existed before there was a France, and even before Gaul had a name—I mean Marseilles—should also be one of the most modern, where one finds least of the historical and detects the least of what is past.

There are from sixty to eighty thousand Italians at Marseilles, and formerly there were many Greeks and Levantines; this doubtless gave it the cosmopolitan aspect. Here at New York there are from four hundred to five hundred thousand Germans, and how many Irish? To say nothing of Italians, French, Greeks, Chinese, Japanese, etc. I am not surprised that all this makes a mixture, a medley in which one would be troubled to find anything very "American." The business streets, Twenty-third, Fourteenth, Broadway, are filled with a crowd, neither very noisy nor very bustling; numerous loiterers are seated on benches in the squares—a great "cosmopolitan" city; a very large city; a gigantic city; where I seem to recognize some traits of Paris and Marseilles, of Genoa, Antwerp, and Amsterdam; where certain slight differences, suspected rather than felt, fancied rather than experienced, indefinable for the moment, melt and are effaced in the multiplicity of resemblances and analogies: such did New York appear to me at first. And also as an "amusing" city, since I had been walking in it for four hours without either my curiosity or my legs having grown weary of it.

to the sixth or seventh story in a fine hotel, entirely new, and in which there is nothing "American," or at least more "American" than in any other hotel, unless its being admirably kept. I cannot refrain from noting that in a city where the negro population is not less than seventy or eighty thousand souls, the hotel service is performed exclusively by whites. Strange fatality! All other travelers have lodged in extraordinary hotels. They were inundated with electric light! They were drenched with ice water! They could not make a step nor even a gesture, without setting in motion all sorts of very complicated machinery or mobilizing a whole army of negroes. Not one of these favors has yet fallen to my lot.

If one excepts five or six large streets, Baltimore does not seem to be very animated, or, above all, very busy—I just now had to consult my guide-book to assure myself that it contains four or five hundred thousand souls. Have the tales of travelers positively misled me concerning the activity of Americans? What sort of epicurean or dilettante existence can they have led in Europe who find that people live so fast here, or even in New York? Or rather—and it is this doubtless which is more probable—are there not two, three, four Americas, of which it would be wrong to be unwilling to see only one? I shall not see Chicago, or St. Louis, or San Francisco, or even New Orleans; but here, in the Eastern States, I do not find myself at all perplexed, and the reason appears to me very simple. The habits of European civilization are daily becoming the foundation of American, and, reciprocally, if America makes an improvement in these habits, we hasten to adopt it in Europe.

For instance, these interminable streets crossing each other at right angles are monotonous; the picturesque, the unexpected, the variety of perspectives is absent. But has not this rectilinear ideal become ours also within the last half century and in the name of science and hygiene? Here, moreover, much more than in New York, where all the houses in a locality resemble each other, the diversity of architecture puts an element of gaiety into the monotony of the street. A touch of every style blends into a disorder which amuses the eyes. The brick is less somber, newer, and of a more vivid red; clambering greenery and the whiteness of marble steps attenuate its crudity. Stone alternates with brick. Here are houses of "colonial"

IMPRESSIONS OF BALTIMORE.

Baltimore, March 24th.—I have "descended," but only to "mount" at once

aspect, one especially which is unfailingly pointed out to Frenchmen—the old Patterson house, where that young prodigal of a Jérôme Bonaparte, as his great brother styled him, married Miss Elizabeth Patterson.

The general impression of Baltimore was very well rendered by Mr. George Cable, when he said that its "aspect is quite meridional." And when he was asked to explain himself more fully, he insisted on the air of ease and the agreeable, nonchalant bearing of the promenaders in the streets—a city of leisure, a city of "residences," where the negro looks happy and the negro girls still more so.

Nevertheless, I must think about my first lecture.

March 25th.—My eyes wander over my audience, ascertaining in the first place that the students of the Johns Hopkins University, more courteous than our own, have not excluded women from these lectures. Doubtless they do not believe in Baltimore that the words of a professor are the exclusive property of male students, or that these words must necessarily be empty or superficial if women comprehend them. Neither do they believe, and I make the remark with singular pleasure, that the instruction given in a Protestant university should be interdicted to Catholic seminarians.

It is a short history of French poetry which I have promised to condense into nine lectures, and during the three months in which I have been thinking of my subject I have learned a good deal myself. Hence I have decided that it is especially necessary to avoid taking a purely French point of view, which evidently could not be that of either Englishmen or Americans. Something of Shakespeare, of Shelley, always escapes us; and, similarly, foreigners will never relish what we find particularly exquisite in Racine or André Chénier. Consideration of form or of pure art, which I might be tempted to put in the first rank if I were speaking in France, I relegate here to the second, and there results an arrangement or disposition of the subject which I confess I did not expect. Imperfect as are our *Chansons de gestes* and our *Romans de la Table Ronde*, I find it impossible not to give them in these lectures a place which answers to the extended influence which they once exerted in European literature and which they still exert. And where in the world should I feel myself more straitly obliged to this than here, where the sovereignly noble poet of

the "Idyls of the King" has doubtless no fewer admirers than in England, and where the author of "Tristan and Iseult" may have more than in Germany? I know very well that the invention of the subject, the theme, is of small moment; and I remember most opportunely that no one, to my knowledge, has shown this better than Emerson in his essay on Shakespeare. But there is more than the subject in our "Heroic Ballads" or our "Romances of the Round Table": there is the sentiment of the subject; and nothing, to tell the truth, is lacking to them but the sentiment of form and art. I cannot devote less than three lectures to the French poetry of the Middle Ages.

On the other hand, if there should be such a thing as French classic poetry, we doubtless find it, and foreigners can hardly do otherwise, in the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, the comedies of Molière, and the fables of La Fontaine—these are really our poets—and not, I imagine, Clément Marot or Malherbe, Jean Baptiste Rousseau or Voltaire. Jean Baptiste is only a declaimer, and the other three are merely excellent prose writers who have rhymed their prose. I would still be too French—I mean too narrowly confined within the limits of our national taste—if I should try to make Americans take Boileau for a poet. Nurtured as they are in Shakespeare, I fear I should find difficulty in explaining to them and making them understand what there is "poetic," in the absolute sense of the word, in Corneille's tragedies or Molière's comedies. On this point, therefore, I will concentrate my forces. I shall bring together in one lecture all that has been attempted among us from Ronsard to Malherbe, and I will show that, as all these efforts had no other tendency, even in poetry, and perhaps especially there, than to make the court and the social spirit predominate over the spirit of individualism, this could only result "poetically" in the formation of the dramatic style on the ruins of the lyric and epic styles. I will then endeavor to show what the pure dramatic style, independent of all addition or mixture of lyricism, admits of in the way of true "poetry." And finally from Racine to the other Rousseau, Jean Jacques, putting together all of our *prosateurs* of the eighteenth century who fancied they were poets, I will point out in the long decline of our dramatic poetry and the corresponding development of individualism the near revival of lyricism.

But how am I to divide the nineteenth century in its turn? And here in Baltimore, the city of which Edgar Poe was a native and where he rests, shall I make the concession of encouraging the sympathy I am told they feel for the Baudelaires and the Verlaines? Heaven forbid! On the contrary, what I have said of Verlaine and Baudelaire in France I will repeat, merely taking account of the fact that in the conception they have formed of poetry there is something vaguely analogous to the idea, at once mystic and sensual, which the Anglo-Saxon genius seems to have formed of it now and again. And, moreover, as this idea has been developed amongst us in contrast, or even in declared hostility, to the Parnassian idea, I will explain what has been intended by the poets who have been designated in France as Parnassians. And necessarily, the far too large part granted nowadays to romanticism, in the movement of the times, will be proportionately reduced. All Europe, however, has had its "Romanticists;" and to show what analogy Musset bears to Byron will not require a long discourse. Besides, whatever one may think respectively of the *Poèmes Barbares* or the *Poèmes Antiques* and the *Légende des siècles*, there are at least as many "novelties" in the Parnassian theory as in the Romantic. And that will answer for my three final lectures, in the first of which I will attempt to define the romantic movement in itself and in relation to English or German romanticism; in the second I will show how and why the "Parnassians" have so far differed from the "Romanticists" as to become their living contradiction; and, finally, in the third, I will connect with symbolism the new tendencies I think I discern in contemporary poetry. . . .

HIGHER EDUCATION IN FRANCE AND IN AMERICA.

. . . In what relates to the organization of universities, the professors, whose kindness is inexhaustible, are here to rectify or redress what, without them, might be superficial or erroneous in my observation. It is by the aid of their conversations and their publications that I wish to say a few words on a subject which has its importance and its difficulties.

Concerning this subject, let us remember, in the first place, that institutions of superior instruction are not all of the same type in France, whatever the Germans

appear to think about it, when one finds the editors of their *Minerva* jumbling in the uniformity of one continuous enumeration the Polytechnic School, the University of Paris, and the Museum of Natural History. The Museum of Natural History, the former *Jardin du Roi*, from which the great name of Buffon is inseparable, is one of the very rare institutions which are devoted amongst us to the cult of pure and disinterested science. No examinations are passed there, no diplomas or certificates are conferred; and it neither conducts nor leads to anything but an acquaintance with natural history. This is also the originality of the *Collège de France*. One learns nothing immediately practical there, and even the Chinese which is taught is not the Chinese which is spoken. Our universities are already more "utilitarian;" they grant diplomas, and these diplomas, which may have a great scientific value, have before all else a state valuation. They are at once—and this is their great vice—the official sanction of studies and a title to a career. Our universities form lawyers, physicians, and professors, and it is all the better if savants or learned men issue from them; but thus far they have not been adapted for that purpose. Finally, the great schools, such as the *École polytechnique* or the *École Normale Supérieure*, are not, properly speaking, anything but professional schools, whose first object, whose principal object, is to provide for the recruiting of certain great public employments, so that if their regulations should be heedlessly altered, the quality of this recruitment would be compromised and the entire category of great employments modified in its foundations.

There are likewise different types of American universities. There are State universities—like the University of Virginia, for instance; or the University of Michigan (Ann Arbor)—which are independent, no doubt, in the sense that they manage themselves absolutely, and yet whose independence is in some respect limited by the grant they receive from the States. Their principal obligations are to admit to the university course, without previous examination, pupils who come from the high schools of Michigan or Virginia, and to establish alongside of their liberal instruction, technical training—scientific agriculture, for example—or legal or medical courses.

Other universities, generally the oldest ones, like Harvard, 1655; Yale, 1701;

Columbia, 1754; Princeton, 1757, or, again, the University of Pennsylvania, are free from any obligation of the sort. They began as simple colleges, such as we had under the old regime, the *Collège des Grassins*, the *Collège d'Harcourt*, the *Collège des Godrans* at Dijon, where Bossuet and the great Condé made their first studies, and if I make these comparisons, it is because a pious intention, a sectarian intention, if I may say so, formerly presided in America, as amongst ourselves, at the foundation of these establishments. Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Baptists, or Quakers bore their first expenses, and some traces of their origin may still be recognized. . . . Lastly, of the other universities, the most recent are perhaps in certain respects the most interesting: these are Cornell University (Ithaca, New York), Johns Hopkins (Baltimore), Leland Stanford (California), and the University of Chicago. They owe their existence to the generosity of the founder whose name they bear, and under the supervision of an administrative council, a board of trustees which itself depends solely on the terms of a will or a donation, they are masters of their budget, of the matter of their instruction, and the choice of their professors. Why should I conceal the fact that in writing these last words I am thinking of our own universities, which may be anything you please, but which will not, in my sense of the word, be universities really worthy of that name so long as their professors are appointed by the state, and, above all, so long as the examinations to which candidates are subjected are state examinations whose programme is determined by the state, and whose diplomas constitute, so to say, state titles. I do not like false names to be given to things.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

The Johns Hopkins University, which I naturally take as a type, since I am speaking there, and also because it is as yet the only one that I have seen for myself, has existed only twenty-one years, but it long ago attained its majority. When Johns Hopkins died, bequeathing to Baltimore 34,000,000 francs for the foundation of a hospital and a university, the friends whom he had charged with the execution of his last will did not waste much time in long discussions over what concerned the organization of the university. They went to the remotest part of Cali-

fornia, where for three years he had been exercising the functions of president of a university,—in France we would say of both dean and rector,—to look for a former professor of Yale, Mr. Daniel C. Gilman, who had very early gained a great reputation in America as an administrator.

With the correctness of eye and the rapidity of decision which are his characteristic traits and make him an eminent man, Mr. Gilman acknowledged that the occasion was unique. He saw that in a city like Baltimore, if one had the good sense to waste nothing on the empty luxury of buildings, nor on the petty vanity of copying Yale or Harvard at a distance, a type of university such as America had never seen might be realized, and he set to work. Means were lacking to organize faculties of law, medicine, and theology; they were dispensed with, and the Johns Hopkins University was composed at first of nothing but a faculty of philosophy; the name under which, in the United States and Germany, is included what we distinguish into faculties of literature and science. Ancient languages (that is to say, Hebrew, Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin), modern languages (English, German, French, Italian, Spanish), history, political economy, philosophy, on one hand; and on the other, mathematical sciences, physics, and chemistry, geology, natural history, biology, pathology; such was the programme of the nascent university. "Laboratories" and "seminaries" were its organs. The diffusion of "methods" promptly became its object, and the results are not far to seek, since within the twenty-one years of its existence the Johns Hopkins University has given not less than a hundred professors to the other universities of America. It has become a sort of normal school where the personnel of higher instruction is recruited. And it is a proof, if one were needed, that diplomas, titles, and grades, under the regime of liberty, are worth not at all, as some suppose, the stamp of the state or the notoriety of establishments, but precisely what the juries which deliver them are worth.

It is also a proof of what can be accomplished by the activity of a single man, for there is no room for error, and I am sure that not one of the professors here will accuse me of exaggeration,—the Johns Hopkins University is Mr. Daniel Gilman. It is intended it to be; and enough to say that he is a great body, he

is truly its soul. It would be impossible—how shall I say it?—not to conceal, and still less to dissimulate, but to envelop under a more seductive affability of manners, more of character, or to place an ingenuity of resources at the source of ideas more precise, more settled, or more ample. I wish I could reproduce entirely his Opening Address, delivered nearly four years ago, in 1893, at the inauguration of the Congress of Superior Instruction at Chicago. "The first function of a university," said he, "is the conservation of knowledge;" and could the fact that the very condition of scientific progress is respect for tradition be condensed into a better phrase? "The second function of a university," Mr. Gilman went on to say, "is to extend the bounds of human knowledge;" and it is the fixity of this ambition which has characterized the Johns Hopkins among all the other American universities. "And the third function of a university," he added, "is to disseminate knowledge." And truly it is not for ourselves, but in order to transmit them, that we have inherited the treasures of tradition or the acquisitions of experience—which is exactly what they are seeking to do here. By publications, by lectures, by review and magazine articles, by letters to the daily press, Mr. Gilman has desired the Johns Hopkins University always to keep in touch with public opinion. In France we form a more mystical, and at the same time a more practical, notion of science; more "practical" because many of our young men see little in it but a matter of examinations or an occasion of diplomas; and more "mystical" because we too often affect to be afraid lest we should vulgarize it by dissemination. . . .

THE COMING ARISTOCRACY IN AMERICA.

. . . And if, moreover, I have thought I ought to dwell at some length on this question of the American universities, it is because I have no better way of thanking them for their welcome than to do my best to make them better known; and also because, from all that I see and hear and read, there gradually emerges a lesson for ourselves. Permit me, in order to express myself clearly, to use a barbarism, and to say that, by means of these great universities, much of America is in the way of aristocratizing itself. While in France—what with our "modern education," the "specialization of our sciences," "the spirit of regionalism" with which we are

trying to inoculate our universities—we are diminishing the part of general instruction, in America, on the contrary, they are seeking to extend, to increase, and to consolidate it. While we are insensibly detaching ourselves from our traditions, the Americans—who are inconsolable for not having an ancient history—are precisely essaying to attach themselves to the traditions we are forsaking. Of all that we affect to consider too useless or superannuated of the history of Greek institutions, or the examination of the books of the Old Testament, they are composing for themselves, as one might say, an intellectual past. And if, perhaps, the catalogues of their universities do not keep all their promises, which is often the case with our own, that is unimportant. The function always ends by creating its organ, and it is tendencies which must be regarded. The universitarian tendencies in America are on the way to constitute an aristocracy of intelligence in that great democracy; and, which is almost ironical, of that form of intelligence which we are so wrong-headed and stupid as to dread as the most hostile to the progress of democracy.

AMERICAN COSMOPOLITANISM.

April 4th.— . . . Before entering on my great week, and, pending eight days, of functioning for two days, one at Baltimore and the next at Bryn Mawr, I would like to summarize certain reflections. What renders this difficult is that with what there is original and local here, and of which I catch a glimpse now and again in glance or gesture, there is always blended, as in New York, a substratum of cosmopolitanism. If, having taken him for an American, or at least an Englishman, I wish to make a little portrait of Professor A—, I am informed that he is a German; it was not Germany that I came to look for in America. In the manner, the language, the countenance of Mrs. B—, something decided, precise, and energetic has struck me, but it appears that she is of French extraction. I cannot make a note of what seems to me indigenous in the manners of Mr. C— if he spends rather more than half the year in Europe, at Paris or in Switzerland. Another person asks me what I think of Baltimore; I tell him; we become confidential; we chat; I question him; he answers me; it was a Russian! There are Italians also; there are English; there are Israelites, among whom, in truth, I am puzzled to meet an American, born

in America, of American parents. And have I not heard say that if one in three of the seventeen or eighteen hundred thousand inhabitants of Chicago were born on American soil—not merely in Chicago, nor in Illinois, nor in the Western States, but in America—it would be a great deal? Talk after that of the characters of races! Not to mention that all, or nearly all, of them have traveled, have run over the world; they know France and they know Paris; they have spent months or years there; they know Rome and Florence! No, evidently “race” has not the importance here that is given it, any more than it has in Europe; or, rather,—and from the moment that one is neither Chinese, negro, nor red-skin,—it is habitudes, civilization, history that make “races;” and in our modern world, on both sides of the Atlantic, if the economists can say that the universal movement tends toward the “equalization of fortunes,” it is still more true that it tends toward the effacement of all peculiarities which are not individual. An Englishman or an American does not greatly differ, as such, from a Frenchman or a German, and he differs only by having inherited a different civilization; and thanks to the facility of communications and exchanges, the development of industry, the internationalism of science and the solidarity of interests, these very differences may be reduced to differences of time and moment. The Americans are younger than we are, and that is evident first of all in their curiosity to know what we think about them.

AMERICAN YOUTHFULNESS.

They are also less “complicated,” and by that I mean that they show what they are more naively, more frankly, more courageously than we do. Here one is what he is, and as he is so by decision or by choice he shows it. . . .

Nor is any astonishment felt because women, like men, have their clubs, where they meet to lunch, to talk about things that interest them—chiffons, housekeeping, cooking—to exchange ideas, and, at a pinch, when they are philosophers, “to comment on the Book of Job considered as an example of the miseries of humanity.” Here all this appears natural. A woman belongs to herself in the first place, and, moreover, it is not required of her, as it is among us, that she should keep, so to say, four or five personages together. She is not compelled by prejudices to con-

ceal her aptitudes or disguise her tastes. She has the right to herself, and she makes use of it.

No doubt there is some relation between this liberty to be oneself and certain independence in reference to “airs, waters, and places,” and to habitudes which in Europe we convert into so many fetters, generally with regard to physical and moral surroundings. *Omnia mecum porto*, said the sage of antiquity: the American resembles this sage. Baltimore, as I have noted, is a city of residences, a city where the people are less mobilizable. They do not camp out here, they dwell; the very houses look as if they were bedded more deeply in the ground. And yet, were it necessary, one feels absolutely certain that the inhabitant would transport, ought I to say his *home*? but in any case his domicile, his habitudes, and his life to St. Louis or Chicago more easily than we Frenchmen would go from Paris to St. Germain. And the reason is not a need of change, an impatience of remaining in the same place, an inquietude, an agitation which is unable to settle down, but, in my opinion, the confidence which an American feels of being himself wherever he goes. The personality of a true American is interior. He is at home everywhere because he is everywhere himself. The displacement, the removal, which helps us to escape ourselves, gives him the sensation of his identity. Again a proof of youth and force! He will grow older; I hope he may, since he desires it; and already I can easily understand that if I should penetrate into the West, every turn of the wheels would carry me from an older to a newer world. But meanwhile, and even here where there is a little history in the atmosphere, it is certainly that which distinguishes them from us. They are younger; and is not that precisely what certain observers dislike in them?

I would not push the metaphor too far, and I do not care to report all my impressions concerning this youthfulness of the American people. It would be too easy, and, like everything which is so easy, more specious than correct. An Irishman, a German, brings to America the temperament due to long heredity. But the very circumstances into which he is plunged are such that he is obliged to adapt himself to them promptly, and a somewhat brutal selection quickly eliminates those whom it must “Americanize.” One comprehends that this is because they have a good deal of pride and very little vanity. It is because they are what they are. A

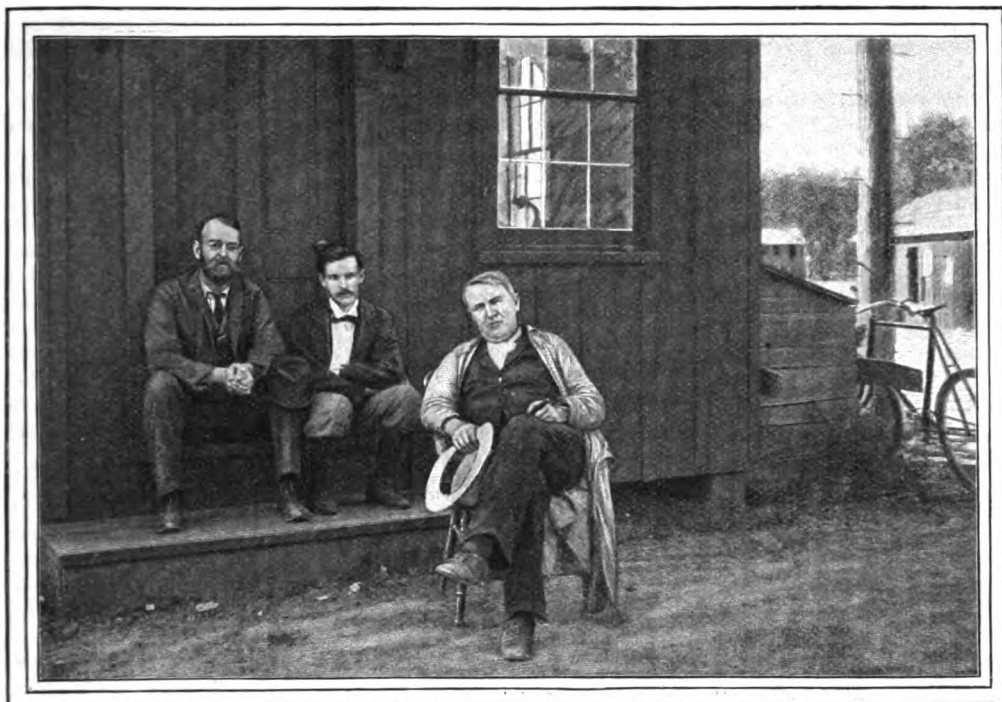
German priest whom I did not know accosted me in the street the other day to complain of the condition of American workingmen, and to say, in substance, that America, no more than Europe, had solved the social question. I had no difficulty in believing him. But he forgot two points; namely, that competition is "the rule of the game," so to say, the agreement which a man signed in embarking for America—I might almost say in being born here—and he also forgot that this competition has its compensations. The distinctions which establish themselves between men here are real and solid; they do not depend, or, at any rate, they depend less than in Europe, on any caprice or despotism. Assuredly there are "Colonial Dames," but there is no old aristocracy. There are enormous fortunes; there are no "governing classes." There are professors, doctors, lawyers; there are no "liberal professions." A doctor is a man who attends others in sickness, and an upholsterer is a man who furnishes other men's houses. A rich man is a rich man, who can do a great deal as he can everywhere, but who can do only what his money can do, and an educated man is measured by the idea he gives of his merit. From this it results that every one feels himself the sole architect of his own fate, the artisan of his destiny, and generally he blames no one but himself for his failure. . . . And these observations are in the wrong by being too general . . . and what there is true in them will be modified daily; and in a fortnight, in a month, I shall no longer recognize them myself. But if I record others which seem to contradict them, I have an idea that they will all come back to this: that there being more youth in America, the civilization, the country, the very climate being newer, one breathes more deeply, one moves more freely, one lives more independently than elsewhere. It is a privilege of age: the future will tell whether it can be transformed into a social character, and what American experience is worth as gain or loss to ancient humanity.

Bryn Mawr, April 8th.—One could not imagine a college better situated than that

of Bryn Mawr, in the open country, "on the slope of a verdant hill,"—of several hills, in fact,—and with horizons "made as one would have them, to please the eye." The vast buildings which compose it give me an impression of solidity which I have not before experienced. This year the number of students is 285, and not a hundred of these, I am told, intend to teach. That makes, then, in one establishment, more than 200 young girls who love knowledge for itself, and assuredly it is not I who will reproach them for it. "Learn Latin, Mesdemoiselles, and, in spite of a certain Molière, learn Greek; learn it for yourselves; and also for the little Europeans who are forgetting it every day." But I will explain myself on that point when I have time. For the moment I have duties to fulfil, for I am the hero of a reception in the "American style," which consists in being introduced, as on this evening, to two or three hundred persons, to whose obliging compliments one tries to respond as best he can by energetically shaking their hands. However, I have been practising this exercise for a fortnight, and I take pleasure in it when, in the midst of this march past, a gentleman who is watching me bends over and says in my ear: "Isn't it true that they are no uglier than if they did something else?" He was right! and I thanked him for having translated my thought so wittily. "They are not uglier." These eyes are not dimmed by reading Greek or even Hebrew, nor have they lost any of that mocking lustre which one loves to see shining in the eyes of young girls. Nor have these faces grown pale, nor these figures bent; nor, in fine, has any of that airy gaiety disappeared which was given to women, as the good Bernardin says, "to enliven the sadness of man." . . .

Baltimore, April 10th.—I have just quitted Baltimore, and I own it was not without a touch of melancholy. Eighteen days, that is very short; but speaking in public establishes so many ties, and so quickly, between an audience and a lecturer, that I seem to be leaving a beloved city. To-morrow I shall wake up in Boston.





MR. EDISON AND MR. MALLORY IN FRONT OF THE OFFICE AT EDISON.
From a photograph taken for MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE on August 26, 1897.

EDISON'S REVOLUTION IN IRON MINING.

BY THEODORE WATERS.

Illustrated from drawings and photographs made expressly for MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

MILLS THAT GRIND UP MOUNTAINS AND PICK OUT FROM THE HEAP OF DUST THE SMALLEST GRAIN OF IRON ORE.—A NEW APPLICATION OF ELECTRICITY.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The deposits of iron ore in New Jersey are sufficient to supply the needs of the United States for half a century. The problem that Mr. Edison undertook to solve eight years ago was how to get the iron ore out of these mountains of rock. Any one can take a piece of magnetite, pulverize it with a hammer, then hold a little magnet over it and draw up from it little black particles which are iron ore, leaving the sand undisturbed. But to be of practical service it was necessary to do this on a scale as colossal as the phenomena of nature. Mountains must be reduced to dust, and the iron ore in this dust must be separated from four or five times its weight of sand, and then this iron-ore dust must be put into such form that it could be shipped and smelted. To ship dust in open cars would involve great waste, and the dust when thrown into furnaces would choke them, or it would be blown out by the tremendous blast of air necessary in smelting and so be wasted. Mr. Edison, therefore, had three great problems to solve. He has constructed machinery which will reduce ten tons of rock to dust every minute. He has invented apparatus whereby the particles of iron ore are separated from this dust; and after six months of almost hopeless experimenting he has been able to compress this dust into

briquettes which are thoroughly porous and at the same time absolutely waterproof. By the solution of tremendous engineering and physical problems he has unlocked fabulous sources of wealth from the New Jersey mountains. He has rendered possible a continuance of great prosperity to the blast-furnace of the East. He has laid bare supplies of iron ore which, before many years, will be called upon to supply England's manufacturing.

This article explains how Mr. Edison achieved the inventions which solve this immense problem, and which have occupied almost exclusively the past eight years of his life and have cost several million dollars.



NE day, about sixteen years ago, while Thomas A. Edison was strolling along the seashore at a point on Long Island, he came upon a pile of sand which the breakers had banked high up on the beach. He stopped and regarded it with curiosity, for it was different from any sand he had ever before seen. It was black sand. He delved into it with both hands, allowed it to run through his fingers, and even tasted it; but the reason for its inky hue remained hidden. Then, with the zeal of the scientific investigator, he took some of the sand to his laboratory and tested it. He was on the point of putting it aside, when suddenly he became possessed of an idea. He procured an electro-magnet and held it near the mass. Immediately the material became highly affected. Little dark grains separated themselves from the heap and scurried across, like so many black ants, to the spot over which the magnet was held.

The little ants were really grains of iron ore; and, strange as it may seem, Edison had discovered a bed of finely divided iron ore cast up by the sea. The black sand covered the shore in spots for fifteen miles along the coast. It was due to the erosion of Connecticut rocks by water, magnetite being one of the constituents of the primal rocks found in Connecticut. The sea, constantly eating into the heart of the rocks, had carried their scattered fragments across the Sound and cast them up on the Long Island shore. With his inventive propensities always uppermost, there entered Mr. Edison's head a scheme of conquest such as had not before been attempted. He calculated that the deposits must contain millions of tons of iron, which, could it be smelted, would be a sure relief from hard conditions then

prevailing in the Eastern iron market. He worked out his ideas, and evolved his magnetic ore-separating machine, which he exhibited at the last Paris Exposition. Then he let out the privilege of using it to a contractor, who set up a plant just out of reach of the waves and proceeded to separate the iron ore from the sand, with every prospect of developing an extensive industry. But the sea proved to be less generous than it at first promised to be; for one dark night there came a storm such as had not visited the coast in many years, and when the contractor came to view his plant the next morning not a vestige of black sand remained. It had been all swept into the sea whence it came. This was the real beginning of a great industry. The final development of it, however, was due to a second discovery, quite as unexpected as the first. For some years past the bulk of the Bessemer-steel trade had been drifting westward, by reason of the discovery and opening up of immense deposits of high-grade ore in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, suitable for making Bessemer steel, cheaply produced, and carried at small cost by water transportation to furnaces contiguous to the lake ports. The furnaces east of the Alleghanies were compelled to depend on a few small, isolated deposits of Bessemer ore in the East and ores imported from foreign countries. The ore deposits of the Southern States, as well as the magnetic ores of New Jersey and New York, are unsuitable for making Bessemer steel.

For a time the cost of the ore at the Eastern furnaces was not greatly different from the cost in the Pittsburgh district; but in the last few years the cost of foreign ores, which are approaching exhaustion, has reached the prohibitory point. Then the discovery of the great deposits in the Masaba range of Minnesota in the last three years, and the tremendous cheapening in the cost of mining and transportation of these deposits, have apparently raised insurmountable obstacles in the way of the Eastern iron mills meeting the competition

of the great mills of the central West, even in the Eastern market, and many mills have ceased to operate. The condition is not a trivial one, for many thousands of persons depend upon these mills and furnaces for a living.

Mr. Edison had familiarized himself with these changing conditions and become impressed that here was a problem that ought to be solved, and perhaps could be. It occurred to him to investigate the mountain regions of New Jersey, where the iron mines are situated, with the idea that there might be some extensive deposits of low-grade magnetic ore not suitable for shipping direct to the furnaces, but from which, by crushing, he might obtain pure ore of high grade and suitable for steel-making. He constructed a very sensitive magnetic needle, which would dip towards the earth whenever brought over a large body of magnetic iron ore. What followed is best reported in his own words.

"One of my laboratory men and myself," says Mr. Edison, "visited nearly all the mines in New Jersey, without finding any deposits of magnitude, but the extent of the deposits was clearly indicated by the needle. One day we were driving across a mountain range to visit an isolated mine shown on the maps of the geological survey. I had the magnetic instrument on my lap, and my mind was drifting away from the subject in hand, when I noticed that the needle was strongly attracted to the earth and remained in this condition over a large area. I thought it must be out of order, as no mines were known to be anywhere near us. We were riding over gneiss rock at the time; so we went down in a limestone valley, where magnetic iron seldom occurs, but we found the needle went back to zero; it was correct. As we returned and traveled over an immense area the needle continued to be pulled strongly to the earth; our amazement grew and grew, and I asked, at last, 'Can this whole mountain be underlaid with magnetic iron ore?' If so, then I knew, if the grade was not too low, the Eastern ore problem might be solved.

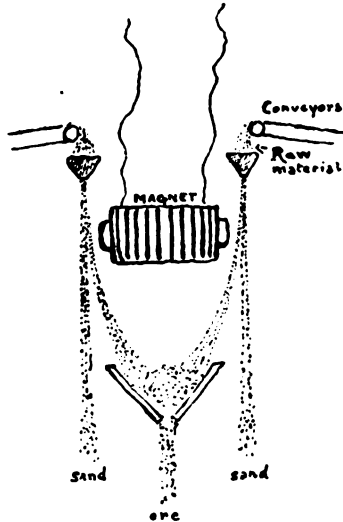
"It was evident from the movement of the needle that vast bodies of magnetic ore, or rock impregnated with ore, lay under our feet.

"I thought of the ill-favored Long Island enterprise, and I knew it was a commercial question to solve the problem of the production of high-grade Bessemer ore in unlimited quantities.

"I determined to find out for myself the exact extent of all the deposits. I planned a great magnetic survey of the East, and it remains, I believe, the most comprehensive of its kind yet performed. I set several corps of men at work surveying the whole strip from Lower Canada to the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina. We used no theodolite or other instruments generally familiar to the civil engineer. A magnetic needle was our eye—our magnetic eye, so to speak. Starting in Lower Canada, with our final objective point in North Carolina, we traveled across our line of march twenty-five miles.

Then we advanced south one thousand feet; then back across the line of march again twenty-five miles; then south another thousand feet, and so on, varying the cross-country marching from two miles to twenty-five, depending on the geological features of the country, as we went along. We kept records of the peculiarities of the invisible mass of magnetite indicated by the movements of our needle, until, when we finished, we knew exactly what State, county, or district had the biggest deposit; how wide, how long, and approximately how deep it all was.

"The deposits are enormous. In 3,000 acres immediately surrounding our mills there are over 200,000,000 tons of low-grade ore; and I have 16,000 acres in which the deposit is proportionately as large. The world's annual output of iron ore at the present time does not reach 60,000,000 tons, and the annual output of the United States is about 15,000,000 tons; so that in the paltry two miles square surrounding the village of Edison there is enough iron ore in the rocks to keep the whole world sup-



Thomas Edison

MR. EDISON'S DIAGRAM (MADE FOR THIS ARTICLE) SHOWING THE PRINCIPLE OF THE MAGNETIC SEPARATOR.

plied for one year, or the United States for three years, even with the natural increase in demand. Sixteen thousand acres, or twenty-five square miles of land, contain enough iron ore to keep the whole world supplied for seventeen years, allowing, of course, for all natural increase of demand due to the needs of a growing population. These acres would more than supply the United States with iron, even including necessary exports, for the next seventy years; and they contain more than has been mined heretofore in this country since its discovery."

Here was a remarkable condition. Smelting works shutting down for want of iron ore at low prices when billions of tons of it lay idle in a strip of land which in most places was within seventy-five miles of the great iron mills of the Atlantic coast. Mr. Edison saw an opportunity which would enable him, in his own words, "with modern methods and the application of modern science to machinery, to transform a product having no natural value into a product when mined which had a spot value on the car." The idea entailed no child's play in the final carrying out. Unless it could be carried out on a gigantic scale, it practically could not be carried out at all. To make the separation of this finely divided ore from its native

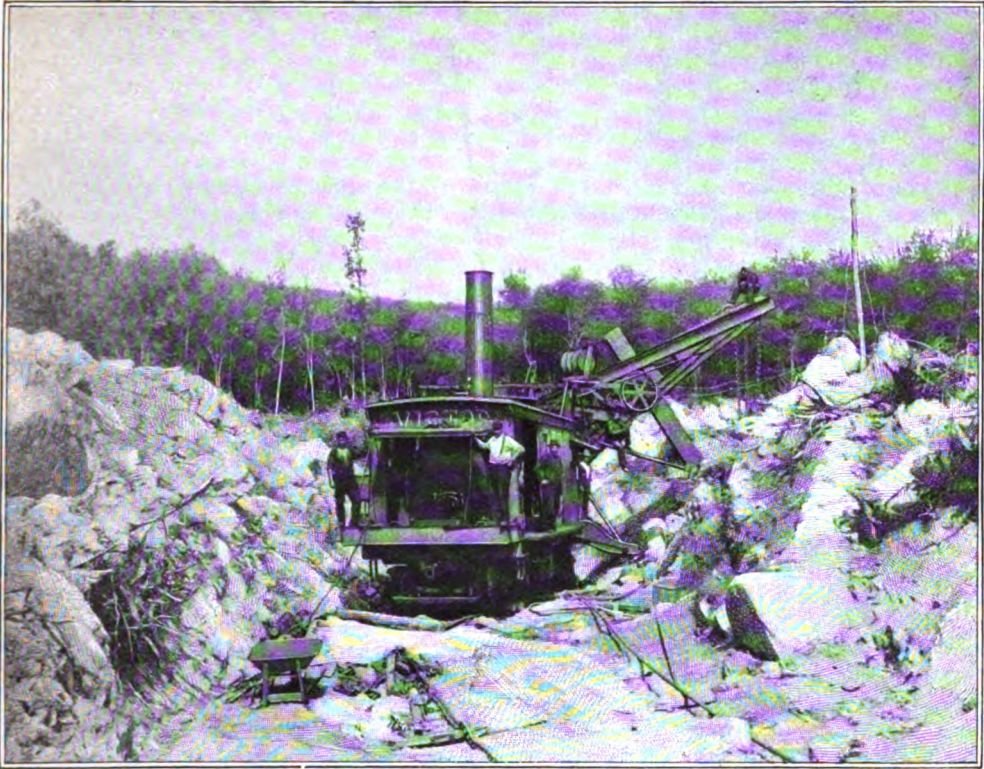
rock on a scale equal to the need, the only scale commercially possible, it would be necessary to do the work at the rate of thousands of tons daily. This, at least, was Mr. Edison's judgment, and the comprehensive mind of the man is well shown in the manner in which he planned what has now developed into the most gigantic of enterprises. There was to be no hurry, no half-formed ideas, no untimely announcement of the great work to be done. Every cent which the inventor earned thereafter, and every year of his life, if necessary, were to be utilized in carrying the project to a perfect fulfillment. Discouragements and embarrassments of every nature would very likely be encountered, but these, being part of the history of every great achievement, must be taken quite as a matter of course. For them the end, fully accomplished, would more than compensate.

So while the public perhaps thought Mr. Edison to be resting upon the laurels won by the electric light, the kinetoscope, or the phonograph, his mind was really occupied with a busy little scene on a mountain top in New Jersey. A rude little building had been erected, and in it some trusted employees were engaged in breaking pieces of the rock from the surrounding hills, and, by the use of small electro-mag-



THE WILDERNESS ABOUT EDISON.

Before the timber had been felled, previous to the blasting and steam-shoveling.



THE STEAM SHOVEL LAYING BARE THE VEIN OF ORE-BEARING ROCK.

After the timber has been felled the ground is surveyed with a magnetic needle. The concealed ore-bearing rock is then staked off. The shovel works around the ledge, cleaning away the underbrush, the dirt, and the clay. Then the rock is blasted into boulders. The shovel picks up these boulders, which sometimes weigh as much as six tons, and loads them into trays, or "skips," resting on flat cars. The cars convey the rock to the crushing-plant. This shovel is the biggest in the world; it weighs 300,000 pounds, and will clear away rock at an average rate of ten tons a minute.

nets, sorting out the iron ore which these rocks contained. After a while the little building lost the distinction of being the only house so occupied, for other small buildings were erected; and then a steam plant began to make the surrounding hills echo with the puff of its engines and the continual churning sound of rock-crushers. Out of this humble beginning has grown the present great establishment. All the original machinery has now disappeared; and all the first buildings, except one small one now used as an office, have been torn down. The first steam plant and the first crushers have proved inadequate to the work.

Mr. Edison had planned the work upon a comprehensive scale, but he had reckoned upon finding equal to his needs crushing-machinery already devised. At last, however, the conviction forced itself upon him that he must invent a new method of extracting the ore from the mountain-side; construct crushing-machinery larger than had ever been used before; introduce a

magnetic separating system of his own; devise some way of cementing the iron dust into lumps, so that it could be used in the blast furnace; and, altogether, to re-create the entire enterprise on a plan even more gigantic than his first conception. Engineers, tried engineers, used to large operations, smiled incredulously. Some of them spoke of the enterprise as Edison's "hobby;" others, less charitable, called it his "folly." Those of a calculating turn of mind showed him on paper that no machine could be constructed powerful enough to crush successfully five, six, and seven ton rocks; or if such a machine could be constructed, that it would never withstand the terrific jar which would result. This particular difficulty, it may be said in passing, Mr. Edison surmounted so completely that less than one hundred horse-power is required to reduce rocks weighing six and seven tons to dust in less than three seconds from the time they are thrown into the crushing-machine. Other difficulties were overcome as com-

pletely, none proving too much for Mr. Edison's indomitable will and rare concentration of mind and energy.

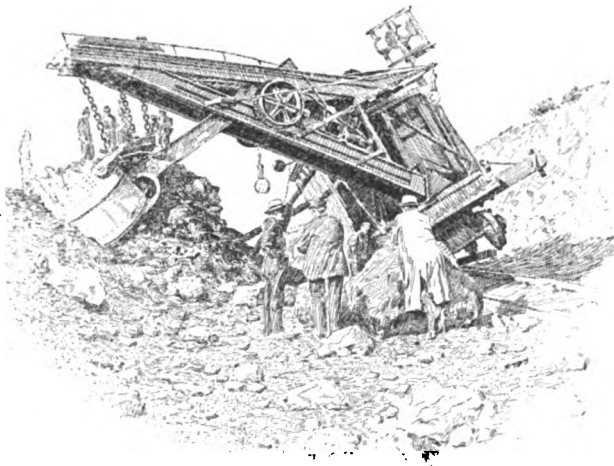
Yet what Mr. Edison really has done is a very simple matter; simple, that is, in its entirety. It may be explained in a few words. Mr. Edison is now doing on a gigantic scale just what he did at first with a hammer and a horse-shoe magnet. He is crushing rocks, and then dropping the resulting powder past powerful electromagnets. The sand is not affected by the magnetism and passes straight on; the iron ore is attracted to one side and falls in a heap of its own. This is the whole principle. But in the actual working out it becomes one of the most tremendous processes in the world. It is, after all, no small matter to crush the very vitals out of a big mountain and then extract all of the ore from millions of tons of sand. In the middle distance between the first simple experiment and the practical working plant is a vast region full of economic detail, commercial reckoning, and mechanical devising, dependent on the difference between breaking up small rocks with a hammer and breaking up whole mountains with heavy machinery. What Mr. Edison has done has been to subdue to his service three great natural forces—momentum, magnetism, and gravity. The big rocks are not, strictly speaking, crushed by the direct power of an engine or dynamo; momentum alone turns them into dust. No mechanism assists in the separation of

the ore from the sand; magnetism does it all. Except for the elevators which raise the ore to the cupolas of the buildings, there is in many of them no machinery; gravity does all the work. In fact the whole plant is a wonderful example of automatic action. Every part is connected with the other parts, and the aggregate is as compact and as self-sustaining as a modern rotary printing-press, and is even less dependent on human agency for assistance.

From the time the ore is blasted with its native rock out of the mountain-side until it is loaded in the form of commercially pure iron briquettes on the cars, it is not touched by human hands. The never-ending and never-resting stream of material constantly circulates through the various buildings, crushed by the stored momentum of gigantic rolls; hoisted skyward by steam; pulled earthward by gravity; deflected by magnetism; dried, sifted, weighed, gauged, conveyed; changed from rock into dust, and from dust into comprehensive lumps, mixed with a due proportion of adhesive material; churned, baked, counted, and sent flying to the furnaces by fast freight; and not once in its course is it arrested or jogged onward by human agency. The noise of the crushing, the grind of the machinery, the dust and the onrushing stream of this "most precious metal" and its by-product, separate the 145 attendants as with the breadth of continents. Yet these men, merely watchers

to see that all goes well, are within signal distance of one another in spite of the noise, the dust, and the grind; and the touch of a button quells the monstrous disturbance in the smallest fraction of time.

The complete subjection and masterful control of great natural forces is one of the most impressive aspects of the whole enterprise. It is one thing to set the ball in motion; it is quite another to control its velocity or direct its course. The crushing capacity of all the stamp-mills in California is about 5,000 tons a day. The crushing capacity of Edison's giant and lesser rolls is twenty per cent. greater than that of all these mills combined; enough to level in an ordinary life-time the proudest of mountain peaks. The



AN ACCIDENT TO THE STEAM SHOVEL.

The steam shovel seems to be as voracious as a great animal. Sometimes it attacks rocks which are too big even for its own great maw. In its effort to overcome a great rock it lost its balance and tipped over.



THOMAS A. EDISON.

Drawn expressly for McClure's Magazine by W. D. Stevens, at Edison, September 30, 1897.



THE STEAM SHOVEL WORKING AT NIGHT.

In the great chasm which is being cut across the summit of Mount Musconetcong the work of taking out the ore-bearing rock goes on night and day. As much as 32,000 tons are taken off at a blast.

long line of magnet faces have, popularly speaking, enough combined pulling capacity to raise a modern great gun clear from its deck facing and drop it over the side of the vessel into the sea. The great steam shovel which so ruthlessly tears the underbrush, the rock, the dirt, and the ore from the mountain side, is already famous, for it has done extraordinary work elsewhere, having been the excavator of the larger part of the earth that was removed from the Chicago drainage canal, and having served also in the great ore mines of the Masaba range. The conveyers that carry the rock, the sand, and the ore from mill to mill, covering a mile in transit, lift in sections 100,000 cubic feet of mountain-side every day—a Herculean accomplish-

ment if ever there was one. Yet behind it all, with not in the least the demeanor of a conqueror, is the personality which planned it all, with forces arranged to continue indefinitely this comprehensive demolition of mountains, but with invisible wires outstretched, so that if necessary the whole vast turmoil of machinery may be silenced on the instant.

The way to the plant leads up the steep sides of one of the back spurs of the Musconetcong Mountains; past Lake Hopatcong, with its crowd of pleasure-seekers; beyond Hurd, with its iron mines, from which ore was taken more than a hundred years ago; through virgin forest undergrown with rank, dank masses of fern; upward, always upward, until the 1,200-foot level is reached; and the snorting, puffing little engine darts forward into a nest of tall red buildings from which a dull booming noise sounds forth and a choking white dust blows out. The activity roundabout is of that massive order which reduces one to a condition of awe and helplessness similar to that experienced in an earthquake-ridden country. One feels that the very ground under one's feet may suddenly yawn at the displeasure of the master mind which created the community. On all sides the roar and whistle of machinery, the whir of conveyers, and the choking white dust proclaim this to

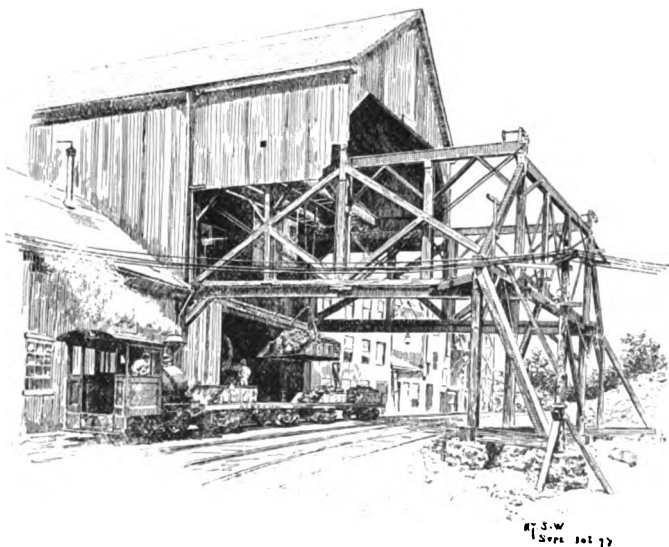
be some quite extraordinary enterprise. The workmen look like millers, so coated do their clothes become with the flying white particles, and everyone wears a patent muzzle. The effect of the pig-like snout which the muzzle closely resembles is often very amusing. The magnet-house and some of the other buildings are almost as tall and as narrow as city "sky-scrapers." Others are flat and squat, covering considerable areas. Big wheels revolve in the engine-houses; big dynamos transmit their heavy currents through overhead wires to the various parts of the plant. Little narrow-gauge locomotives puff their way in and out between the buildings; a line of freight cars moves slowly along, with shrieking and whistling

wheels and brakes. Far off one can see a great bridge-crane, its top lifted above the tree-line; and presently the cry of a child startles one into a quick view of "Summerville," a hamlet where the miners live.

This is Edison the place; where is Edison the man? "Probably over watching the steam shovel. He is always there. It seems to fascinate him. Follow the water-pipe through the cut," says one of his men. The iron water-pipe lies on the surface, and it leads in a tortuous manner between the numerous buildings and out into the open country. On the way over we receive our first impressions of this great system of ore production. Over to the right, lumbermen are cutting down trees and making the land ready for the steam shovel, which is tearing away at the rocks half a mile distant. Further over, on a half-cleared section, a great stream of water rushing through a hose with mighty force from a hydraulic pump is washing the débris free from the rock and leaving the latter bare of all vegetation. Still further along, the rattle of steam drills and the boom of dynamite tell where the rock is being riven into boulders and loaded on the five-ton skips, or trays, prior to being transmitted to the crushing-plant. The steam shovels do the work of loading, and as they have a capacity for lifting ten tons of free rock a minute, the local activity is tremendous; and the flat cars, carrying two skips each, move along at a lively speed. A long line of them is constantly leading up to the crushing-plant, where the big electric cranes rid them of their loads and a little switching engine pushes them around a loop and allows them to run down an incline into the cut again.

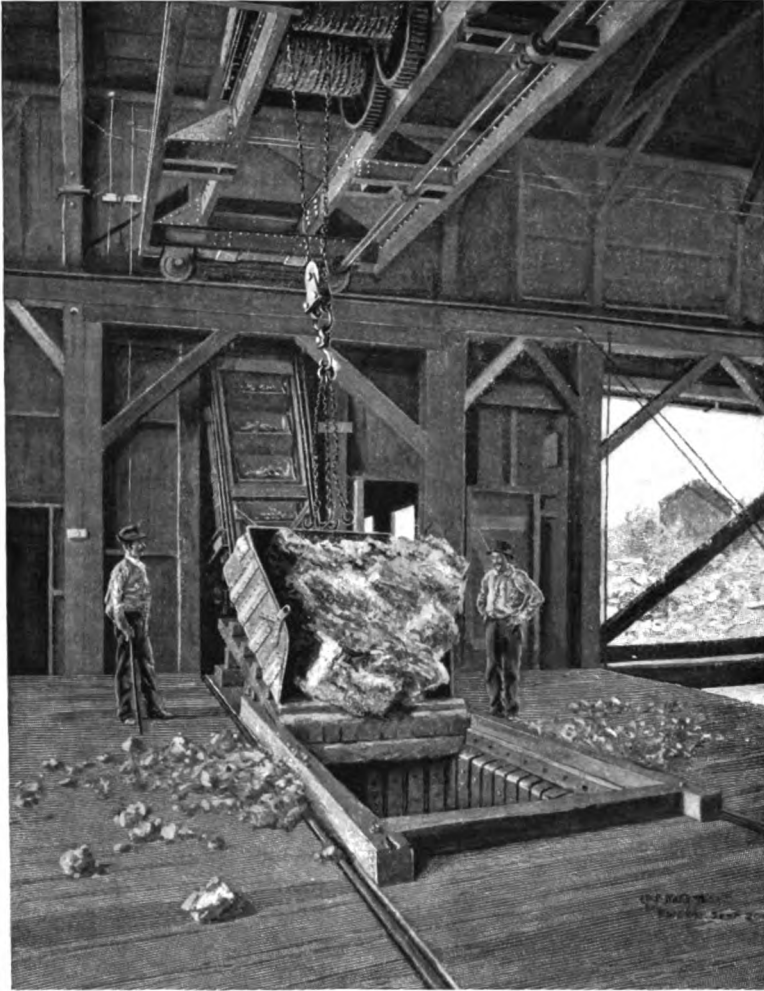
Edison, descried in the distance by means of his historic linen duster and his great country straw hat, is found sitting on a stone, peering earnestly down into a great trench from which the most surprising grunts, shrieks, whistlings, and queer noises generally are being emitted. It is the complaint of the steam shovel,

than which there is no more human-like piece of mechanism in the world. Edison looks up pleasantly as you approach. His manner is encouraging. There is, as some one has said, the assurance of honesty in his strong, round face, and an attitude of democracy in his dirty duster, which makes you friends with him at once. There is no air of self-importance, which, after all, one could easily pardon in the man for whom the French people played our own National anthem on his entrance to the Paris Opera House—honored him, in fact, as they only honor kings. As you talk, he places his hand to his ear; but it is not to exclude the roar of the crushers, the whirl of the conveyers, or the noise of the shovel. He is slightly deaf; a condition, however, which he regards more in the way of a boon than as a misfortune, for it excludes the small talk of those about him and enables him to concentrate his mind on whatever problem he may have in hand. His face, when his mind is bent on serious matters, reflects the deep import of his thoughts; but he is always ready to unbend, and his change of demeanor when some lighter vein of conversation is struck seems to come as a relief. He is as ready for a funny story as was Lincoln, and several of his best jokes are decidedly on himself. A query on a scientific subject reforms the wrinkles of thought on his face, and he becomes lost completely to all sight, sound, and feeling of the out-



EXTERIOR VIEW OF CRUSHING-MILL.

The skip-loads of blasted rock are conveyed on flat cars to the mill. Great electric cranes lift them at the rate of one a minute up into the second story of the mill, where their contents are dumped into the roll-plt.



THE ELECTRIC CRANE DUMPING A SKIP-LOAD OF ROCK INTO THE ROLL-PIT.

Ten feet below the flooring two immense rolls, with surfaces studded with teeth and weighing over 100 tons, are constantly revolving.

side world. A laborer, dressed even more shabbily than Edison himself, comes up, and from a distance of ten or a dozen feet growls out a question about some new braces which are being put in. Edison grunts back his answer in quite the same tone of voice, and a moment later is off, with short, quick steps, and an intense look, towards a group of men holding a consultation over some mechanical difficulty connected with the plant. Edison solves the problem almost as soon as it is laid before him, and presently is back again, gazing down at the first object of his attention.

"We are making a Yosemite of our own here," he says; "we will soon have one of the biggest artificial cañons in the world."

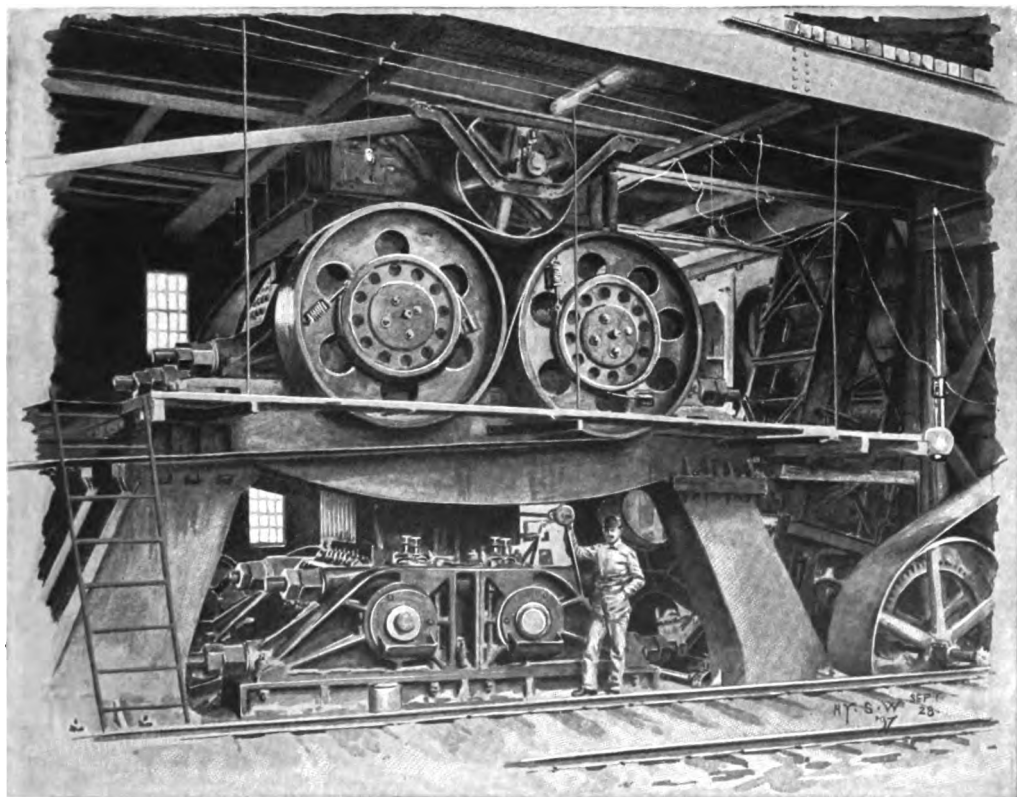
This remark is occasioned by the fact that the steam shovel is operating at a point three-quarters of a mile from the works proper. It is somewhat down the hillside, but it is eating its way on a level straight into the hill. "It will take us a year to reach the mills," says the inventor; "but when we do get that far in, we will have a trench with walls one hundred feet deep. I suppose we will take out over 600,000 tons of rock before we get there. Then when the trench is completed, we can blast off the walls with dynamite, taking off 32,000 tons at a time. But look at this fellow," he continues, pointing to the steam shovel. "Wouldn't you think he was alive? Always seems to me like one of those old-time monsters or dragons we

read about in children's books. I like to sit and watch it."

Monster! Indeed it is a true monster, both in shape and attitude. Its body is represented in the car; its thick neck has all the stockiness of invincibility; and its great square head, with the three steel teeth protruding like the fangs of an undershot bulldog, give it quite the air of a great animal, even in repose. But it is when it is in action that the personality of the thing becomes apparent. The beams of the derrick slide against one another like the sinewy tendons in the neck of a mastodon, the great head lowers itself for the charge, and the teeth fairly glisten as they attack the hillside. Then when some hidden obstacle is encountered and the way becomes temporarily blocked, the pent-up steam within it breaks forth as from its nostrils, and the great thing trembles all over and shrieks out its rage, the shrill tones only dying down to a satisfied grunt when the obstruction has been conquered.

It weighs 200,000 pounds, and is the biggest steam shovel in the world. Once it encountered a rock which was too big even for it, and the way it throbbed, screamed, hissed, whistled, and shook when the object of its wrath refused to budge was a moving spectacle indeed.

The man who operates this great piece of mechanism bears the limited distinction of being one of the best steam-shovel workers in the world. He is certainly a perfect master of the machine. The shovel is used, in places, to clean off a ledge preparatory to blasting. Edison, with his sensitive needle, or "magnetic eye," as he calls it, went over the ground above the ledge before it was uncovered, and was able to determine its exact shape. Above the edge of the rock, stakes were driven, and the shovel operator was told to clean it off. So accurate was his work that the channel cut by the great machine did not at any point vary twelve inches from the wall of rock bordering the ore.



END VIEW OF THE GIANT ROLLS.

After passing through the big rolls, an end view of which is here shown, the pieces of rock drop through to the smaller rolls beside which the workman is standing. Five and six ton rocks go through in about three seconds. A constant stream of rock is kept falling into the pit from the floor above, and the crushed rock can be seen rising upward in the elevator on the right, to be dumped into other and smaller sets of rolls, which soon reduce it to dust.

From the steam shovel the rocks, weighing five and six tons, are conveyed to the crushing-plant. The crushing-plant is a large eccentric building, from the open sides of which extends massive iron framework upon which electric cranes are operated. To the casual observer the building seems to be little more than a large platform, the under part of which is closed in, and the upper part of which seems to contain nothing more than an expectant group of men whose business it is to anxiously watch big boulders as they are swung inward by the cranes and dropped into a large square hole in the floor. As each rock disappears, the strained facial expression of each man is enveloped in a cloud of white dust, and a dull boom! boom! announces that some convincing change has taken place in the material. As a matter of fact, the giant, or largest, rolls of the crushing-plant are made to revolve in the first story of the building, and the rock is dumped into the pit which leads down to them from the second story.

This remarkable crushing-apparatus consists primarily of two immense rollers over six feet in diameter and five in width.

The rounded surfaces are studded with great teeth, and the great rolls themselves run within eighteen inches of each other. Looked at from above, these monster crushers, revolving with a surface speed of a mile a minute, and weighing 237,000 pounds, form probably the most awe-compelling abyss in the world. The relentless fangs, constantly traveling inward and downward, impress the mind more strongly

than could any bottomless pit, and the feeling becomes all the more intense when one learns that beneath them is another set of rollers somewhat nearer together, with a serrated surface, more wicked if anything in its action than the teeth above. These giant rolls will receive and grind up five and six ton rocks as fast as they can

be unloaded from the skips. A skip-load of rock every forty-five seconds was the rate at which the plant was operated for the purpose of testing the capacity of the rolls, but an average of 300 tons an hour is considered a fair running capacity.

It may surprise the superficial observer to learn that the great Corliss engine which operates the rolls takes no part whatever in the crushing process. There is something of a trick in it, but it is an effective answer to the engineers who declared that no machine could be made strong enough to stand the strain of crushing these great boulders. It is the momentum of the seventy tons of metal contained in the moving parts of the rolls which does the crushing.

The engine supplies just power enough to run the rolls at a very high speed. If anything—a rock, for instance—drops in between the rolls so as to in any way impede their progress, a clutch by which the rolls are connected to the engine allows the latter to let go its hold. After that the momentum of the rolls does the work of crushing, the engine, of course, immediately catching hold again the moment the impeding rock has been crushed and passed through to the next set of rollers. One might think for the moment



END VIEW OF SEPARATING-MAGNETS.

After having been reduced to dust the ore-bearing material is elevated to the cupola of the magnet house. It is dumped into a chute, and allowed to work its way down past the magnet faces, of which there are 480. The sand, being unattracted, passes straight on, and is conveyed by an elevator out of the building and dumped on the sand pile. The ore, attracted by the magnets, is deflected into a chute of its own, and conveyed away to the mixing-house.

that these rolls would be suddenly stopped by the obstructing rock the moment the power of the engine was withdrawn. But it is only necessary to imagine how that same rock would suffer if allowed to bear the brunt of a head-on collision of two express trains. Only the fastest train travels with the velocity attained by these rolls; and, besides, it is seventy tons of iron and steel against five or six tons of ore-bearing rock. Again, the rock is dropped over ten feet into the pit before it strikes the rolls, and the impact on the rapidly moving roll is often great enough to break the boulder in two. In short, it is the kinetic energy of the rolls that does the real work of crushing. To illustrate the process, it is, according to Mr. Edison, the application of the principle of the pile-driver.

Far down beneath the two sets of rolls described above, a conveyer, or endless chain of iron baskets, catches the crushed rock and carries it up into another part of the building. The rock has now been reduced to pieces the size of a man's head. The conveyer carries these pieces up above three more sets of rolls, and dumps them with a rattle and a bang in between the topmost set of rollers. The rock at this point is reduced more than half, or, let us say, to pieces the size of the fist; and as it falls through in a steady stream it encounters the still more relentless teeth of the next set of rolls, directly underneath. Having passed through these, it has almost reached the fineness of granulated sugar; but when it drops through

into the next set, its final pulverization is accomplished, for the slightly serrated surfaces of these rolls fit into each other like two cogwheels, and ore which is not reduced to dust cannot accomplish the passage between them. Here, as before, an elevator catches the crushed product, and carries it to the top of an immense dryer

(for the work goes on in wet as well as dry weather), and thence to the roof of a mammoth stock-house, capable of holding 16,000 tons, and dumps it therein for future use.

From this point the ore and sand go on a wild career which never stops till one has reached the cars and the other has reached the sand pile. In the cellar of the stock-house is a deep, long trench. The sloping sides of the house lead to this trench, so that the tendency of the crude ore contained therein is to slide into it. Working in the trench is a conveyer which carries the crude material across the road and up a covered way to the big barn-like structure known

locally as the refining mill. The building is most interesting because it is herein that the ore is separated from the sand. It is, on the other hand, uninteresting from the view point of the spectator, because most of the interior mechanism is encased. Nevertheless there are wonderful processes constantly in operation within. It is the perfection of automatic action. No automaton of old ever worked out a more intricate movement than do the sand and ore within this building. Better still, no *ensemble* of springs or other paraphernalia is required



THE ORE ON ITS WAY TO THE MIXING-HOUSE.

A leather belt carries the finely divided ore to a blower-room, where the small percentage of remaining foreign substances is removed from it. Another belt-conveyer then carries it to the mixing-house, where it is dropped into great cylinders and by means of iron paddles is mixed with an adhesive substance.

for the work. The building is over six stories high, and the conveyer which brings the crude ore from the cellar of the stock-house elevates it to the very cupola, dumps it into space, and allows it to work out its own salvation on its way to the basement. Incidentally it performs several feats on its way downward. It screens itself several times, separates from the sand, divides its coarse grains from the fine, and finally wends its way out of the building to do great things later on. But all of this is done with hardly any other aid than that of gravity.

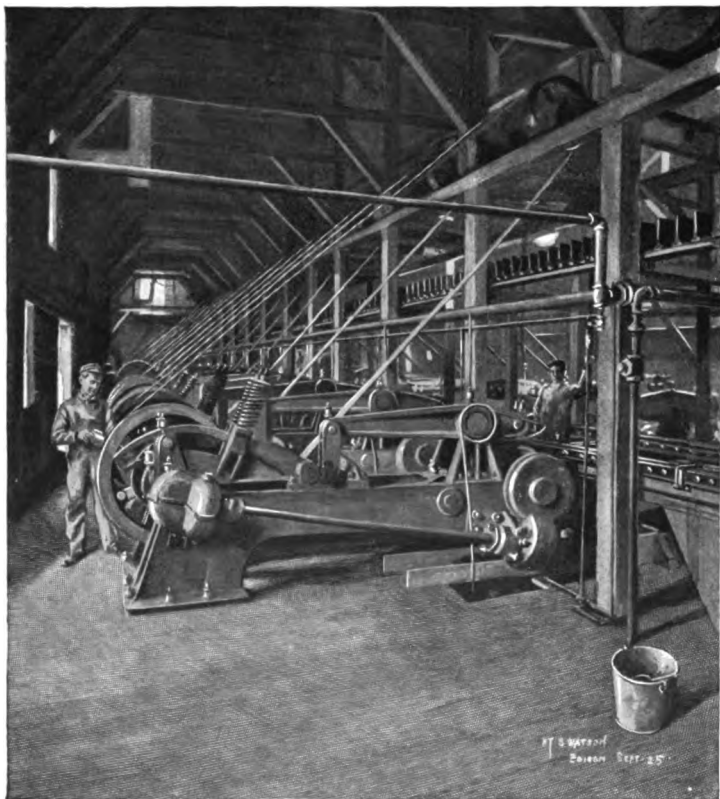
The ore passes altogether 480 magnets. The first set of magnets has the least pulling or deflecting power, to use a popular term. The third set has the greatest pulling power, and the second set is intermediate in strength. On its way down, the crushed rock falls past the lines of magnets in the form of a fine curtain. The

sand passes straight on downward, and is carried away, through chutes, out of the building. The ore, on the other hand, is deflected from the course taken by the sand, and drops into a chute of its own. It falls on a conveyer which carries it out of the building to another stock-house. On the way out of the building the ore passes through a blowing-room in which such dust as may have passed through the screens with it is blown from it. None of the iron ore is lost, and even the dust is sold—to be used in paint and other substances. The ore is finally conveyed to another stock-house, which contains nothing but pure, powdered iron.

Five thousand tons of iron, fine enough almost to go through a flour sieve! It looks like a great pile of black sand, and one cannot help but marvel at it when the thought of what the fire will change it into forces itself upon one's mind; for while as

it lies it is probably the heaviest mass of powder in the world, in the hands of the smelter it will be changed, twisted, reshaped, and reformed into objects which ultimately become associated with our daily lives.

But this ore, however pure, however well calculated to take its place in the business of life, cannot be smelted in its present form. If thrown into the furnace in the form of dust, a large part would be blown out by the powerful blast. It must be made up into lumps or cakes, so that when placed in the furnace the gases can circulate freely through and around it. For this purpose it is conveyed to the briquetting mill by means of another of those conveyers which seem to reach out of the ground in all directions. In fact, you might start in any building in Edison.



THE BRIQUETTING MACHINES.

By means of conveyers the now sticky mass of ore is brought to the briquetting machines to be made into bricks, or briquettes. There are thirty briquetting machines, and a constant stream of ore pours into the ends of the machines. The proper amount of ore falls into an orifice about three inches wide and one inch deep, and a plunger then comes forward and exerts thousands of pounds pressure on the ore. As the plunger recedes, the cylinder holding the briquette turns downward, and the newly-made briquette drops out into another conveyer, to be carried into baking ovens.

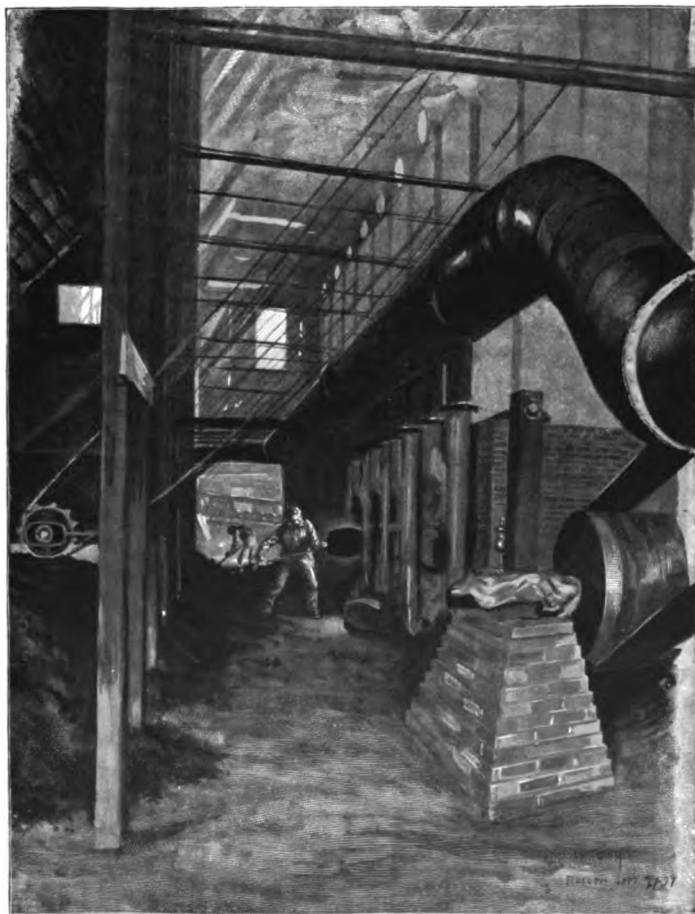
and, by going into the cellar, walk through the conveyer way up to the top story of the next building, descend to the cellar as before, and so on until you had completed the circuit of every house in the place.

The ore is mixed with an adhesive material which binds every particle to its neighbors. The mixing-machines are long iron cylinders in which a succession of curved iron paddles, or dashers, sitting on springs, are constantly revolving. The ore is supplied from an endless rope conveyer to the mixers, while the binding material is conveyed in pipes, both passing into the cylinders. The ore passes into one end of the cylinder, and is thoroughly mixed before it passes out of the other end. Again is the now sticky mass of ore dropped into a conveyer, and carried into another building. In this last structure are the briquetting machines. They are devised by Edison, and consist primarily of a plunger which forces the sticky ore into a small round orifice, subjecting it in the meantime to thousands of pounds pressure. The nicely rounded briquettes, ranging from two and one-half to three and one-half inches in diameter, drop into another conveyer, and are carried into ovens in which they are baked, the conveyer itself traveling five times up and down the interior of the ovens before they reappear. There are thirty briquette-making machines and fifteen ovens, built side by side. The baking is necessary in order to make the briquettes sufficiently hard when cold to stand shipment. The baking also prevents them from disintegrating under the action of heat in the blast-furnaces, and leaves them so that, although very porous, they will not absorb

water. Having left the ovens, the briquettes are transported by iron-rope conveyers to the railway and loaded on to cars.

Six thousand tons of crude ore are changed into 1,500 tons of briquettes in each day's run of twenty hours. Twenty-eight hundred briquettes are contained in one ton, and an average freight car will hold twenty tons. This means that seventy-five carloads of pure iron ore are wrested daily from heretofore worthless rock and sent furnaceward to be made into objects which will be useful to all the world.

This is all there is in the process. But how much that is! A small conception of the labor involved may be had from an inkling obtained from Mr. W. S. Mallory, Mr. Edison's second in command. "When



THE GREAT OVENS IN THE BRIQUETTING PLANT.

A conveyer carries the briquettes of pure iron ore into the ovens, where they are baked to prevent them from disintegrating when exposed to the atmosphere during transportation. The conveyer travels five times around the ovens, and the briquettes are exposed to a very high temperature before they reappear to be loaded on the cars.

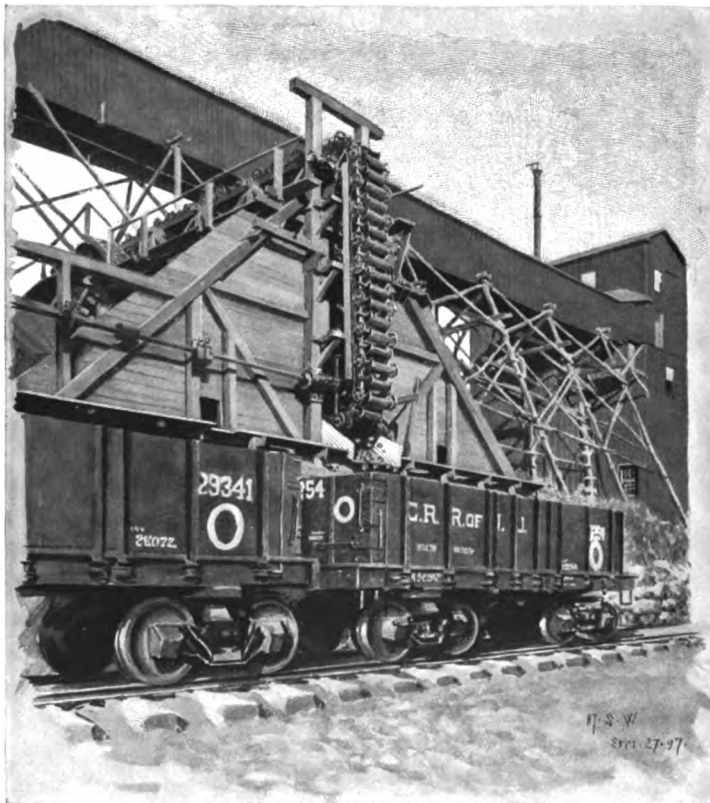
it was found necessary," says Mr. Mallory, "to make the concentrates (iron ore) into briquettes, there were five things to be accomplished: First, the binding material must be very cheap. Second, it must be of such a nature that very little of it would be required per ton of concentrates. Third, the briquettes must be very porous, to permit the gases of the furnace to enter; and yet must not absorb water, else they could not be shipped in open cars. Fourth, it must make the briquettes hard enough when cold to stand transportation. Fifth, it must make the briquettes such that they would not disintegrate by action of the heat in the blast-furnace. To get the above five conditions, Mr. Edison was compelled to try several thousand experiments. At the time of the discovery of X-rays, Mr. Edison made 1,800 experiments before he hit upon tungstate of calcium for the fluoroscope, and the newspapers said that a man who would try that many experiments ought to succeed. But

here the labor and patience involved was many times greater, and this, please understand, represents but one feature of the plant."

One intricate piece of mechanism used in the crushing-plant illustrates the genius of Edison in making a benefit of what otherwise would prove a detriment. The process of crushing is very dusty, and at first the dust got into the bearings of the elevators and cut everything badly, and the same trouble was experienced throughout the mill, notwithstanding every precaution. Mr. Edison immediately devised a system of oiling all bearings (of which there are 4,200) which depends upon, and will not work without, grit and dust. This is only an item, but the plant is full of these items.

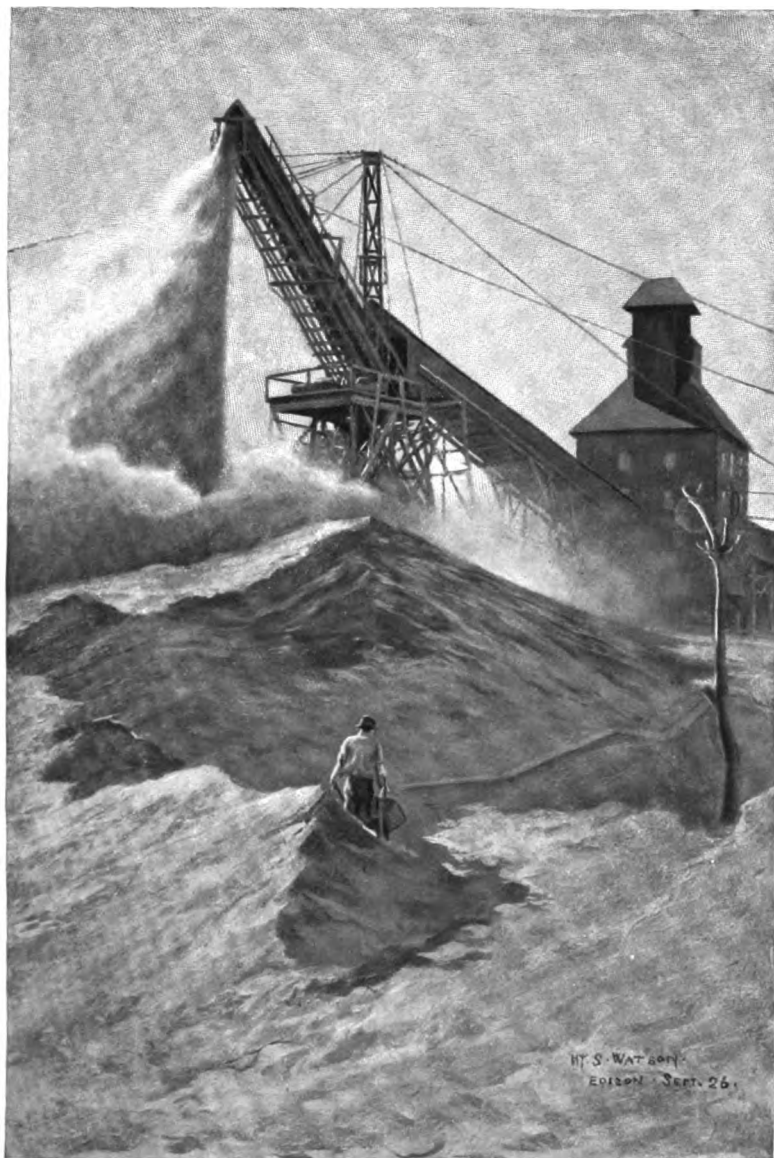
Again, the three high rolls in the magnet-house are wonderful examples of how friction may be rendered almost nothing. The friction of ordinary crushing-rolls at the high efficiency and pressure necessary for

this work amounts under ordinary conditions to about eighty per cent. of the horse-power applied, leaving only twenty per cent. to do the actual work on the rock. On the three high rolls invented by Mr. Edison, the friction is only sixteen per cent., leaving eighty-four per cent. of the horse-power applied available for the work of crushing. The principle involved is too intricate to explain, but it means the beginning of a new era in crushing-machinery. This principle can be applied in every industry where crushing is a feature, from gold extracting to sugar manufacturing. The reduction of friction in the mechanism simply means that machinery of small power can be used in work which heretofore has required machinery of very great power.



LOADING FREIGHT CARS WITH BRIQUETTES.

From the ovens the briquettes are conveyed to the railroad and dumped into cars. Twenty-eight hundred briquettes are contained in one ton. Each car holds twenty tons, and an average of seventy-five car loads of pure iron ore are produced daily.



THE SAND TOWER.

When the sand has been separated from the ore a conveyer carries it out of the building and up an immense craneway, from which it is dumped on a pile. The large arm from which the sand is dropped is movable. One pile is made, then another. Cars carry the first one away, then the arm is swung back and the gap is filled up. The sand is valuable for building purposes, and long train-loads of it are carried away from the village of Edison every day.

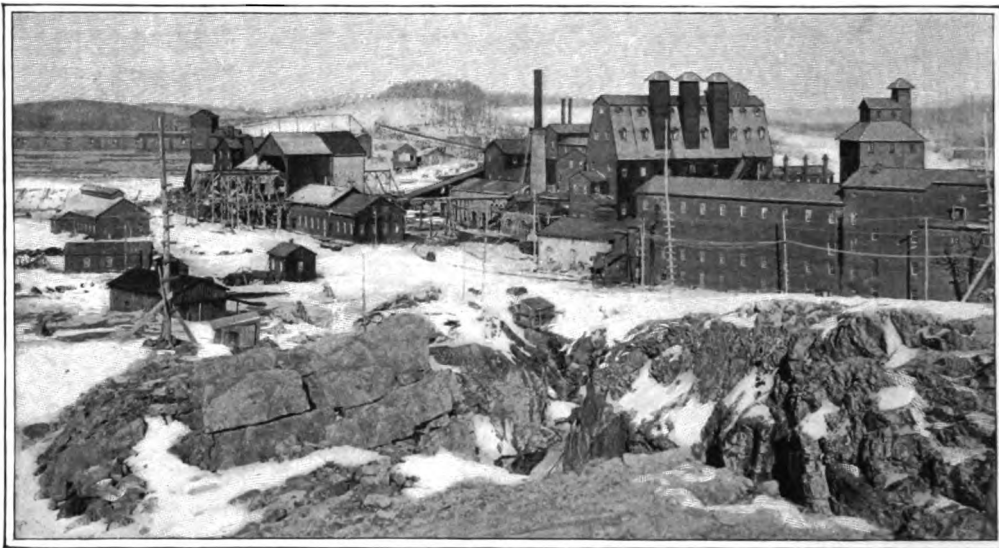
Over on one side of the works a very beautiful sight may be viewed. It is a cataract of sand, fine, even, and pure, and different from any other sand in the world. From the magnet-house extends a derrick-like structure holding a conveyer. Projecting far out into the air from the end of this structure is a giant arm. The arm, like its support, holds a conveyer. This contrivance spouts sand. A stream

of it, shimmering and shining in the sunlight, descends and mixes with the great cone already piled up beneath. Nothing could be more beautiful than this gorgeous cataract of powdered rock falling like a veil, and noiselessly adding to the great mass below. Nor is it a useless accumulation. It is sold for various purposes to builders and manufacturers, who seek it more eagerly than they do the sand of the seashore or

Crushing Plant.

Magnet-House.

Briquetting Plant.



GENERAL VIEW OF EDISON IN WINTER.

Taken from Summerville, the village where the miners live.

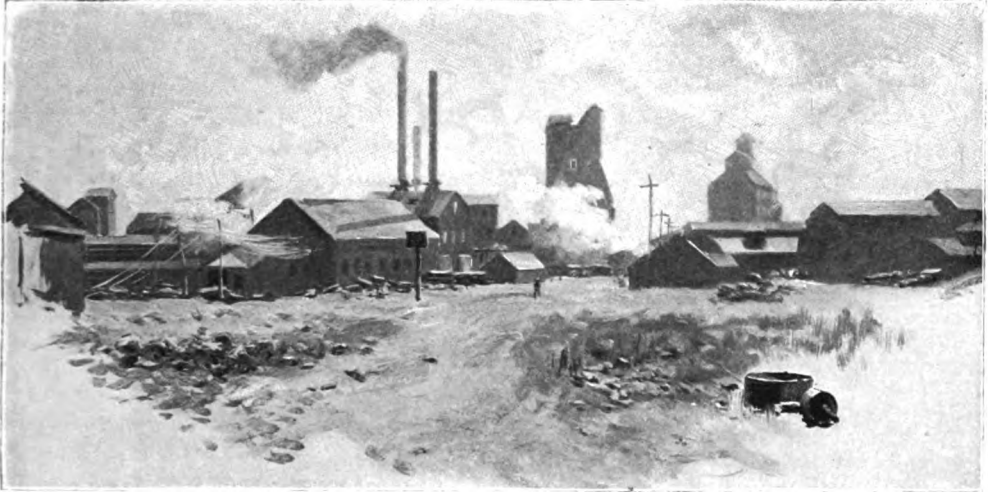
of the bank. Seashore or bank sand has, in the course of centuries, lost its edges, because the particles have constantly rubbed against one another. Broken rock sand, however, is very sharp, and for cement and lime-work is very desirable. And in many other directions it is also valuable, and the demand promises an aid in cheapening the production of the ore.

"I want to say," says Mr. Mallory, "and I know whereof I speak, for I have been with him night and day for several years, that ninety-nine per cent. of the credit of all the invention and new work of this establishment is due personally to Mr. Edison. I have heard it stated that Mr. Edison is an organizer who uses the brains of other men. Nothing could be further from the truth than this. If this place was preserved as a monument for him, his memory would be placed upon no false pedestal. I have seen him by night and by day, in all weathers, and under all conditions, and I have found him always the same, the personification of concentration of purpose, and with a long-distance judgment at his beck and call which, however strained it may seem at the time, we have all learned to respect as being sure to prove right in the end. And what has been said of his personal magnetism has not been overstated. I doubt if there is another man living for whom his men would do as much. I suppose it is the power of example. We have here many

men who have left well-kept homes to come up into the backwoods and toil day and night mainly out of loyalty to Mr. Edison. The fact that the 'old man' does it seems to be sufficient reason for them to do it; for what is good enough for the 'old man' is good enough for them. This, at least, is the spirit that prevails."

That this is the spirit which pervades the community can be easily seen by anyone who visits the place. Up on the hilltop, in the shanties of Summerville, dwell laborers of the poorer class. Far over on the other side of the mine stands the "White House." It is a little dwelling in which Edison lives with his chief men. At intermediate spots stand the shanties in which live the workmen of intermediate class. But from all of these dwellings comes a reverence for the master which is quite as strong and healthy in one place as in the other. As he moves among them all, none of them can have a true conception of the great things he is constantly planning, but they all know it is for their good and for the good of the world at large. No man has done more than Edison to benefit his generation. He essentially is the man of his time. Other men may do great things in the time to come, but whatever these things may be, they can never create more radical changes in the conduct of human life than have Edison's inventions. His old duster and his older straw hat can be seen flitting hither and thither about the

works, their owner apparently intent upon nothing out of the ordinary; but the constant suggestions which he makes to the heads of the various departments show that the wonderful brain is never inactive. The present enterprise was planned years ago, and now that it is finally completed, Mr. Edison's mind will revert to even greater schemes of conquest; and at this moment it is safe to say that he is planning out some great achievement which will take the world more by storm than have the great things he has already accomplished.



HALCYON DAYS.

BY WALT WHITMAN.

NOT from successful love alone,
 Nor wealth, nor honor'd middle age, nor victories of politics or war;
 But as life wanes, and all the turbulent passions calm,
 As gorgeous, vapory, silent hues cover the evening sky,
 As softness, fulness, rest, suffuse the frame, like freshier, balmier air,
 As the days take on a mellow light, and the apple at last hangs really finish'd
 and indolent-ripe on the tree,
 Then for the teeming, quietest, happiest days of all!
 The brooding and blissful halcyon days!

From "November Boughs," by Walt Whitman.
 Small, Maynard & Co., Publishers, Boston.
 By special permission.

PRIZE DRAWINGS.



A TYPE OF AMERICAN HEAD. PAINTED BY MISS LILLIE O'RYAN.

The above drawing received the first prize, and the drawing reproduced on the opposite page received the second prize, offered by *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*, at the suggestion of Dr. Wallace Wood, of the University of New York, in a competition for drawings of ideal and typical American heads. Though this competition was announced entirely through circulars sent to art teachers and students and a single notice in "The Art Student," and the time given was quite short.

PRIZE DRAWINGS.



A TYPE OF AMERICAN HEAD. DRAWN BY J. HARRISON MILLS.

about ninety drawings and paintings in all mediums were submitted. All were exhibited in Dr. Wood's lecture room in the University Building, New York. The prizes were awarded by a committee composed of Dr. Wallace Wood, Mr. Ernest Knapft, editor of "The Art Student," and a representative of McClure's Magazine. Honorable mention was also made of the contributions of W. D. Parrish, Vincent Aderente, Katherine S. Valas, and William Forsyth.

SAY NOT THE STRUGG NOUGHT AVAILETH.

BY ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

SAY not, the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light ;
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

TO R. T. H. B.

BY WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY.

OUT of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate :
I am the captain of my soul.

LIFE IS STRUGGLE.

BY ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

To wear out heart, and nerves, and brain
And give oneself a world of pain ;
Be eager, angry, fierce, and hot,
Imperious, supple—God knows what,
For what's all one to have or not ;
O false, unwise, absurd, and vain !
For 'tis not joy, it is not gain,
It is not in itself a bliss,
Only it is precisely this
That keeps us all alive.

To say we truly feel the pain,
And quite are sinking with the strain ;—
Entirely, simply, undeceived,
Believe, and say we ne'er believed
The object, e'en were it achieved,
A thing we e'er had cared to keep ;
With heart and soul to hold it cheap,
And then to go and try it again ;
O false, unwise, absurd, and vain !
O, 'tis not joy, and 'tis not bliss,
Only it is precisely this
That keeps us still alive.

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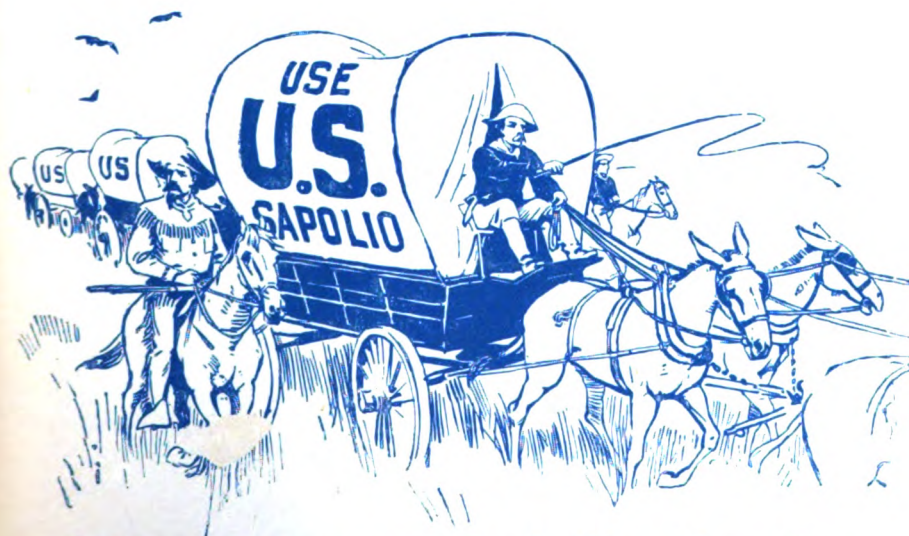


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if you use

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mended to do. It will restore the color,
cure dandruff and prevent the hair from
falling out. I believe I would to-day be
bald-headed and gray if it had not been
for the use of Hall's Hair Renewer." —
R. M. TUCKER, M. D., Helena, Ala.



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MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE FOR DECEMBER

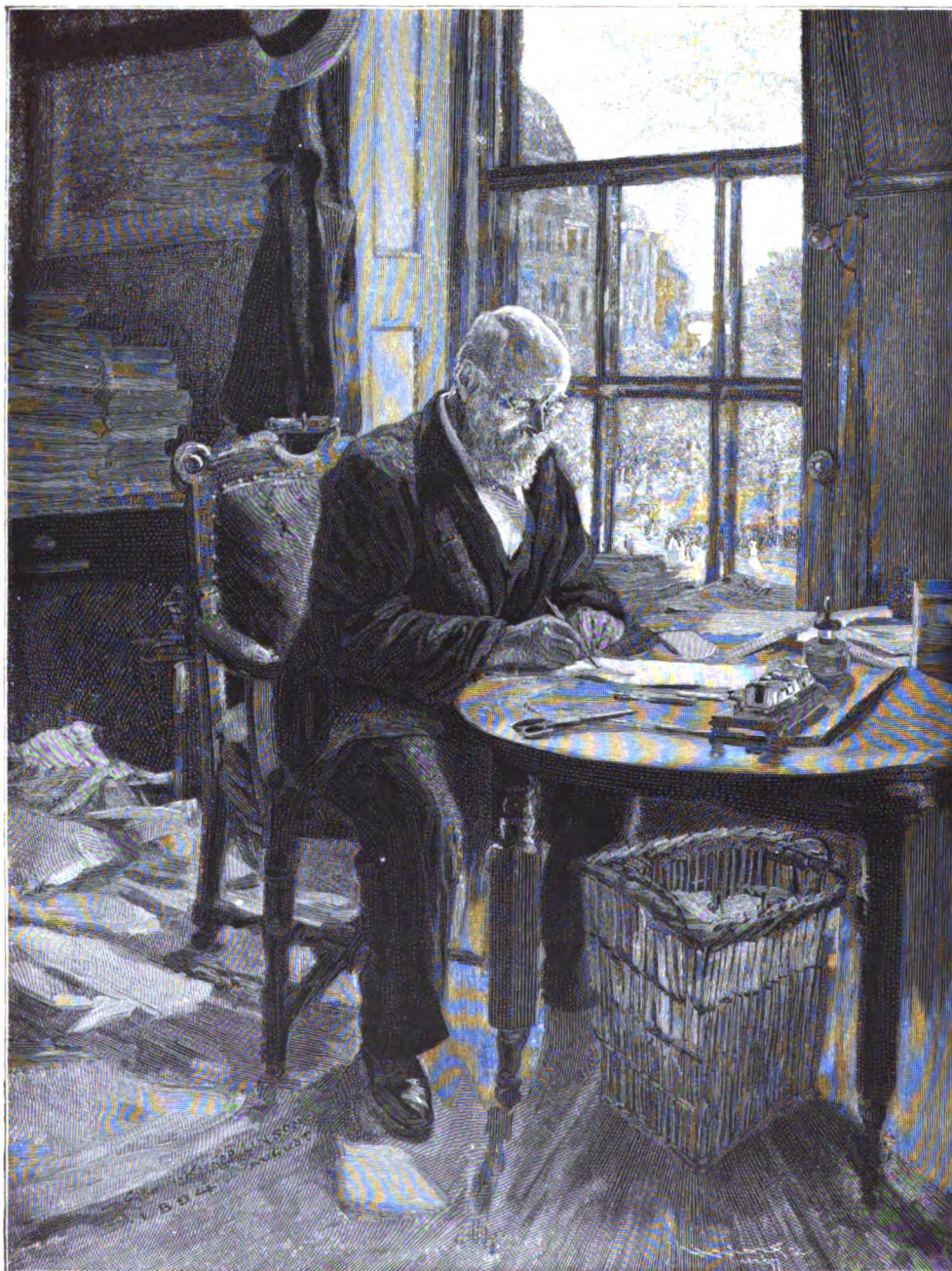




xmas. 1897.

*Good morning
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◉ AN UNEXPECTED RECEPTION ◉



CHARLES A. DANA IN HIS OFFICE AT THE "SUN."

Painted from life by C. K. Linson ; engraved on wood by Henry Wolf.

This, probably the most characteristic portrait of Mr. Dana, was painted for illustration of Mr. Edward P. Mitchell's biographical article on Mr. Dana (*McClure's Magazine*, October, 1894). Mr. Wolf's new engraving of it reproduces the original with remarkable vigor and faithfulness.

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

DECEMBER, 1897.

No. 2.

THE TOMB OF HIS ANCESTORS.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING,

Author of "The Jungle Book," "The Seven Seas," "Captains Courageous," etc.



OME people will tell you that if there were but a single loaf of bread in all India it would be divided equally between the Plowdens, the Trevors, the Beadons, and the Rivett-Carnacs. That is only one way of saying that certain families serve India generation after generation as dolphins follow in line across the open sea.

To take a small and obscure case. There has always been at least one representative of the Devonshire Chinn in or near Central India since the days of Lieutenant-Fireworker Humphrey Chinn, of the Bombay European Regiment, who assisted at the capture of Seringapatam in 1799. Alfred Ellis Chinn, his younger brother, commanded a regiment of Bombay grenadiers from 1804 to 1813, when he saw some mixed fighting; and in 1834, one John Chinn of the same family—we will call him John Chinn the First—came to light as a level-headed administrator in time of trouble at a place called Mundesur. He died young, but he left his mark on the new country, and the Honorable the Board of Directors of the Honorable the East India Company embodied his virtues in a stately resolution, and paid for the expenses of his tomb among the Satpura hills.

He was succeeded by his son, Lionel Chinn, who left the little old Devonshire home just in time to be severely wounded in the Mutiny. He spent his working life within a hundred and fifty miles of John Chinn's grave, and rose to the command of a regiment of little, wild hill-men, most of whom had known his father. His son, John, was born in the small thatched-roofed, mud-walled cantonment, which is to-day eighty miles from the

nearest railway, in the heart of a scrubby, rocky, tigerish country. Colonel Lionel Chinn served thirty years before he retired. In the Canal his steamer passed the outward bound troopship, carrying his son eastward to take on the family routine.

The Chinn family are luckier than most folk, because they know exactly what they must do. A clever Chinn passes for the Bombay Civil Service, and gets away to Central India, where everybody is glad to see him; a dull Chinn enters the Police Department or the Woods and Forest, and sooner or later he, too, appears in Central India, and that is what gave rise to the saying, "Central India is inhabited by Bhils, Mairs, and Chinn families, all very much alike." The breed is small-boned, dark, and silent, and the stupidest of them are good shots. John Chinn the Second was rather clever, but as the eldest son he entered the army, according to Chinn tradition. His duty was to abide in his father's regiment for the term of his natural life, though the corps was one which most men would have paid heavily to avoid. They were irregulars, small, dark, and blackish, clothed in rifle green with black leather trimmings; and friends called them the "Wuddars," which means a race of low-caste people who dig up rats to eat; but the Wuddars did not resent it. They were the only Wuddars, and their points of pride were these:

Firstly, they had fewer English officers than any native regiment; secondly, their subalterns were not mounted on parade, as is the rule, but walked at the head of their men. A man who can hold his own with the Wuddars at their quick-step must be sound in wind and limb. Thirdly, they were the most *pukka shikarries* (out and out

hunters) in all India. Fourthly—up to one hundredthly—they were the Wuddars—Chinn's Irregular Bhil Levies of the old days, but now, henceforward, and for ever, the Wuddars.

No Englishman entered their mess except for love or through family usage. The officers talked to their soldiers in a tongue not two hundred folk in India understood; and the men were their children, all drawn from the Bhils, who are, perhaps, the strangest of the many strange races in India. They were, and at heart are, wild men; furtive, shy, full of untold superstitions.

The races whom we call natives of the country found the Bhil in possession of the land when they first broke into that part of the world thousands of years ago. The books call them Pre-Aryan, Aboriginal, Dravidian, and so forth; and in other words that is what the Bhils call themselves.

When a Rajput chief, who can sing his pedigree backwards for twelve hundred years, is set on the throne, his investiture is not complete or lawful till he has been marked on the forehead with blood from the veins of a Bhil. The Rajputs say the ceremony has no meaning, but the Bhil knows that it is the last, last shadow of his old rights, as the long-ago owner of the soil.

Centuries of oppression and massacre made the Bhil a cruel and half-crazy thief and cattle-stealer, and when the English came he seemed to be almost as open to civilization as the tigers of his own jungles. But John Chinn the First, with two or three other men, went into his country, lived with him, learned his language, shot the deer that stole his poor crops, and won his confidence, so that some Bhils learned to plow and sow, while others were coaxed into the Company's service to police their friends.

When they understood that standing in line did not mean instant murder, they accepted soldiering as a cumbrous but amusing kind of sport, and were zealous to keep the wild Bhils under control. That was the thin edge of the wedge. John Chinn the First gave them written promises that, if they were good from a certain date, the Government would overlook previous offenses; and since John Chinn was never known to break his word—he promised once to hang a Bhil locally esteemed invulnerable, and hanged him in front of his tribe for seven proved murders—the Bhils settled down as much as they

knew how. It was slow, unseen work, of the sort that is being done all over India to-day, and, though John Chinn's only reward came, as I have said, in the shape of a grave at Government expense, the people of the hills never forgot him.

Colonel Lionel Chinn knew and loved them too, and they were very fairly civilized, for Bhils, before his service ended. Many of them could hardly be distinguished from low-caste Hindu farmers; but in the south, where John Chinn was buried, the wildest of them still clung to the Satpura ranges, cherishing a legend that some day Jan Chinn, as they called him, would return to his own, and in the meantime mistrusting the white man and his ways. The least excitement would stampede them at random, plundering, and now and then killing; but if they were handled discreetly they grieved like children, and promised never to do it again.

The Bhils of the regiment were virtuous in many ways, but they needed humoring. They felt bored and homesick unless taken after tiger as beaters; and their cold-blooded daring—all Wuddars shoot tigers on foot: it is their caste-mark—made even the officers wonder. They would follow up a wounded tiger as unconcerned as though it were a sparrow with a broken wing; and this through a country full of caves, and rifts, and pits, where a wild beast could hold a dozen men at his mercy. They had their own methods of smoking out a tigress with her cubs, and would shout and laugh while the furious beast charged home on the rifles. Now and then some little man was brought to barracks with his head smashed in or his ribs torn away; but his companions never learnt caution. They contented themselves with settling the tiger.

Young John Chinn was decanted at the veranda of the lonely mess-house, from the back seat of a two-wheeled cart; his gun-cases cascading all round him. The slender, little, hokey-nosed boy looked as forlorn as a strayed goat, when he slapped the white dust off his knees, and the cart jolted down the glaring road. But in his heart he was contented. After all this was the place where he had been born, and things were not much changed since he had been sent to England, a child, fifteen years ago.

There were one or two new buildings, but the air, and the smell, and the sunshine were the same; and the little green men who crossed the parade-ground looked very familiar. Three weeks ago John

Chinn would have said he did not remember a word of the Bhil tongue, but at the mess door he found his lips moving in sentences that he did not understand—bits of old nursery rhymes and tail-ends of such orders as his father used to give the men.

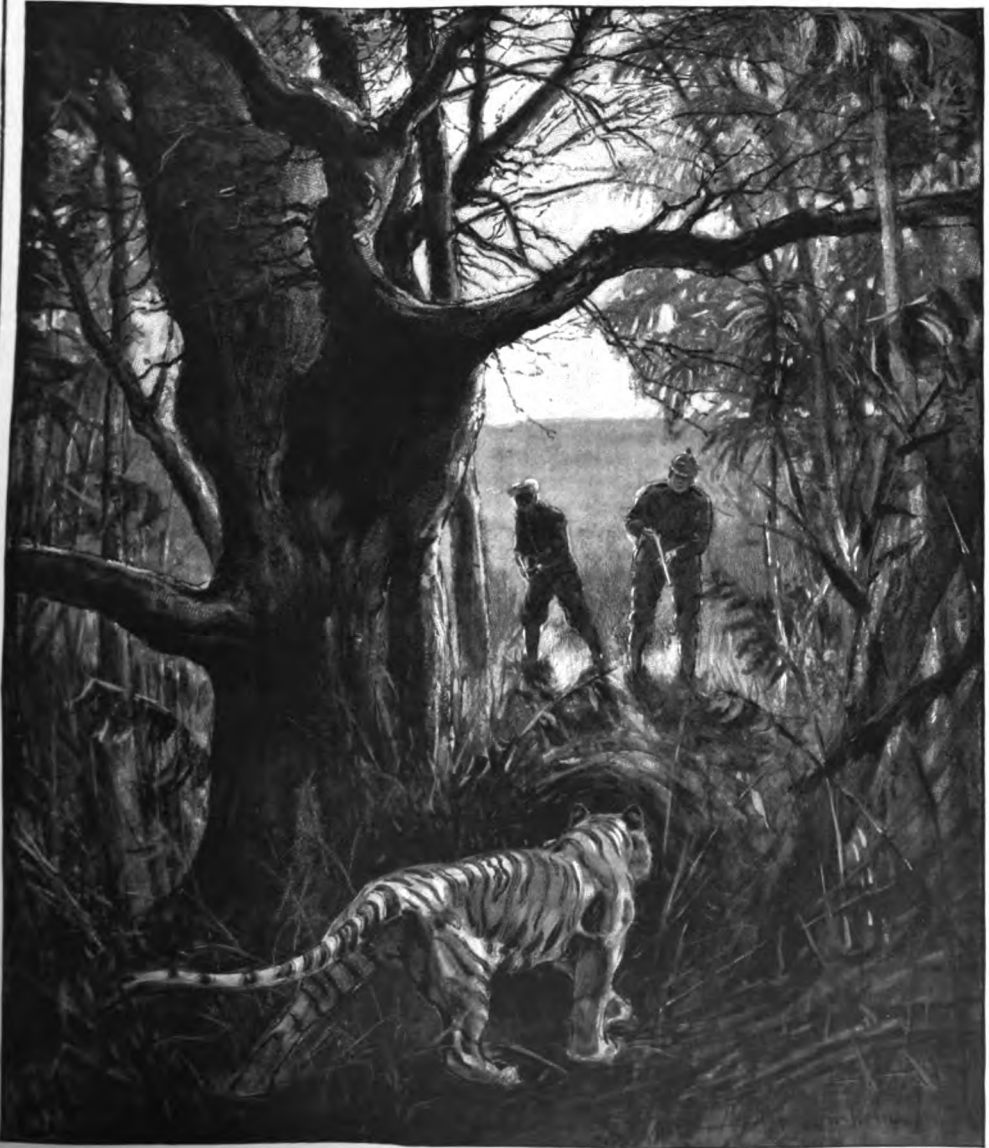
The Colonel watched him come up the steps and laughed.

"Look!" he said to the Major. "No need to ask the young un's breed. He's a *pukka* Chinn. Might be his father in the Fifties over again."

"Hope he'll shoot as close," said the Major. "He's brought enough ironmongery with him."

"Wouldn't be a Chinn if he didn't. Watch him blowin' his nose. Regular Chinn beak. Flourishes his handkerchief like his father. It's the second edition—line for line."

"Fairy tale, by Jove!" said the Major, peering through the slats of his jalousies. "If he's the lawful heir, he'll . . . Old Chinn could no more pass that chick without fiddling with it than . . ."



"All Wuddars shoot tigers on foot."



The Tomb towards sunset.

"His son!" said the Colonel, jumping up.

"Well, I be blowed!" said the Major. The boy's eye had been caught by a split reed screen that hung on a slue between the veranda pillars, and, mechanically, he had tweaked the edge to set it level. Old Chinn had sworn three times a day at that screen for many years; he could never get it to his satisfaction; and his son entered the anteroom in the middle of a five-fold silence. They made him welcome for his father's sake, and, as they took stock of him, for his own. He was ridiculously like the portrait of the Colonel on the wall, and when he had washed a little of the dust from his throat he went to his quarters with the old man's short, noiseless jungle-step.

"So much for heredity," said the Major. "That comes of four generations among the Bhils."

"And the men know it," said a Wing officer. "They've been waiting for this youth with their tongues hanging out. I am persuaded that, unless he absolutely beats 'em over the head, they'll lie down by companies and worship him."

"Nothin' like havin' a father before you," said the Major. "I'm a parvenu with my chaps. I've only been twenty years in the regiment, and my revered parent was a simple squire. There's no getting at the bottom of a Bhil's mind. Now, *why* is the superior Mahommedan bearer that young Chinn brought with him fleeing across country with his bundle?" He stepped into the veranda and shouted after the man—a typical new-joined subaltern's servant who speaks English and cheats in proportion.

"What is it?" he called.

"Plenty bad man here. I going, sar," was the reply. "Have taken my Sahib's keys, and say will shoot."

"Doocid lucid—doocid convincin'. How those up-country thieves can leg it! Johnny's been badly frightened by some one." The Major strolled to his quarters to dress for mess.

Young Chinn, walking like a man in a dream, had fetched a compass round the entire cantonment before going to his own tiny cottage. The captain's quarters in which he had been born delayed him for a little; then he looked at the well on the

parade-ground, where he had sat of evenings with his nurse, and at the ten-by-fourteen church where the officers went to service if a chaplain of any official creed happened to come along. It seemed very small as compared with the gigantic buildings he used to look up at, but it was the same place.

From time to time he passed a knot of silent soldiers, who saluted, and they might have been the very men who had carried him on their backs when he was in his first knickerbockers. A faint light burned in his room, and as he entered, hands clasped his feet, and a voice murmured from the floor.

"Who is it?" said young Chinn, not knowing he spoke in the Bhil tongue.

"I bore you in my arms, Sahib, when I was a strong man and you were a small one—crying, crying, crying! I am your servant, as I was your father's before you. We are all your servants."

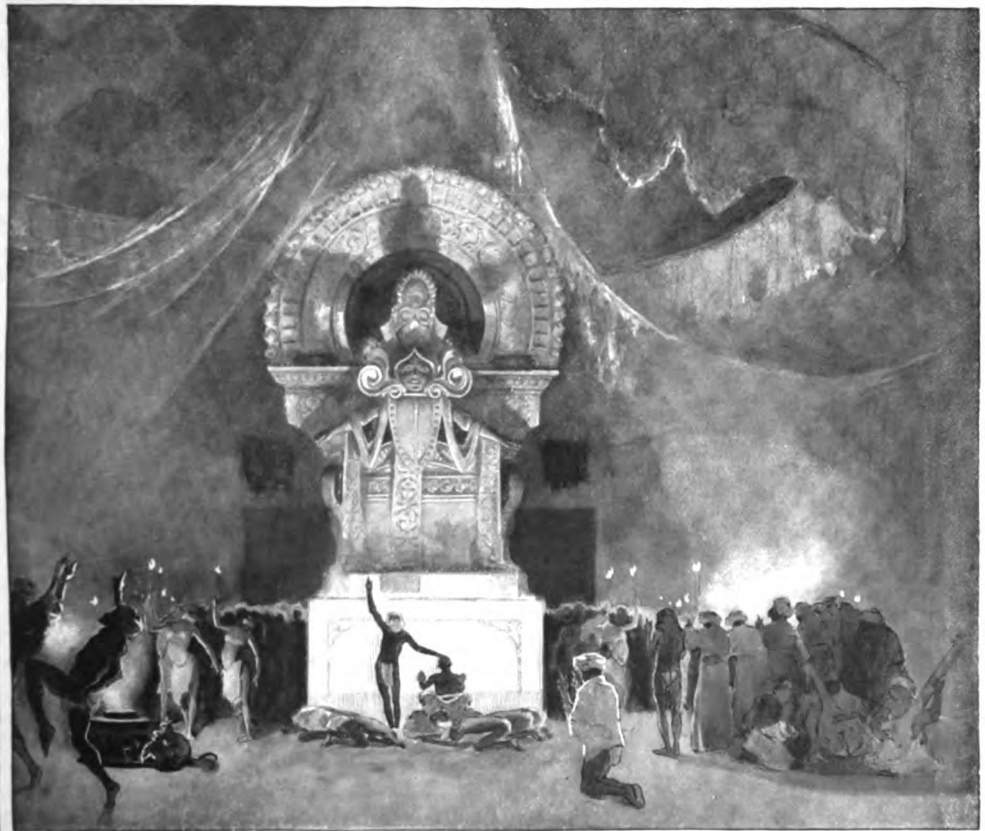
Young Chinn could not trust himself to reply, and the voice went on:

"I have taken your keys from that fat foreigner, and sent him away; and the studs are in the shirt for mess. Who should know, if I do not know? And so the baby has become a man, and forgets his nurse, but my nephew shall make a good servant, or I will beat him twice a day."

Then there rose up, with a rattle, as straight as a Bhil arrow, a little white-haired wizened ape of a man, with chain and medals and orders on his tunic, stammering, saluting, and trembling. Behind him, a young and wiry Bhil, in uniform, was taking the trees out of Chinn's mess-boots.

Chinn's eyes were full of tears. The old man held out his keys.

"Foreigners are bad people. He will never come back again. We are all servants of your father's son. Has the Sahib forgotten who took him to see the trapped tiger in the village across the river when his mother was so frightened and he was so brave?"



"Marked on the forehead with blood from the veins of the Bhil."

The scene came back to him in great magic-lantern flashes. "Bukta," he cried, and all in a breath, "You promised nothing should hurt me. Is it Bukta?"

The man was at his feet a second time. "He has not forgotten. He remembers his own people as his father remembered. Now can I die. But first I will live and show the Sahib how to kill tigers. That *that* yonder is my nephew. If he is not a good servant, beat him and send him to me, and I will surely kill him, for now the Sahib is with his own people. Ai, Jan *baba*. Jan *baba*! My Jan *baba*! I will stay here and see that this ape does his work well. Take off his boots, fool. Sit down upon the bed, Sahib, and let me look. It is Jan Baba."

He pushed forward the hilt of his sword as a sign of service, which is an honor paid only to viceroys, governors, generals, or to little children whom one loves dearly. Chinn touched the hilt mechanically with three fingers, muttering he knew not what. It happened to be the old answer of his childhood, when Bukta in play called him the little General Sahib.

The Major's quarters were opposite Chinn's, and when he heard his servant gasp with surprise he looked across the room. Then the Major sat on the bed and whistled, for the spectacle of the senior native commissioned officer of the regiment, an "unmixed" Bhil, a Companion of the Order of British India, with thirty-five years' spotless service in the army, and a rank among his own people superior to that of many Bengal princelings, valetting the last-joined subaltern, was a little too much for his nerves.

The throaty bugles blew the Mess-call that has a long legend behind it. First a few piercing notes like the shrieks of beaters in a far-away cover, and next, large, full, and smooth, the refrain of the wild song: "And oh, and oh the green pulse of Mundore—Mundore!"

"All little children were in bed when the Sahib heard that call last," said Bukta, passing Chinn a clean handkerchief. The call brought back memories of his cot under the mosquito-netting, his mother's kiss, and the sound of footsteps growing fainter as he dropped asleep among his men. So he hooked his new mess-jacket, and went to dinner like a prince who has newly inherited his father's crown.

Old Bukta swaggered forth curling his whiskers. He knew his own value, and no money and no rank within the gift of the Government would have induced him

to put studs in young officers' shirts, or to hand them clean ties. Yet, when he took off his uniform that night, and squatted among his fellows for a quiet smoke, he told them what he had done, and they said that he was entirely right. Thereat Bukta propounded a theory which to a white mind would have seemed raving insanity; but the whispering, level-headed little men of war considered it from every point of view, and thought that there might be a great deal in it.

At mess under the oil lamps the talk turned as usual to the unfailing subject of *shikar*—big game shooting of every kind and under all sorts of conditions. Young Chinn opened his eyes when he understood that each one of his companions had shot several tigers in the Wuddar style—on foot, that is—and made no more of the business than if the brute had been a dog.

"In nine cases out of ten," said the Major, "a tiger is almost as dangerous as a porcupine. But the tenth time you come home feet first."

That set all talking, and long before midnight Chinn's brain was in a whirl with stories of tigers—man-eaters and cattle-killers each pursuing his own business as methodically as clerks in an office; new tigers that had lately come into such-and-such a district; and old, friendly beasts of great cunning, known by nicknames in the mess—such as "Puggy," who was lazy, with huge paws, and "Mrs. Malaprop," who turned up when you never expected her, and made female noises. Then they spoke of Bhil superstitions, a wide and picturesque field, till young Chinn hinted that they must be pulling his leg.

"Deed we aren't," said a man on his left. "We know all about you. You're a Chinn and all that, and you've a sort of vested right here; but if you don't believe what *we're* telling you, what will you do when old Bukta begins *his* stories? He knows about ghost tigers, and tigers that go to a hell of their own; and tigers that walk on their hind feet; and your grandpapa's riding-tiger as well. Odd he hasn't spoken of that yet."

"You know you've an ancestor buried down Satpura way, don't you?" said the Major, as Chinn smiled irresolutely.

"Of course I do," said Chinn, who knew the chronicle of the Book of Chinns by heart.

"Well, I wasn't sure. Your revered ancestor, my boy, according to the Bhils, has a tiger of his own—a saddle-tiger that he rides round the country whenever he



"Upon his back . . . all men had seen the same angry Flying Cloud that the high Gods had set on the flesh of Jan Chinn the First."

feels inclined. I don't call it decent in an ex-collector's ghost; but that is what the Southern Bhils believe. Even our men, who might be called moderately rash, don't care to beat that country if they hear that Jan Chinn is running about on his tiger. It is supposed to be a clouded animal—not stripy, but blotchy, like a tortoise-shell tom-cat. No end of a brute, it is, and a sure sign of war or pestilence or—something. There's a nice family legend for you."

"What's the origin of it, d'you suppose?" said Chinn.

"Ask the Satpura Bhils. Old Jan Chinn was a mighty hunter before the Lord. Perhaps it was the tiger's revenge, or perhaps he's huntin' 'em still. You must go to his tomb one of these days and inquire. Bukta will probably attend to that. He was asking me before you came whether by any ill-luck you had already bagged your tiger. If not, he is going to enter you under his own wing.

Of course, for *you* of all men, it's imperative. You'll have a first-class time with Bukta."

The Major was not wrong. Bukta kept an anxious eye on young Chinn at drill, and it was noticeable that the first time the new officer lifted up his voice in an order the whole line quivered. Even the Colonel was taken aback, for it might have been Colonel Lionel Chinn returned from Devonshire with a new lease of life. Bukta had continued to develop his peculiar theory, and it was almost accepted as a matter of faith in the lines, since every word and gesture on young Chinn's part so confirmed it.

The old man arranged early that his darling should wipe out the reproach of not having shot a tiger; but he was not content to take the first or any beast that happened to arrive. In his own villages he dispensed the high, low, and middle justice, and when his people—naked and fluttered—came to him with word of a beast marked down, he bade them send spies to the kills and the watering-places that he might be sure the quarry was such an one as suited the dignity of such a man.

Three or four times the reckless trackers returned, most truthfully saying that the beast was mangy, undersized; a tigress worn with nursing or a broken-toothed old male, and Bukta would curb young Chinn's impatience.

At last, a noble animal was marked down—a ten-foot cattle-killer with a huge roll of loose skin along the belly, glossy-hided, full-frilled about the neck, whiskered, frisky, and young. He had slain a man in sport, they said.

"Let him be fed," quoth Bukta, and the villagers dutifully drove out a cow to amuse him, that he might lie up near by.

Princes and potentates have taken ship to India, and spent great moneys for the mere glimpse of beasts one-half as fine as this of Bukta's.

"It is not good," said he to the Colonel, when he asked for shooting-leave, "that my Colonel's son who may be—that my Colonel's son should lose his maiden-head on any small jungle beast. That may come after. I have waited long for this which is a tiger. He has come in from the Mair country. In seven days we will return with the skin."

The mess gnashed their teeth enviously. Bukta, had he chosen, might have asked them all. But he went out alone with Chinn, two days in a shooting-cart and a

day on foot till they came to a rocky, glary valley, with a pool of good water in it. It was a parching day, and the boy very naturally stripped and went in for a bathe, leaving Bukta by the clothes. A white skin shows far against brown jungle, and what Bukta beheld on Chinn's back and right shoulder dragged him forward step by step with staring eyeballs.

"I'd forgotten it isn't decent to strip before a man of his position," said Chinn, flouncing in the water. "How the little devil stares! What is it, Bukta?"

"The Mark!" was the whispered answer.

"It is nothing. It was born on me. You know how it is with my people!" Chinn was annoyed. The dull red birth-mark on his shoulder, something like the conventionalized Tartar cloud, had slipped his memory or he would not have bathed. It appeared, so they said at home, in alternate generations, and was not pretty. He hurried ashore, dressed again, and went on till they met two or three Bhils, who promptly fell on their faces. "My people," grunted Bukta, not condescending to notice them. "And so your people, Sahib. When I was a young man we were fewer but not so weak. Now we are many, but poor stock. As may be remembered. How will you shoot him, Sahib? From a tree; from a shelter which my people shall build; by day or by night?"

"On foot and in the daytime," said Young Chinn.

"That was your custom, as I have heard," said Bukta to himself. "I will get news of him. Then you and I will go to him. I will carry one gun. You have yours. There is no need of more. What tiger shall stand against *thee*."

He was marked down by a little water-hole at the head of a ravine; full-gorged and half asleep in the May sunlight. He was walked up like a partridge, and he turned to do battle for his life. Bukta made no motion to raise his rifle, but kept his eyes on Chinn, who met the shattering roar of the charge with a single shot—it seemed to him hours as he sighted—which tore through the throat, smashing the backbone below the neck and between the shoulders. The brute couched, choked, and fell, and before Chinn knew well what had happened Bukta bade him stay still while he paced the distance between his feet and the ringing jaws.

"Fifteen," said Bukta. "Short paces. No need for a second shot, Sahib. He bleeds cleanly where he lies, and we need

not spoil the skin. I said there would be no need of these, but they came in case."

Suddenly the sides of the ravine were crowned with the heads of Bukta's people—a force that could have blown the ribs out of the beast had Chinn's shot failed; but their guns were hidden, and they appeared as interested beaters; some five or six waiting the word to skin. Bukta watched the life fade from the eyes, lifted one hand, and turned on his heel.

"No need to show *we* care," said he. "Now, after this, we can kill what we choose. Put out your hand, Sahib."

Chinn obeyed. It was entirely steady, and Bukta nodded. "That also was your custom. My men skin quickly. They will carry the skin to cantonments. Will the Sahib come to my poor village for the night and, perhaps, forget I am his officer?"

"But those men—the beaters. They have worked hard, and perhaps—"

"Oh, if they skin clumsily, we will skin them. They are my people. In the lines I am one thing. Here I am another."

This was very true. When Bukta doffed uniform and reverted to the fragmentary dress of his own people, he left his civilization of drill in the next world. That night, after a little talk with his subjects, he devoted to an orgie; and a Bhil orgie is a thing not to be safely written about. Chinn, flushed with triumph, was in the thick of it, but the meaning of the mysteries was hidden. Wild folk came and pressed about his knees with offerings. He gave his flask to the elders of the village. They grew eloquent, and wreathed him about with flowers: gifts and loans, not all seemingly, were thrust upon him, and infernal music rolled and maddened round red fires, while singers sang songs of the ancient times, and danced peculiar dances. The aboriginal liquors are very potent, and Chinn was compelled to taste them often, but, unless the stuff had been drugged, how came he to fall asleep suddenly, and to waken late the next day—half a march from the village?

"The Sahib was very tired. A little before dawn he went to sleep," Bukta explained. "My people carried him here, and now it is time we should go back to cantonments."

The voice, smooth and deferential, the step steady and silent, made it hard to believe that only a few hours before Bukta was yelling and capering with naked fellow-devils of the scrub.

"My people were very pleased to see the

Sahib. They will never forget. When next the Sahib goes out recruiting, he will go to my people, and they will give him as many men as we need."

Chinn kept his own counsel except as to the shooting of the tiger, and Bukta embroidered that tale with a shameless tongue. The skin was certainly one of the finest ever hung up in the mess, and the first of many. If Bukta could not accompany his boy on shooting-trips, he took care to put him in good hands, and Chinn learned more of the mind and desire of the wild Bhil in his marches and campings; by talks at twilight or at wayside pools; than an uninstructed man could have come at in a lifetime.

Presently his men in the regiment grew bold to speak of their relatives—mostly in trouble—and to lay cases of tribal custom before him. They would say, squatting in his veranda at twilight, after the easy, confidential style of the Wuddars, that such-and-such a bachelor had run away with such-and-such a wife at a far-off village. Now, how many cows would Chinn Sahib consider a just fine? Or, again, if written order came from the Government that a Bhil was to repair to a walled city of the plains to give evidence in a law court, would it be wise to disregard that order? On the other hand, if it were obeyed, would the rash voyager return alive?

"But what have I to do with these things?" Chinn demanded of Bukta impatiently. "I am a soldier. I do not know the law."

"Hoo! Law is for fools and white men. Give them a large and loud order, and they will abide by it. *Thou* art their law."

"But wherefore?"

Every trace of expression left Bukta's countenance. The idea might have smitten him for the first time. "How can I say?" he replied. "Perhaps it is on account of the name. A Bhil does not love strange things. Give them orders, Sahib—two, three, four words at a time such as they can carry away in their heads. That is enough."

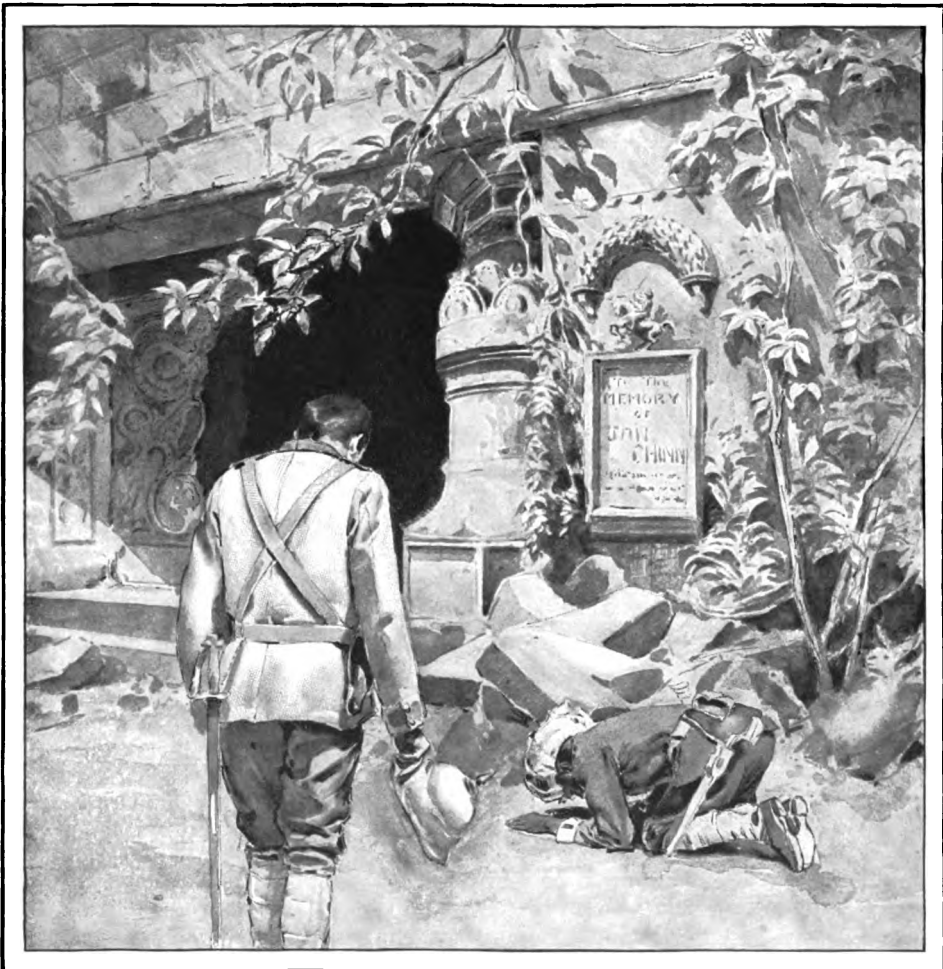
Chinn gave orders, then, valiantly; not realizing that a word spoken in haste before mess became the dread unappealable law of villages beyond the smoky hills—was in truth no less than the Law of Jan Chinn the First; and who, so the whispered legend ran, had come back to earth, to oversee the third generation, in the body and bones of his grandson.

There could be no sort of doubt in this matter. All the Bhils knew that Jan Chinn reincarnated had honored Bukta's village with his presence after slaying his first—in this life—tiger. That he had eaten and drunk with the people, as he was used; and—Bukta must have drugged Chinn's liquor very deeply—upon his back and right shoulder all men had seen the same angry red Flying Cloud that the high Gods had set on the flesh of Jan Chinn the First when first he came to the Bhil. As concerned the foolish white world which has no eyes, he was a slim and young officer in the Wuddars; but his own people knew he was Jan Chinn who had made the Bhil a man; and, believing, they hastened to carry his words, careful never to alter them on the way.

Because the savage and the child who plays lonely games have one horror of

being laughed at or questioned, the little folk kept their convictions to themselves, and the Colonel, who thought he knew his regiment, never guessed that each one of the six hundred quick-footed, beady-eyed rank-and-file, to attention beside their rifles, believed serenely and unshakenly that the subaltern on the left flank of the line was a demi-god twice born; a tutelary deity of their land and people. The Earth-gods themselves had stamped the incarnation, and who would dare to doubt the handiwork of the Earth-gods?

Chinn, being practical above all things, saw that his family name served him well in the lines and in camp. His men gave no trouble—one does not commit regimental offenses with a god in the chair of justice—and he was sure of the best beaters in the district when he needed them. They believed that the protection of Jan



"Bukta salaamed reverently as they approached. Chinn bared his head and began to pick out the blurred inscription."

Chinn the First cloaked them, and were bold in that belief beyond the utmost daring of excited Bhils.

Chinn's quarters began to look like an amateur natural history museum, in spite of the heads and horns and skulls he sent home to Devonshire. The people, very humanly, learned the weak side of their god. It is true he was unbribable, but bird skins, butterflies, beetles, and, above all, news of big game pleased him. In other respects, too, he lived up to the Chinn tradition. He was fever-proof. A night's sitting out over a tethered goat in a damp valley, that would have filled the Major with a month's malaria, had no effect on him. He was, as they said, "salted before he was born."

Now in the autumn of his second year's service an uneasy rumor crept out of the earth and ran about among the Bhils. Chinn heard nothing of it till a brother officer said across the mess table: "Your revered ancestor's on the rampage in the Satpura country. You'd better look him up."

"I don't want to be disrespectful, but I'm a little sick of my revered ancestor. Bukta talks of nothing else. What's the old boy supposed to be doing now?"

"Riding cross-country by moonlight on his processional tiger. That's the story. He's been seen by about two thousand Bhils, skipping along the tops of the Satpuras and scaring people to death. They believe it devoutly, and all the Satpura chaps are worshipping away at his shrine—tomb, I mean—like good 'uns. You really ought to go down there. Must be a queer thing to see your grandfather treated as a god."

"What makes you think there's any truth in the tale?" said Chinn.

"Because all our men deny it. They say they've never heard of Chinn's tiger. Now that's a manifest lie, because every Bhil *has*."

"There's only one thing you've overlooked," said the Colonel thoughtfully. "When a local god reappears on earth, it's always an excuse for a trouble of some kind; and those Satpura Bhils are about as wild as your grandfather left them, young 'un. It means something."

"Meanin' the Satpura Bhils may go on the war-path?" said Chinn.

"Can't say—as yet. Shouldn't be surprised a little bit."

"I haven't been told a syllable."

"Proves it all the more. They are keeping something back."

"Bukta tells me everything, too, as a rule. Now, why didn't he tell me that?"

Chinn put the question directly to the old man that night, and the answer surprised him.

"Why should I tell what is well known? Yes, the Clouded Tiger is out in the Satpura country."

"What do the wild Bhils think that it means?"

"They do not know. They wait. Sahib, what *is* coming? Say only one little word, and we will be content."

"We? What have tales from the South, where the jungly Bhils live, to do with drilled men?"

"When Jan Chinn wakes is no time for any Bhil to be quiet."

"But he has not waked, Bukta."

"Sahib," the old man's eyes were full of tender reproach, "if he does not wish to be seen, why does he go abroad in the moonlight? We know he is awake, but we do not know what he desires. Is it a sign for all the Bhils, or one that concerns the Satpura folk alone? Say one little word, Sahib, that I may carry it to the lines, and send on to our villages. Why does Jan Chinn ride out? Who has done wrong? Is it pestilence? Is it murrain? Will our children die? Is it a sword? Remember, Sahib, we are thy people and thy servants, and in this life I bore thee in my arms—not knowing."

"Bukta has evidently looked on the cup this evening," Chinn thought; "but if I can do anything to soothe the old chap I must. It's like the Mutiny rumors on a small scale."

He dropped into a deep wicker chair, over which was thrown his first tiger-skin, and his weight on the cushion flapped the clawed paws over his shoulders. He laid hold of them mechanically as he spoke, drawing the painted hide cloak-fashion about him.

"Now will I tell the truth, Bukta," he said, leaning forward, the dried muzzle on his shoulder, to invent a specious lie.

"I see that it is the truth," was the answer in a shaking voice.

"Jan Chinn goes abroad among the Satpuras, riding on the Clouded Tiger, ye say? Be it so. Therefore the sign of the wonder is for the Satpura Bhils only, and does not touch the Bhils who plow in the north and east, the Bhils of the Khandedh, or any others, except the Satpura Bhils, who, as we know, are wild and foolish."

"It is, then, a sign for *them*. Good or bad?"

"Beyond doubt, good. For why should Jan Chinn make evil to those whom he has made men? The nights over yonder are hot; it is ill to lie in one bed over long without turning, and Jan Chinn would look again upon his people. So he rises, whistles his Clouded Tiger, and goes abroad a little to breathe the cool air. If the Satpura Bhils kept to their villages, and did not wander after dark, they would not see him. Indeed, Bukta, it is no more than that he would see the light again in his own country. Send this news south, and say that it is my word."

Bukta bowed to the floor. "Good Heavens!" thought Chinn, "and this blinking pagan is a first-class officer and as straight as a die! I may as well round it off neatly." He went on:

"And if the Satpura Bhils ask the meaning of the sign, tell them that Jan Chinn would see how they kept their old promises of good living. Perhaps they have plundered, perhaps they mean to disobey the orders of the Government; perhaps there is a dead man in the jungle, and so Jan Chinn has come to see."

"Is he then angry?"

"Bah! Am I ever angry with my Bhils? I say angry words, and threaten many things. *Thou* knowest, Bukta. I have seen thee smile behind the hand. I know, and thou knowest. The Bhils are my children. I have said it many times."

"Ay. We be thy children," said Bukta.

"And no otherwise is it with Jan Chinn, my father's father. He would see the land he loved and the people once again. It is a good ghost, Bukta. I say it. Go and tell them. And I do hope devoutly," he added, "that it will calm 'em down." Flinging back the tiger-skin, he rose with a long, unguarded yawn that showed his well-kept teeth. Bukta fled, to be received in the lines by a knot of panting inquirers.

"It is true," said Bukta. "He wrapped himself in the skin, and spoke from it. He would see his own country again. The sign is not for us; and, indeed, he is a young man. How should he lie idle of nights? He says his bed is too hot and the air is bad. He goes to and fro for the love of night-running. He has said it."

The gray-whiskered assembly shuddered.

"He says the Bhils are his children. Ye know he does not lie. He has said it to me."

"But what of the Satpura Bhils? What means the sign for them?"

"Nothing. It is only night-running, as I have said. He rides to see if they obey the Government, as he taught them in his first life."

"And what if they do not?"

"He did not say."

The light went out in Chinn's quarters.

"Look," said Bukta. "Now he goes away. None the less it is a good ghost, as he has said. How shall we fear Jan Chinn who made the Bhil a man? His protection is on us; and ye know Jan Chinn never broke a protection spoken or written on paper. When he is older and has found him a wife he will lie in his bed till morning."

A commanding officer is generally aware of the regimental state of mind a little before the men; and this is why the Colonel said, a few days later, that some one had been putting the Fear of God into the Wuddars. As he was the only person officially entitled to do this, it distressed him to see such unanimous virtue. "It's too good to last," he said. "I only wish I could find out what the little chaps mean."

The explanation, as it seemed to him, came at the change of the moon, when he received orders to hold himself in readiness to "allay any possible excitement" among the Satpura Bhils, who were, to put it mildly, uneasy because a paternal Government had sent up against them a Maharashtra State-educated vaccinator, with lancets, lymph, and an officially registered calf. In the language of State they had "manifested a strong objection to all prophylactic measures," had "forcibly detained the vaccinator," and "were on the point of neglecting or evading their tribal obligations."

"That means they are in a blue funk—same as they were at census time," said the Colonel; "and if we stamped them into the hills we'll never catch 'em, in the first place, and in the second they'll whoop off plundering till further orders. Wonder who the God-forsaken idiot is who is trying to vaccinate a Bhil. I *knew* trouble was coming. One good thing is they'll only use local corps, and we can knock up something we'll call a campaign and let them down easy. Fancy us potting our best beaters because they don't want to be vaccinated! They're only crazy with fear."

"Don't you think, sir," said Chinn the next day, "that, perhaps, you could give me a fortnight's shooting-leave?"



Vaccinating the Satpura Bhils.

"Desertion in the face of the enemy, by Jove!" The Colonel laughed. "I might, but I'd have to antedate it a little, because we're warned for service, as you might say. However, we'll assume that you applied for leave three days ago, and are now well on your way south."

"I'd like to take Bukta with me."

"Of course, yes. I think that will be the best plan. You've some kind of hereditary influence with the little chaps, and they may listen to you when a glimpse of our uniforms would drive them wild. You've never been in that part of the world before, have you? Take care they don't send you to your family vault in your youth and innocence. I believe you'll be all right if you can get 'em to listen to you."

"I think so, sir; but if—if they should accidentally put an arrow through me—make asses of 'emselfs—they might, you know—I hope you'll represent that they were only frightened. There isn't an ounce of real vice in 'em, and I should never forgive myself if anyone of—of my name got them into trouble."

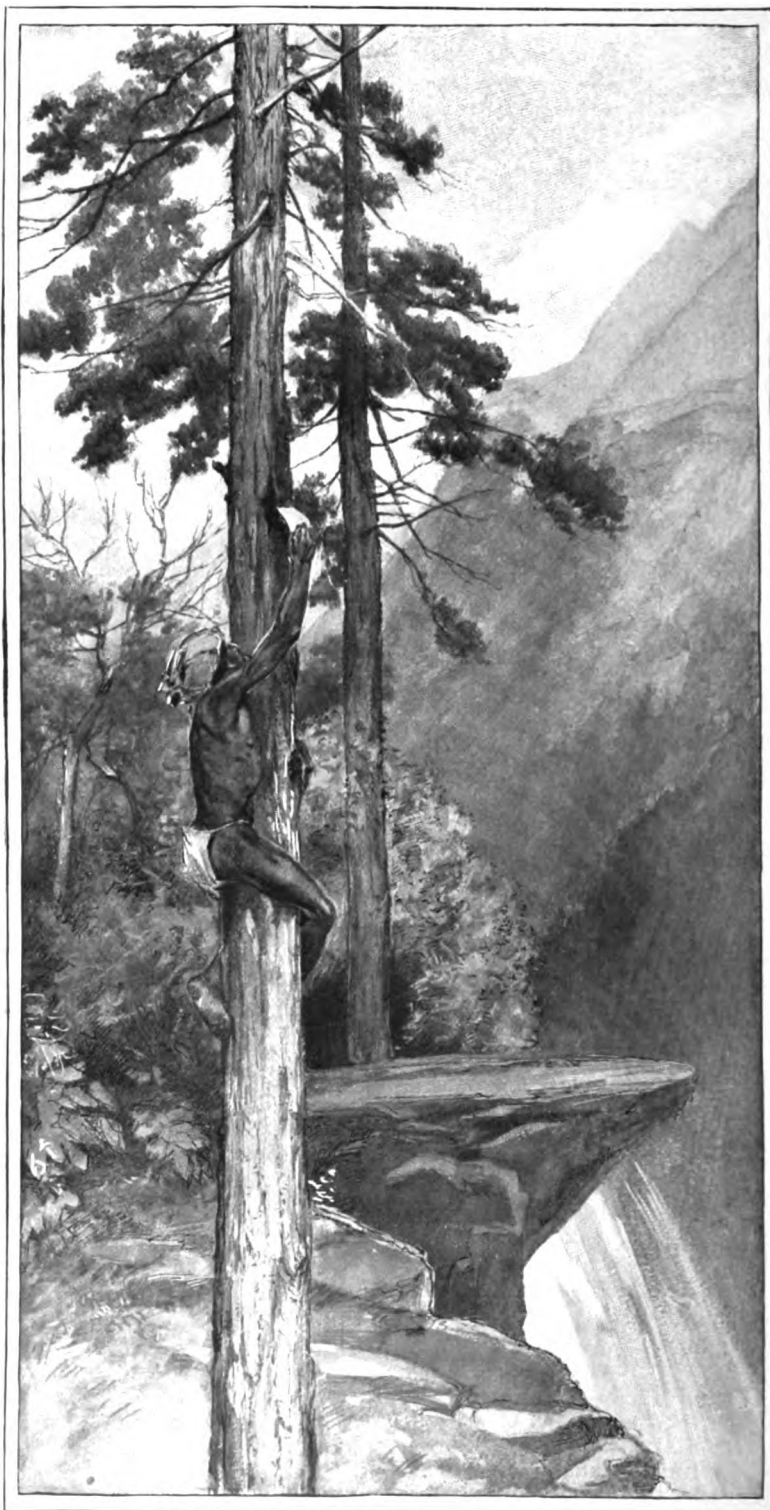
The Colonel nodded, but said nothing.

Chinn and Bukta departed at once. Bukta did not say that, ever since the official vaccinator had been dragged into

the hills by indignant Bhils, runner after runner had skulked up to the lines, entreating, with forehead in the dust, that Jan Chinn should come and explain this unknown horror that hung over his people.

The portent of the Clouded Tiger was now too clear. Let Jan Chinn comfort his own, for vain was the help of mortal man. Bukta toned down these beseechings to a simple request for Chinn's presence. Nothing would have pleased the old man better than a rough and tumble campaign against the Satpuras, whom he, as an "unmixed" Bhil, despised; but he had a duty to all his nation as Jan Chinn's interpreter; and he devoutly believed that forty plagues would fall on his village if he tampered with that obligation. Besides, Jan Chinn knew all things, and he rode the Clouded Tiger.

They covered thirty miles a day on foot and pony, raising the blue wall-like line of the Satpuras as



"One climbed into a tree and stuck the letter in a cleft forty feet from the ground."

swiftly as might be. Bukta was very silent.

They began the steep climb a little after noon, but it was near sunset ere they reached the stone platform clinging to the side of a rifted, jungle-covered hill, where Jan Chinn the First was laid, as he had desired, that he might overlook his people. All India is full of neglected graves that date from the beginning of the eighteenth century—tombs of forgotten colonels of corps long since disbanded; mates of East Indiamen who went on shooting expeditions and never came back; factors; agents; writers; and ensigns of the Honorable the East India Company by hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands. English folk forget quickly, but natives have long memories, and if a man has done good in his life it is remembered after his death. The weathered marble four-square tomb of Jan Chinn was hung about with wild flowers and nuts, packets of wax and honey, bottles of native spirits and infamous cigars, with buffalo horns and plumes of dried grass. At one end was a rude clay image of a white man, in the old-fashioned top-hat, riding on a bloated tiger.

Bukta salaamed reverently as they approached. Chinn bared his head and began to pick out the blurred inscription. So far as he could read it ran thus—word for word, and letter for letter:

To the memory of JOHN CHINN, Esq.
Late Collector of
..... without Bloodshed or error of Authority
Employ only means of Conciliation and confidence
accomplished the tire Subjection
a Lawless and Predatory People
..... teaching them to ish Government
by a Conquest over Minds
The most permanent and rational Mode of Domination
..... Governor General and Council Bengal
have ordered this erected
..... started this Life Aug. 19, 1844. Ag...

On the other side of the grave were ancient verses, also very worn. As much as Chinn could decipher said:

..... the savage band
Forsook their Haunts and bled is Command
..... mended rals check a st for spoil
And ing Hamlets prove his gene toil
Humanity survey lights restore
A Nation held subdued without a Sword.

For some little time he leant on the tomb thinking of this dead man of his own blood, and of the house in Devonshire; then nodding to the plains: "Yes, it's a big work. All of it. Even my

little share. He must have been a man worth knowing . . . Bukta, where are my people?"

"Not here, Sahib. No man comes here except in full sun. They wait above. Let us climb and see."

But Chinn, remembering the first law of Oriental diplomacy, in an even voice answered: "I have come this far only because the Satpura folk are foolish, and dared not visit our lines. Now bid them wait on me *here*. I am not a servant, but a master of Bhils."

"I go—I go," clucked the old man. Night was falling, and at any moment Jan Chinn might whistle up his dreaded steed from the darkening scrub.

Now for the first time in a long life Bukta disobeyed a lawful command and deserted his leader; for he did not come back, but pressed to the flat table-top of the hill and called softly. Men stirred all about him; little trembling men with bows and arrows who had watched the two since noon.

"Where is he?" whispered one.

"At his own place. He bids you come," said Bukta.

"Now?"

"Now."

"Rather let him loose the Clouded Tiger upon us. We do not go."

"Nor I, though I bore him in my arms when he was a child in this his life. Wait here till the day."

"But surely he will be angry."

"He will be very angry, for he has nothing to eat. But he has said to me many times that the Bhils are his children. By sunlight I believe this, but—by moonlight I am not so sure. What folly have ye Satpura pigs compassed that ye should need him at all?"

"One came to us in the name of the Government with little ghost-knives and a magic calf, meaning to turn us into cattle by the cutting off of our arms. We were greatly afraid, but we did not kill the man. He is here; bound; a black man, and we think he comes from the West. He said it was an order to cut us all with knives—especially the women and the children. We did not hear that it was an order, so we were afraid, and kept to our hills. Some of our men have taken ponies and bullocks from the plains, and others pots and cloths, and earrings."

"Are any slain?"

"By our men? Not yet. But the young men are blown to and fro by many rumors like flames upon a hill. I sent runners

asking for Jan Chinn lest worse should come to us. It was this fear that he foretold by the sign of the Clouded Tiger."

"He says it is otherwise," said Bukta, and he repeated with amplifications all that Young Chinn had told him at the conference of the wicker chair.

"Think you," said the questioner at last, "that the Government will lay hands on us?"

"Not I," Bukta rejoined. "Jan Chinn will give an order, and ye will obey. The rest is between the Government and Jan Chinn. I myself know something of the ghost-knives and the scratching. It is a charm against the Smallpox, but how it is done I cannot tell. Nor need that concern you."

"If he stands by us and before the anger of the Government we will most strictly obey Jan Chinn, except—except we do not go down to that place to-night."

They could hear young Chinn below them shouting for Bukta, but they cowered and sat still, expecting the Clouded Tiger. The tomb had been holy ground for nearly half a century. If Jan Chinn chose to sleep there, who had better right? But they would not come within eyeshot of the place till broad day.

At first Chinn was exceedingly angry, till it occurred to him that Bukta most probably had a reason (which, indeed, he had), and his own dignity might suffer if he yelled without answer. He propped himself against the foot of the grave, lit a cheroot, and, alternately dozing and smoking, came through the warm night proud that he was a lawful, legitimate fever-proof Chinn.

He prepared his plan of action much as his grandfather would have done; and when Bukta appeared in the morning with a most liberal supply of food, said nothing of the scandalous desertion over night. Bukta would have been relieved by an outburst of human anger, but Chinn finished his victual leisurely and a cheroot, ere he made any sign.

"They are very much afraid," said Bukta, who was not too bold himself. "It remains only to give orders. They said they will obey if thou wilt only stand between them and the Government."

"That I know," said Chinn, strolling slowly to the table-land. A few of the elder men stood in an irregular semicircle in an open glade; but the ruck of people—women and children—were hidden in the thicket. They had no desire to face the first anger of Jan Chinn the First.

Seating himself on a fragment of split rock, he smoked his cheroot to the butt, hearing men breathe hard all about him. Then he cried, so suddenly that they jumped:

"Bring the man that was bound!"

A scuffle and a cry were followed by the appearance of a Hindu vaccinator, quaking with fear, bound hand and foot, as the Bhils of old were accustomed to bind their human sacrifices. He was pushed cautiously before the presence, but young Chinn did not look at him.

"I said—the man that *was* bound. Is it a jest to bring me one tied like a buffalo? Since when could the Bhils bind folk at their pleasure? Cut!"

Half a dozen hasty knives cut away the thongs, and the man crawled to Chinn, who pocketed his case of lancets and tubes of lymph. Then, sweeping the semicircle with one comprehensive forefinger, and in the voice of compliment, he said, clearly and distinctly: "Pigs!"

"Ai!" whispered Bukta. "Now he speaks. Woe to foolish people!"

"I have come on foot from my house" (the assembly shuddered) "to make clear a matter which any other than a Satpura Bhil would have seen with both eyes from a distance. Ye know the Smallpox, who pits and scars your children so that they look like wasp-combs. It is an order of the Government, that whoso is scratched on the arm with these little knives which I hold up is charmed against Her. All Sahibs are thus charmed, and very many Hindus. This is the mark of the charm. Look!"

He rolled back his sleeve to the armpit and showed the dimples of the vaccination mark on the white skin. "Come all, and look."

A few daring spirits came up and nodded their heads wisely. There was certainly a mark, and they knew well what other dread marks were hidden by the shirt. Merciful was Jan Chinn that he had not then and there proclaimed his godhead.

"Now all these things the man whom ye bound told you."

"I did—a hundred times, but they answered with blows," groaned the operator, chafing his wrists and ankles.

"But, being pigs, ye did not believe: and so came I here to save you first from Smallpox, next from a great folly of fear, and lastly, it may be, from the rope and the jail. It is no gain to me: it is no pleasure to me: but for the sake of that one who is yonder, who made the Bhil a



"It is thy horse—as it has been these three generations."

man"—he pointed down the hill—"I, who am of his blood, the son of his son, come to turn your people: and I speak the truth, as did Jan Chinn."

The crowd murmured reverently, and men stole out of the thicket by twos and threes to join it. There was no anger in their god's face.

"These are my orders. (Heaven send they'll take 'em, but I seem to have impressed 'em so far!) I myself will stay among you while this man scratches your arms with the knives after the order of the Government. In three, or it may be five or seven days, your arms will swell and itch and burn. That is the power of Smallpox fighting in your base blood against the orders of the Government. I will therefore stay among you till I see that Smallpox is conquered, and I will not go away till the men and the women and the little children show me upon their arms such marks as I have even now showed you. I bring with me two very good guns and a man whose name is known among beasts and men. We will hunt together, I and he, and your young men and the others shall eat and lie still. This is my order."

There was a long pause while victory hung in the balance. A white-haired old sinner, standing on one uneasy leg, piped up:

"There are ponies and some few bullocks and other things for which we need a *kowl* [protection]. They were *not* taken in the way of trade."

The battle was won, and John Chinn drew a breath of relief. The young Bhils had been raiding, but if taken swiftly all could be put straight.

"I will write a *kowl* so soon as the ponies, the bullocks, and the other things are counted before me and sent back

whence they came. But first we will put the Government mark on such as have not been visited by Smallpox." In an undertone to the vaccinator: "If you show you are afraid you'll never see Poona again, my friend."

"There is not sufficient ample supply of vaccine for all this population," said the man. "They have destroyed the offecial calf."

"They won't know the difference. Scrape 'em all round, and give me a couple of lancets. I'll attend to the elders."

The aged diplomat who had demanded protection was the first victim. He fell to Chinn's hand and dared not cry out. As soon as he was freed he dragged up a companion and held him fast, and the crisis became, as it were, a child's sport; for the vaccinated chased the unvaccinated to treatment, vowing that all the tribe must suffer equally. The women shrieked, and the children ran howling, but Chinn laughed and waved the pink-tipped lancet.

"It is an honor," he cried. "Tell them, Bukta, how great an honor it is that I myself should mark them. Nay, I cannot mark every one—the Hindu must also do his work—but I will touch all marks that he makes, so there will be an equal virtue in them. Thus do the Rajputs stick pigs. Ho, brother with one eye! Catch that girl and bring her to me. She need not run away yet, for she is not married, and I do not seek her in marriage. She will not come? Then she shall be shamed by her little brother, a fat boy, a bold boy. He puts out his arm like a soldier. Look! *He* does not flinch at the blood. Some day he shall be in my regiment. And, now, mother of many, we will lightly touch thee, for Smallpox has been before us here. It is a true thing indeed that this

charm breaks the power of Mata. There will be no more pitted faces among the Satpuras, and so ye can ask many cows for each maid to be wed."

And so on and so on—quick-poured showman's patter, sauced in the Bhil hunting proverbs and tales of their own brand of coarse humor—till the lancets were blunted and both operators worn out.

But, nature being the same the world over, the unvaccinated grew jealous of their marked comrades, and came near to blows about it. Then Chinn declared himself a Court of Justice, no longer a medical board, and made formal inquiry into the late robberies.

"We are the thieves of Mahadeo," said the Bhils simply. "It is our fate and we were frightened. When we are frightened we always steal."

Simply and directly as children, they gave in the tale of the plunder, all but two bullocks and some spirits that had gone amissing (these Chinn promised to make good out of his own pocket), and ten ringleaders were despatched to the lowlands, with a wonderful document written on the leaf of a note-book, and addressed to an Assistant District Superintendent of Police. There was warm calamity in that note, as Jan Chinn warned them, but anything was better than loss of liberty.

Armed with this protection the repentant raiders went downhill. They had no desire whatever to meet Mr. Dundas Fawne of the Police, aged twenty-two, and of a cheerful countenance, nor did they wish to revisit the scene of their robberies. Steering a middle course, they ran into the camp of the one Government chaplain allowed to the various Irregular Corps in a district of some fifteen thousand square miles, and stood before him in a cloud of dust. He was by way of being a priest, they knew; and, what was more to the point, a good sportsman, who paid his beaters generously.

When he read Chinn's note he laughed, which they deemed a lucky omen, till he called up policemen, who tethered the ponies and the bullocks by the piled house gear, and laid stern hands upon three of that smiling band of the thieves of Mahadeo. The chaplain himself addressed them magisterially with a riding-whip. That was painful, but Jan Chinn had prophesied it. They submitted, but would not give up the written protection, fearing the jail. On their way back they met Mr. D. Fawne, who had heard about the robberies, and was not pleased.

"Certainly," said the eldest of the gang, when the second interview was at an end, "certainly, Jan Chinn's protection has saved us our liberty, but it is as though there were many beatings in one small piece of paper. Put it away."

One climbed into a tree and stuck the letter into a cleft forty feet from the ground, where it could do no harm. Warmed, sore, but happy, the ten returned to Jan Chinn next day, where he sat among uneasy Bhils, all looking at their right arms, and all bound under terror of their god's disfavor not to scratch.

"It was a good *kowl*," said the leader. "First the chaplain, who laughed, took away our plunder, and beat three of us, as was promised. Next, we meet Fawne Sahib, who frowned, and asked for the plunder. We spoke the truth, and so he beat us all one after another, and called us chosen names. He then gave us these two bundles," they set down a bottle of whisky and a box of cheroots, "and we came away. The *kowl* is left in a tree, because its virtue is that so soon as we show it to a Sahib we are beaten."

"But for that *kowl*," said Jan Chinn sternly, "ye would all have been marching to jail with a policeman on either side. Ye come now to serve as beaters for me. These people are unhappy, and we will go hunting till they are well. To-night we will make a feast."

It is written in the chronicles of the Satpura Bhils, together with many other matters not fit for print, that through five days, after the day that he had put his mark upon them, Jan Chinn the First hunted for his people; and on the five nights of those days the tribe was gloriously and entirely drunk. Jan Chinn bought country spirits of an awful strength and slew wild pig and deer beyond counting, so that if any fell sick they might have two good reasons.

Between head and stomach aches they found no time to tink of their arms, but followed Jan Chinn obediently through the jungles, and with each day's returning confidence men, women, and children stole away to their villages as the little army passed by. They carried news that it was good and right to be scratched with ghost-knives; that Jan Chinn was indeed incarnated as a god of free food and drink, and that of all nations the Satpura Bhils stood first in his favor, if they would only refrain from scratching. Henceforward that kindly demi-god would be connected in their minds with great gorgings and the



"Lastly, as a gorged snake, he dragged himself out of the cave."

vaccine and lancets of a paternal Government.

"And to-morrow I go back to my home," said Jan Chinn to his faithful few, whom neither spirits, over-eating, nor swollen glands could conquer. It is hard for children and savages to behave reverently at all times to the idols of their make-belief, and they had frolicked excessively with Jan Chinn. But the reference to his home cast a gloom on the people.

"And the Sahib will not come again?" said he who had been vaccinated first.

"That is to be seen," said Chinn warily.

"Nay, but come as a white man—come as a young man whom we know and love, for as thou alone knowest, we are a weak people. If we again saw thy—thy horse—" They were picking up their courage.

"I have no horse. I came on foot—with Bukta, yonder. What is this?"

"Thou knowest—the thing that thou hast chosen for a night-horse." The little men squirmed in fear and awe.

"Night-horses? Bukta, what is this last tale of children?"

Bukta had been a silent leader in Chinn's presence, since the night of his desertion, and was grateful for a chance-flung question.

"They know, Sahib," he whispered. "It is the Clouded Tiger. That that comes from the place where thou didst once sleep. It is thy horse—as it has been these three generations."

"My horse! That was a dream of the Bhils."

"It is no dream. Do dreams leave the tracks of broad pugs on earth? Why make two faces before thy people? They know of the night-ridings, and they—and they—"

"Are afraid and would have them cease."

Bukta nodded. "If thou hast no further need of him. He is *thy* horse."

"The thing leaves a trail, then?" said Chinn.

"We have seen it. It is like a village road under the tomb."

"Can ye find and follow it for me?"

"By daylight—if one comes with us, and above all stands near by."

"I will stand close, and we will see to it that Jan Chinn does not ride any more."

And the Bhils shouted the last words again and again.

From Chinn's point of view the stalk was nothing more than an ordinary one—down hill, through split and crannied rocks; unsafe perhaps if a man did not keep his wits by him, but no worse than twenty others he had undertaken. Yet his men—they refused absolutely to beat and would only trail—dripped sweat at every move. They showed the marks of enormous pugs that ran, always down hill, to a few hundred feet below Jan Chinn's tomb, and disappeared in a narrow-mouthed cave. It was an insolently open road, a domestic highway beaten without thought of concealment.

"The beggar might be paying rent and taxes," Chinn muttered ere he asked whether his friend's taste ran to cattle or man.

"Cattle," was the answer. "Two heifers a week. We drive them for him at the foot of the hill. It is his custom. If we did not, he might seek us."

"Blackmail and privacy," said Chinn. "I can't say I fancy going into the cave after him. What's to be done?"

The Bhils fell back as Chinn lodged himself behind a rock with his rifle ready. Tigers, he knew, were shy beasts, but one who had been long cattle-fed in this sumptuous style might prove overbold.

"He speaks!" some one whispered from the rear. "He knows too."

"Well, of *all* the infernal cheek!" said Chinn. There was an angry growl from the cave—a direct challenge.

"Come out, then," Chinn shouted. "Come out of that. Let's have a look at you."

The brute knew well enough that there was some connection between brown nude Bhils and his weekly allowance, but the white helmet in the sunlight annoyed him; and he did not approve of the voice that broke his rest. Lazily, as a gorged snake, he dragged himself out of the cave, and stood yawning and blinking at the entrance. The sunlight fell upon his flat right side, and Chinn wondered. Never had he seen a tiger marked after this fashion. Except for his head, which was staringly barred, he was dappled—not striped, but dappled like a child's rocking-horse in rich shades of smoky black on

red gold. That portion of his belly and throat which should have been white was orange; and his tail and paws were black.

He looked leisurely for some ten seconds and then deliberately lowered his head, his chin dropped and drawn in, staring intently at the man. The effect of this was to throw forward the round arch of his skull, with two broad bands across it, while below the bands glared the unwinking eyes; so that, head on, as he stood, he looked something like a diabolically scowling pantomime mask. It was a piece of natural mesmerism that he had practiced many times on his quarry, and, though Chinn was by no means a terrified heifer, he stood for awhile held by the extraordinary oddity of the attack. The head—the body seemed to have been packed away behind it—the ferocious skull-like head crept nearer to the switching of an angry tail-tip in the grass. Left and right the Bhils had scattered to let John Chinn subdue his own horse.

"My word!" he thought. "He's trying to frighten me like a boggy," and fired between the saucer-like eyes, leaping aside upon the shot. He feared he had left it too long.

A big coughing mass, reeking of carrion, bounded past him up the hill, and he followed discreetly. The tiger made no attempt to turn into the jungle; he was hunting for sight and breath—nose up, mouth open—the tremendous fore-legs scattering the gravel in spurts.

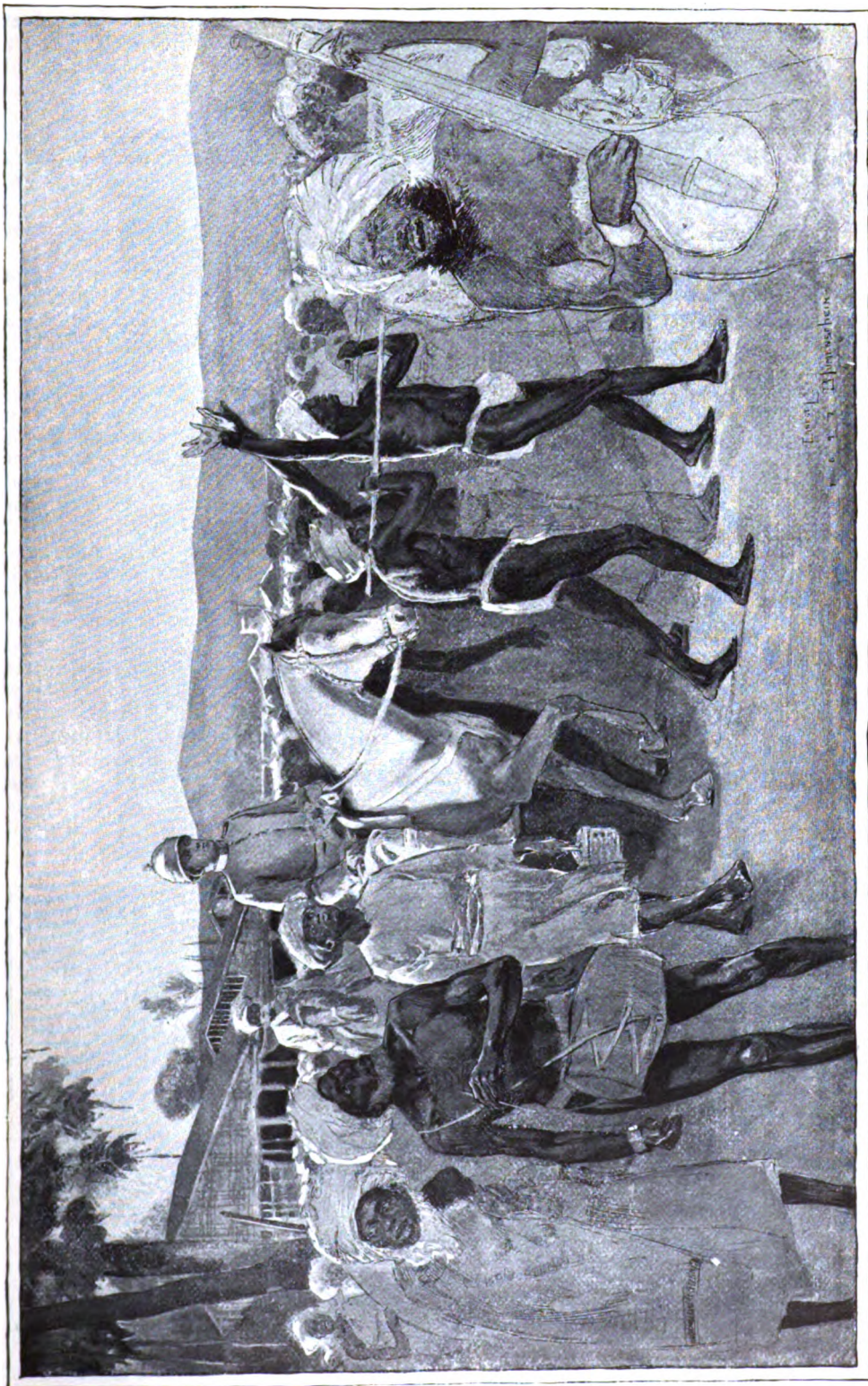
"Scuppered!" said John Chinn, watching the flight. "Now if he was a partridge he'd tower. Lungs must be full of blood."

The brute had jerked himself over a boulder and fallen out of sight the other side. John Chinn looked over with a ready barrel. But the red trail led straight as an arrow even to his grandfather's tomb, and there, among the smashed spirit-bottles and the fragments of the mud image, the life left with a flurry and a grunt.

"If my worthy ancestor could see that," said John Chinn, "he'd have been proud of me. Eyes, lower jaw, and lungs. A very nice shot." He whistled for Bukta as he drew the tape over the stiffening bulk.

"Ten—six—eight—by Jove! It's nearly eleven—call it eleven. Fore-arm, twenty-four—five—seven and a half. A short tail, too: three feet one. But *what* a skin! O Bukta! Bukta! The men with the knives swiftly."

"Is he beyond question dead?" said an awe-stricken voice behind a rock.



"He returned to the lowlands to the triumphal chant of an escorting army three hundred strong."

"That was not the way I killed my first tiger," said Chinn. "I did not think that Bukta would run. I had no second gun."

"It—it is the Clouded Tiger," said Bukta, unheeding the taunt. "He is dead."

Whether all the Bhils, vaccinated and unvaccinated, of the Satpuras had lain by to see the kill, Chinn could not say; but the whole hill's flank rustled with little men, shouting, singing, and stamping. And yet, till he had made the first cut in the splendid skin, not a man would take a knife; and, when the shadows fell, they ran from the red-stained tomb, and no persuasion would bring them back till dawn. So Chinn spent a second night in the open, guarding the carcass from jackals, and thinking about his ancestor.

He returned to the lowlands to the triumphal chant of an escorting army three hundred strong, the Mahratta vaccinator close at his elbow, and the rudely dried skin, a trophy, before him. When that army suddenly and noiselessly disappeared, as quail in high corn, he argued he was near civilization, and a turn in the road brought him upon the camp of a wing of his own corps. He left the skin on a cart-tail for the world to see, and sought the Colonel.

"They're perfectly right," he explained earnestly. "There isn't an ounce of vice in 'em. They were only frightened. I've vaccinated the whole boiling, and they like it awfully. What are—what are we doing here, sir?"

"That's what I'm trying to find out,"

said the Colonel. "I don't know yet whether we're a piece of a brigade or a police force. However, I think we'll call ourselves a police force. How did you manage to get a Bhil vaccinated?"

"Well, sir," said Chinn, "I've been thinking it over, and, as far as I can make out, I've got a sort of hereditary pull over 'em."

"So I know, or I wouldn't have sent you; but *what* exactly?"

"It's rather rummy. It seems, from what I can make out, that I'm my own grandfather reincarnated, and I've been disturbing the peace of the country by riding a pad-tiger of nights. If I hadn't done that I don't think they'd have objected to the vaccination; but the two together were more than they could stand. And so, sir, I've vaccinated 'em and shot my tiger-horse as a sort o' proof of good faith. You never saw such a skin in your life."

The Colonel tugged his mustache thoughtfully. "Now, how the deuce," said he, "am I to include that in my report?"

And, indeed, the official version of the Bhils' anti-vaccination stampede said nothing about Lieutenant John Chinn his godship. But Bukta knew, and the corps knew, and every Bhil in the Satpura hills knew. And now Bukta is zealous that John Chinn should swiftly be wedded and impart his powers to a son, for if the Chinn succession fails and the little Bhils are left to their own imaginings, there will be fresh trouble in the Satpuras.





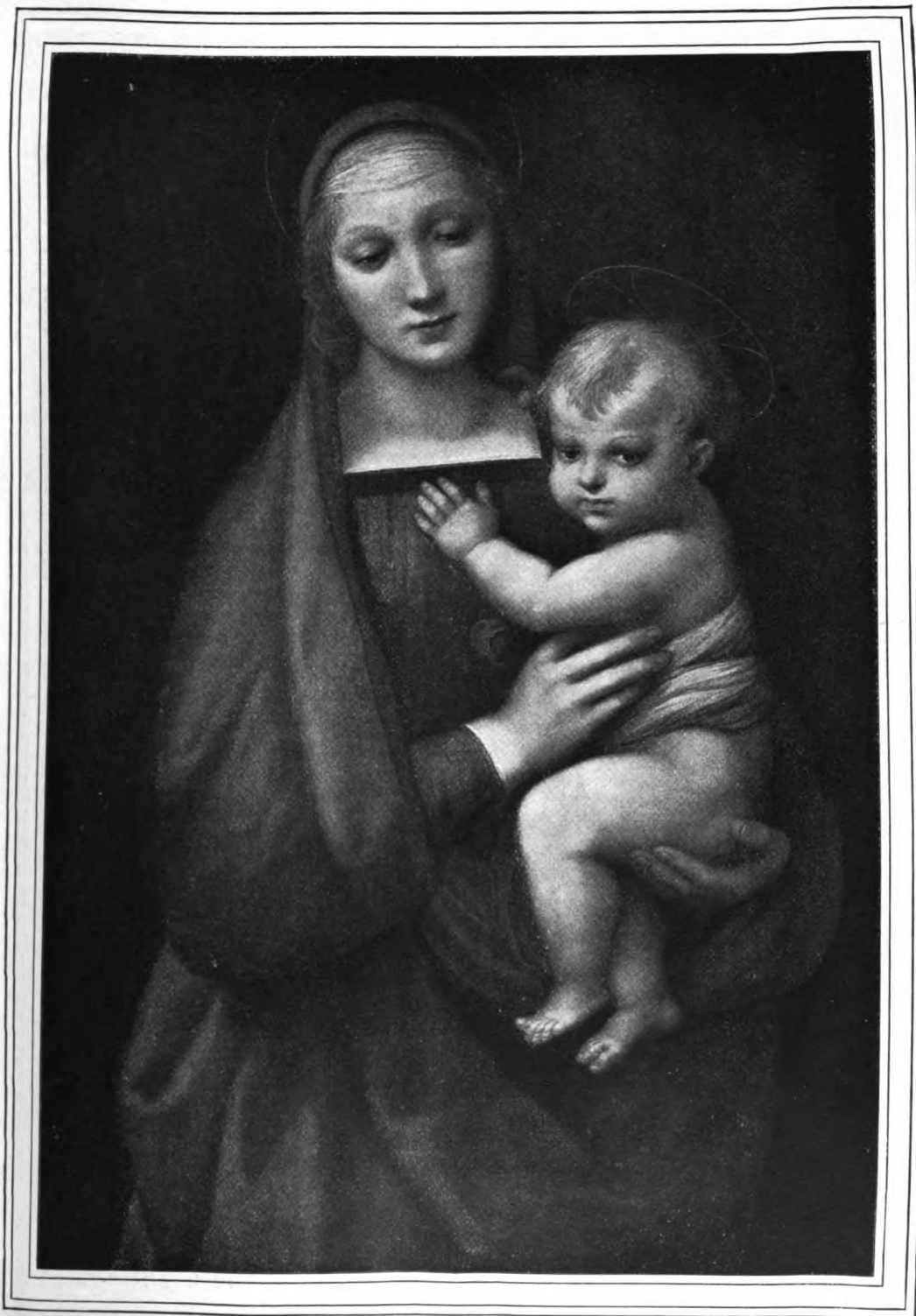
Virgin Adoring the Infant Christ.

Perugino.



Madonna and Child, and St. John.

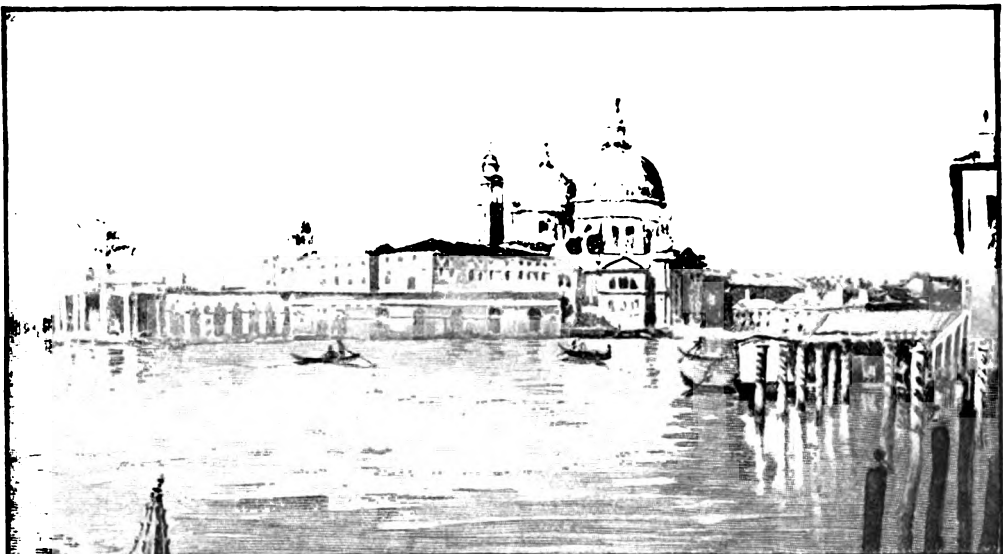
Botticelli.



Madonna and Child (known as "The Madonna of the Grand Duke").

Raphael.

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YET AM I NOT FOR PITY.

I.

For me there are no cities, no proud halls,
No storied paintings—nor the chiseled snow
Of statues ; never have I seen the glow
Of sunset die upon the deathless walls
Of the pure Parthenon ; no soft light falls
For me in dim cathedrals, where the low,
Still seas of supplication ebb and flow ;
No dream of Rome my longing soul enthalls.
But oh, to see in all her virgin white
Fair Venice rising from the purple sea !
Oh, but to feel one golden evening pale
On that famed island from whose lonely height
Dark Sappho sank in burning ecstasy !
But once—but once—to hear the nightingale !



II.

Yet I am not for pity. This blue sea
Burns with the opal's deep and splendid fires
At sunset ; these tall firs are classic spires
Of chaste design and marvelous symmetry
That lift to burnished skies. Let pity be
For him who never felt the mighty lyres
Of Nature shake him thro' with great desires.
These pearl-topped mountains shining silently—
They are God's sphinxes and God's pyramids ;
These dim-aisled forests His cathedrals, where
The pale nun Silence tiptoes, velvet-shod,
And Prayer kneels with tireless, parted lids ;
And thro' the incense of this holy air,
Trembling—I have come face to face with God.

ELLA HIGGINSON.



THE DEATH OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

A PERSONAL RECOLLECTION BY GENERAL JOHN M. THAYER.

PASSING the winter in Washington in 1848, I was a daily attendant upon either the Senate or the House. The object to which my eyes instinctively turned on entering the House was the form of the ex-President, John Quincy Adams. And so it was with all strangers. Their first question was, "Which is John Quincy Adams?" He lived in his own house on F Street, directly opposite the Ebbitt House. The house is now used for stores and offices. I frequently saw him walking along F Street on pleasant days, on his way to the Capitol, and I noticed that whoever met him, whether an acquaintance or not, lifted his hat to him as he passed.

The House met in the hall now used for statuary. The Whigs occupied the space on the right of the main aisle, as the Republicans do in the present hall; and the Democrats occupied the space on the left, as they do now. The desk of Mr. Adams was a little to the right of the center of the Whig side of the house. I entered the chamber a couple of hours after the session began on Monday, February 21, 1848, and stood back of the outside row of seats, looking directly at the ex-President. The subject before the House was a resolution granting medals to some officers in the Mexican War. The resolution had been read, the previous question was ordered, and on that vote Mr. Adams answered to his name in a clear, distinct voice. The Speaker arose, and was about to put the question, "Shall the bill pass?" when to his left there was a quick, sudden movement, a stifled exclamation, and the members nearest to Mr. Adams rushed toward him. I saw him rising, as I supposed to address the Speaker, and I think he uttered the words "Mr. Speaker;" then he staggered and fell back over the left arm of his chair. He would have fallen to the floor if the member sitting nearest to him had not caught and held him up. He had been seized with paralysis. He was immediately laid upon a sofa and carried into the area in front of the Speaker's desk.

Intense excitement at once pervaded the hall. The Speaker, the Hon. R. C. Winthrop, suggested that some member move

for an adjournment, which was done. Members sitting in the outside row of seats did not realize what had occurred till the words passed from mouth to mouth, "Mr. Adams is dying." Then an awful solemnity settled down over the whole assemblage. Members walked noiselessly from desk to desk, and gathered in little groups, talking of what had just befallen. It was frequently remarked that this was just the way the ex-President would have desired to die.

A member who was a physician now had him removed to the rotunda. He lay there for a short time, and then was borne just through the eastern door, that he might have fresh air. But it being too chilly there, he was removed to the Speaker's room, from which he never emerged till he was borne away in his casket.

The news that Mr. Adams had been stricken was communicated to the Senate through Senator Benton, who immediately moved an adjournment, observing that the Senate could not be in a condition to transact business while such a solemn scene was transpiring in the other wing of the Capitol. Mrs. Adams was notified, and with her nephew hastened to her husband's bedside. He had left her but a few hours previously, in apparent good health. He did not recognize her or anyone in attendance, and he continued unconscious, except for a moment, till the end came.

The next day, in the House, the Speaker announced the continued illness of the ex-President, and Mr. Burt of South Carolina moved an adjournment. The Senate also adjourned, and adjournments followed in both houses on the third day.

While sitting at her husband's bedside on Tuesday, Mrs. Adams was taken suddenly ill and fainted, and was carried to her residence. Once Mr. Adams partially recovered consciousness, and feebly uttered the words, now historic: "It is the end of earth; I am content." He expired on Wednesday evening, about an hour after sunset. He had been for nearly sixty years in the public service; had passed a large portion of his life in the glare of thrones and the splendors of

courts; had tasted the sweets of power and position; and now, as the end approached, he was content to pass on.

As the members gathered in session the next day at the usual hour, they moved noiselessly to their seats; the hum of voices and the noisy greetings usually attendant upon such occasions had given way to an impressive stillness. The Speaker, in a subdued voice and with deep emotion, announced the death of Mr. Adams in these words:

"A seat on this floor has been vacated, towards which our eyes have been accustomed to turn with no common interest.

"A voice has been forever hushed in this hall, to which all ears have been accustomed to listen with profound reverence.

"A venerable form has faded from our sight, around which we have daily clustered with an affectionate regard.

"A name has been stricken from the roll of living statesmen of our land, which has been associated for more than a half a century with the highest civil service and the loftiest civil renown."

All the public buildings were shrouded with crape, and most of the private edifices. The obsequies took place in the hall of the House. Both branches of Congress, the President and Cabinet, the Judges of the Supreme Court, the foreign ministers, and the high officers of the army and navy were in attendance. The cold form of the dead statesman lying in the coffin in front of the Speaker's desk, the somber shading given to the hall by the emblems of mourning, the reverential visages of all in the assembly, the solemn notes of the funeral dirge by the Marine Band, united to make it a scene truly awe-inspiring. The Rev. Dr. Gurley, pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church and Chaplain of the House, preached the funeral discourse, from the words: "And thine age shall be clearer than the noonday; thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning. And thou shalt be secure, because there is hope."

The body was borne, for the time, to the Congressional Cemetery; John C. Calhoun was one of the pallbearers. Afterwards it was removed to Quincy, Massachusetts, under the escort of a Congressional committee of which Abraham Lincoln was a member, and laid to rest in the burying-ground of Mr. Adams's ancestors, by the side of his father, John Adams. And thus they rest, father and son, both ex-Presidents of the United States, side by side, till the ushering in of the new morn.

The correspondence between Mr. Adams

and his father, after the former's election as President by the House of Representatives, is interesting. There having been no choice in the Electoral College, it devolved upon the House to elect from the three candidates having the highest number of votes in the Electoral College. General Jackson had received ninety-nine votes, J. Q. Adams eighty-four, W. H. Crawford forty-one, and Henry Clay thirty-seven. Adams received the votes of thirteen States, Jackson of seven, and Crawford of four. There was indescribable excitement in the House, about the Capitol, and in the city, shortly preceding and during the taking of the vote. As soon as the vote was declared, Senator Rufus King of New York sent a brief note of congratulation to Mr. Adams at the State Department, informing him of the result. Mr. Adams immediately enclosed the same to his father, with the following letter:

WASHINGTON, *February 9, 1825.*

My Dear Father: The enclosed letter from Mr. King will inform you of the event of this day, upon which I can only offer you my congratulations and ask your blessing and prayers.

Your affectionate son,

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The following was the answer:

My Dear Son: I have received your letter of the 9th inst. Never did I feel so much solemnity as on this occasion. The multitude of my thoughts and the intensity of my feelings are too much for a mind like mine in its ninetieth year. May the blessing of God Almighty continue to protect you to the end of your life, as it has heretofore protected you in so remarkable a manner from your cradle. I offer the same prayer for your lady and for your family, and am your affectionate father,

JOHN ADAMS.

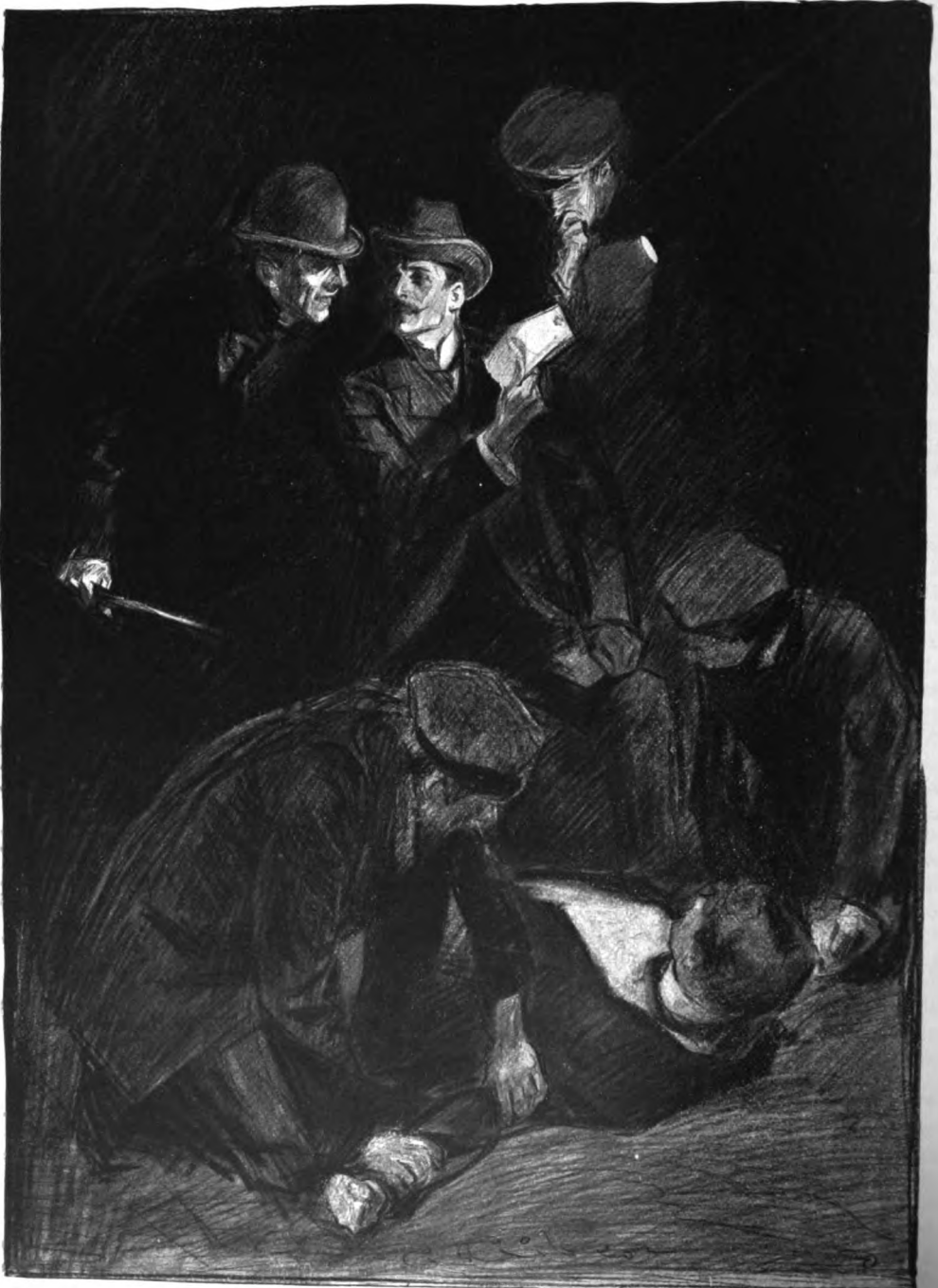
QUINCY, MASS., *February 17, 1825.*

The following, written by Mr. Adams the night after his inauguration, shows with what dread and anxiety he assumed the responsibility of the Presidency:

"After two successive sleepless nights, I entered upon this day with a supplication to heaven, first, for my country, secondly, for myself and for those connected with my good name and fortunes, that the last results of its events may be auspicious and blessed."

His last public service in the House of Representatives, his vindication of the right of petition and the freedom of debate, his unselfish devotion to the interests of humanity and the cause of the slave must ever entitle him to the gratitude of mankind.

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.



"MY CHANCE HAD COME."

See page 137.

RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

Being the sequel to a story by the same writer entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda."

INTRODUCTION.

"The Prisoner of Zenda," it may be worth while to explain, relates the adventures of a young Englishman, Rudolf Rassendyll, while impersonating his distant relative Rudolf Fifth, King of Ruritania. At the instigation of the king's half brother, the Duke of Strelsau, known as "Black Michael," the king was drugged on the eve of his coronation, and would have lost his crown to the duke but that, in the nick of time and by a series of strange chances, Rassendyll, who resembled him so closely that few could tell them apart, appeared and, in his name, assumed the crown for him. Meanwhile the king fell a prisoner to the duke, and some time passed before his friends could set him free and defeat the duke's plots. Through this time Rassendyll, under the guise of the king, continued to hold the throne and exercise

all the royal functions, even to falling ardently in love with the Princess Flavia, and provoking her to love him as ardently in return. Public expectation and policy had designated this lady to become the new king's wife. The duke, "Black Michael," was finally killed in a quarrel with one of his accomplices, Rupert of Hentzau. The Princess Flavia had felt from the first a difference between the assumed and the real king; and before the end the truth was fully discovered to her. She dutifully married the real king, but her heart hardly went with her hand. In his adventures as king, Rudolf Rassendyll was guided and aided chiefly by Fritz von Tarlenheim, who tells the present story, and that bold, bluff Colonel Sapt, with whom readers gratefully make or renew acquaintance here.—EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

THE QUEEN'S GOOD-BY.

A MAN who has lived in the world, marking how every act, although in itself perhaps light and insignificant, may become the source of consequences that spread far and wide, and flow for years or centuries, could scarcely feel secure in reckoning that with the death of the Duke of Strelsau and the restoration of King Rudolf to liberty and his throne, there would end, for good and all, the troubles born of Black Michael's daring conspiracy. The stakes had been high, the struggle keen; the edge of passion had been sharpened, and the seeds of enmity sown. Yet Michael, having struck for the crown, had paid for the blow with his life: should there not then be an end? Michael was dead, the Princess her cousin's wife, the story in safe keeping, and Mr. Rassendyll's face seen no more in Ruritania. Should there not then be an end? So said I to my friend the Constable of Zenda, as we talked by the bedside of Marshal Strakencz. The old man, already nearing the death that soon after robbed us of his aid and counsel, bowed his head in assent; in the aged and ailing the love of peace

But Colonel Sapt tugged at his gray moustache, and twisted his black cigar in his mouth, saying, "You're very sanguine, friend Fritz. But is Rupert of Hentzau dead? I had not heard it."

Well said, and like old Sapt! Yet the man is little without the opportunity, and Rupert by himself could hardly have troubled our repose. Hampered by his own guilt, he dared not set his foot in the kingdom from which by rare good luck he had escaped, but wandered to and fro over Europe, making a living by his wits, and, as some said, adding to his resources by gallantries for which he did not refuse substantial recompense. But he kept himself constantly before our eyes, and never ceased to contrive how he might gain permission to return and enjoy the estates to which his uncle's death had entitled him. The chief agent through whom he had the effrontery to approach the king was his relative, the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim, a young man of high rank and great wealth who was devoted to Rupert. The count fulfilled his mission well: acknowledging Rupert's heavy offences, he put forward in his behalf the pleas of youth and of the predominant influence which Duke Michael had exercised over his adherent, and promised, in words so significant as to betray Rupert's

own dictation, a future fidelity no less discreet than hearty. "Give me my price and I'll hold my tongue," seemed to come in Rupert's off-hand accents through his cousin's deferential lips. As may be supposed, however, the king and those who advised him in the matter, knowing too well the manner of man the Count of Hentzau was, were not inclined to give ear to his ambassador's prayer. We kept firm hold on Master Rupert's revenues, and as good watch as we could on his movements; for we were most firmly determined that he should never return to Ruritania. Perhaps we might have obtained his extradition and hanged him on the score of his crimes; but in these days every rogue who deserves no better than to be strung up to the nearest tree must have what they call a fair trial; and we feared that, if Rupert were handed over to our police and arraigned before the courts at Strelsau, the secret which we guarded so sedulously would become the gossip of all the city, aye, and of all Europe. So Rupert went unpunished except by banishment and the impounding of his rents.

Yet Sapt was in the right about him. Helpless as he seemed, he did not for an instant abandon the contest. He lived in the faith that his chance would come, and from day to day was ready for its coming. He schemed against us as we schemed to protect ourselves from him; if we watched him, he kept his eye on us. His ascendancy over Luzau-Rischenheim grew markedly greater after a visit which his cousin paid to him in Paris. From this time the young count began to supply him with resources. Thus armed, he gathered instruments round him and organized a system of espionage that carried to his ears all our actions and the whole position of affairs at court. He knew, far more accurately than anyone else outside the royal circle, the measures taken for the government of the kingdom and the considerations that dictated the royal policy. More than this, he possessed himself of every detail concerning the king's health, although the utmost reticence was observed on this subject. Had his discoveries stopped there, they would have been vexatious and disquieting, but perhaps of little serious harm. They went further. Set on the track by his acquaintance with what had passed during Mr. Rassendyll's tenure of the throne, he penetrated the secret which had been kept successfully from the king himself. In the knowledge

of it he found the opportunity for which he had waited; in its bold use he discerned his chance. I cannot say whether he were influenced more strongly by his desire to reëstablish his position in the kingdom or by the grudge he bore against Mr. Rassendyll. He loved power and money; dearly he loved revenge also. No doubt both motives worked together, and he was rejoiced to find that the weapon put into his hand had a double edge; with one he hoped to cut his own path clear; with the other, to wound the man he hated through the woman whom that man loved. In fine, the Count of Hentzau, shrewdly discerning the feeling that existed between the queen and Rudolf Rassendyll, set his spies to work, and was rewarded by discovering the object of my yearly meetings with Mr. Rassendyll. At least he conjectured the nature of my errand; this was enough for him. Head and hand were soon busy in turning the knowledge to account; scruples of the heart never stood in Rupert's way.

The marriage which had set all Ruritania on fire with joy and formed in the people's eyes the visible triumph over Black Michael and his fellow-conspirators was now three years old. For three years the Princess Flavia had been queen. I am come by now to the age when a man should look out on life with an eye undimmed by the mists of passion. My love-making days are over; yet there is nothing for which I am more thankful to Almighty God than the gift of my wife's love. In storm it has been my anchor, and in clear skies my star. But we common folk are free to follow our hearts; am I an old fool for saying that he is a fool who follows anything else? Our liberty is not for princes. We need wait for no future world to balance the luck of men; even here there is an equipoise. From the highly placed a price is exacted for their state, their wealth, and their honors, as heavy as these are great; to the poor, what is to us mean and of no sweetness may appear decked in the robes of pleasure and delight. Well, if it were not so, who could sleep at nights? The burden laid on Queen Flavia I knew, and know, so well as a man can know it. I think it needs a woman to know it fully; for even now my wife's eyes fill with tears when we speak of it. Yet she bore it, and if she failed in anything, I wonder that it was in so little. For it was not only that she had never loved the king and had loved another with all her heart.

The king's health, shattered by the horror and rigors of his imprisonment in the castle of Zenda, soon broke utterly. He lived, indeed; nay, he shot and hunted, and kept in his hand some measure, at least, of government. But always from the day of his release he was a fretful invalid, different utterly from the gay and jovial prince whom Michael's villains had caught in the shooting-lodge. There was worse than this. As time went on, the first impulse of gratitude and admiration that he had felt towards Mr. Rassendyll died away. He came to brood more and more on what had passed while he was a prisoner; he was possessed not only by a haunting dread of Rupert of Hentzau, at whose hands he had suffered so greatly, but also by a morbid, half-mad jealousy of Mr. Rassendyll. Rudolf had played the hero while he lay helpless. Rudolf's were the exploits for which his own people cheered him in his own capital. Rudolf's were the laurels that crowned his impatient brow. He had enough nobility to resent his borrowed credit, without the fortitude to endure it manfully. And the hateful comparison struck him nearer home. Sapt would tell him bluntly that Rudolf did this or that, set this precedent or that, laid down this or the other policy, and that the king could do no better than follow in Rudolf's steps. Mr. Rassendyll's name seldom passed his wife's lips, but when she spoke of him it was as one speaks of a great man who is dead, belittling all the living by the shadow of his name. I do not believe that the king discerned that truth which his wife spent her days in hiding from him; yet he was uneasy if Rudolf's name were mentioned by Sapt or myself, and from the queen's mouth he could not bear it. I have seen him fall into fits of passion on the mere sound of it; for he lost control of himself on what seemed slight provocation.

Moved by this disquieting jealousy, he sought continually to exact from the queen proofs of love and care beyond what most husbands can boast of, or, in my humble judgment, make good their right to, always asking of her what in his heart he feared was not hers to give. Much she did in pity and in duty; but in some moments, being but human and herself a woman of high temper, she failed; then the slight rebuff or involuntary coldness was magnified by a sick man's fancy into great offence or studied insult, and nothing that she could do would atone for it. Thus they, who had never

in truth come together, drifted yet further apart; he was alone in his sickness and suspicion, she in her sorrows and her memories. There was no child to bridge the gulf between them, and although she was his queen and his wife, she grew almost a stranger to him. So he seemed to will that it should be.

Thus, worse than widowed, she lived for three years; and once only in each year she sent three words to the man she loved, and received from him three words in answer. Then her strength failed her. A pitiful scene had occurred in which the king peevishly upbraided her in regard to some trivial matter—the occasion escapes my memory—speaking to her before others words that even alone she could not have listened to with dignity. I was there, and Sapt; the colonel's small eyes had gleamed in anger. "I should like to shut his mouth for him," I heard him mutter, for the king's waywardness had well nigh worn out even his devotion. The thing, of which I will say no more, happened a day or two before I was to set out to meet Mr. Rassendyll. I was to seek him this time at Wintenberg, for I had been recognized the year before at Dresden; and Wintenberg, being a smaller place and less in the way of chance visitors, was deemed safer. I remember well how she was when she called me into her own room, a few hours after she had left the king. She stood by the table; the box was on it, and I knew well that the red rose and the message were within. But there was more to-day. Without preface she broke into the subject of my errand.

"I must write to him," she said. "I can't bear it, I must write. My dear friend Fritz, you will carry it safely for me, won't you? And he must write to me. And you'll bring that safely, won't you? Ah, Fritz, I know I'm wrong, but I'm starved, starved, starved! And it's for the last time. For I know now that if I send anything, I must send more. So after this time I won't send at all. But I must say good-by to him; I must have his good-by to carry me through my life. This once, then, Fritz, do it for me."

The tears rolled down her cheeks, which to-day were flushed out of their paleness to a stormy red; her eyes defied me even while they pleaded. I bent my head and kissed her hand.

"With God's help I'll carry it safely and bring his safely, my queen," said I.

"And tell me how he looks. Look at him closely, Fritz. See if he is well and

seems strong. Oh, and make him merry and happy! Bring that smile to his lips, Fritz, and the merry twinkle to his eyes. When you speak of me, see if he—if he looks as if he still loved me." But then she broke off, crying, "But don't tell him I said that. He'd be grieved if I doubted his love. I don't doubt it; I don't, indeed; but still tell me how he looks when you speak of me, won't you, Fritz? See, here's the letter."

Taking it from her bosom, she kissed it before she gave it to me. Then she added a thousand cautions, how I was to carry her letter, how I was to go and how return, and how I was to run no danger, because my wife Helga loved me as well as she would have loved her husband had Heaven been kinder. "At least, almost as I should, Fritz," she said, now between smiles and tears. She would not believe that any woman could love as she loved.

I left the queen and went to prepare for my journey. I used to take only one servant with me, and I had chosen a different man each year. None of them had known that I met Mr. Rassendyll, but supposed that I was engaged on the private business which I made my pretext for obtaining leave of absence from the king. This time I had determined to take with me a Swiss youth who had entered my service only a few weeks before. His name was Bauer; he seemed a stolid, somewhat stupid fellow, but as honest as the day and very obliging. He had come to me well recommended, and I had not hesitated to engage him. I chose him for my companion now, chiefly because he was a foreigner and therefore less likely to gossip with the other servants when we returned. I do not pretend to much cleverness, but I confess that it vexes me to remember how that stout, guileless-looking youth made a fool of me. For Rupert knew that I had met Mr. Rassendyll the year before at Dresden; Rupert was keeping a watchful eye on all that passed in Strelsau; Rupert had procured the fellow his fine testimonials and sent him to me, in the hope that he would chance on something of advantage to his employer. My resolve to take him to Wintenberg may have been hoped for, but could scarcely have been counted on; it was the added luck that waits so often on the plans of a clever schemer.

Going to take leave of the king, I found him huddled over the fire. The day was not cold, but the damp chill of his dungeon seemed to have penetrated

to the very core of his bones. He was annoyed at my going, and questioned me peevishly about the business that occasioned my journey. I parried his curiosity as I best could, but did not succeed in appeasing his ill-humor. Half-ashamed of his recent outburst, half-anxious to justify it to himself, he cried fretfully:

"Business! Yes, any business is a good enough excuse for leaving me! By Heaven, I wonder if a king was ever served so badly as I am! Why did you trouble to get me out of Zenda? Nobody wants me, nobody cares whether I live or die."

To reason with such a mood was impossible. I could only assure him that I would hasten my return by all possible means.

"Yes, pray do," said he. "I want somebody to look after me. Who knows what that villain Rupert may attempt against me? And I can't defend myself, can I? I'm not Rudolf Rassendyll, am I?"

Thus, with a mixture of plaintiveness and malice, he scolded me. At last I stood silent, waiting till he should be pleased to dismiss me. At any rate I was thankful that he entertained no suspicion as to my errand. Had I spoken a word of Mr. Rassendyll he would not have let me go. He had fallen foul of me before on learning that I was in communication with Rudolf; so completely had jealousy destroyed gratitude in his breast. If he had known what I carried, I do not think that he could have hated his preserver more. Very likely some such feeling was natural enough; it was none the less painful to perceive.

On leaving the king's presence, I sought out the Constable of Zenda. He knew my errand; and, sitting down beside him, I told him of the letter I carried, and arranged how to apprise him of my fortune surely and quickly. He was not in a good humor that day: the king had ruffled him also, and Colonel Sapt had no great reserve of patience.

"If we haven't cut one another's throats before then, we shall all be at Zenda by the time you arrive at Wintenberg," he said. "The court moves there to-morrow, and I shall be there as long as the king is."

He paused, and then added: "Destroy the letter if there's any danger."

I nodded my head.

"And destroy yourself with it, if that's the only way," he went on with a surly smile. "Heaven knows why she must

send such a silly message at all; but since she must, she'd better have sent me with it."

I knew that Sapt was in the way of jeering at all sentiment, and I took no notice of the terms that he applied to the queen's farewell. I contented myself with answering the last part of what he said.

"No, it's better you should be here," I urged. "For if I should lose the letter—though there's little chance of it—you could prevent it from coming to the king."

"I could try," he grinned. "But on my life, to run the chance for a letter's sake! A letter's a poor thing to risk the peace of a kingdom for!"

"Unhappily," said I, "it's the only thing that a messenger can well carry."

"Off with you, then," grumbled the colonel. "Tell Rassendyll from me that he did well. But tell him to do something more. Let 'em say good-by and have done with it. Good God, is he going to waste all his life thinking of a woman he never sees?" Sapt's air was full of indignation.

"What more is he to do?" I asked. "Isn't his work here done?"

"Ay, it's done. Perhaps it's done," he answered. "At least he has given us back our good king."

To lay on the king the full blame for what he was would have been rank injustice. Sapt was not guilty of it, but his disappointment was bitter that all our efforts had secured no better ruler for Ruritania. Sapt could serve, but he liked his master to be a man.

"Ay, I'm afraid the lad's work here is done," he said, as I shook him by the hand. Then a sudden light came in his eyes. "Perhaps not," he muttered. "Who knows?"

A man need not, I hope, be deemed uxorious for liking a quiet dinner alone with his wife before he starts on a long journey. Such, at least, was my fancy; and I was annoyed to find that Helga's cousin, Anton von Strofzin, had invited himself to share our meal and our farewell. He conversed with his usual airy emptiness on all the topics that were supplying Strelsau with gossip. There were rumors that the king was ill; that the queen was angry at being carried off to Zenda; that the archbishop meant to preach against low dresses; that the chancellor was to be dismissed; that his daughter was to be married; and so forth. I heard without listening. But the last bit of his budget caught my wandering attention.

"They were betting at the club," said Anton, "that Rupert of Hentzau would be recalled. Have you heard anything about it, Fritz?"

If I had known anything, it is needless to say that I should not have confided it to Anton. But the suggested step was so utterly at variance with the king's intentions that I made no difficulty about contradicting the report with an authoritative air. Anton heard me with a judicial wrinkle on his smooth brow.

"That's all very well," said he, "and I dare say you're bound to say so. All I know is that Rischenheim dropped a hint to Colonel Markel a day or two ago."

"Rischenheim believes what he hopes," said I.

"And where's he gone?" cried Anton, exultantly. "Why has he suddenly left Strelsau? I tell you he's gone to meet Rupert, and I'll bet you what you like he carries some proposal. Ah, you don't know everything, Fritz, my boy!"

It was indeed true that I did not know everything. I made haste to admit as much. "I didn't even know that the count was gone, much less why he's gone," said I.

"You see!" exclaimed Anton. And he added, patronizingly, "You should keep your ears open, my boy; then you might be worth what the king pays you."

"No less, I trust," said I, "for he pays me nothing." Indeed, at this time I held no office save the honorary position of chamberlain to Her Majesty. Any advice the king needed from me was asked and given unofficially.

Anton went off, persuaded that he had scored a point against me. I could not see where. It was possible that the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim had gone to meet his cousin, equally possible that no such business claimed his care. At any rate, the matter was not for me. I had a more pressing affair in hand. Dismissing the whole thing from my mind, I bade the butler tell Bauer to go forward with my luggage and to let my carriage be at the door in good time. Helga had busied herself, since our guest's departure, in preparing small comforts for my journey; now she came to me to say good-by. Although she tried to hide all signs of it, I detected an uneasiness in her manner. She did not like these errands of mine, imagining dangers and risks of which I saw no likelihood. I would not give in to her mood, and, as I kissed her, I bade her expect me back in a few days' time.

Not even to her did I speak of the new and more dangerous burden that I carried, although I was aware that she enjoyed a full measure of the queen's confidence.

"My love to King Rudolf, the real King Rudolf," said she. "Though you carry what will make him think little of my love."

"I have no desire he should think too much of it, sweet," said I.

She caught me by the hands, and looked up in my face.

"What a friend you are, aren't you, Fritz?" said she. "You worship Mr. Rassendyll. I know you think I should worship him too, if he asked me. Well, I shouldn't. I am foolish enough to have my own idol." All my modesty did not let me doubt who her idol might be. Suddenly she drew near to me and whispered in my ear. I think that our own happiness brought to her a sudden keen sympathy with her mistress.

"Make him send her a loving message, Fritz," she whispered. "Something that will comfort her. Her idol can't be with her as mine is with me."

"Yes, he'll send something to comfort her," I answered. "And God keep you, my dear."

For he would surely send an answer to the letter that I carried, and that answer I was sworn to bring safely to her. So I set out in good heart, bearing in the pocket of my coat the little box and the queen's good-by. And, as Colonel Sapt said to me, both I would destroy, if need were—aye, and myself with them. A man did not serve Queen Flavia with divided mind.

CHAPTER II.

A STATION WITHOUT A CAB.

THE arrangements for my meeting with Mr. Rassendyll had been carefully made by correspondence before he left England. He was to be at the Golden Lion Hotel at eleven o'clock on the night of the 15th of October. I reckoned to arrive in the town between eight and nine on the same evening, to proceed to another hotel, and, on pretence of taking a stroll, slip out and call on him at the appointed hour. I should then fulfil my commission, take his answer, and enjoy the rare pleasure of a long talk with him. Early the next morning he would have left Wintenberg, and I should be on my way back to Strel-

sau. I knew that he would not fail to keep his appointment, and I was perfectly confident of being able to carry out the programme punctually; I had, however, taken the precaution of obtaining a week's leave of absence, in case any unforeseen accident should delay my return. Conscious of having done all I could to guard against misunderstanding or mishap, I got into the train in a tolerably peaceful frame of mind. The box was in my inner pocket, the letter in a *porte-monnaie*. I could feel them both with my hand. I was not in uniform, but I took my revolver. Although I had no reason to anticipate any difficulties, I did not forget that what I carried must be protected at all hazards and all costs.

The weary night journey wore itself away. Bauer came to me in the morning, performed his small services, repacked my hand-bag, procured me some coffee, and left me. It was then about eight o'clock; we had arrived at a station of some importance and were not to stop again till mid-day. I saw Bauer enter the second-class compartment in which he was traveling, and settled down in my own coupé. I think it was at this moment that the thought of Rischenheim came again into my head, and I found myself wondering why he clung to the hopeless idea of compassing Rupert's return and what business had taken him from Strelsau. But I made little of the matter, and, drowsy from a broken night's rest, soon fell into a doze. I was alone in the carriage and could sleep without fear or danger. I was awakened by our noon-tide halt. Here I saw Bauer again. After taking a basin of soup, I went to the telegraph bureau to send a message to my wife; the receipt of it would not merely set her mind at ease, but would also ensure word of my safe progress reaching the queen. As I entered the bureau I met Bauer coming out of it. He seemed rather startled at our encounter, but told me readily enough that he had been telegraphing for rooms at Wintenberg, a very needless precaution, since there was no danger of the hotel being full. In fact I was annoyed, as I especially wished to avoid calling attention to my arrival. However, the mischief was done, and to rebuke my servant might have aggravated it by setting his wits at work to find out my motive for secrecy. So I said nothing, but passed by him with a nod. When the whole circumstances came to light, I had reason to suppose that besides his message to the inn-keeper,

Bauer sent one of a character and to a quarter unsuspected by me.

We stopped once again before reaching Wintenberg. I put my head out of the window to look about me, and saw Bauer standing near the luggage van. He ran to me eagerly, asking whether I required anything. I told him "nothing"; but instead of going away, he began to talk to me. Growing weary of him, I returned to my seat and waited impatiently for the train to go on. There was a further delay of five minutes, and then we started.

"Thank goodness!" I exclaimed, leaning back comfortably in my seat and taking a cigar from my case.

But in a moment the cigar rolled unheeded on to the floor, as I sprang eagerly to my feet and darted to the window. For just as we were clearing the station, I saw being carried past the carriage, on the shoulders of a porter, a bag which looked very much like mine. Bauer had been in charge of my bag, and it had been put in the van under his directions. It seemed unlikely that it should be taken out now by any mistake. Yet the bag I saw was very like the bag I owned. But I was not sure, and could have done nothing had I been sure. We were not to stop again before Wintenberg, and, with my luggage or without it, I myself must be in the town that evening.

We arrived punctual to our appointed time. I sat in the carriage a moment or two, expecting Bauer to open the door and relieve me of my small baggage. He did not come, so I got out. It seemed that I had few fellow-passengers, and these were quickly disappearing on foot or in carriages and carts that waited outside the station. I stood looking for my servant and my luggage. The evening was mild; I was encumbered with my hand-bag and a heavy fur coat. There were no signs either of Bauer or of baggage. I stayed where I was for five or six minutes. The guard of the train had disappeared, but presently I observed the station-master; he seemed to be taking a last glance round the premises. Going up to him I asked whether he had seen my servant; he could give me no news of him. I had no luggage ticket, for mine had been in Bauer's hands; but I prevailed on him to allow me to look at the baggage which had arrived; my property was not among it. The station-master was inclined, I think, to be a little skeptical as to the existence both of bag and of servant. His only suggestion was that the man must

have been left behind accidentally. I pointed out that in this case he would not have had the bag with him, but that it would have come on in the train. The station-master admitted the force of my argument; he shrugged his shoulders and spread his hands out; he was evidently at the end of his resources.

Now, for the first time and with sudden force, a doubt of Bauer's fidelity thrust itself into my mind. I remembered how little I knew of the fellow and how great my charge was. Three rapid movements of my hand assured me that letter, box, and revolver were in their respective places. If Bauer had gone hunting in the bag, he had drawn a blank. The station-master noticed nothing; he was staring at the dim gas lamp that hung from the roof. I turned to him.

"Well, tell him when he comes—" I began.

"He won't come to-night, now," interrupted the station-master, none too politely. "No other train arrives to-night."

"Tell him when he does come to follow me at once to the Wintengerhof. I'm going there immediately." For time was short, and I did not wish to keep Mr. Rassendyll waiting. Besides, in my new-born nervousness, I was anxious to accomplish my errand as soon as might be. What had become of Bauer? The thought returned, and now with it another, that seemed to connect itself in some subtle way with my present position: why and whither had the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim set out from Strelsau a day before I started on my journey to Wintenberg?

"If he comes I'll tell him," said the station-master, and as he spoke he looked round the yard.

There was not a cab to be seen! I knew that the station lay on the extreme outskirts of the town, for I had passed through Wintenberg on my wedding journey, nearly three years before. The trouble involved in walking, and the further waste of time, put the cap on my irritation.

"Why don't you have enough cabs?" I asked angrily.

"There are plenty generally, sir," he answered more civilly, with an apologetic air. "There would be to-night but for an accident."

Another accident! This expedition of mine seemed doomed to be the sport of chance.

"Just before your train arrived," he continued, "a local came in. As a rule,

hardly anybody comes by it, but to-night a number of men—oh, twenty or five-and-twenty, I should think—got out. I collected their tickets myself, and they all came from the first station on the line. Well, that's not so strange, for there's a good beer-garden there. But, curiously enough, every one of them hired a separate cab and drove off, laughing and shouting to one another as they went. That's how it happens that there were only one or two cabs left when your train came in, and they were snapped up at once."

Taken alone, this occurrence was nothing; but I asked myself whether the conspiracy that had robbed me of my servant had deprived me of a vehicle also.

"What sort of men were they?" I asked.

"All sorts of men, sir," answered the station-master, "but most of them were shabby-looking fellows. I wondered where some of them had got the money for their ride."

The vague feeling of uneasiness which had already attacked me grew stronger. Although I fought against it, calling myself an old woman and a coward, I must confess to an impulse which almost made me beg the station-master's company on my walk; but, besides being ashamed to exhibit a timidity apparently groundless, I was reluctant to draw attention to myself in any way. I would not for the world have it supposed that I carried anything of value.

"Well, there's no help for it," said I, and, buttoning my heavy coat about me, I took my handbag and stick in one hand, and asked my way to the hotel. My misfortunes had broken down the station-master's indifference, and he directed me in a sympathetic tone.

"Straight along the road, sir," said he, "between the poplars, for hard on half a mile; then the houses begin, and your hotel is in the first square you come to, on the right."

I thanked him curtly (for I had not quite forgiven him his earlier incivility), and started on my walk, weighed down by my big coat and the handbag. When I left the lighted station-yard I realized that the evening had fallen very dark, and the shade of the tall lank trees intensified the gloom. I could hardly see my way, and went timidly, with frequent stumbles over the uneven stones of the road. The lamps were dim, few, and widely separated; so far as company was concerned, I might

have been a thousand miles from an inhabited house. In spite of myself, the thought of danger persistently assailed my mind. I began to review every circumstance of my journey, twisting the trivial into some ominous shape, magnifying the significance of everything which might justly seem suspicious, studying in the light of my new apprehensions every expression of Bauer's face and every word that had fallen from his lips. I could not persuade myself into security. I carried the queen's letter, and—well, I would have given much to have old Sapt or Rudolf Rassendyll by my side.

Now, when a man suspects danger, let him not spend his time in asking whether there be really danger or in upbraiding himself for timidity, but let him face his cowardice, and act as though the danger were real. If I had followed that rule and kept my eyes about me, scanning the sides of the road and the ground in front of my feet, instead of losing myself in a maze of reflection, I might have had time to avoid the trap, or at least to get my hand to my revolver and make a fight for it; or, indeed, in the last resort, to destroy what I carried before harm came to it. But my mind was preoccupied, and the whole thing seemed to happen in a minute. At the very moment that I had declared to myself the vanity of my fears and determined to be resolute in banishing them, I heard voices—a low, strained whispering; I saw two or three figures in the shadow of the poplars by the wayside. An instant later, a dart was made at me. While I could fly I would not fight; with a sudden forward plunge I eluded the men who rushed at me, and started at a run towards the lights of the town and the shapes of the houses, now distant about a quarter of a mile. Perhaps I ran twenty yards, perhaps fifty; I do not know. I heard the steps behind me, quick as my own. Then I fell headlong on the road—tripped up! I understood. They had stretched a rope across my path; as I fell a man bounded up from either side, and I found the rope slack under my body. There I lay on my face; a man knelt on me, others held either hand; my face was pressed into the mud of the road, and I was like to have been stifled; my handbag had whizzed away from me. Then a voice said:

"Turn him over."

I knew the voice; it was a confirmation of the fears which I had lately been at such pains to banish. It justified the fore-

cast of Anton von Strofzin, and explained the wager of the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim—for it was Rischenheim's voice.

They caught hold of me and began to turn me on my back. Here I saw a chance, and with a great heave of my body I flung them from me. For a short instant I was free; my impetuous attack seemed to have startled the enemy; I gathered myself up on my knees. But my advantage was not to last long. Another man, whom I had not seen, sprang suddenly on me like a bullet from a catapult. His fierce onset overthrew me; I was stretched on the ground again, on my back now, and my throat was clutched viciously in strong fingers. At the same moment my arms were again seized and pinned. The face of the man on my chest bent down towards mine, and through the darkness I discerned the features of Rupert of Hentzau. He was panting with his sudden exertion and the intense force with which he held me, but he was smiling also; and when he saw by my eyes that I knew him, he laughed softly in triumph.

Then came Rischenheim's voice again.

"Where's the bag he carried? It may be in the bag."

"You fool, he'll have it about him," said Rupert, scornfully. "Hold him fast while I search."

On either side my hands were still pinned fast. Rupert's left hand did not leave my throat, but his free right hand began to dart about me, feeling, probing, and rummaging. I lay quite helpless and in the bitterness of great consternation. Rupert found my revolver, drew it out with a gibe, and handed it to Rischenheim, who was now standing beside him. Then he felt the box, he drew it out, his eyes sparkled. He set his knee hard on my chest, so that I could scarcely breathe; then he ventured to loose my throat, and tore the box open eagerly.

"Bring a light here," he cried. Another ruffian came with a dark-lantern, whose glow he turned on the box. Rupert opened it, and when he saw what was inside, he laughed again, and stowed it away in his pocket.

"Quick, quick!" urged Rischenheim. "We've got what we wanted, and somebody may come at any moment."

A brief hope comforted me. The loss of the box was a calamity, but I would pardon fortune if only the letter escaped capture. Rupert might have suspected

that I carried some such token as the box, but he could not know of the letter. Would he listen to Rischenheim? No. The Count of Hentzau did things thoroughly.

"We may as well overhaul him a bit more," said he, and resumed his search. My hope vanished, for now he was bound to come upon the letter.

Another instant brought him to it. He snatched the pocket-book, and, motioning impatiently to the man to hold the lantern nearer, he began to examine the contents. I remember well the look of his face as the fierce white light threw it up against the darkness in its clear pallor and high-bred comeliness, with its curling lips and scornful eyes. He had the letter now, and a gleam of joy danced in his eyes as he tore it open. A hasty glance showed him what his prize was; then, coolly and deliberately he settled himself to read, regarding neither Rischenheim's nervous hurry nor my desperate, angry glance that glared up at him. He read leisurely, as though he had been in an arm-chair in his own house; the lips smiled and curled as he read the last words that the queen had written to her lover. He had indeed come on more than he thought.

Rischenheim laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Quick, Rupert, quick," he urged again, in a voice full of agitation.

"Let me alone, man. I haven't read anything so amusing for a long while," answered Rupert. Then he burst into a laugh, crying, "Look, look!" and pointing to the foot of the last page of the letter. I was mad with anger; my fury gave me new strength. In his enjoyment of what he read Rupert had grown careless; his knee pressed more lightly on me, and as he showed Rischenheim the passage in the letter that caused him so much amusement he turned his head away for an instant. My chance had come. With a sudden movement I displaced him, and with a desperate wrench I freed my right hand. Darting it out, I snatched at the letter. Rupert, alarmed for his treasure, sprang back and off me. I also sprang up on my feet, hurling away the fellow who had gripped my other hand. For a moment I stood facing Rupert; then I darted on him. He was too quick for me; he dodged behind the man with the lantern and hurled the fellow forward against me. The lantern fell on the ground.

"Give me your stick!" I heard Rupert say. "Where is it? That's right!"

Then came Rischenheim's voice again, imploring and timid:

"Rupert, you promised not to kill him."

The only answer was a short, fierce laugh. I hurled away the man who had been thrust into my arms and sprang forward. I saw Rupert of Hentzau; his hand was raised above his head and held a stout club. I do not know what followed; there came—all in a confused blur of instant sequence—an oath from Rupert, a rush from me, a scuffle, as though some one sought to hold him back; then he was on me; I felt a great thud on my forehead, and I felt nothing more. Again I was on my back, with a terrible pain in my head, and a dull, dreamy consciousness of a knot of men standing over me, talking eagerly to one another.

I could not hear what they were saying; I had no great desire to hear. I fancied, somehow, that they were talking about me; they looked at me and moved their hands towards me now and again. I heard Rupert's laugh, and saw his club poised over me; then Rischenheim caught him by the wrist. I know now that Rischenheim was reminding his cousin that he had promised not to kill me, that Rupert's oath did not weigh a straw in the scales, but that he was held back only by a doubt whether I alive or my dead body would be more inconvenient to dispose of. Yet then I did not understand, but lay there listless. And presently the talking forms seemed to cease their talking; they grew blurred and dim, running into one another, and all mingling together to form one great shapeless creature that seemed to murmur and gibber over me, some such monster as a man sees in his dreams. I hated to see it, and closed my eye; its murmurings and gibberings haunted my ears for awhile, making me restless and unhappy; then they died away. Their going made me happy; I sighed in contentment; and everything became as though it were not.

Yet I had one more vision, breaking suddenly across my unconsciousness. A bold, rich voice rang out, "By God, I will!" "No, no," cried another. Then, "What's that?" There was a rush of feet, the cries of men who met in anger or excitement, the crack of a shot and of another quickly following, oaths, and scuffling. Then came the sound of feet flying. I could not make it out; I grew weary with the puzzle of it. Would they not be quiet? Quiet was what I wanted.

At last they grew quiet; I closed my eyes again. The pain was less now; they were quiet; I could sleep.

When a man looks back on the past, reviewing in his mind the chances Fortune has given and the calls she has made, he always torments himself by thinking that he could have done other and better than in fact he did. Even now I lie awake at night sometimes, making clever plans by which I could have thwarted Rupert's schemes. In these musings I am very acute; Anton von Strofzin's idle talk furnishes me with many a clue, and I draw inferences sure and swift as a detective in the story books. Bauer is my tool, I am not his. I lay Rischenheim by the heels, send Rupert howling off with a ball in his arm, and carry my precious burden in triumph to Mr. Rassendyll. By the time I have played the whole game I am indeed proud of myself. Yet in truth—in daylight truth—I fear that, unless heaven sent me a fresh set of brains, I should be caught in much the same way again. Though not by that fellow Bauer, I swear! Well, there it was. They had made a fool of me. I lay on the road with a bloody head, and Rupert of Hentzau had the queen's letter.

CHAPTER III.

AGAIN TO ZENDA.

By Heaven's care, or—since a man may be over apt to arrogate to himself a great share of such attention—by good luck, I had not to trust for my life to the slender thread of an oath sworn by Rupert of Hentzau. The visions of my dazed brain were transmutations of reality; the scuffle, the rush, the retreat were not all dream.

There is an honest fellow now living in Wintenberg comfortably and at his ease by reason that his wagon chanced to come lumbering along with three or four stout lads in it at the moment when Rupert was meditating a second and murderous blow. Seeing the group of us, the good carrier and his lads leapt down and rushed on my assailants. One of the thieves, they said, was for fighting it out—I could guess who that was—and called on the rest to stand; but they, more prudent, laid hands on him, and, in spite of his oaths, hustled him off along the road towards the station. Open country lay there and the promise of safety. My new friends set off in pursuit; but a couple of revolver shots, heard by

me, but not understood, awoke their caution. Good Samaritans, but not men of war, they returned to where I lay senseless on the ground, congratulating themselves and me that an enemy so well armed should run and not stand his ground. They forced a drink of rough wine down my throat, and in a minute or two I opened my eyes. They were for carrying me to a hospital; I would have none of it. As soon as things grew clear to me again and I knew where I was, I did nothing but repeat in urgent tones, "The Golden Lion, The Golden Lion! Twenty crowns to carry me to the Golden Lion."

Perceiving that I knew my own business and where I wished to go, one picked up my handbag and the rest hoisted me into their wagon and set out for the hotel where Rudolf Rassendyll was. The one thought my broken head held was to get to him as soon as might be and tell him how I had been fool enough to let myself be robbed of the queen's letter.

He was there. He stood on the threshold of the inn, waiting for me, as it seemed, although it was not yet the hour of my appointment. As they drew me up to the door, I saw his tall, straight figure and his red hair by the light of the hall lamps. By Heaven, I felt as a lost child must on sight of his mother! I stretched out my hand to him, over the side of the wagon, murmuring, "I've lost it."

He started at the words, and sprang forward to me. Then he turned quickly to the carrier.

"This gentleman is my friend," he said. "Give him to me. I'll speak to you later." He waited while I was lifted down from the wagon into the arms that he held ready for me, and himself carried me across the threshold. I was quite clear in the head by now and understood all that passed. There were one or two people in the hall, but Mr. Rassendyll took no heed of them. He bore me quickly upstairs and into his sitting-room. There he set me down in an arm-chair, and stood opposite to me. He was smiling, but anxiety was awake in his eyes.

"I've lost it," I said again, looking up at him pitifully enough.

"That's all right," said he, nodding. "Will you wait, or can you tell me?"

"Yes, but give me some brandy," said I. Rudolf gave me a little brandy mixed in a great deal of water, and then I made shift to tell him. Though faint, I was not confused, and I gave my story in brief,

hurried, yet sufficient words. He made no sign till I mentioned the letter. Then his face changed.

"A letter, too?" he exclaimed, in a strange mixture of increased apprehension and unlooked-for joy.

"Yes, a letter, too; she wrote a letter, and I carried that as well as the box. I've lost them both, Rudolf. God help me, I've lost them both! Rupert has the letter too!" I think I must have been weak and unmanned from the blow I had received, for my composure broke down here. Rudolf stepped up to me and wrung me by the hand. I mastered myself again and looked in his face as he stood in thought, his hand caressing the strong curve of his clean-shaven chin. Now that I was with him again it seemed as though I had never lost him; as though we were still together in Strelsau or at Tarlenheim, planning how to hoodwink Black Michael, send Rupert of Hentzau to his own place, and bring the king back to his throne. For Mr. Rassendyll, as he stood before me now, was changed in nothing since our last meeting, nor indeed since he reigned in Strelsau, save that a few flecks of gray spotted his hair.

My battered head ached most consumedly. Mr. Rassendyll rang the bell twice, and a short, thick-set man of middle age appeared; he wore a suit of tweed, and had the air of smartness and respectability which marks English servants.

"James," said Rudolf, "this gentleman has hurt his head. Look after it."

James went out. In a few minutes he was back, with water, basin, towels, and bandages. Bending over me, he began to wash and tend my wound very deftly. Rudolf was walking up and down.

"Done the head, James?" he asked, after a few moments.

"Yes, sir," answered the servant, gathering together his appliances.

"Telegraph forms, then."

James went out, and was back with the forms in an instant.

"Be ready when I ring," said Rudolf. And he added, turning to me, "Any easier, Fritz?"

"I can listen to you now," I said.

"I see their game," said he. "One or other of them, Rupert or this Rischenheim, will try to get to the king with the letter."

I sprang to my feet.

"They mustn't," I cried, and I reeled back into my chair, with a feeling as if a

red-hot poker were being run through my head.

"Much you can do to stop 'em, old fellow," smiled Rudolf, pausing to press my hand as he went by. "They won't trust the post, you know. One will go. Now which?" He stood facing me with a thoughtful frown on his face.

I did not know, but I thought that Rischenheim would go. It was a great risk for Rupert to trust himself in the kingdom, and he knew that the king would not easily be persuaded to receive him, however startling might be the business he professed as his errand. On the other hand, nothing was known against Rischenheim, while his rank would secure, and indeed entitle, him to an early audience. Therefore I concluded that Rischenheim would go with the letter, or, if Rupert would not let that out of his possession, with the news of the letter.

"Or a copy," suggested Rassendyll. "Well, Rischenheim or Rupert will be on his way by to-morrow morning, or is on his way to-night."

Again I tried to rise, for I was on fire to prevent the fatal consequences of my stupidity. Rudolf thrust me back in my chair, saying, "No, no." Then he sat down at the table and took up the telegraph forms.

"You and Sapt arranged a cipher, I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes. You write the message, and I'll put it into the cipher."

"This is what I've written: 'Document lost. Let nobody see him if possible. Wire who asks.' I don't like to make it plainer: most ciphers can be read, you know."

"Not ours," said I.

"Well, but will that do?" asked Rudolf, with an unconvinced smile.

"Yes, I think he'll understand it." And I wrote it again in the cipher; it was as much as I could do to hold the pen.

The bell was rung again, and James appeared in an instant.

"Send this," said Rudolf.

"The offices will be shut, sir."

"James, James!"

"Very good, sir; but it may take an hour to get one open."

"I'll give you half an hour. Have you money?"

"Yes, sir."

"And now," added Rudolf, turning to me, "you'd better go to bed."

I do not recollect what I answered, for my faintness came upon me again, and I remember only that Rudolf himself

helped me into his own bed. I slept, but I do not think he so much as lay down on the sofa; chancing to awake once or twice, I heard him pacing about. But towards morning I slept heavily, and I did not know what he was doing then. At eight o'clock James entered and roused me. He said that a doctor was to be at the hotel in half an hour, but that Mr. Rassendyll would like to see me for a few minutes if I felt equal to business. I begged James to summon his master at once. Whether I were equal or unequal, the business had to be done.

Rudolf came, calm and serene. Danger and the need for exertion acted on him like a draught of good wine on a seasoned drinker. He was not only himself, but more than himself: his excellences enhanced, the indolence that marred him in quiet hours sloughed off. But to-day there was something more; I can only describe it as a kind of radiance. I have seen it on the faces of young sparks when the lady they love comes through the ball-room door, and I have seen it glow more softly in a girl's eyes when some fellow who seemed to me nothing out of the ordinary asked her for a dance. That strange gleam was on Rudolf's face as he stood by my bedside. I dare say it used to be on mine when I went courting.

"Fritz, old friend," said he, "there's an answer from Sapt. I'll lay the telegraph offices were stirred at Zenda as well as James stirred them here in Wintenberg! And what do you think? Rischenheim asked for an audience before he left Strelsau."

I raised myself on my elbow in the bed.

"You understand?" he went on. "He left on Monday. To-day's Wednesday. The king has granted him an audience at four on Friday. Well, then——"

"They counted on success," I cried, "and Rischenheim takes the letter!"

"A copy, if I know Rupert of Hentzau. Yes, it was well laid. I like the men taking all the cabs! How much ahead had they, now?"

I did not know that, though I had no more doubt than he that Rupert's hand was in the business.

"Well," he continued, "I am going to wire to Sapt to put Rischenheim off for twelve hours if he can; failing that, to get the king away from Zenda."

"But Rischenheim must have his audience sooner or later," I objected.

"Sooner or later—there's the world's

difference between them!" cried Rudolf Rassendyll. He sat down on the bed by me, and went on in quick, decisive words: "You can't move for a day or two. Send my message to Sapt. Tell him to keep you informed of what happens. As soon as you can travel, go to Strelsau, and let Sapt know directly you arrive. We shall want your help."

"And what are you going to do?" I cried, staring at him.

He looked at me for a moment, and his face was crossed by conflicting feelings. I saw resolve there, obstinacy, and the scorn of danger; fun, too, and merriment; and, lastly, the same radiance I spoke of. He had been smoking a cigarette; now he threw the end of it into the grate and rose from the bed where he had been sitting.

"I'm going to Zenda," said he.

"To Zenda!" I cried, amazed.

"Yes," said Rudolf. "I'm going again to Zenda, Fritz, old fellow. By heaven, I knew it would come, and now it has come!"

"But to do what?"

"I shall overtake Rischenheim or be hot on his heels. If he gets there first, Sapt will keep him waiting till I come; and if I come, he shall never see the king. Yes, if I come in time—" He broke into a sudden laugh. "What!" he cried, "have I lost my likeness? Can't I still play the king? Yes, if I come in time, Rischenheim shall have his audience of the king of Zenda, and the king will be very gracious to him, and the king will take his copy of the letter from him! Oh, Rischenheim shall have an audience of King Rudolf in the castle of Zenda, never fear!"

He stood, looking to see how I received his plan; but amazed at the boldness of it, I could only lie back and gasp.

Rudolf's excitement left him as suddenly as it had come; he was again the cool, shrewd, nonchalant Englishman, as, lighting another cigarette, he proceeded:

"You see, there are two of them, Rupert and Rischenheim. Now you can't move for a day or two, that's certain. But there must be two of us there in Ruritania. Rischenheim is to try first; but if he fails, Rupert will risk everything and break through to the king's presence. Give him five minutes with the king, and the mischief's done! Very well, then; Sapt must keep Rupert at bay while I tackle Rischenheim. As soon as you can move, go to Strelsau, and let Sapt know where you are."

"But if you're seen, if you're found out?"

"Better I than the queen's letter," said he. Then he laid his hand on my arm and said, quite quietly, "If the letter gets to the king, I and I only can do what must be done."

I did not know what he meant; perhaps it was that he would carry off the queen sooner than leave her alone after her letter was known; but there was another possible meaning that I, a loyal subject, dared not inquire into. Yet I made no answer, for I was above all and first of all the queen's servant. Still I cannot believe that he meant harm to the king.

"Come, Fritz," he cried, "don't look so glum. This is not so great an affair as the other, and we brought that through safe." I suppose I still looked doubtful, for he added, with a sort of impatience, "Well, I'm going, anyhow. Heavens, man, am I to sit here while that letter is carried to the king?"

I understood his feeling, and knew that he held life a light thing compared with the recovery of Queen Flavia's letter. I ceased to urge him. When I assented to his wishes, every shadow vanished from his face, and we began to discuss the details of the plan with business-like brevity.

"I shall leave James with you," said Rudolf. "He'll be very useful, and you can rely on him absolutely. Any message that you dare trust to no other conveyance, give to him; he'll carry it. He can shoot, too." He rose as he spoke. "I'll look in before I start," he added, "and hear what the doctor says about you."

I lay there, thinking, as men sick and weary in body will, of the dangers and the desperate nature of the risk, rather than of the hope which its boldness would have inspired in a healthy, active brain. I distrusted the rapid inference that Rudolf had drawn from Sapt's telegram, telling myself that it was based on too slender a foundation. Well, there I was wrong, and I am glad now to pay that tribute to his discernment. The first steps of Rupert's scheme were laid as Rudolf had conjectured: Rischenheim had started, even while I lay there, for Zenda, carrying on his person a copy of the queen's farewell letter and armed for his enterprise by his right of audience with the king. So far we were right, then; for the rest we were in darkness, not knowing or being able even to guess where Rupert would choose to await the result of the first cast, or

what precautions he had taken against the failure of his envoy. But although in total obscurity as to his future plans, I traced his past actions, and subsequent knowledge has shown that I was right. Bauer was his tool; a couple of florins a piece had hired the fellows who, conceiving that they were playing a part in some practical joke, had taken all the cabs at the station. Rupert had reckoned that I should linger looking for my servant and luggage, and thus miss my last chance of a vehicle. If, however, I had obtained one, the attack would still have been made, although, of course, under much greater difficulties. Finally—and of this at the time I knew nothing—had I evaded them and got safe to port with my cargo, the plot would have been changed. Rupert's attention would then have been diverted from me to Rudolf; counting on love overcoming prudence, he reckoned that Mr. Rassendyll would not at once destroy what the queen sent, and had arranged to track his steps from Wintenberg till an opportunity offered of robbing him of his treasure. The scheme, as I know it, was full of audacious cunning, and required large resources—the former Rupert himself supplied; for the second he was indebted to his cousin and slave, the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim.

My meditations were interrupted by the arrival of the doctor. He hummed and ha'd over me, but to my surprise asked me no questions as to the cause of my misfortune, and did not, as I had feared, suggest that his efforts should be seconded by those of the police. On the contrary, he appeared, from an unobtrusive hint or two, to be anxious that I should know that his discretion could be trusted.

"You must not think of moving for a couple of days," he said; "but then I think we can get you away without danger and quite quietly."

I thanked him; he promised to look in again; I murmured something about his fee.

"Oh, thank you, that is all settled," he said. "Your friend Herr Schmidt has seen to it, and, my dear sir, most liberally."

He was hardly gone when 'my friend Herr Schmidt'—*alias* Rudolf Rassendyll—was back. He laughed a little when I told him how discreet the doctor had been.

"You see," he explained, "he thinks you've been very indiscreet. I was obliged, my dear Fritz, to take some liberties with your character. However, it's

odds against the matter coming to your wife's ears."

"But couldn't we have laid the others by the heels?"

"With the letter on Rupert? My dear fellow, you're very ill."

I laughed at myself, and forgave Rudolf his trick, though I think that he might have made my fictitious *inamorata* something more than a baker's wife. It would have cost no more to make her a countess, and the doctor would have looked with more respect on me. However, Rudolf had said that the baker broke my head with his rolling-pin, and thus the story rests in the doctor's mind to this day.

"Well, I'm off," said Rudolf.

"But where?"

"Why, to that same little station where two good friends parted from me once before. Fritz, where's Rupert gone?"

"I wish we knew."

"I lay he won't be far off."

"Are you armed?"

"The six-shooter. Well, yes, since you press me, a knife, too; but only if he uses one. You'll let Sapt know when you come?"

"Yes; and I come the moment I can stand?"

"As if you need tell me that, old fellow!"

"Where do you go from the station?"

"To Zenda, through the forest," he answered. "I shall reach the station about nine to-morrow night, Thursday. Unless Rischenheim has got the audience sooner than was arranged, I shall be in time."

"How will you get hold of Sapt?"

"We must leave something to the minute."

"God bless you, Rudolf."

"The king shan't have the letter, Fritz."

There was a moment's silence as we shook hands. Then that soft yet bright look came in his eyes again. He looked down at me, and caught me regarding him with a smile that I know was not unkind.

"I never thought I should see her again," he said. "I think I shall now, Fritz. To have a turn with that boy and to see her again—it's worth something."

"How will you see her?"

Rudolf laughed, and I laughed too. He caught my hand again. I think that he was anxious to infect me with his gaiety and confidence. But I could not answer to the appeal of his eyes. There was a motive in him that found no place in me—a great longing, the prospect or

hope of whose sudden fulfilment dwarfed danger and banished despair. He saw that I detected its presence in him and perceived how it filled his mind.

"But the letter comes before all," said he. "I expected to die without seeing her; I will die without seeing her, if I must, to save the letter."

"I know you will," said I.

He pressed my hand again. As he turned away, James came with his noiseless, quick step into the room.

"The carriage is at the door, sir," said he.

"Look after the count, James," said Rudolf. "Don't leave him till he sends you away."

"Very well, sir."

I raised myself in bed.

"Here's luck," I cried, catching up the lemonade James had brought me, and taking a gulp of it.

"Please God," said Rudolf, with a shrug.

And he was gone to his work and his reward—to save the queen's letter and to see the queen's face. Thus he went a second time to Zenda.

(To be continued.)



ARRAS, blacksmith and armorer, stood at the door of his hut in the valley of the Alf, a league or so from the Mosselle, on a summer evening. He was the most powerful man in all the Alf-thal, and few could lift the iron sledge-hammer which he wielded as if it were a toy. Arras had twelve sons, scarcely less stalwart than himself, some of whom helped him in his occupation of blacksmith and armorer, while the others tilled the ground near by, earning from the rich soil of the valley what sustenance the whole family needed.

The blacksmith heard, coming up the valley of the Alf, the hoof-beats of a horse; and his quick, experienced ear told him, distant though the animal yet was, that one of its shoes was loose. As the hurrying rider came within call, the blacksmith shouted to him in stentorian tones:

"Friend, pause a moment, until I fasten again the shoe on your horse's foot."

"I cannot stop," was the brief answer.

"Then your animal will go lame," rejoined the blacksmith.

"Better lose the horse than an empire," replied the rider, hurrying on.

"Now what does that mean?" said the blacksmith to himself, as he watched the disappearing rider, while the click, click of the loosened shoe became fainter and fainter in the distance.

If the blacksmith could have followed the rider into Castle Bertrich, a short distance farther up the valley, he would speedily have learned the meaning of the hasty phrase the horseman had flung behind him as he rode past.

Ascending the winding road which led to the gates of the castle as hurriedly as the jaded condition of his beast would permit, the horseman paused, unloosed the horn from his belt, and blew a blast that echoed from the wooded hills all around. Presently an officer appeared

above the gateway, accompanied by two or three armed men, and demanded who the stranger was and why he asked admission. The horseman, amazed at the officer's ignorance of heraldry, which caused him to inquire as to his quality, answered with some haughtiness:

"I, messenger of the Archbishop of Treves, demand instant audience with Count Bertrich."

The officer, without reply, disappeared from the castle walls, and presently the great leaves of the gate were thrown open, whereupon the horseman rode his tired animal into the courtyard and flung himself off. "My horse's shoe is loose," he said to the captain. "I ask you to have your armorer immediately attend to it."

"In truth," replied the officer, shrugging his shoulders, "there is more drinking than fighting in Castle Bertrich; consequently, we do not possess an armorer. If you want blacksmithing done you must betake yourself to armorer Arras in the valley, who will put either horse or armor right for you."

With this the messenger was forced to be content, and begging the attendant who took charge of his horse to remember that it had traveled far, and had still, when rested, a long journey before it, he followed the captain into the great rittersaal of the castle, where, on entering, after having been announced, he found the Count of Bertrich sitting at the head of a long table, a gigantic wine-flagon in hand, which he was industriously emptying.

Extending down each side of the table were numerous nobles, knights, and warriors, who, to judge by the hasty glance bestowed upon them by the archbishop's messenger, seemed to be following energetically the example set them by their lord at the head.

Count Bertrich's hair was unkempt, his face a purplish red, his eyes bloodshot, and his corselet, open at the throat, showed the great bull-neck of the man, on whose gigantic frame constant dissipation seemed to have only temporary effect.

"Well!" roared the nobleman, in a voice that made the rafters ring. "What would you with Count Bertrich?"

"I bear an urgent despatch to you from my lord the Archbishop of Treves," replied the messenger.

"Then down on your knees and present it," cried the count, beating the table with his flagon.

"I am envoy of his lordship of Treves," said the messenger sternly.

"You told us that before," cried the count; "and now you stand in the hall of Bertrich. Kneel, therefore, to its master."

"I represent the archbishop," reiterated the messenger, "and I kneel to none but God and the Emperor."

Count Bertrich rose somewhat uncertainly to his feet, his whole frame trembling with anger, volleying forth oaths upon threats. The tall nobleman at his right hand also rose, as did many of the others who sat at the table. The tall nobleman, placing hand on the arm of his furious host, said warningly:

"My lord count, the man is right. It is against the feudal law that he should kneel or that you should demand it. The Archbishop of Treves is your overlord, as well as ours, and it is not fitting that his messenger should bend the knee before us."

"That is truth; the feudal law," muttered others down each side of the table.

The enraged count glared upon them one after another, partially subdued by their breaking away from him.

The envoy stood calm and collected, awaiting the outcome of the tumult. The count, cursing the absent archbishop and his present guests with equal impartiality, sat slowly down again, and, flinging his empty flagon at an attendant, demanded that it should be refilled. The others now resumed their seats, and the count cried out, but with less of truculence in his tone:

"What message sent the archbishop to Castle Bertrich?"

"His lordship the Archbishop of Treves requires me to inform Count Bertrich and the assembled nobles that the Hungarians have forced passage across the Rhine and are now about to make their way through the defiles of the Eifel into this valley, intending then to march upon Treves, lay that ancient city in ruin, and carry havoc over the surrounding country. His lordship commands you, Count Bertrich, to rally your men about you and hold the infidels in check in the defiles of the Eifel until the archbishop, at the head of his army, comes to your relief from Treves."

There was deep silence in the large hall after this startling announcement; then the count replied:

"Tell the Archbishop of Treves that, if the lords of the Rhine cannot keep back the Hungarians, it is hardly likely that we, less powerful, near the Moselle can do it."

"His lordship urges instant compliance

with his request, and I am to say that you refuse at your peril. A few hundred men can hold the Hungarians in check while they are passing through the narrow ravines of the Eifel, while as many thousands might not be as successful against them should they once reach the open valleys of the Alf and the Moselle. His lordship would also have you further know that this campaign is as much

in your own interest as in his; for the Hungarians, in their devastating march, spare neither the high nor the low."

"Tell his lordship," hiccupped the count, "that I sit safely in my castle of Bertrich, and I defy all the Hungarians that ever were let loose to disturb me therein. If the archbishop keep Treves as tightly as I shall hold Castle Bertrich, there is little to fear from the invaders."

"Am I to return to Treves, then, with your refusal?" asked the envoy.

"You may return to Treves as best pleases you, so that you rid us of your presence here, where you mar good company."

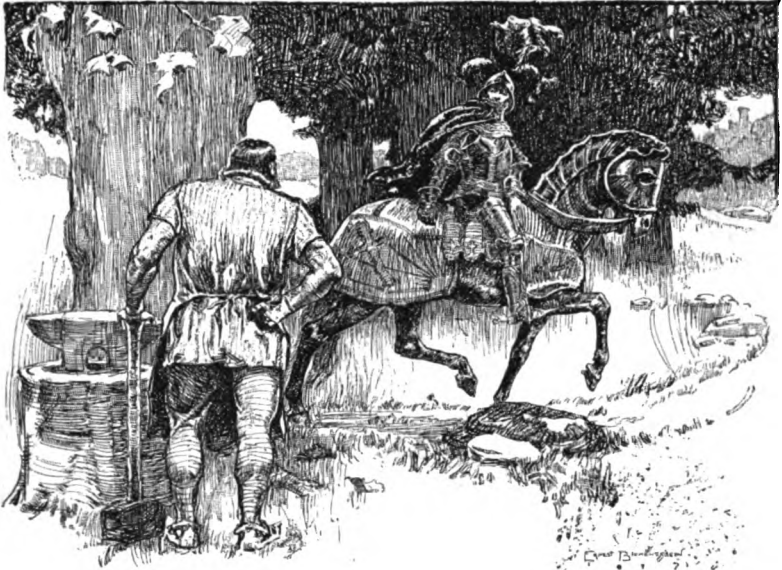
The envoy, without further speech, bowed to Count Bertrich, and also to the assembled nobles, then passed silently out of the hall, returning to the courtyard of the castle, where he demanded that his horse be brought to him.

"The animal has had but scant time for feeding and rest," said the captain.

"'Twill be sufficient to carry us to the blacksmith's hut," answered the envoy, as he put foot in stirrup.

The blacksmith, still standing at the door of his smithy, heard again, coming from the castle, the click of the broken shoe; but this time the rider drew up before him, and said:

"The offer of help which you tendered me on a previous occasion I shall now be glad to accept. Do your work well, smith, and know that in the performing



"BETTER LOSE THE HORSE THAN AN EMPIRE."

of it you are obliging the Archbishop of Treves."

The armorer raised his cap at the mention of the august name, and invoked a blessing upon the head of that renowned and warlike prelate.

"You said something," spoke up the smith, "of loss of empire, as you rode by. I trust there is no disquieting news from Treves."

"Disquieting enough," replied the messenger. "The Hungarians have crossed the Rhine, and are now making their way towards the defiles of the Eifel. There a hundred men could hold the infidels in check; but you breed a scurvy set of nobles in the Alf-thal, for Count Bertrich disdains the command of his overlord to rise at the head of his men and stay the progress of the invader until the archbishop can come to his assistance."

"Now out upon the drunken count for a base coward!" cried the armorer, in anger. "May his castle be sacked and himself hanged on the highest turret for refusing aid to his overlord in time of need. I and my twelve sons know every defile, ravine, pass, rock, and cave in the Eifel. Would the archbishop, think you, accept the aid of such underlings as we, whose only commendation is that our hearts are as stout as our sinews?"

"What better warranty could the archbishop ask than that?" replied the envoy. "If you can hold back the Hungarians for four or five days, then I doubt not that

whatever you ask of the archbishop will be speedily granted."

"We shall ask nothing," cried the blacksmith, "but his blessing, and be deeply honored in receiving it."

Whereupon the blacksmith, seizing his hammer, went to the door of his hut, where there hung outside what seemed to be part of a suit of armor, which served, at the same time, as a sign of his profession and as a tocsin. He smote the hanging iron with his sledge until the clangorous reverberation echoed through all the valley, and presently there came hurrying to him eight of his stalwart sons, who had been occupied in tilling the fields.

"Scatter ye," cried the blacksmith, "over all the land where my name is known. Rouse the people, and tell them the Hungarians are upon us. Urge all to collect here at the smithy before midnight, with whatever of arms or weapons they may be possessed. Those who have no arms let them bring poles for pike-handles, and your brothers and myself will busily make pike-heads of iron until they come. Tell them they are called to action by a lord from the Archbishop of Treves himself, and that I shall lead them. Tell them they fight for their homes, their wives, and their children. And now away!"

The eight young men at once dispersed in several directions. The smith himself shod the envoy's horse, and begged him to inform the archbishop that they would defend the passes of the Eifel while a man of them remained alive.

Long before midnight the peasants came straggling to the smithy from all quarters, and by daylight the blacksmith had led them over the volcanic hills to the lip of the tremendous pass through which the Hungarians must come. The sides of this chasm were precipitous and hundreds of feet in height. Even the peasants themselves, knowing the rocks as they did, could not have climbed from the bottom of the pass below to the height they now occupied. They had, therefore, little fear that the numerous Hungarians could

scale the walls and decimate their scanty band.

When the Hungarian army appeared, the blacksmith and his men rolled great stones and rocks down upon them, practically annihilating the advance-guard and throwing the whole army into confusion. The week's struggle that followed forms one of the most exciting episodes in German history. Again and again the Hungarians attempted the pass, but nothing could withstand the avalanche of stones and rocks with which they were overwhelmed. Nevertheless the devoted little band did not have things all their own way. They were so few, and they had to keep such close watch night and day, that before the week was out many turned longing eyes in the direction from which the archbishop's army was expected to come. It was not until the seventh day that help arrived; and then the archbishop's forces speedily put to flight the now demoralized Hungarians, and chased them once more across the Rhine.

"There is nothing now left for us to do," said the tired blacksmith to his little following; "so I will get back to my forge, and you to your farms." And this, without more ado, they did; the cheering and inspiring ring of iron on anvil awakening the echoes of the Alf-thal once again.

The blacksmith and his twelve sons were at their noon-day meal when an imposing cavalcade rode up to the smithy, at the head of which procession was the archbishop, and the blacksmith and his dozen sons were covered with confusion to think they had such a distinguished visitor, without the means of receiving him in accordance with his station. But the archbishop said:

"Blacksmith Arras, you and your sons would not wait for me to thank you, so I am now come to you, that in the presence of all these followers of mine I may pay fitting tribute to your loyalty and your great bravery."

Then indeed did the modest blacksmith consider he had received more than ample compensation for what he had done, which, after all, as he told his neighbors, was merely his duty; so why should a man be thanked for it?

"Blacksmith," said the archbishop, as he mounted his horse to return to Treves, "thanks cost little and are easily bestowed. I hope, however, to have a Christmas present for you which will show the whole country round how much I esteem true valor."



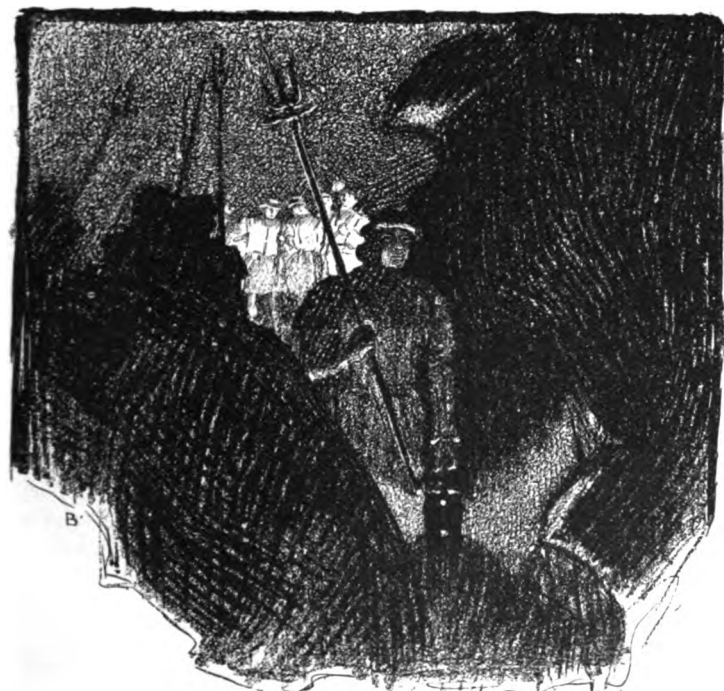
COUNT BERTRICH.

At the mouth of the Alf-thal, somewhat back from the small village of Alf and overlooking the Moselle, stands a conical hill that completely commands the valley. The Archbishop of Treves, having had such a lesson regarding the dangers of an incursion through the volcanic region of the Eifel, put some hundreds of men at work on this conical hill, and erected on the top a strong castle, which was the wonder of the country. The year was nearing its end when this great stronghold was completed, and it began to be known throughout the land that the archbishop intended to hold high Christmas revel there, and had invited to the castle all the nobles in the country, while the chief guest was no other than the emperor him-

though the peasants were jubilant that one of their caste should thus be singled out to receive the favor of the famous archbishop, and meet not only great nobles but the emperor himself, still it was gossiped that the barons grumbled at this distinction being placed upon a serf like blacksmith Arras, and none were so loud in their complaints as the Count Bertrich, who had remained drinking in the castle while the blacksmith fought for the land. Nevertheless all the nobility accepted the invitation of the powerful Archbishop of Treves, and assembled in the great room of the new castle, each equipped in all the gorgeousness of full armor.

It had been rumored among the nobles that the emperor would not permit the archbishop to sully the caste of knighthood by asking the barons to recognize or hold converse with one in humble station of life. Indeed, had it been otherwise, Count Bertrich, with the barons to back him, was resolved to speak out boldly to the emperor, upholding the privileges of his class, and protesting against insult to it in the presence of the blacksmith and his twelve sons.

When all assembled in the great hall they found at the center of the long side-wall a magnificent throne erected, with a dais in front of it; and on this throne sat the emperor in state, while at his right hand stood the lordly Archbishop



"THE BLACKSMITH HAD LED THEM OVER THE VOLCANIC HILLS."

self. Then the neighbors of the blacksmith learned that a Christmas gift was about to be bestowed upon that stalwart man. He and his twelve sons received notification to attend at the castle and enjoy the whole week's festivity. He was commanded to come in his leathern apron, and to bring his huge sledge-hammer with him, which, the archbishop himself said, had now become as honorable a weapon as a two-handed sword itself.

Never before had such an honor been bestowed upon a common man; and, al-

and Elector of Treves. But, what was more disquieting, they beheld also the blacksmith standing before the dais, some distance in front of the emperor, clad in his leathern apron, with his big, brawny hands folded over the top of the handle of his huge sledge-hammer. Behind him were ranged his twelve sons. There were deep frowns on the brows of the nobles when they saw this; and, after kneeling and protesting their loyalty to the emperor, they stood aloof and apart, leaving a clear space between themselves and the plebeian black-

smith, on whom they cast lowering looks.

When the salutations to the emperor had been given, the archbishop took a step forward on the dais, and spoke in a clear voice that could be heard to the farthest corner of the room.

"My lords," he said, "I have invited you hither that you may have the privilege of doing honor to a brave man. I ask you to salute the blacksmith Arras, who, when his country was in danger, crushed the invaders as effectually as ever his right arm, wielding sledge, crushed hot iron."

A red flush of confusion overspread the face of the blacksmith; but loud murmurs broke out among the nobility, and none stepped forward to salute him. One indeed stepped forward, but it was to appeal to the emperor.

"Your Majesty," said Count Bertrich, "this is an unwarranted breach of our privileges. It is not meet that we, holding noble names, should be asked to consort with an untitled blacksmith. I appeal to your Majesty against the archbishop under the feudal law."

All eyes turned upon the emperor, who, after a pause, spoke and said:

"Count Bertrich is right, and I sustain his appeal."

An expression of triumph came into the red, bibulous face of Count Bertrich, and the nobles shouted joyously:

"The emperor, the emperor!"

The archbishop, however, seemed in no way nonplussed by his defeat; but said, addressing the armorer:

"Advance, blacksmith, and do homage to your emperor and mine."

When the blacksmith knelt before the throne, the emperor, taking his jeweled sword from his side, smote him lightly on his broad shoulders, saying:

"Arise, Count Arras, noble of the German empire, and first lord of the Alf-thal."

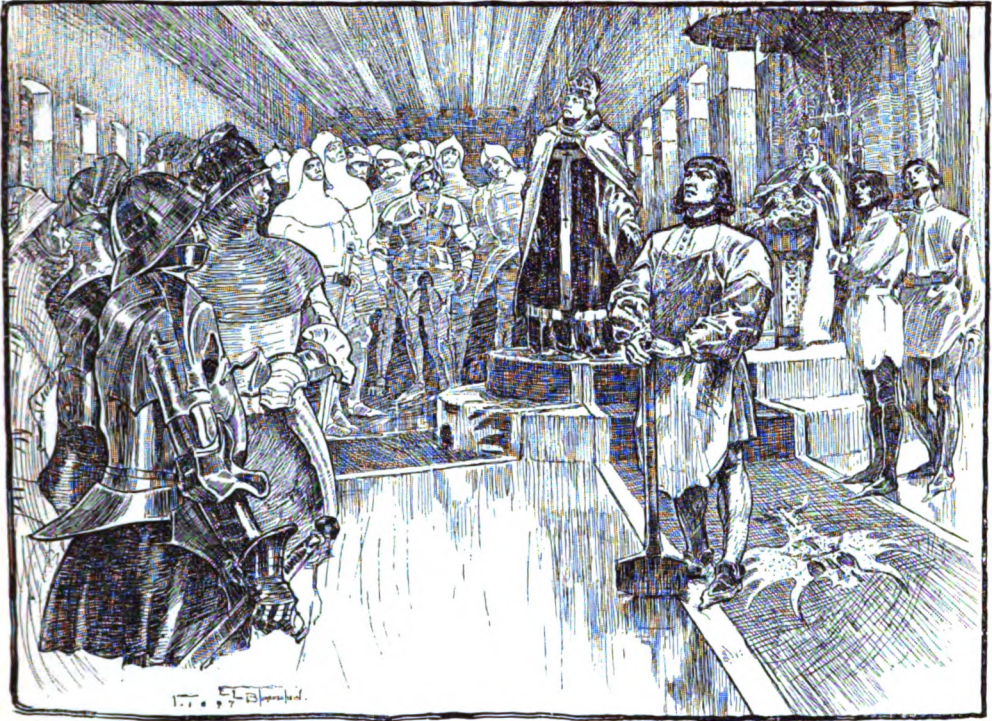
The blacksmith rose slowly to his feet, bowed lowly to the emperor, and backed to the place where he had formerly stood, again resting his hands on the handle of his sledge-hammer.

The look of exultation faded from the face of Count Bertrich, and was replaced by an expression of dismay; for he had been, till that moment, himself first lord of the Alf-thal, with none second.

"My lords," once more spoke up the



"THE BLACKSMITH AND HIS MEN ROLLED GREAT STONES AND ROCKS DOWN UPON THEM."



"MY LORDS, . . . I ASK YOU TO SALUTE THE BLACKSMITH."

archbishop, "I ask you to salute Count Arras, first lord of the Alf-thal."

No noble moved, and again Count Bertrich appealed to the emperor.

"Are we to receive on terms of equality," he said, "a landless man—a count of a blacksmith's hut, a first lord of a forge? For the second time I appeal to your Majesty against such an outrage."

The emperor replied calmly:

"Again I support the appeal of Count Bertrich."

There was this time no applause from the surrounding nobles; for many of them had some smattering idea of what was next to happen, although the muddled brain of Count Bertrich gave him no intimation of it.

"Count Arras," said the archbishop, "I promised you a Christmas gift when last I left you at your smithy door. I now bestow upon you and your heirs forever this castle of Burg Arras and the lands adjoining it. I ask you to hold it for me well and faithfully, as you held the pass of the Eifel. My lords," continued the archbishop, turning to the nobles, with a ring of menace in his voice, "I ask you to salute Count Arras, your equal in title, your equal in possessions, and the superior

of any one of you in patriotism and bravery. If any noble question his courage, let him neglect to give Count of Burg Arras his title and salutation as he passes before him."

"Indeed, and that will not I," said the tall noble who had sat at Bertrich's right hand in his castle; "for, my lords, if we hesitate longer, this doughty blacksmith will be emperor before we know it." Then advancing towards the ex-armorer, he said:

"My lord, Count of Burg Arras, it gives me pleasure to salute you and to hope that when emperor or archbishop are to be fought for your arm will be no less powerful in a coat of mail than it was when you wore a leathern apron."

One by one the nobles passed and saluted, as their leader had done, Count Bertrich hanging back until the last; then, as he passed the new Count of Burg Arras, he hissed at him, with a look of rage, the single word "*Blacksmith!*"

The Count of Burg Arras, stirred to sudden anger, and forgetting in whose presence he stood, swung his huge sledgehammer round his head, and brought it down on the armored back of Count Bertrich, roaring the word "*Anvil!*"

The armor splintered like crushed ice, and Count Bertrich fell prone on his face and lay there. There was instant cry of "Treason! treason!" and shouts of: "No man may draw arms in the emperor's presence."

"My lord emperor," cried the Count of Burg Arras, "I crave pardon if I have done amiss. A man does not forget the tricks of his old calling when he takes on new honors. Your Majesty has said that I am a count. This man, having heard your Majesty's word, proclaims me blacksmith, and so gives the lie to his emperor. For this I struck him, and would again, even though he stood before the throne in a palace or the altar in a cathedral. If that be treason, take from me your hon-

ors and let me back to my forge, where this same hammer will mend the armor it has broken or beat him out a new back-piece."

"You have broken no tenet of the feudal law," said the emperor. "You have broken nothing, I trust, but the count's armor; for, as I see he is arousing himself, doubtless no bones are broken. The feudal law does not regard a blacksmith's hammer as a weapon. And as for treason, Count of Burg Arras, may my throne always be surrounded by such treason as yours!"

And for centuries after, the descendants of the blacksmith were Counts of Burg Arras and held the castle of that name, whose ruins to-day attest the excellence of the archbishop's building.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY CHARLES A. DANA,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS

II.

FROM MEMPHIS TO VICKSBURG—THE VICKSBURG CAMPAIGN.

IT was from Columbus, Kentucky, on March 20, 1863, that I sent my first telegram to the War Department.

I did not remain in Columbus long, for there was absolutely no trustworthy information there respecting affairs down the river, but took a boat to Memphis, where I arrived March 23d. I found General Hurlbut in command. I had met Hurlbut in January, when on my cotton business, and he gave me every opportunity to gather information concerning the operations against Vicksburg. But in spite of all his courtesies, I had not been long at Memphis before I decided that it was impossible to gather trustworthy news there. I accordingly suggested to Mr. Stanton, three days after my arrival, that I would be more useful farther down the river. In reply he telegraphed me:

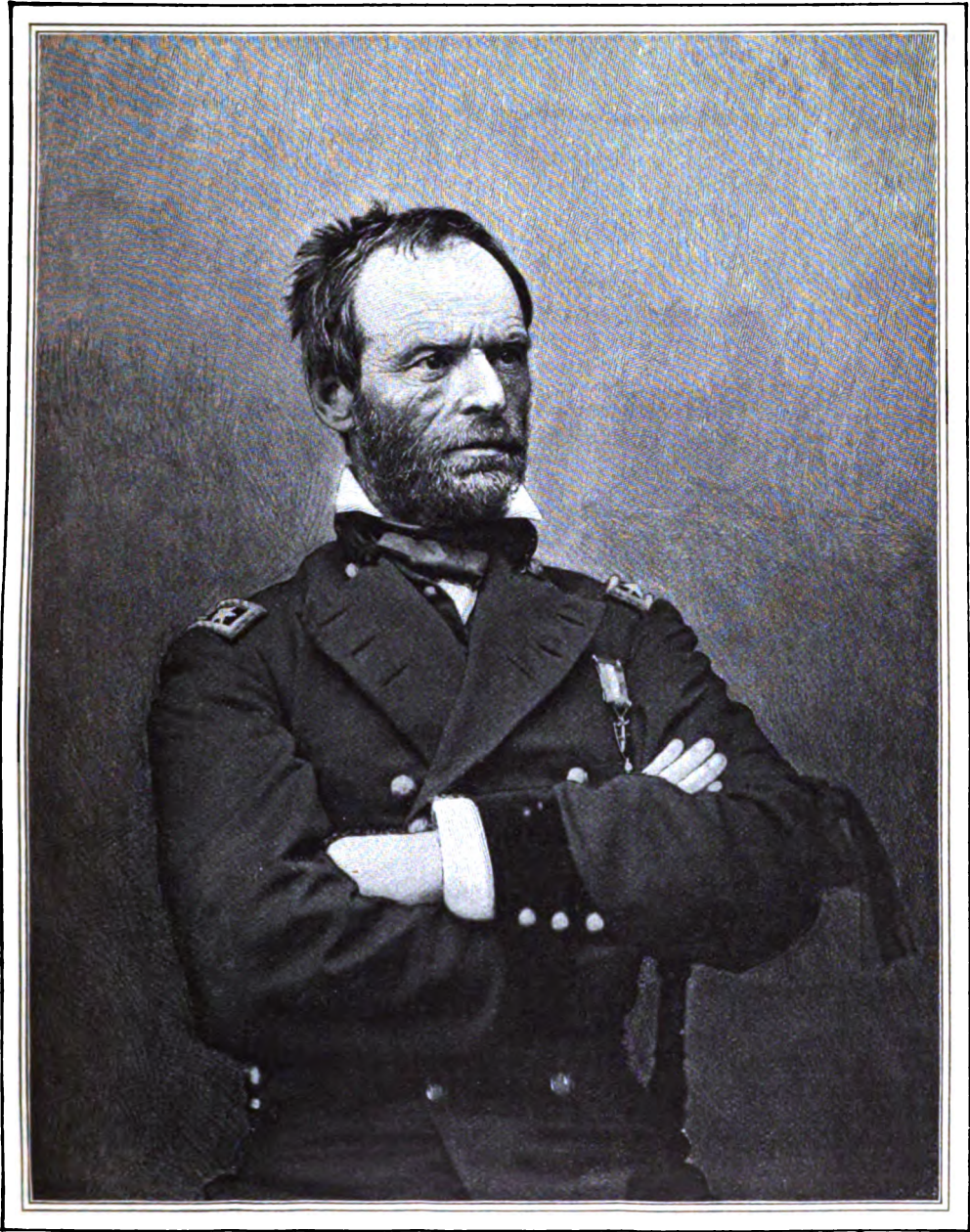
I am conscious that arises from no fault of yours. You will proceed to General Grant's headquarters, or wherever you may be best able to accomplish the purposes designated by this Department. You will consider your movements to be governed by your own discretion without any restriction.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

As soon after receiving this telegram as I could get a boat, I left Memphis for Milliken's Bend, where General Grant had his headquarters. I reached there at noon on April 6th. The Mississippi at Milliken's Bend was a mile wide, and the sight as we came down the river by boat was most imposing. Grant's big army was stretched up and down the river bank, over the plantations, its white tents affording a new decoration to the natural magnificence of the broad plains. These plains, which stretch far back from the river, were divided into rich and old plantations by blooming hedges of rose and osage orange, the mansions of the owners being enclosed in roses, myrtles, magnolias, oaks,

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY, *March 30, 1863.*
C. A. DANA, ESQ., Memphis, Tenn., via Cairo:

Your telegrams have been received, and although the information has been meager and unsatisfactory,



GENERAL WILLIAM T. SHERMAN.

The rank of General Sherman in the Vicksburg campaign was that of a major-general of volunteers. He commanded the Fifteenth Army Corps.

and every other sort of beautiful and noble trees. The negroes whose work made all this wealth and magnificence were gone, and there was nothing growing in the fields.

I had not been long at Milliken's Bend before I was on friendly terms with all the generals, big and little, and one or two of

them I found were very rare men—Sherman especially impressed me as a man of genius and of the widest intellectual acquisitions. Every day I rode in one direction or another with an officer, inspecting the operations going on. From what I saw on my rides over the country, I got a new insight into slavery, which made me no

more a friend to that institution than I was before. I had seen slavery in Maryland, Kentucky, Virginia, and Missouri, but it was not till I saw these great Louisiana plantations, with all their apparatus for living and working, that I really felt the aristocratic nature of the institution and the infernal baseness of that aristocracy. Every day my conviction was intensified that the territorial and political integrity of the nation must be preserved at all costs and no matter how long it took; that it was better to keep up the existing war as long as was necessary rather than to make arrangement for indefinite wars hereafter and for other disruptions; that we must have it out then, and settle forever the question, so that our children would be able to attend to other matters. For my own part, I preferred one nation and one country, with a military government afterwards, if such should follow, rather than two or three nations and countries with the semblance of the old Constitution in each of them, ending in wars and despotisms everywhere.

GRANT'S NEW PLAN OF CAMPAIGN.

As soon as I arrived at Milliken's Bend on April 6th I hunted up Grant and explained my mission. He received me cordially. Indeed, I think Grant was always glad to have me with his army. He did not like letter writing, and my daily despatches to Mr. Stanton relieved him from the necessity of describing every day what was going on in the army. From the first neither he nor any of his staff or corps commanders evinced any unwillingness to show me the inside of things. In this first interview at Milliken's Bend, for instance, Grant explained to me so fully a new plan of campaign against Vicksburg which he had just adopted that by three o'clock I was able to send an outline of it to Mr. Stanton, and from that time I saw and knew all the interior operations of that toughest of tough jobs—the reopening of the Mississippi.

The new project, so Grant told me, was to transfer his army to New Carthage (see map, page 161); from there carry it over the Mississippi, landing at or about Grand Gulf; capture this point, and then operate rapidly on the southern and eastern shore of the Big Black River, threatening at the same time both Vicksburg and Jackson, and confusing the Confederates as to his real objective. If this could be done, he

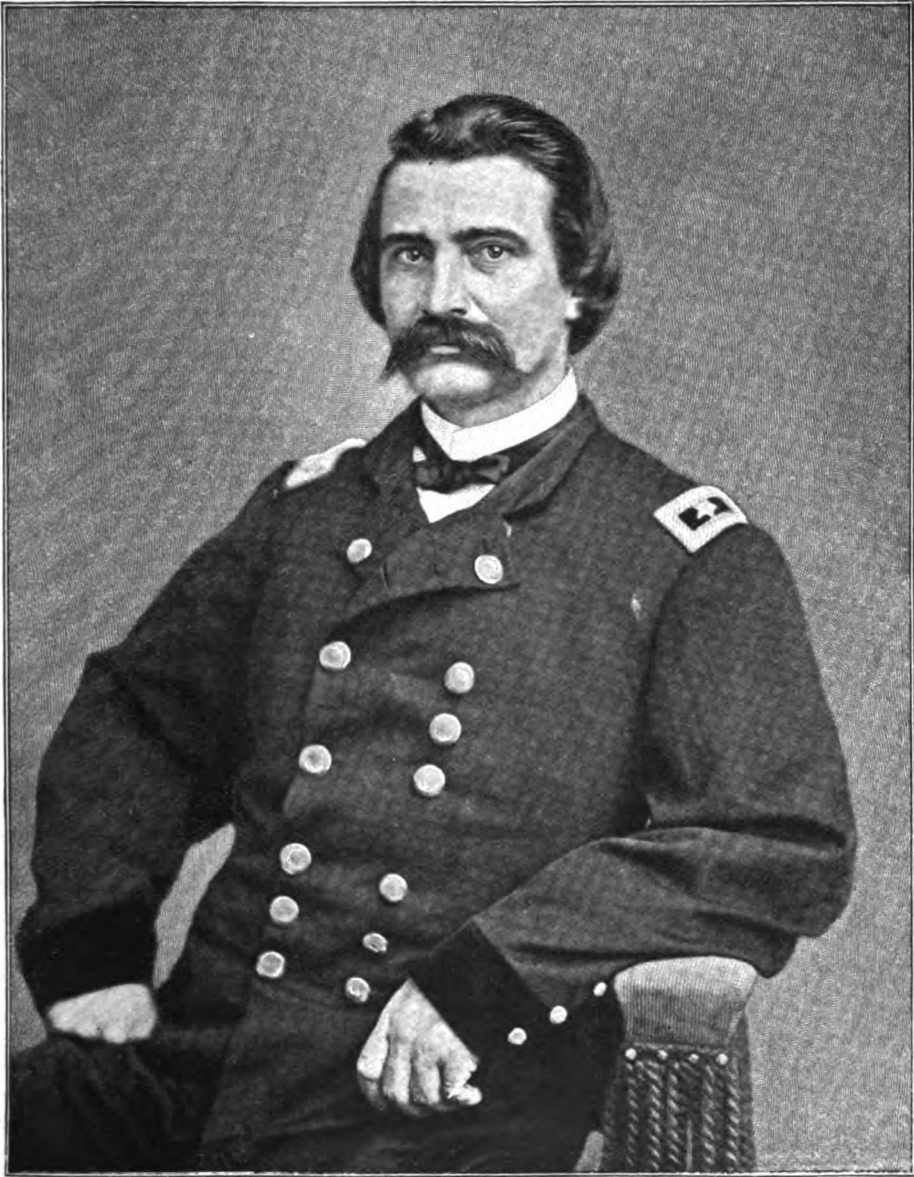
believed the enemy would come out of Vicksburg and fight.

The first element in this plan was to open a passage from the Mississippi, near Milliken's Bend, above Vicksburg, to the bayou on the west side, which led around to New Carthage below. The work on this canal was already begun. A part of one of the army corps—that under General John A. McClernand—had already reached New Carthage, and Grant was hurrying other troops forward.

The second and perhaps most vital part of the plan was to float down the river, past the Vicksburg batteries, a half-dozen steamboats protected by defenses of bales of cotton and wet hay, and loaded with supplies and munitions for the troops to operate from the new base below.

Perhaps the best evidence of the feasibility of the project was found in the fact that the river men pronounced its success certain. General W. T. Sherman, who commanded one of the three corps (the Fifteenth) in Grant's army and with whom I conversed at length upon the subject, thought there was no difficulty in opening the passage, but that the line would be a precarious one (for supplies) after the army was thrown across the Mississippi. But it was not long in our daily talks before I saw his mind was tending to the conclusion of General Grant. As for General Grant, his purpose from its conception was dead set on the new scheme. Admiral Porter cordially agreed with him.

There seemed to be only one hitch in the campaign. Grant had intrusted the attack on Grand Gulf to General McClernand, who had already advanced as far as New Carthage with part of his corps. Now McClernand was thoroughly distrusted by the majority of the officers in Grant's army. They believed him ambitious to capture Vicksburg on his own responsibility, and thought that hearty co-operation with the rest of the army could not be expected from him. There was some reason for this feeling. McClernand was an Illinois Democrat who had resigned from Congress at the breaking out of the war and returned home to raise the body of troops known as the McClernand Brigade. President Lincoln, anxious to hold him and his friends to the war, had appointed McClernand a brigadier-general of volunteers, and had in many ways favored his plans and advanced his interests. McClernand and his division did good service at Fort Donelson and Shiloh, and in December, 1862, he was appointed to the com-



GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN.

In 1863 General Logan was major-general of volunteers, and commanded the third division of the Seventeenth Army Corps, which was under General James B. McPherson.

mand of an independent expedition against Vicksburg, within the departmental jurisdiction of Grant however. He had always resented Grant's interference, and endeavored to carry on a campaign on the lower Mississippi untrammelled by Grant's superior authority. Later, by authority of General Halleck, Grant went down the river and assumed personal command of all the operations against Vicksburg, greatly reënforcing the army, thus again relegating McClernand to a secondary part. Naturally, this condition of affairs had tended to prejudice the other officers of the army, who were generally friendly to Grant, against McClernand, and when it was known that he was to lead the advance in the new campaign there was a strong protest. Sherman and Porter, particularly, believed it a mistake, and talked frankly with me about it. One night when we had all gathered at Grant's headquarters

and were talking over the campaign very freely, as we were accustomed to do, both Sherman and Porter protested against the arrangement. But Grant would not be changed. McClelland, he said, was exceedingly desirous of the command. He was the senior of the other corps commanders. He was an especial favorite of the President, and the position which his corps occupied on the ground when the movement was first projected was such that the advance naturally fell to its lot. Besides, McClelland had entered zealously into the plan from the first, while Sherman had doubted and criticised; and McPherson, who commanded the Seventeenth Corps, and whom Grant said he would really have much preferred, was away at Lake Providence, and though he had approved of the scheme, he had taken no active part in it.

I believed the assignment of this duty to McClelland to be so dangerous that I added my expostulation to those of the generals, and in reporting the case to Mr. Stanton I said: "I have remonstrated so far as I could properly do so against entrusting so momentous an operation to McClelland."

Mr. Stanton replied: "Allow me to suggest that you carefully avoid giving any advice in respect to commands that may be assigned, as it may lead to misunderstanding and troublesome complications." Of course, after that, I scrupulously observed his directions, even in extreme cases.

As the days went on everybody, in spite of this hitch, became more sanguine that the new project would succeed. For my own part I had not a doubt of it, as one can see from this fragment written from Milliken's Bend on April 13th to one of my friends:

"Like all who really know the facts, I feel no sort of doubt that we shall before long get the nut cracked. Probably before this letter reaches New York, on its way to you, the telegraph will get ahead of it with the news that Grant, masking Vicksburg, deemed impregnable by its defenders, has carried the bulk of his army down the river, through a cut-off which he has opened without the enemy believing it could be done; has occupied Grand Gulf, taken Port Hudson, and, effecting a junction with the forces of Banks, has returned up the river to threaten Jackson and compel the enemy to come out of Vicksburg and fight him on ground of his own choosing. Of course this scheme may miscarry

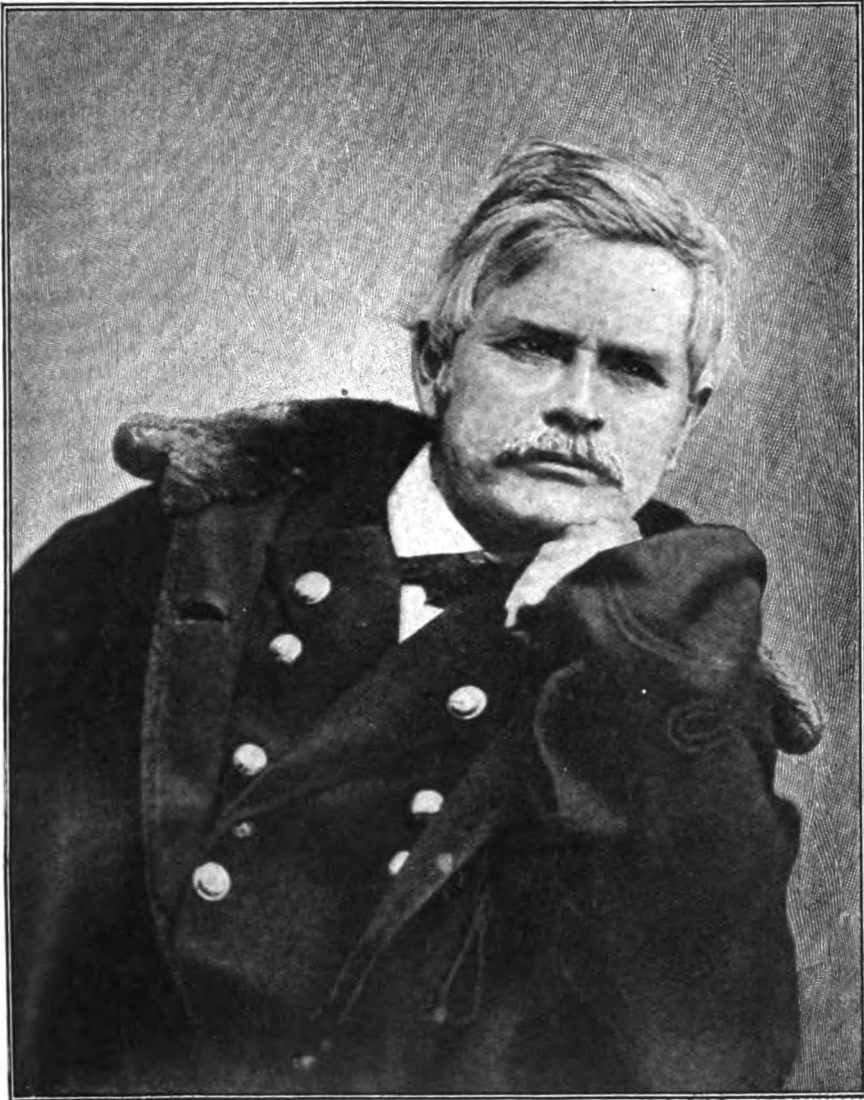
in whole or in parts; but as yet the chances all favor its execution, which is now just ready to begin."

RUNNING THE VICKSBURG BATTERIES.

Admiral Porter's arrangements for carrying out the second part of Grant's scheme—that is, running the Vicksburg batteries—were all completed by April 16th, the ironclads and steamers being protected in vulnerable parts by bulwarks of hay, cotton, and sandbags, and the barges loaded with forage, coal, and the camp equipment of General McClelland's corps, which was already at New Carthage. Admiral Porter was to go with the expedition on a small tug, and he invited me to accompany him; but I felt that I ought not to get out of my communications, and so refused. Instead, I joined Grant on his headquarters boat, which was stationed on the right bank of the river, where, from the bows, we could see the squadron as it started and could follow its course until it was nearly past Vicksburg.

Just before ten o'clock on the night of April 16th the squadron cast loose from its moorings. It was a strange scene. First one big black mass detached itself from the shore, and we saw it float out toward the middle of the stream. There was nothing to be seen except this black mass, which dropped slowly down the river. Soon another black mass detached itself, then another, and another. It was Admiral Porter's fleet of ironclad turtles, steamboats, and barges. They floated down the Mississippi darkly and silently, showing neither steam nor light, save occasionally a signal astern, where the enemy could not see it.

The vessels moved at intervals of about 200 yards. First came seven ironclad turtles and one heavy-armed ram; following these were two side-wheel steamers and one stern-wheel, having twelve barges in tow: these barges carried the supplies. Far astern of them was one carrying ammunition. The most of the gunboats had already doubled the tongue of land which stretches northeasterly in front of Vicksburg, and they were immediately under the guns of nearly all the Confederate batteries, when there was a flash from the enemy's upper forts, and then for an hour and a half the cannonade was terrific, raging incessantly along the line of about four miles in extent. I counted 525 discharges. Early in the action the enemy set fire to a frame building in front of



GENERAL E. O. C. ORD.

Ord belonged to the Army of the Tennessee from May, 1862, but a wound received at Corinth kept him from serving in the earlier part of the Vicksburg campaign. When McClelland was relieved, June 18, 1863, Ord was given his command, the Thirteenth Army Corps.

Vicksburg to light up the scene and direct his fire.

About 12.45 A.M., one of our steamers, "Henry Clay," took fire and burned for three-quarters of an hour. The "Henry Clay" was lost by being abandoned by her captain and crew in a panic, they thinking her to be sinking. The pilot refused to go with them, and said if they would stay they would get her through safe. After they had fled in the yawls, the cotton bales on her deck took fire, and one wheel became unmanageable. The pilot then ran her aground, and got upon

a plank, from which he was picked up four miles below.

The morning after Admiral Porter had run the Vicksburg batteries, I went with General Grant to New Carthage to review the situation. We found the squadron there, all in fighting condition, though most of them had been hit. Not a man had been lost.

GRANT CHANGES HIS HEADQUARTERS.

A few days after the running of the Vicksburg batteries, General Grant changed his

headquarters to Smith's plantation, near New Carthage. All of McClernand's corps, the Thirteenth, was now there, and that officer said 10,000 men would be ready to move from New Carthage the next day. McPherson's corps, which had been busy upon the Lake Providence expedition and other services, but which had been ordered to join, was now, except one division, moving over from Milliken's Bend. Sherman's corps, the Fifteenth, which had been stationed at Young's Point, was also under marching orders to New Carthage.

Grant's first object was now to cross the Mississippi as speedily as possible and capture Grand Gulf before it could be reinforced; and an attack was ordered to be made as soon as the troops could be gotten ready and the batteries silenced—the next day, April 26th, if possible.

McCLERNAND'S DELAYS.

An irritating delay occurred here, however. When we came to Smith's plantation on the 24th, I had seen that there was apparently much confusion in McClernand's command, and we had been astonished to find, now that he was ordered to move across the Mississippi, that he was planning to carry his bride, with her servants and baggage, along with him, although Grant had ordered that officers should leave behind everything that could impede our march.

On the 26th, the day when it was hoped to make an attack on Grand Gulf, I went with Grant by water from our headquarters at Smith's plantation down to New Carthage and to Perkins's plantation below, where two of McClernand's divisions were encamped. These troops, it was supposed, were ready for immediate embarkation, and there were quite as many as all the transports could carry; but the first thing which struck us both on approaching the points of embarkation was that the steamboats and barges were scattered about in the river and in the bayou as if there was no idea of the imperative necessity of the promptest possible movement.

We at once steamed to Admiral Porter's flagship, which was lying just above Grand Gulf, and Grant sent for McClernand, ordering him to embark his men without losing a moment. In spite of this order, that night at dark, when a thunder-storm set in, not a single cannon or man had been moved. Instead, McClernand held a review of a brigade of Illinois troops at

Perkins's, about four P.M. At the same time a salute of artillery was fired, notwithstanding that positive orders had repeatedly been given to use no ammunition for any purpose except against the enemy.

What made McClernand's delay still more annoying was the fact that when we got back from the river to our headquarters the night of the 26th, we found that McPherson had arrived at Smith's plantation with the first division of his corps, the rear being back no farther than Richmond. His whole force would have been up the next day, but it was necessary to arrest its movements until McClernand could be got out of the way.

THE ATTACK ON GRAND GULF.

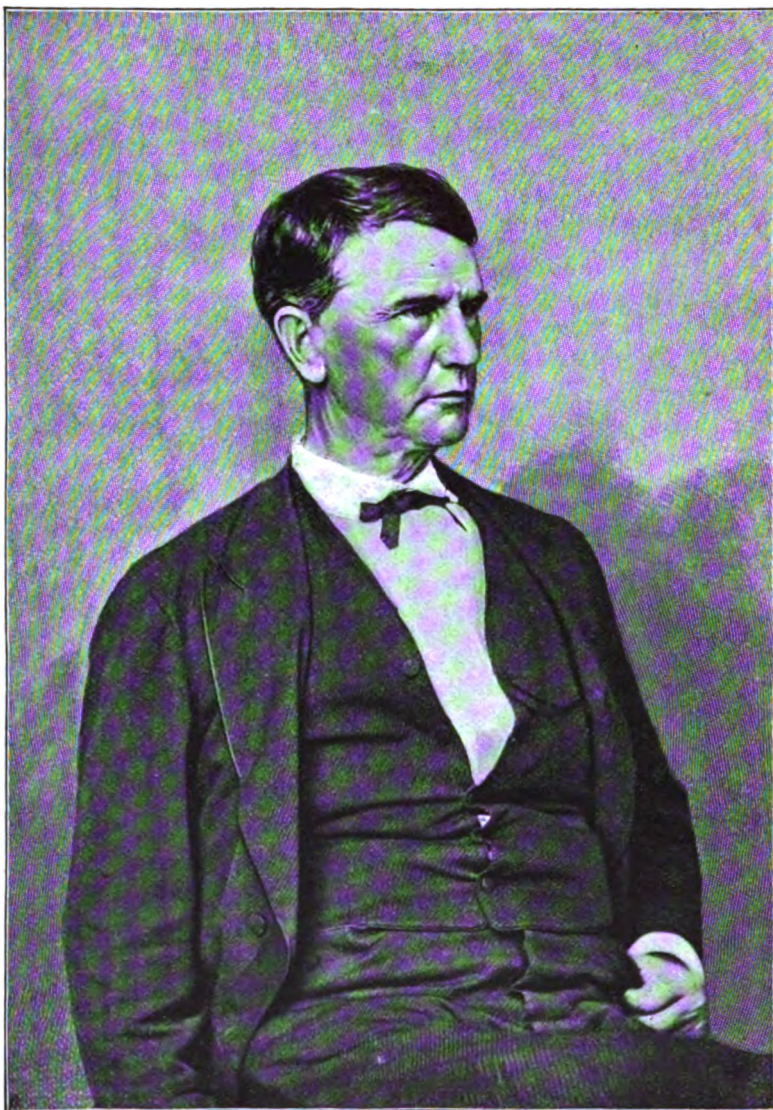
It was not until the morning of the 29th that Grant had troops enough concentrated at Hard Times, a landing on the Louisiana side almost directly across from Grand Gulf, to land at the foot of the Grand Gulf bluff as soon as its batteries were silenced. At eight A.M. precisely the gunboats opened their attack. Seven gunboats, all ironclads, were engaged, and a cannonade was kept up for nearly six hours. The batteries, however, proved too much for the gunboats, and General Grant determined to execute an alternative plan, which he had had in mind from the first; that was to debark the troops and march them south across the peninsula which faces Grand Gulf to a place out of reach of the rebel guns. The movement was undertaken at once, and a body of about 35,000 men was started across the peninsula to De Shroon's plantation, where it was proposed to embark them.

Late in the evening I left Hard Times with Grant to ride across the peninsula to De Shroon's. The night was pitch-dark, and, as we rode side by side, Grant's horse suddenly gave a nasty stumble. I expected to see the General go over the animal's head, and I watched intently, not to see if he was hurt, but if he would show any anger. I had been with Grant daily now for three weeks, and I had never seen him ruffled or heard him swear. His equanimity was becoming a curious spectacle to me. When I saw his horse lunge my first thought was, "Now he will swear." For an instant his moral status was on trial; but Grant was a tenacious horseman, and instead of going over the animal's head as I imagined he would, he kept his seat. Pulling up his horse he rode on, and, to my utter amazement, without a word or

sign of impatience. And it is a fact that though I was with Grant during the most trying campaigns of the war, I never heard him use an oath.

We reached De Shroon's about eleven o'clock. The night was spent in embarking the men, and by eleven o'clock the next morning (April 30th) three divisions were landed on the east shore of the Mississippi, at the place General Grant had selected. This was Bruinsburg, sixty miles south of Vicksburg, and the first point south of Grand Gulf from which the highlands of the interior could be reached by a road over dry land.

I was obliged to separate from the headquarters on the 30th, for the means for transporting the troops and officers were so limited that neither an extra man nor a particle of unnecessary baggage was allowed, even horses and tents being left behind; and I did not get over until the morning of May 1st, after the army had moved on Port Gibson, where they first engaged the enemy. As soon as I was landed at Bruinsburg I started in the direction of the battle, on foot, of course, as my horse had not been brought over. I had not gone far before I overtook a quartermaster driving towards Port Gibson, who took me into his wagon. About four miles from Port Gibson we came upon the first signs of the battle—a



GENERAL FRANCIS P. BLAIR.

Blair commanded the second division of the Fifteenth Army Corps throughout the Vicksburg campaign.

field where it was evident that there had been a struggle. I got out of the wagon as we approached, and started towards a little white house with green blinds, covered with vines. It was here I saw the first real bloodshed in the war. The little white house had been taken as a field hospital, and the first thing my eyes fell upon as I went into the yard was a heap of arms and legs which had been amputated and thrown into a pile outside. I had seen men shot, and dead men plenty; but this pile of legs and arms gave me a vivid sense of war such as I had not before experienced.

I SECURE A HORSE.

As the army was pressing the Confederates towards Port Gibson all that day, I followed in the rear, but without overtaking General Grant. While trailing along after the forces, I came across Fred Grant, then a lad of thirteen, who had been left asleep by his father on a steamer at Bruinsburg, but had started out on foot, like myself, as soon as he awakened and found the army had marched. We tramped and foraged together until the next morning, when some officers who had captured two old white carriage horses gave us each one. We got the best bridles and saddles we could, and thus equipped made our way into Port Gibson, which the enemy had deserted and where General Grant now had his headquarters. I rode that old horse for four or five days; then by a chance I got a good one. A captured Confederate officer had been brought before General Grant for examination. This man had a very good horse, and after Grant had finished his questions the officer said:

"General, this horse and saddle are my private property; they do not belong to the Confederate army; they belong to me as a citizen, and I trust you will let me have them. Of course, while I am a prisoner I do not expect to be allowed to ride the horse, but I hope you will regard him as my property and finally restore him to me."

"Well," said Grant, "I have got four or five first-rate horses wandering somewhere about the Southern Confederacy. They have been captured from me in battle or by spies. I will authorize you, whenever you find one of them, to take possession of him. I cheerfully give him to you; but as for this horse, I think he is just about the horse Mr. Dana needs."

I rode my new acquisition afterwards through that whole campaign, and when I came away I turned him over to the quartermaster. Whenever I went out with General Grant anywhere, he always asked some funny question about that horse.

MARCHING INTO THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

It was the 2d day of May, 1863, when I rode into Port Gibson, Mississippi, and inquired for Grant's headquarters. I found the General in a little house of the village, busily directing the advance of the army. By the next morning he was

ready to start after the troops. On the 4th I joined him at his headquarters at Hankinson's Ferry, on the Big Black, and now began my first experience with an army marching into an enemy's territory. A glimpse of my life at this time is given in this letter to a child, written the day after I rejoined Grant:

HANKINSON'S FERRY, May 5.

All of a sudden it is very cold here. Two days ago it was hot like summer, but now I sit in my tent in my overcoat, writing and thinking if I only were at home instead of being almost two thousand miles away.

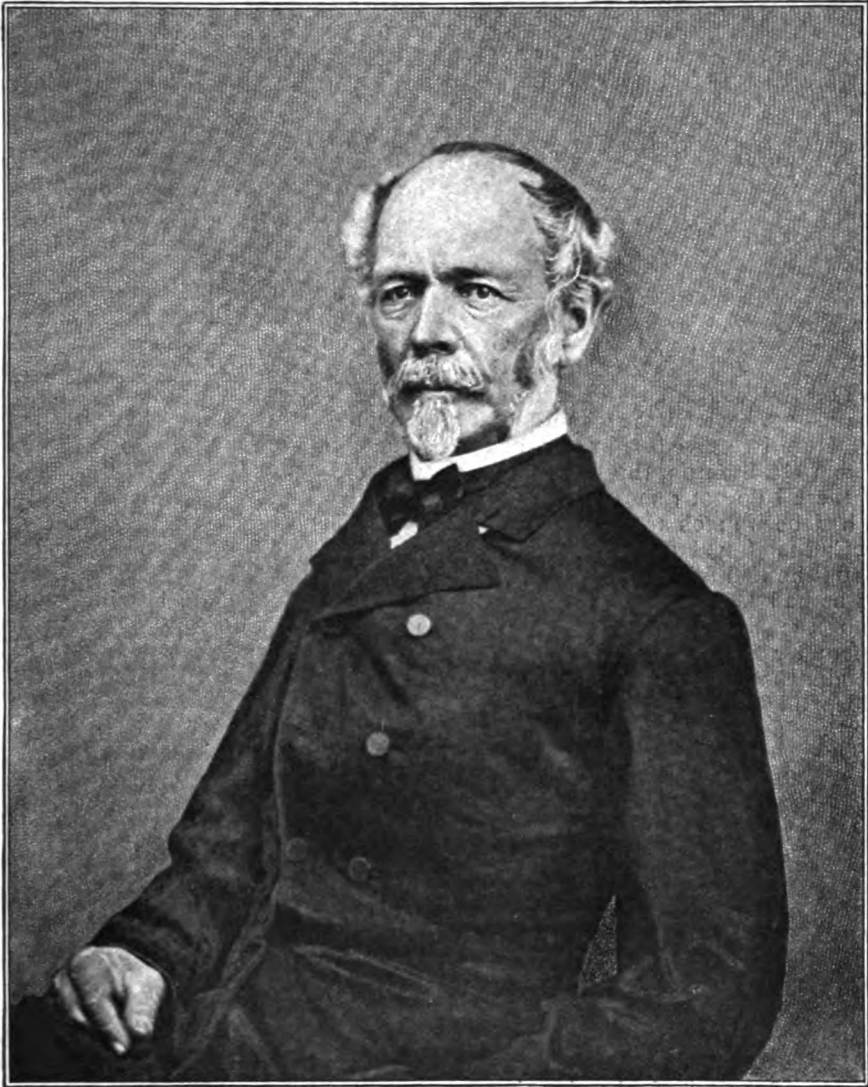
Away yonder, in the edge of the woods, I hear the drum beat that calls the soldiers to their supper. It is only a little after five o'clock, but they begin the day very early and end it early. Pretty soon after dark they are all asleep, lying in their blankets under the trees, for in a quick march they leave their tents behind. Their guns are all ready at their sides, so that if they are suddenly called at night they can start in a moment. It is strange in the morning, before daylight, to hear the bugles and drums sound the reveille, which calls the army to awake up. It will begin perhaps at a distance and then run along the whole line, bugle after bugle, and drum after drum taking it up, and then it goes from front to rear, farther and farther away, the sweet sounds throbbing and rolling while you lie on the grass with your saddle for a pillow, half awake or opening your eyes to see that the stars are still bright in the sky, or that there is only a faint flush in the east where the day is soon to break.

Living in camp is queer business. I get my meals in General Grant's mess, and pay my share of the expenses. The table is a chest with a double cover, which unfolds on the right and the left; the dishes, knives and forks, and caster are inside. Sometimes we get good things, but generally we don't. The cook is an old negro, black and grimy. The cooking is not as clean as it might be, but in war you can't be particular about such things.

The plums and peaches here are pretty nearly ripe. The strawberries have been ripe these few days, but the soldiers eat them up before we get a sight of them. The figs are as big as the end of your thumb, and the green pears are big enough to eat. But you don't know what beautiful flower gardens there are here. I never saw such roses, and the other day I found a lily as big as a tiger lily, only it was a magnificent red.

OUR COMMUNICATIONS ARE CUT.

It was a week after we reached Hankinson's Ferry before word came to headquarters that the army and supplies were all across the Mississippi. As soon as Grant learned this he gave orders that the bridges in our rear be burned, guards abandoned, and communications cut. He intended to depend thereafter upon the country for meat and even for bread. So complete was our isolation that it was ten days after this order was given, on May 11th, before I was able to send another despatch to Mr. Stanton.



GENERAL J. E. JOHNSTON.

When Grant crossed the Mississippi in May, 1863, General Johnston was put in command of all the Confederate forces in Mississippi, but he was never able to unite with Pemberton.

The march which we now made was toward Jackson, and it proved to be no easy affair. More than one night I bivouacked on the ground in the rain, after being all day in my saddle. The most comfortable night I had, in fact, was in a church of which the officers had taken possession. Having no pillow, I went up to the pulpit and borrowed the Bible for the night. Dr. H. S. Hewitt, who was medical director on Grant's staff, slept near me, and he always charged me afterwards with stealing that Bible.

In spite of the roughness of our life, it

was all of intense interest to me, particularly the condition of the people over whose country we were marching. A fact which impressed me was the total absence of men capable of bearing arms. Only old men and children remained. The young men were all in the army or had perished in it. The South was drained of its youth. An army of half a million with a white population of only five millions to draw upon must soon finish the stock of raw material for soldiers. Another fact of moment was that we found men who had at the first sympathized with the re-

bellion and even joined in it, but now of their own accord rendered us the most valuable assistance, in order that the rebellion might be ended as speedily as possible and something saved by the Southern people out of the otherwise total and hopeless ruin. "Slavery is gone, other property is mainly gone," they said; "but, for God's sake, let us save some relic of our former means of living."

WE ENTER THE CAPITAL OF MISSISSIPPI.

It was on the 1st day of May that Grant had made his first advance into Mississippi. Two weeks later—the evening of May 14th—we entered the capital of the State. Here I received an important telegram from Mr. Stanton, though how it got to me there I do not remember. General Grant had been much troubled by the delay McClernand had caused at New Carthage, but he had felt reluctant to remove him as he had been assigned to his command by the President. My reports to the Secretary on the situation had convinced him that Grant ought to have perfect independence in the matter, so he telegraphed me as follows:

WASHINGTON, D. C.; May 5, 1863.

C. A. DANA, ESQ., Smith's Plantation, La.:

General Grant has full and absolute authority to enforce his own commands and to remove any person who by ignorance, inaction, or any cause interferes with or delays his operations. He has the full confidence of the Government, is expected to enforce his authority, and will be firmly and heartily supported; but he will be responsible for any failure to exert his powers. You may communicate this to him.

E. M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

The very evening of the day that we reached Jackson, Grant learned that Lieutenant-General Pemberton had been ordered by General Joe Johnston to come out of Vicksburg and attack our rear. Leaving Sherman in Jackson to tear up the railroads and destroy all the public property there that could be of use to the enemy, Grant immediately faced the bulk of his army about to meet Pemberton.

When Grant overtook Pemberton he was in a most formidable position on the crest of a wooded ridge called Champion's Hill, over which the road passed longitudinally. About eleven o'clock on the morning of the 16th the battle began, and by four in the afternoon it was won. After the battle I started out on horseback with Colonel Rawlins to visit the field. When we

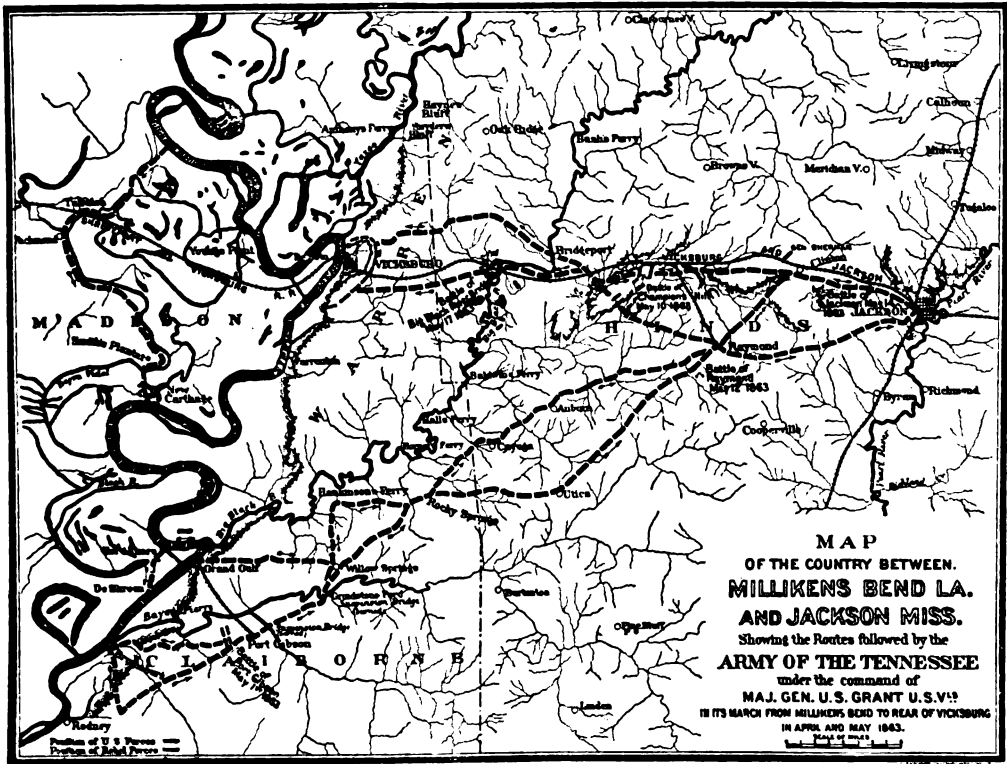
reached Logan's command we found him greatly excited. He declared the day was lost, and that he would soon be swept from his position. I contested the point with him. "Why, General," I said, "we have gained the day." He could not see it. "Don't you hear the cannon over there?" he answered. "They will be down on us right away! In an hour I will have 20,000 men to fight." I found afterwards that this was simply a curious idiosyncrasy of Logan's. In the beginning of a fight he was one of the bravest men that could be—saw no danger—went right on fighting until the battle was over. Then, after the battle was won, his mind gained an immovable conviction that it was lost. Where we were victorious, he thought that we were defeated. It was merely an intellectual peculiarity. It did not in the least impair his value as a soldier or commanding officer. He never made any mistake on account of it.

On leaving Logan, Rawlins and I were joined by several officers, and we continued our ride over the field. On the hill where the thickest of the fight had taken place we stopped, and were looking around at the dead and dying men lying all about us, when suddenly a man, perhaps forty-five or fifty years old, who had a Confederate uniform on, lifted himself up on his elbow, and said:

"For God's sake, gentlemen, is there a Mason among you?"

"Yes," said Rawlins, "I am a Mason." He got off his horse and kneeled by the dying man, who gave him some letters out of his pocket. When he came back Rawlins had tears on his cheek. The man, he told us, wanted him to convey some souvenir, a miniature or a ring—I do not remember what—to his wife, who was in Alabama. Rawlins took the package, and some time afterward he succeeded in sending it to the woman.

I remained out late that night conversing with the officers who had been in the battle, and think it must have been about eleven o'clock when I got to Grant's headquarters, where I was to sleep. Two or three officers who had been out with me went with me into the little cottage which Grant had taken possession of. We found a wounded man there, a tall and fine-looking man—a Confederate. He stood up suddenly and said: "For God's sake, gentlemen, kill me! Will some one kill me? I am in such anguish that it will be mercy to do it—I have got to die—kill me—don't let me suffer!" We sent for a sur-



geon, who examined his case, but said it was hopeless. He had been shot through the head, so that the bullet cut off the optic nerve of both eyes. He could never see again. Before morning he died.

GRANT BEHIND VICKSBURG.

After the battle of Champion's Hill, Pemberton started towards Vicksburg, but made a stand at the Big Black bridge. On the 17th he was routed from there and retreated rapidly into Vicksburg. Grant was not long after him. By the evening of the 18th he had his army behind the town, and by the 20th his investment was so complete that I telegraphed Mr. Stanton:

"Probably the town will be carried to-day."

The assault expected was not made until the morning of the 22d. It failed, but without heavy loss. At two P.M., however, McClernand, who was on the left of our lines, reported that he was in possession of two forts of the rebel line, was hard pressed, and in great need of reinforcements. Not doubting that he had really succeeded in taking and holding the works he pretended to hold, General Grant sent

a division to his support, and at the same time ordered Sherman and McPherson to make new attacks. McClernand's report was false, for although a few of his men had broken through in one place, he had not taken a single fort, and the result of the second assault was disastrous: we were repulsed, losing quite heavily, when but for his error the total loss of the day would have been inconsiderable.

The failure of the 22d convinced Grant of the necessity of a regular siege, and immediately the army settled down to that. We were in an incomparable position for a siege as regarded the health and comfort of our men. The high wooded hills afforded pure air and shade, and the deep ravines abounded in springs of excellent water, and if they failed it was easy to bring it from the Mississippi. Our line of supplies was beyond the reach of the enemy, and there was an abundance of fruit all about us. I frequently met soldiers coming into camp with buckets full of mulberries, blackberries, and red and yellow wild plums.

The army was deployed at this time in the following order: The right of the besieging force was held by General Sherman, whose forces ran from the river

along the bluffs around the northeast of the town. Sherman's front was at a greater distance from the enemy than that of any other corps, and the approach less advantageous, but he began his siege works with great energy and admirable skill. Everything I saw of Sherman at the Vicksburg siege increased my admiration for him. He was a very brilliant man, and an excellent commander of a corps. Sherman's information was great, and he was a clever talker. He always liked to have people about who could keep up with his conversation; besides, he was genial and unaffected. I particularly admired his loyalty to Grant. He had criticised the expedition frankly in the first place, but had supported every movement with all his energy, and now that we were in the rear of Vicksburg gave loud praise to the commander-in-chief.

To the left of Sherman lay the Seventeenth Army Corps, under Major-General J. B. McPherson. He was one of the best officers we had. He was but thirty-four years old at the time, and a very handsome, gallant-looking man, with rather a dark complexion, dark eyes, and a most cordial manner. McPherson was an engineer officer of fine natural ability and extraordinary acquirements, having graduated number one in his class at West Point, and was held in high estimation by Grant and his professional brethren. Halleck gave him his start in the Civil War, and he had been with Grant at Donelson and ever since. He was a man without any pretensions, and always had a pleasant shake-hands for you.

To McPherson's left was the Thirteenth Army Corps, under Major-General John A. McClernand. Next to Grant he was the ranking officer in the army. The approaches on his front were most favorable to us and the enemy's line of works evidently much the weakest there, but he was very inefficient and slow in pushing his siege operations. Grant had resolved on the 23d to relieve McClernand for his false despatch of the day before stating that he held two of the enemy's forts; but he changed his mind, concluding that it would be better, on the whole, to leave him in his command till the siege was concluded. My own judgment of McClernand at that time was that he had not the qualities necessary for the commander even of a regiment. In the first place, he was not a military man; he was a politician and a member of Congress. He was a man of a good deal of a certain kind of talent,

not of a high order, but not one of intellectual accomplishments. His education was that which a man gets who is in Congress five or six years. In short, McClernand was merely a smart man—quick, very active-minded; but his judgment was not solid, and he looked after himself a good deal. Mr. Lincoln also looked out carefully for McClernand. It was a great thing to get McClernand into the war in the first place, for his natural predisposition, one would have supposed, would have been to sympathize with the South. As long as he adhered to the war he carried his Illinois constituency with him; and chiefly for this reason, doubtless, Lincoln made it a point to take special care of him. In doing this the President really served the greater good of the cause. But from the circumstance of Lincoln's supposed friendship, McClernand had more consequence in the army than he deserved.

McClernand, Sherman, and McPherson were Grant's three chief officers, but there were many subordinate officers of value in his army, not a few of whom became afterwards men of distinction. In order to set the personnel of the commanding force distinctly before the reader, I quote here a semi-official letter which I wrote to Mr. Stanton, at his request, in July, after the siege had ended. This letter has never been published before, and it gives my judgment at that time of the subordinate officers of the Vicksburg campaign.

CAIRO, ILL., July 12, 1863.

Dear Sir: Your despatch of June 29th desiring me to continue my "sketches" I have to-day seen for the first time. It was sent down the river, but had not arrived when I left Vicksburg on the 5th inst.

Let me describe the generals of division and brigade in Grant's army, in the order of the army corps to which they are attached, beginning with the Thirteenth.

The most prominent officer of the Thirteenth Corps, next to the commander of the corps, is Brigadier-General A. P. Hovey. He is a lawyer of Indiana, and from forty to forty-five years old. He is ambitious, active, nervous, irritable, energetic, clear-headed, quick-witted, and prompt-handed. He works with all his might and all his mind; and, unlike most volunteer officers, makes it his business to learn the military profession just as if he expected to spend his life in it. He distinguished himself most honorably at Port Gibson and Champion's Hill, and is one of the best officers in this army. He is a man whose character will always command respect, though he is too anxious about his personal renown and his own advancement to be considered a first-rate man morally, judged by the high standard of men like Grant and Sherman.

Hovey's principal brigadiers are General McGinnis and Colonel Slack. McGinnis is brave enough, but too excitable. He lost his balance at Champion's

Hill. He is not likely ever to be more than a brigadier. Slack is a solid, steady man, brave, thorough, and sensible, but will never set the river afire. His education is poor, but he would make a respectable brigadier-general, and I know hopes to be promoted.

Next to Hovey is Osterhaus. This general is universally well spoken of. He is a pleasant, genial fellow, brave and quick, and makes a first-rate report of a reconnaissance. There is not another general in this army who keeps the commander-in-chief so well informed concerning whatever happens at his outposts. As a disciplinarian he is not equal to Hovey, but is much better than some others. On the battlefield he lacks energy and concentrativeness. His brigade commanders are all colonels, and I don't know much of them.

The third division of the Thirteenth Corps is commanded by General A. J. Smith, an old cavalry officer of the regular service. He is intrepid to recklessness, his head is clear though rather thick, his disposition honest and manly, though given to boasting and self-exaggeration of a gentle and innocent kind. His division is well cared for, but is rather famous for slow instead of rapid marching. McClelland, however, disliked him, and kept him in the rear throughout the late campaign. He is a good officer to command a division in an army corps, but should not be intrusted with any important independent command.

Smith's principal brigadier is General Burbridge, whom I judge to be a mediocre officer, brave, rather pretentious, a good fellow, not destined to greatness.

The fourth division in the Thirteenth Corps is General Carr's. He has really been sick throughout the campaign, and had leave to go home several weeks since, but stuck it out till the surrender. This may account for a critical, hang-back disposition which he has several times exhibited. He is a man of more cultivation, intelligence, and thought than his colleagues generally. The discipline in his camps I have thought to be poor and careless. He is brave enough, but lacks energy and initiative.

Carr's brigadiers comprise General M. K. Lawler and General Lee of Kansas. Lee is an unmitigated humbug. Lawler weighs 250 pounds, is a Roman Catholic, and was a Douglas Democrat, belongs in Shawneetown, Ill., and served in the Mexican War. He is as brave as a lion, and has about as much brains. But his purpose is always honest, and his sense is always good. He is a good disciplinarian and a first-rate soldier. He once hung a man of his regiment for murdering a comrade without reporting the case to his commanding general, either before or after the hanging, but there was no doubt the man deserved his fate. Grant has two or three times gently reprimanded him for indiscretions, but is pretty sure to go and thank him after a battle. Carr's third brigadier I don't know.

In the Fifteenth Corps there are two major-generals who command divisions, namely, Steele and Blair, and one brigadier, Tuttle. Steele has also been sick through the campaign, but has kept constantly at his post. He is a gentlemanly, pleasant fellow. . . . Sherman has a high opinion of his capacity, and every one says that he handles troops with great coolness and skill in battle. To me his mind seems to work in a desultory way, like the mind of a captain of infantry long habituated to garrison duty at a frontier post. He takes things in bits, like a gossiping companion, and never comprehensively and strongly like a man of clear brain and a ruling purpose. But on the whole I consider him one of the best division generals in this army; but you cannot

rely on him to make a logical statement or to exercise any independent command.

Of Steele's brigadiers, Colonel Woods eminently deserves promotion. A Hercules in form, in energy, and in pertinacity, he is both safe and sure. Colonel Manter of Missouri is a respectable officer; Colonel Farrar of Missouri is of no account; General Thayer is a fair, but not first-rate officer.

Frank Blair is about the same as an officer that he is as a politician. He is intelligent, prompt, determined, rather inclining to disorder, a poor disciplinarian but a brave fighter. I judge that he will soon leave the army and that he prefers his seat in Congress to his commission.

In Frank Blair's division there are two brigadier-generals, Ewing and Lightburn. Ewing seems to possess many of the qualities of his father, whom you know better than I do, I suppose. Lightburn has not served long with this army, and I have had no opportunity of learning his measure. Placed in a command during the siege where General Sherman himself directed what was to be done, he has had little to do. He seems to belong to the heavy rather than the rapid department of the forces.

Colonel Giles Smith is one of the very best brigadiers in Sherman's corps, perhaps the best of all next to Colonel Woods. He only requires the chance, to develop into an officer of uncommon power and usefulness. There are plenty of men with generals' commissions who, in all military respects, are not fit to tie his shoes.

Of General Tuttle, who commands Sherman's third division, I have already spoken, and need not here repeat it. Bravery and zeal constitute his only qualifications for command. His principal brigadier is General Mower, a brilliant officer, but not of large mental caliber. Colonel Woods, who commands another of his brigades, is greatly esteemed by General Grant, but I do not know him; neither do I know the commander of his third brigade.

Three divisions of the Sixteenth Corps have been serving in Grant's army for some time past. They are all commanded by brigadier-generals, and the brigades by colonels. The first of these divisions to arrive before Vicksburg was Lauman's. This general got his promotion by bravery in the field and Iowa political influence. He is totally unfit to command—a very good man, but a very poor general. His brigade commanders are none of them above mediocrity. The next division of the Sixteenth Corps to join the Vicksburg army was General Kimball's. He is not so bad a commander as Lauman, but he is bad enough; brave of course, but lacking the military instinct and the genius of generalship. I don't know any of his brigade commanders. The third division of the Sixteenth Corps now near Vicksburg is that of General W. S. Smith. This is one of the best officers in that army. A rigid disciplinarian, his division is always ready and always safe. A man of brains, a hard worker, unpretending, quick, suggestive, he may also be a little crotchety, for such is his reputation; but I judge that he only needs the opportunity to render great services. What his brigade commanders are worth I can't say, but I am sure they have a first-rate schoolmaster in him.

I now come to the Seventeenth Corps and to its most prominent division general, Logan. This is a man of remarkable qualities and peculiar character. Heroic and brilliant, he is sometimes unsteady. Inspiring his men with his own enthusiasm on the field of battle, he is splendid in all its crash and commotion, but before it begins he is doubtful of the result, and after it is over he is fearful we may yet be beaten. A man of instinct and not of reflection, his

judgments are often absurd, but his extemporaneous opinions are very apt to be right. Deficient in education, deficient, too, in a nice and elevated moral sense, he is full of generous attachments and sincere animosities. On the whole, few can serve the cause of the country more effectively than he, and none serve it more faithfully.

Logan's oldest brigade commander is General John D. Stevenson of Missouri. He is a person of much talent, but a grumbler. He was one of the oldest colonels in the volunteer service, but because he had always been an anti-slavery man all the others were promoted before him. This is still one of his grounds for discontent, and in addition younger brigadiers have been put before him since. Thus the world will not go to suit him. He has his own notions, too, of what should be done on the field of battle, and General McPherson has twice during this campaign had to rebuke him very severely for his failure to come to time on critical occasions.

Logan's second brigade is commanded by General Leggett of Ohio. This officer has distinguished himself during the siege, and will be likely to distinguish himself hereafter. He possesses a clear head, an equable temper, and great propulsive power over his men. He is also a hard worker, and whatever he touches goes easily. The third brigade of this division has for a short time been commanded by Colonel Force. I only know that Logan, McPherson, and Grant all think well of him.

Next in rank among McPherson's division generals is McArthur. He has been in the reserve throughout the campaign and has had little opportunity of proving his metal. He is a shrewd, steady Scotchman, trustworthy rather than brilliant, good at hard knocks, but not a great commander. Two of his brigadiers, however, have gained very honorable distinction in this campaign: namely, Crocker, who commanded Quinby's division at Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, and Champion's Hill; and Ransom. Crocker was sick throughout, and as soon as Quinby returned to his command had to go away, and it is feared may never be able to come back. He is an officer of great promise and remarkable power. Ransom has commanded on McPherson's right during the siege, and has exceeded every other brigadier in the zeal, intelligence, and efficiency with which his siege works were constructed and pushed forward. At the time of the surrender his trenches were so well completed that the engineers agreed that they offered the best opportunity in the whole of our lines for the advance of storming columns. Captain Comstock told me that ten thousand men could there be marched under cover up to the very lines of the enemy. In the assault of May 22d, Ransom was equally conspicuous for the bravery with which he exposed himself. No young man in all this army has more future than he.

The third brigade of McArthur's division, that of General Reid, has been detached during the campaign at Lake Providence and elsewhere, and I have not been able to make General R.'s acquaintance.

The third division of the Seventeenth Corps was commanded during the first of the siege by General Quinby. This officer was also sick and, I dare say, did not do justice to himself. A good commander of a division he is not, though he is a most excellent and estimable man, and seemed to be regarded by the soldiers with much affection. But he lacks order, system, command, and is the very opposite of his successor, General John E. Smith, who with much

less intellect than Quinby has a great deal better sense, with a firmness of character, a steadiness of hand, and a freedom from personal irritability and jealousy which must soon produce the happiest effect upon the division. Smith combines with these natural qualities of a soldier and commander a conscientious devotion, not merely to the doing, but also to the learning of his duty, which renders him a better and better general every day. He is also fit to be intrusted with any independent command where judgment and discretion are as necessary as courage and activity, for in him all these qualities seem to be happily blended and balanced.

Of General Matthies, who commands the brigade in this division so long and so gallantly commanded by the late Colonel Boomer, I hear the best accounts, but do not know him personally. The medical inspector tells me that no camps in the lines are kept in so good condition as his, and General Sherman, under whom he lately served, speaks of him as a very valuable officer. The second brigade is commanded by Colonel Sanborn, a steady, mediocre sort of man; the third by Colonel Holmes, whom I don't know personally, but who made a noble fight at Champion's Hill and saved our center there from being broken.

General Herron's division is the newest addition to the forces under Grant, except the Ninth Corps, of which I know nothing except that its discipline and organization exceed those of the Western troops. Herron is a driving, energetic sort of young fellow, not deficient either in self-esteem or in common sense, and, as I judge, hardly destined to distinctions higher than those he has already acquired. Of his two brigadiers, Vandever has not proved himself of much account during the siege; Orme I have seen, but do not know. Herron has shown a great deal more both of capacity and force than either of them. But he has not the first great requisite of a soldier, obedience to orders, and believes too much in doing things his own way. Thus, for ten days after he had taken his position, he disregarded the order properly to picket the bottom between the bluff and the river on his left. He had made up his own mind that nobody could get out of the town by that way, and accordingly neglected to have the place thoroughly examined in order to render the matter clear and certain. Presently Grant discovered that men from the town were making their escape through that bottom, and then a more peremptory command to Herron set the matter right by the establishment of the necessary pickets.

I must not omit a general who formerly commanded a brigade in Logan's division and has for some time been detached to a separate command at Milliken's Bend. I mean General Dennis. He is a hard-headed, hard-working, conscientious man, who never knows when he is beaten, and consequently is very hard to beat. He is not brilliant, but safe, sound, and trustworthy. His predecessor in that command, General Sullivan, has for some time been at Grant's headquarters, doing nothing with more energy and effect than he would be likely to show in any other line of duty. He is a gentlemanly fellow, intelligent, a charming companion, but heavy, jovial, and lazy.

I might write another letter on the staff officers and staff organization of Grant's army, should you desire it.

Yours faithfully,

C. A. DANA.

MR. STANTON.

THE INCIDENT OF THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR.

BY BLISS PERRY,

Author of "The Broughton House," "Salem Kittredge and Other Stories," etc.

WITH certain aspects of the famous incident that brought England and the United States to the very verge of war in the closing year of the nineteenth century, the public is already familiar. The cooler heads, on both sides of the Atlantic, had long perceived that a crisis was approaching. Our new policy of territorial expansion, the attitude of the Administration toward Hawaii, the correspondence with Germany over her interference with South American republics, had all tended to inflame international jealousies. The discovery of gold in Alaska, two years before, had aroused the old question of the northwest boundary, and our irritation against Great Britain was greatly increased by that unlucky after-dinner speech of Lord Rawlins, the British Ambassador, on the subject of seals. Americans were thoroughly angered, and though it was shown the next day that his lordship had been misreported, there were newspapers from one end of the country to the other that openly talked war. England at first refused to believe that the United States was seriously bent upon hostilities, but day by day the outlook grew more ominous, until at last she was startled by the intelligence cabled from New York early one October morning, that the British Ambassador had been subjected to gross personal indignity during a visit to one of the foremost American universities. What ensued is well known, but very few have known hitherto the real cause of that dangerous and almost fatal imbroglio.

It began in the office of the New York "Orbit." The managing editor, standing at a desk in his shirt-sleeves, and dashing his pencil across some verbose "copy," had said irritably, without looking up, "Did you get that story, Andrews?"

"No," replied dejectedly the tall young fellow at his elbow. "I went way over there, but she was another sort of woman altogether. I judged that it wouldn't do."

"You judged it wouldn't do!" burst out the "old man." He was doing the city night editor's work for him, and was out of temper already. "'The Orbit'

doesn't want your judgment; it wants the news. Your week is up Friday, Andrews, and then you can walk. You came here with a reputation as a hustler, and you're no good, except on that football column. We want men who can gather news. See?"

"Suppose there isn't any?" said Andrews, sulkily.

"Then, blank it, make news!"

The editor snatched at a handful of Associated Press despatches, and forgot the new reporter utterly. The latter turned away with a rather pitiable effort at nonchalance, and walked down the room between the long rows of desks. The electric lights wavered everywhere before his eyes. He felt a trifle sick.

For two years, ever since he began to serve as college correspondent for "The Orbit," it had been his ambition to secure a position upon its staff. They had liked the stuff he sent them, and in the football and baseball seasons he had cleared enough from "The Orbit" to pay all his college expenses. And now, in the October after graduation, to lose the post he had so long desired simply because he failed to furnish a sensation where there was obviously no sensation at all! It made him feel that a livelihood was a terribly insecure matter. To think that he, Jerry Andrews, a great man in his university only four months before, should be dismissed like a scrub-woman!

He trudged uptown to his boarding-house, to save car fare, and his bedtime pipe was a gloomy one. Thanks to superb health and a naturally reckless temper, however, he slept like a schoolboy, and it was only after his late breakfast that the gravity of his situation forced itself upon him. There were but two days in which to retrieve himself with "The Orbit." He reported at the office an hour earlier than usual, but there was nothing assigned to him. He consulted a half-dozen of his fellow reporters, but though they swore sympathetically at the "old man," they had no suggestions as to space work, which seemed his only resource.

By two o'clock he felt that he was losing his nerve. That reminded him of the reputation for nerve which he had enjoyed as an undergraduate, and this in turn suggested the scheme of running out to the old place on the two-thirty, taking a look at the team, and perhaps coaching it a little, and at any rate getting enough football gossip to make a half-column for "The Orbit" the next morning.

His spirits rose the instant he boarded the train. The brakeman nodded to him, and the conductor thoughtfully neglected to notice that the date upon his pass—a perquisite of the managing editor of the college daily—had expired the preceding June. Whatever might be his fate in New York, Jerry Andrews was a hero still in his old haunts, and it thrilled him to recognize it once more.

As the train slowed up at the dear old station, he was already upon the steps of the car, his cap on the back of his head, his eyes shining with pleasure. Of the four or five hundred undergraduates who, to his surprise, were crowded upon the platform, only the freshmen failed to recognize him.

"D'ye see that man?" said a kindly disposed junior to one of these last, as Andrews swung himself from the steps. "That's Jerry Andrews of Ninety-Blank: the tall stoop-shouldered fellow with a Roman nose. Doesn't *look* much like an athlete, does he? He's the best all-round man we ever had, though. Cool! why, he used to go to sleep on the way up to the big games! And, oh! how he can do a song-and-dance, and you ought to see him run a mass-meeting! He's coming this way. Oh, hullo, Jerry!"

"What's up?" said Andrews to a dozen admirers at once, while the football captain was shouldering his way toward him through the crowd to secure him for the coaching and the freshmen stared.

"Don't you know? Why, Lord Cuthbert Rawlins is coming on the next train to visit Tommy."

"The British Ambassador?"

"Sure. Tommy met him at Newport, and asked him to visit Ossian, and we're here to see Tommy do the international act. He's sitting over in his carriage now, rattled already. Oh, it'll be great!"

Andrews grinned. He had given the President of the University many an uncomfortable quarter of an hour, in his day, and, to tell the truth, Tommy, assisted by an admiring faculty, had more

than once made matters rather unpleasant for Jerry Andrews.

"And what do you suppose the alumni will say?" cried a shrill, familiar voice near him, in the center of a pushing mob of undergraduates. It was Kilpatrick Tiernan, Ossian's celebrated short-stop, out of training in the autumn months and making the most of his privileges. "Oh, what *will* the alumni say," he pleaded, waving his pipe pathetically around his ears, "when they learn that you fellows have given the Ossian yell for Lord Cuthbert Rawlins?" He prolonged the three final words with masterly irony. "He has publicly insulted this country, only last week, and to give him the Ossian yell—the *Ossian* yell, think of it!—is a disgrace to every true-born American!"

"Right you are, Patsy!" cried a classmate encouragingly. Most of the crowd laughed.

"Oh, you can laugh," put in Patsy commiseratingly, "but when the iron heel of England is once more upon your necks, you'll wish you had hissed, as I'm going to! Patriots, this way!"

But the Washington train whistled at the crossing, and Tiernan's impassioned appeal failed to hold his audience. There was a general scramble for the front of the platform, and in the melee the short-stop managed, to his huge satisfaction, to have some one push him violently against Tommy, who received his profuse apologies with a suavity as artistic, in its way, as Tiernan's rudeness. There was a backward sway of the struggling mass as the train darkened the platform.

"There he is," whispered a hundred students at once as a stately, eagle-nosed gentleman with white side-whiskers appeared at the door of the Pullman car. At that moment he was the most hated man in America, partly because of the arrogant frankness with which he had apparently played his diplomatic game throughout, partly because of that unlucky misreported speech about the seals, but largely, in reality, because circumstances had placed him in a delicate position, where he could make no explanations without betraying the fact—which every one recognizes now—that the game he seemed to be playing was not the real one, and that Germany, and not the United States, was the object of England's inexplicable moves upon the international chess-board. He gazed at the crowd quietly, but with some amused curiosity upon his face. It was his first sight of American undergraduates.

"By Jupiter, Jerry," whispered the football captain to Andrews, "he looks enough like you to be your father."

"Thank you for nothing," said Andrews, and at the same moment he reached across the shoulders of three or four men and tapped the regular college correspondent of "The Orbit."

"I'm down as a 'special,' Richmond," he said, with a smile that would have persuaded more obstinate fellows than the junior he was addressing; "I want you to let me have this." His voice was drowned by the college yell, which some irresponsible fellow proposed, in defiance of Patsy Tiernan, and which the Ossian boys made it a point of honor to give well, whoever started it. But as a whole the crowd was ready for mischief, and a few men were crying "Seals! Seals!" as the President of the University made his way to the steps of the car. He was terribly anxious at bottom for the conduct of his boys, knowing their capacity for spontaneous deviltry and the sudden unpopularity of Lord Rawlins, but he wore his jauntiest manner on the surface and the elaborateness of his greeting to his guest caught the mercurial fancy of the crowd.

"Give 'em the long yell," screamed some one, and the favorite long yell was given, on general principles. Tommy smiled with gratitude as he escorted the Ambassador down the shifting lane of under-graduates to his carriage.

"Speech! Speech!" shouted a hundred voices, but the President shook his head ceremoniously, and pretended not to hear the cries of "Seals! Seals!" "Burn him in effigy!" which Kilpatrick Tiernan was hoarsely raising in the rear of the crowd, to the joy of the hackmen and the dismay of the more seriously inclined. The carriage door closed sharply, and the "international act" was apparently over.

"That's good for a column," thought Andrews to himself, as the football captain marched him off to the field, following the drifting crowd. "And I wonder if the 'old man' wouldn't like me to try for an interview with Lord Rawlins? Even a fake interview might be better than nothing."

But his reportorial duties were forgotten the instant he reached the field and donned a sweater. For a long happy hour he coached the new half-back in particular and the rest of the team in general, while about half the university crowded over the side lines and called it the snappiest

practice of the year. Then he got his bath, and a rub down from the affectionate hands of his old trainer, and it was nearly six when he reached the campus again. He had declined the training-table dinner and a half-dozen other invitations, in the hope of catching the British Ambassador at Tommy's, for the moment the excitement of coaching was over his uneasiness at his status with "The Orbit" came back again. One lucky stroke might make his fortune with the "old man" yet.

As he cut across the lawn toward the President's house the older members of the faculty, frock-coated and gloved, were coming away in solemn, awkward couples. That meant a reception, and it was probably just over. Lester, Tommy's man-of-all-work, was on duty at the door. Many a quarter of a dollar had he taken from Jerry Andrews, in return for items of interest to the readers of "The Orbit," but he shook his head with great importance when Jerry asked if there was any chance of getting Lord Rawlins's ear for a moment.

"Senator Martin is going to entertain his lordship at Belmartin, at dinner," Lester volunteered, nodding toward a United States senator who was pacing the great hallway. "They'll be driving over right away."

It was a dozen miles to the Senator's famous stock-farm, and his dinners were even more celebrated than his brood mares.

"Then Lord Rawlins won't be back till late, I suppose," hazarded Andrews.

"No, sir."

Now, if Andrews had been a little longer in the profession, he would have bagged the Ambassador then and there, and a senator into the bargain; but as it was he suffered Lester to close the door behind him, and he was half-way across the campus before he realized his mistake. He hesitated and turned back, but at that instant the Senator's carriage drove up to Tommy's door and Lord Rawlins entered it. He had lost his chance.

Ruefully he turned toward the telegraph office, to send his story of Lord Rawlins's arrival at the Ossian station that afternoon. It was something, of course, but the situation had promised something better yet, if he had not been so stupid. He stopped suddenly, his hands deep in his trousers pockets, his eyes glued to the ground, a queer look upon his face. Was it a chance remark made to him at the

station, or the subtle influence of the old campus,—the campus where he had a crowd of worshipers, where he was safe, as in a sort of Alsatia, from outside interference, and where, as a graduate now, he was beyond the jurisdiction of the faculty? Was it a journalistic instinct, or simply the real devil-may-care Jerry Andrews-ism flashing out once more? At any rate, if the arch-imp himself had prompted the scheme, no finer instrument for its accomplishment could have been devised than Kilpatrick Tiernan, who with a couple of satellites was leisurely crossing the-campus on his way to dinner when he caught sight of his old crony Jerry Andrews, standing there with his hands in his pockets and that peculiar inventive smile upon his handsome face.

It was rumored upon the campus, directly after dinner, that the undergraduate body was to serenade Lord Rawlins at the President's at eight o'clock. Some men even reported that Tommy had specially requested that tribute to his guest, though this was doubted by the more astute, who knew Tommy's general aversion to student mobs, even though they did not know that he had actually accepted Senator Martin's invitation on purpose to avoid this particular one. Debate ran high until Kilpatrick Tiernan offered to ascertain Tommy's wishes in person; and leaving his unruly escort at the gate, he decorously rang the President's bell. His followers could not hear his conversation with Lester, but this was his report, delivered from the top of the gate post:

"Fellows, Lord Rawlins is dining now, and Tommy doesn't wish him disturbed." (Groans.) "But he understands that there is to be a bonfire on the campus to-night, to celebrate Saturday's game, and he will bring Lord Rawlins over, to show him a characteristic Ossian scene." (Rapturous applause.) "Now every one give a long yell for the characteristic scene!"

But before the cheer had subsided, Tiernan himself, to the amazement of most of his friends, had managed to escape from view. He did not reappear for half an hour. By that time the bonfire, prepared the preceding Saturday, but postponed because of rain, was blazing merrily, and nearly a thousand undergraduates were singing, cheering, and skylarking around it. The pet soloist of the glee club gave his newest song, the football captain made a speech, followed by the manager and the bow-legged guard who had made the

touch-down; one or two alumni who happened to be in town exhorted the undergraduates to uphold the ancient traditions of Ossian; and there were calls from every side for "Andrews, Ninety-Blank!" But Andrews, Ninety-Blank, the genius of so many scenes like this, could not be discovered, and after another song, a group of seniors demanded in concert:

"We-want-Patsy-Tiernan! We-want-Patsy-Tiernan!"

The crowd clapped, and Tiernan, who had just made his way into the circle, took off his cap and faced the firelight. He was the idol of the baser sort, and the spoiled child of the others.

"Fellows," he began impressively, "Lord-Cuthbert-Rawlins has said"—he paused in the long upward drawl for mock emphasis—"I repeat, Lord-Cuthbert-Rawlins has said"—and he quoted the most unfortunate of those sentences that the reporters had put into his lordship's mouth a week before.

A growl, topped by hisses, ran around the loop of firelit faces. The orator raised his hand majestically. "I would not for the world arouse your righteous wrath." A chorus of whistles and approving howls greeted this pious declaration. "No, not for both worlds!" Patsy added, in a deep bathos that convulsed his intimates and thrilled the under-classmen. "But Lord Rawlins comes to-night to visit us upon this historic ground." (Cheers.) "I would suggest no indecorum" (this with a long, leering pause); "but shall his slur upon America's fair name go unchallenged here? What say you, sons of old Ossian?"

There was a smashing chorus of big-lunged exclamations, and some sophomores craftily tossed a couple of cannon-crackers into the freshman segment of the great circle.

"Silence!" shrieked Tiernan. "Silence, Americans! Shall a British envoy stand upon our campus and repeat his insults to our face? I pause for a reply."

He scanned the outskirts of the audience, as if in reality awaiting a response. At that moment, from the rear of the crowd, came a shrill cat-call. The orator rose to his fullest height, and whirled around with outstretched finger and gleaming eyes. "Fellows!" he hissed melodramatically, "*there is Lord Rawlins now!*"

On the steps of the dormitory nearest the President's house stood a tall, Roman-nosed, white-side-whiskered personage in evening dress, blinking benignantly at the

scene before him. He must have heard every word of Tiernan's speech, but he smiled down in superior fashion at the crowd that swept toward him so tumultuously. A few hisses were mingled with the applause that greeted him, but there were many in the throng who evidently felt that Tiernan had gone too far and were desirous of maintaining Ossian's reputation for impartial hospitality. But friends and foes united in a trampling chorus of "*Speech! Speech! We want a speech!*"

The British Ambassador drew a monocle from his waistcoat pocket, adjusted it leisurely, hemmed two or three times, and then, in an odd, falsetto voice that sharpened every word and sent it uncomfortably home, delivered himself of a most singular speech indeed. It was an explanation, he declared, of the misapprehensions under which his young friend who had just addressed this audience was evidently laboring, and he proceeded to tell what he had really meant to say at that historic dinner the week before. But his explanation made matters infinitely worse; at every turn he let slip phrases that betrayed his contempt for the United States; it would have been absurd, if it had not been so outrageous, to listen to those supercilious sentences, delivered in a style that out-heroded even the check-suited Englishman of the variety stage. At first the crowd had been decorous enough, but from moment to moment it was obviously escaping from the control of the sober-minded, and soon it became openly derisive. The Ambassador now seemed to lose his temper likewise, and his maladroit compliments turned into thinly disguised vituperation. His audience became a surging mob. In vain did Lord Rawlins wave his angular arms, or strike attitudes of defiant, monocled patience.

When Patsy Tiernan yelled "Down with him!" the spark touched the powder. A dozen hot-heads actually rushed the steps and laid hands upon Her Majesty's accredited representative.

Then came the worst of all. "The rail! The rail! Where's the Lincoln rail?" shouted Tiernan, as if beside himself with fury. Forth from its resting-place in one of the dormitories was dragged that precious relic of the 1860 Presidential campaign: a fence-rail reputed to have been split by the hands of the martyr President.

"Put him on a sealskin!" yelled some one.

"Oh, ride him on a sealskin, sure enough!"

As if by magic a skin rug, snatched from somebody's floor, was tossed over the sharp corners of the rail. Twenty reckless satellites of Patsy Tiernan lifted the Ambassador from his feet. He made the best of an unspeakably bad matter, shrugged his aristocratic shoulders, and flung his leg over the rail. It was hoisted to the shoulders of the maddened young patriots, and three times did the frantic procession circle the huge bonfire, amid the rapturous cheers of half the university and the silent apprehensions or awe-stricken exclamations of the other half. Then it vanished toward Tommy's house, just as the university proctor had fought his way to within a hand's grasp of the rail.

At this instant one of the very knowing freshmen nudged a classmate and whispered, "Ain't you on to it, Atkins? I am. Those upper-classmen are trying to play horse with us. That ain't Lord Rawlins at all. That's Andrews, Ninety-Blank!"

On the other side of the bonfire, at the same moment, an idea suggested itself to a sallow youth with glasses. He edged away circumspectly, and then dashed off to the telegraph office.

"This will be hot stuff for 'The Enterprise,'" he murmured, and he glanced over his shoulder as he ran, to make sure that "The Unspeakable's" correspondent had not taken a hint from his own departure. It was 9.20. The Ossian office closed at 9.30 unless there were despatches waiting to be sent; and the heart of "The Enterprise" correspondent was tuneful as he discovered that there was nobody ahead of him and that the operator was still at his desk.

He scribbled the first sheet of his story, and pushed it under the wire screen toward the operator.

"Here, Fred," said he, "I want you to rush this. I'll have some more ready in a minute, and to-night I'll try to keep ahead of you." He laughed gleefully at the thought of his beat.

But the operator shook his head, without so much as glancing at him. "You'll have to wait," he remarked. "Mr. Andrews has the wire just now;" and he clicked away with irritating composure. A five-dollar bill reposing just then in his trousers pocket may have aided his philosophy. He was telegraphing page after page of the University Catalogue, in order

to hold the wire, while the editor of "The Orbit," opening his eyes as sheet after sheet of that valuable matter was brought him, perceived a journalistic feat, and hazarded the opinion that perhaps young Andrews was not after all an irremediable fool.

Meantime the "Enterprise" man paced the office anxiously, and before long "The Unspeakable's" correspondent came panting in. The latter's face fell as he recognized his rival.

"How long'll I have to wait, Fred?" he demanded.

"No idea," said Fred, looking up from the catalogue with a yawn. He seemed mightily indifferent.

Just then Andrews, Ninety-Blank, sauntered into the office, a bit of lamb's wool still sticking to his cheek and the powder only half out of his hair. He nodded cordially to the correspondents, and marched straight around to the inner enclosure, where he seated himself comfortably by the operator, and began to sharpen a lead pencil.

"Could you tell me how soon you'll be through, Mr. Andrews?" ventured the "Enterprise" youth. He was only a sophomore; last year a nod from Jerry Andrews would have made him supremely happy.

"Possibly by twelve," replied Andrews courteously, "but I wouldn't like to promise."

"I suppose not!" said the sophomore, in dignified irony, and he strolled to the door with as much indifference as he could assume. "The Enterprise" went to press at midnight. The only other telegraph office within possible reach, at that hour, was ten miles away. If he had a wheel, though, he might make it in time, and prevent "The Orbit's" beat. And behold, there was "The Unspeakable's" fellow's wheel at the very curbstone, with even the lantern lighted. He took one look at the owner, who was arguing hotly with Fred, swung his leg over the saddle, and pedaled off, under the clear October starlight.

Five miles out of town he narrowly escaped collision with a closed carriage, in which were seated the President of the University and Lord Cuthbert Rawlins, driving homeward in great peacefulness of heart and chatting confidentially, as it happened, about the unfortunate antagonism to Great Britain which is sometimes exhibited in uncultivated American society.

RIOT AT OSSIAN.

RIDDEN ON A RAIL!!

ABE LINCOLN SPLIT IT; LORD RAWLINS
RODE IT, WITH A SEALSKIN SADDLE!
BRITISH AMBASSADOR LEARNS THE
SPIRIT OF AMERICAN COLLEGE BOYS.
QUERY: WILL THE LION ROAR?

These were the headlines of the "exclusive" intelligence which the New York "Orbit" spread before its readers the next morning. The beat was the talk of Newspaper Row, for the scanty version of the affair telegraphed to the "Enterprise" from a town ten miles away from the scene of the riot was scarcely worth considering as news, though it confirmed the most startling features of the incident. The other morning papers issued later editions, embodying "The Orbit's" story, for there was no mistaking the popular excitement, or the temper of the crowds that surrounded the bulletin boards. Some were incredulous, ready to recognize a colossal American joke, though not quite convinced that it was a joke. More were grave, knowing the tension that already existed between the two countries, and that the slightest strain might cause irrevocable disaster.

The real crisis, however, was not in New York, as everybody knows, but in London. The New York correspondent of the "London Times" lost his head for once, and cabled "The Orbit's" account of the Ossian incident entire. The "Times" extras were flung upon the streets shortly after two o'clock. If New York had rocked like a ship in a storm at the news of the insult to Lord Rawlins, London was like the sea itself. American securities went down, down, and out of sight. But nobody cared. The Ossian incident had been the lightning flash that revealed how far apart the two nations had drifted. Better war now than another week of heart-breaking anxiety. Let it come!

When the House of Commons convened that afternoon, the members had to fight their way through a mob a hundred thousand strong that besieged the Palace Yard. The Minister of Foreign Affairs was late in taking his seat, and when he strolled forward to his place on the government bench, his careless manner was strangely at variance with the drawn lines around his mouth and his haggard eyes.

For three hours he had been cabling to Washington and to the British consul at New York for confirmation of the news about Lord Rawlins, but beyond the bare fact that the British Ambassador had gone to Ossian the day before, no tidings of him were obtainable. He had disappeared from the sight of the Foreign Office as completely as if the rail split by Abe Lincoln had borne him off the planet, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs was in despair.

And where was Lord Rawlins? He was on the golf links at Ossian, playing the game of his life. While the President of the University was waiting for his distinguished guest to appear at breakfast, his secretary had handed him "The Orbit." A thousand copies had been rushed into town by the early train; every student had seen one; and four reporters were already in the front hall to interview his lordship. In the face of this annoyance, the result, no doubt, of the silliness of some new correspondent, Tommy exhibited that astuteness in which Ossian found a perpetual delight. He invited the reporters to come again in an hour, got "The Orbit" out of sight, and told his best stories at the breakfast table until the chapel bell had long stopped ringing for morning prayers. Then he looked at his watch, declared it was so late that he would abandon his intention of taking his guest to morning chapel—did he not know that an ecstatic crowd of collegians were awaiting the arrival of the British envoy!—and proposed that instead of looking over the university buildings they spend the morning on the links. Lord Rawlins was a famous player, as everybody knew, and Tommy's son was then the holder of the intercollegiate championship. To the links the party drove then, by a circuitous road, the wise Tommy leaving no hint of their destination. Hour after hour, through that long forenoon, reporters and callers and telegrams and cablegrams accumulated in the President's mansion, while Lord Rawlins, in total ignorance of any international excitement, went over the eighteen-hole course like a boy of twenty, leading the champion by two points all the way.

At lunch time, and not before, he was told in Tommy's inimitable style of the newspaper joke that had been practiced upon the public at his expense. His lordship discreetly chose to consider it a deliciously characteristic example of American

humor. He even smiled at the cablegrams which had been forwarded to him from Washington, though his smile by this time was decidedly a diplomatic one. Yet he sent a semi-jocular despatch to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and then devoted himself to the excellent luncheon, which was attended by the heads of the departments of the university, all eager to atone for the silly action of some unknown correspondent of a sensational newspaper. They laughed at all of Lord Rawlins's anecdotes, and talked solemnly to him about the brotherhood of educated men on both sides of the Atlantic.

And at that very instant, making due time allowance, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, white-faced and sick at heart, was trying to explain to an angry House that it had been impossible to communicate directly with the Ambassador to the United States, but that there was no reasonable doubt that the Ossian incident was largely exaggerated, and that, in any case, Her Majesty's government could be relied on to take such steps as were necessary to preserve the national honor. Friendship with the United States, it was needless to say, was too important to be lightly thrust aside, and so forth—and so forth.

It was useless. The House would have none of his phrases. Fifty members were on their feet at once, shouting and gesticulating at the Speaker. A London Socialist got the floor, as it chanced, and threatened the Government with a resolution of lack of confidence. It was an ill wind that would blow his coterie no good, and this was a whirlwind. For a moment it looked as if the Government was doomed, but the leader of the House got the floor by a trick, and in a masterly little speech moved a war budget of ten million pounds. To that appeal to British patriotism there could be but one response. The budget was rushed from reading to reading without a single dissenting voice; the alarming intelligence was flashed to every corner of the wide world; and just then the Minister of Foreign Affairs received his despatch from Lord Rawlins, written during lunch in the dining-room of the President's mansion at Ossian, United States of America. He consulted a moment with his colleagues, and then read it to the House. It is famous now, and, indeed, it is said that Lord Rawlins's present political station is due to the singular popularity which that despatch brought him. It ran: "*Rumor of insult groundless. Newspaper joke. Entire courtesy everywhere. Have just beaten*"

American champion at golf, breaking all American records."

The House came down from the sublime with a bump. A pompous gentleman of the Opposition who began a sarcastic speech about the American conception of a joke was laughed off his feet, as wave after wave of merriment rolled heavily over the surface of the House. There were cheers for Lord Rawlins, cheers for the golf championship, cheers for Her Majesty, cheers galore; and thus ended, as far as Parliament was concerned, the incident of the British Ambassador.

When Jerry Andrews reported for duty that afternoon, the crowd was jostling yet around "The Orbit's" bulletin boards.

That enterprising sheet was still throwing off extra after extra to exploit its journalistic feat, treating the whole affair with the cheerful cynicism which "The Orbit" prided itself upon maintaining in every exigency. Its editor leaned on his elbows blandly as Jerry walked up to his desk.

"You found some news over there, I judge," he remarked.

"Or made some," replied Andrews demurely, catching his eye.

"Humph!" said the editor with Delphic ambiguity; but for the first time in the traditions of the paper, he offered the reporter a cigar. That cigar is hanging over Mr. Andrews's desk, in the "Orbit" office, at this moment.

HYMNS THAT HAVE HELPED.

By W. T. STEAD.

The following hymns, with the accompanying notes, are from a collection made by Mr. W. T. Stead, which will be published in book form in America by the Doubleday and McClure Company. Mr. Stead gathered the material from many sources. He asked of many men and women the question: "What hymns have helped you?" and received many widely varying responses.—EDITOR.

LUTHER'S HYMN.

A BATTLE hymn indeed is this famous hymn which Heinrich Heine rightly describes as "the Marseillaise Hymn of the Reformation." Luther composed it for the Diet of Spire, when, on April 20th, 1529, the German Princes made their formal protest against the revocation of their liberties, and so became known as Protestants. In the life-and-death struggle that followed, it was as a clarion summoning all faithful souls to do battle, without fear, against the insulting foe. Luther sang it to the lute every day. It was the spiritual and national tonic of Germany, administered in those dolorous times as doctors administer quinine to sojourners in fever-haunted marshes. Every one sang it, old and young, children in the street, soldiers on the battle-field. The more heavily hit they were, the more tenaciously did they cherish the song that assured them of ultimate victory. When Melancthon and his friends, after Luther's death, were sent into banishment, they were marvelously cheered as they entered Weimar on hearing a girl sing Luther's hymn in the street. "Sing on, dear daughter mine," said Melancthon, "thou knowest not what comfort thou bringest to our heart." Nearly a hundred years later, be-

fore the great victory which he gained over the Catholic forces at Leipsic, Gustavus Adolphus asked his warriors to sing Luther's hymn, and after the victory he thanked God that He had made good the promise, "The field He will maintain it." It was sung at the battle of Lützen. It was sung also many a time and oft during the Franco-German war. In fact, whenever the depths of the German heart are really stirred, the sonorous strains of Luther's hymn instinctively burst forth. M. Vicomte de Vogüé, one of the most brilliant of contemporary writers, in his criticism of M. Zola's "Debacle," pays a splendid tribute to the element in the German character which finds its most articulate expression in Luther's noble psalm.

"He who is so well up in all the points of the battlefield of Sedan must surely know what was to be seen and heard there on the evening of September 1st, 1870. It was a picture to tempt his pen—those innumerable lines of fires starring all the valley of the Meuse, those grave and solemn chants sent out into the night by hundreds of thousands of voices. No orgy, no disorder, no relaxation of discipline; the men mounting guard under arms till the inexorable task was done; the hymns to the God of victory and the distant

home—they seemed like an army of priests coming from the sacrifice. This one picture, painted as the novelist knows how to paint in his best days, would have shown us what virtues, wanting in our own camp, had kept fortune in the service of the other."

Of English versions there have been many. That of Thomas Carlyle is generally regarded as the best.

- 1 A sure stronghold our God is He.
A trusty shield and weapon ;
Our help He'll be, and set us free
From every ill can happen.
That old malicious foe
Intends us deadly woe ;
Armed with might from Hell,
And deepest craft as well,
On earth is not his fellow.
- 2 Through our own force we nothing can,
Straight were we lost for ever ;
But for us fights the proper Man,
By God sent to deliver.
Ask ye who this may be
Christ Jesus named is He.
Of Sabaoth the Lord ;
Sole God to be adored ;
'Tis He must win the battle.
- 3 And were the world with devils filled,
All eager to devour us,
Our souls to fear should little yield,
They cannot overpower us.
Their dreaded Prince no more
Can harm us as of yore ;
Look grim as e'er he may,
Doomed is his ancient sway ;
A word can overthrow him.
- 4 God's word for all their craft and force
One moment will not linger ;
But spite of Hell shall have its course
'Tis written by His finger.
And though they take our life,
Goods, honor, children, wife ;
Yet is there profit small :
These things shall vanish all ;
The city of God remaineth.

Tune—"Worms," also called "Ein' Feste Burg."

The Forty-sixth Psalm was always a great stand-by for fighting men. The Huguenots and Covenanters used to cheer their hearts in the extremity of adverse fortunes by the solemn chant:

God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid ;
Therefore, although the earth remove
We will not be afraid.

It will be noted that, although Luther's hymn is suggested by the Forty-sixth Psalm, it is really Luther's psalm, not David's. Only the idea of the stronghold is taken from the Scripture; the rest is

Luther's own, "made in Germany," in deed, and not only so, but one of the most potent influences that have contributed to the making of Germany. And who knows how soon again we may see the fulfilment of Heine's speculation, when Germans "may soon have to raise again these old words, flashing and pointed with iron"? That M. de Vogüé does not stray beyond his book there is ample evidence to prove. For instance, Cassell's "History of the Franco-German War" describes how, the day after the battle of Sedan, a multitude of German troops who were on the march for Paris found it impossible to sleep, wearied though they were. They were billeted in the parish Church of Augécourt. The excitement of the day had been too great; the memory of the bloody fight and their fallen comrades mingled strangely with pride of victory and the knowledge that they had rescued their country from the foe. Suddenly, in the twilight and the stillness, a strain of melody proceeded from the organ—at first softly, very softly, and then with ever-increasing force—the grand old hymn-tune, familiar as "household words" to every German ear, "Nun danket alle Gott," swelled along the vaulted aisles. With one voice officers and men joined in the holy strains; and when the hymn was ended, the performer, a simple villager, came forward and delivered a short, simple, heartfelt speech. Then, turning again to the organ, he struck up Luther's old hymn, "Ein' feste Burg est unser Gott," and again all joined with heart and voice. The terrible strain on their system, which had tried their weary souls and had banished slumber from their eyes, was now removed, and they laid themselves down with thankful hearts and sought and found the rest they so much needed.

Frederick the Great on one occasion called Luther's hymn "God Almighty's Grenadier March."

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS'S BATTLE HYMN.

Few figures stand out so visibly against the bloody mist of the religious wars of the seventeenth century as that of Gustavus Adolphus, the hero King of Sweden, who triumphed at Leipsic and who fell dead on the morning of victory at Lützen. The well-known hymn beginning "Verzage nicht, du Häuflein," which is known as Gustavus Adolphus's battle hymn, was composed by Pastor Altenburg, at Erfurt, on receiving the news of the great victory

of Leipsic, which gave fresh heart and hope to the Protestants of Germany. It was sung on the morning of the battle of Lützen, under the following circumstances. When the morning of November 16, 1632, dawned, the Catholic and Protestant armies under Wallenstein and Gustavus Adolphus stood facing each other. Gustavus ordered all his chaplains to hold a service of prayer. He threw himself upon his knees and prayed fervently while the whole army burst out into a lofty song of praise and prayer :

"Verzage nicht, du Häuflein klein."

As they prayed and sang a mist descended, through which neither army could discern the foe. The King set his troops in battle array, giving them as their watchword "God with us." As he rode along the lines he ordered the kettledrums and trumpets to strike up Luther's hymns, "Ein' feste Burg" and "Es wollt uns Gott genädig sein." As they played, the soldiers joined in as with one voice. The mist began to lift, the sun shone bright, and Gustavus knelt again in prayer. Then, rising, he cried: "Now we will set to, please God," and then louder he said, "Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, help me this day to fight for the honor of Thy name!" Then he charged the enemy at full speed, defended only by a leathern gorget. "God is my harness," he replied to his servant, who rushed to put on his armor. The battle was hot and bloody. At eleven in the forenoon the fatal bullet struck Gustavus, and he sank dying from his horse, crying: "My God, my God!" The combat went on for hours afterwards, but when twilight fell Wallenstein's army broke and fled, and the dead King remained victor of the field on which with his life he had purchased the religious liberties of Northern Europe.

- 1 Fear not, O little flock, the foe,
Who madly seeks your overthrow,
Dread not his rage and power ;
What, tho' your courage sometimes faints,
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.
- 2 Be of good cheer,—your cause belongs
To Him who can avenge your wrongs,
Leave it to Him, our Lord,
Tho' hidden yet from all our eyes,
He sees the Gideon who shall rise
To save us, and His word.
- 3 As true as God's own word is true,
Nor earth, nor hell, with all their crew,
Against us shall prevail,—

A jest and byword are they grown ;
"God is with us," we are His own,
Our victory cannot fail.

- 4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer !
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare ;
Fight for us once again !
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

"ART THOU WEARY, ART THOU Languid ?"

The Monastery of Mar Saba, founded before the Hegira of Mohammed, still stands on its ancient rock looking down upon the valley of the Kedron. Forty monks still inhabit the cells which cluster round the grave of St. Sabas, the founder, who died in 532, and still far below in the depths of the gorge the wolves and the jackals muster at morning light to eat the offal and refuse which the monks fling down below. In this monastic fortress lived, in the eighth century, a monk named Stephen, who, before he died, was gifted from on high with the supreme talent of embodying in a simple hymn so much of the essence of the divine life that came to the world through Christ Jesus that in this last decade of the nineteenth century no hymn more profoundly touches the heart and raises the spirits of Christian worshippers. Dr. Neale paraphrased this song of Stephen the Sabaite, so that this strain, originally raised on the stern ramparts of an outpost of Eastern Christendom already threatened with submersion beneath the flood of Moslem conquest, rings with ever-increasing volume of melodious sound through the whole wide world to-day:

- 1 Art thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distressed ?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."
- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my guide ?
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
And His side."
- 3 Is there diadem, as monarch,
That His brow adorns ?
"Yes, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns !"
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here ?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last ?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past !"

- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven,
Pass away!"
- 7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, prophets, martyrs, virgins,
Answer, 'Yes!'"

Tune—"Stephanos."

"LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

Of all the modern hymns praying for guidance, Newman's famous three verses seem to be most popular—especially with people who have not accepted the leading of any church or theological authority. . . . At Chicago, the representatives of every creed known to man found two things on which they agreed. They could all join in the Lord's Prayer, and they could all sing "Lead, Kindly Light." This hymn, Mrs. Drew tells me, and "Rock of Ages" are two of Mr. Gladstone's "most favorite hymns."

Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on :
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on,
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on :
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now,
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will ; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Tune—"Lux Benigna."

"It seems to me rather singular," writes a correspondent in Wales, "that verses so full of faith as 'Lead, Kindly Light' should be mentioned with such approval by so many sceptics." He then sends me the following attempt to express the views of an agnostic, thoughtful, humble, and reverent, but quite unable to attain to Newman's standpoint.

The way is dark : I cry amid the gloom
For guiding light ;
A wanderer, none knows whence or what his doom,
I brave the night.
Fair scenes afar, as in a dream, I see,
Then seem to wake, and faith deserteth me.

In wondering awe I bend the knee before
The viewless Might ;
And all my heart in mute appeal I pour,
While straining sight
Peers o'er the waste, yet Him I cannot find
Whom seeks my soul : I grope as grope the blind.

But 'mid confusing phantom-lights I strive
To go aright ;
A still small voice leads on, and love doth give
An inward might :
And spite of sense, there lives a silent trust
That day will dawn, that man is more than dust.
R. M. L.

"THE LORD'S MY SHEPHERD."

If "Lead, Kindly Light" is English, and "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah" is Welsh, "The Lord's my Shepherd" is Scotch.

- 1 The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want.
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green : He leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
- 2 My soul He doth restore again ;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
Ev'n for His own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill :
For Thou art with me ; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes ;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me :
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Tune—"Kilmarnock."

"For me," writes Mr. S. R. Crockett, the popular author of the "Raiders" and many another delightful romance, "there is no hymn like 'The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.' I think I must have stood by quite a hundred men and women as they lay a-dying, and I can assure you that these words—the first learned by the child—were also the words that ushered most of them out into the Quiet. To me, and to most among these Northern hills, there are no words like them."

Dr. John Ker says: "Every line of it, every word of it, has been engraven for generations on Scottish hearts, has accompanied them from childhood to age, from their homes to all the seas and lands where they have wandered, and has been to a multitude no man can number the rod

and staff of which it speaks, to guide and guard them in dark valleys, and at last through the darkest." Of its helpfulness in times of crisis many instances are given, of which that which appeals most to me is the story of Marion Harvey, the servant lass of twenty who was executed at Edinburgh with Isabel Alison for having attended the preaching of Donald Cargill and for helping his escape. As the brave lasses were being led to the scaffold a curate pestered them with his prayers. "Come, Isabel," said Marion, "let us sing the Twenty-third Psalm." And sing it they did, a thrilling duet on their pilgrimage to the gallows tree. It was rough on the Covenanters in those days, and their paths did not exactly, to outward seeming, lead them by the green pastures and still waters. But they got there somehow, the Twenty-third Psalm helping them no little. This was the psalm John Ruskin first learnt at his mother's knee. It was this which Edward Irving recited at the last as he lay dying. Even poor Heinrich Heine, on his mattress-grave, in one of his latest poems, recalls the image of the Shepherd guide whose "pastures green and sweet refresh the wanderer's weary feet." The magnificent assurance of the fourth verse has in every age given pluck to the heart of the timid and strengthened the nerve of heroes. When St. Francis of Assisi went alone, bareheaded and barefoot, to convert the Sultan, he kept up his spirit on his solitary pilgrimage by chanting this verse. The Moslems did him no harm, and instead of taking off his head, returned him safe and sound to the pale of Christendom.

"GIVE TO THE WINDS THY FEARS."

Mr. Stevenson, in his "Notes on the Methodist Hymn Book," says: "There is not a hymn in the book which has afforded more comfort and encouragement than this to the Lord's tried people." The legend connected with this hymn recalls the delightful tales in the lives of the saints. Its origin is not unworthy the record of its subsequent exploits. Gerhardt was exiled from Brandenburg by the Grand Elector in 1659. The said Grand Elector wished to "tune his pulpits." Gerhardt refused to preach save what he found in God's Word. Notice to quit thereupon being promptly served upon the intrepid preacher, he tramped forth a homeless exile, accompanied by his wife and children. Wife and weans at night,

wearied and weeping, sought refuge in a wayside inn. Gerhardt, unable to comfort them, went out into the wood to pray. As he prayed, the text "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him and He shall bring it to pass" recurred to his mind, and comforted him so amazingly that he paced to and fro under the forest trees and began composing a hymn which, being Englished by John Wesley, has deservedly become a great comfort to all English-speaking peoples. Returning to the inn, he cheered his wife with his text and his hymn, and they went to bed rejoicing in confident hope that God would take care of them. They had hardly retired before a thunderous knocking at the door roused them all. It was a mounted messenger from Duke Christian of Meresberg, riding in hot haste to deliver a sealed packet to Dr. Gerhardt. The good doctor opened it, and read therein a hearty invitation from the duke, who offered him "church, people, home, and livelihood, and liberty to preach the Gospel as your heart may prompt you." So, adds the chronicle, the Lord took care of His servant. Here is the hymn which was composed under such singular circumstances:

- 1 Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed :
God hears thy sighs, and counts thy tears :
God shall lift up thy head.
Through waves, through clouds and storms,
He gently clears the way.
Wait thou His time ; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 He everywhere hath sway,
And all things serve His might ;
His every act pure blessing is,
His path unsullied light.
When He makes bare His arm,
What shall His work withstand ?
When He His people's cause defends,
Who, who shall stay His hand ?
- 3 Leave to His sovereign will
To choose, and to command ;
With wonder filled, thou then shalt own
How wise, how strong His hand.
Thou comprehend'st Him not ;
Yet earth and heaven tell,
God sits as Sovereign on the throne ;
He ruleth all things well.
- 4 Thou seest our weakness, Lord ;
Our hearts are known to Thee.
O lift Thou up the sinking hand ;
Confirm the feeble knee.
Let us, in life and death,
Boldly Thy truth declare ;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care.

Tune—Dr. Gauntlett's "St. George."

There is a long list of worthies who have been cheered in life and death by this hymn, but the champion story of them all is the "Legend of the Raven." I must quote it intact:

In a village near Warsaw there lived a pious German peasant named Dobyr. Without remedy, he had fallen into arrears of rent, and his landlord threatened to evict him. It was winter. Thrice he appealed for a respite, but in vain. It was evening, and the next day his family were to be turned into the snow. Dobyr kneeled down in the midst of his family. After prayer they sang:

Commit thou all thy griefs
And ways into His hands.

As they came to the last verse, in German, of Part I.,

When Thou wouldst all our needs supply,
Who, who shall stay Thy hand?

there was a knock at the window close by where he knelt, and, opening it, Dobyr was met by a raven, one which his grandfather had tamed and set at liberty. In its bill was a ring, set with precious stones. This he took to his minister, who said at once that it belonged to the king, Stanislaus, to whom he returned it, and related his story. The king sent for Dobyr, and besides rewarding him on the spot, built for him, next year, a new house, and stocked his cattle-stalls from the royal domain. Over the house door, on an iron tablet, there is carved a raven with a ring in its beak, and underneath, this address to Divine Providence:

Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve Thy might;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

"ROCK OF AGES."

When the "Sunday at Home" took the plebiscite of 3,500 of its readers as to which were the best hymns in the language, the "Rock of Ages" stood at the top of the tree, having no fewer than 3,215 votes. Only three other hymns had more than 3,000 votes. They were "Abide with me," "Jesu, Lover of my soul," and "Just as I am."

- 1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

- 2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow,
All for sin could not atone:
Thou must save, and Thou alone!

- 3 Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly:
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

- 4 While I draw this fleeting breath—
When my eye-strings break in death—
When I soar to worlds unknown—
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

Tune—"Redhead, No. 76."

Toplady, a Calvinistic vicar of a Devonshire parish, little dreamed that he was composing the most popular hymn in the language when he wrote what he called "A living and dying prayer for the holiest believer in the world." For Toplady was a sad polemist whose orthodox soul was outraged by the Arminianism of the Wesleys. He and they indulged in much disputation of the brickbat and Billingsgate order, as was the fashion in those days. Toplady put much of his time and energy into the composition of controversial pamphlets, on which the good man prided himself not a little. The dust lies thick upon these his works, nor is it likely to be disturbed now or in the future. But in a pause in the fray, just by way of filling up an interval in the firing of polemical broadsides, Augustus Montague Toplady thought he saw a way of launching an airy dart at a joint in Wesley's armor, on the subject of Sanctification. So, without much ado, and without any knowledge that it was by this alone he was to render permanent service to mankind, he sent off to the "Gospel Magazine" of 1776 the hymn "Rock of Ages." When it appeared he had, no doubt, considerable complacency in reflecting how he had winged his opponent for his insolent doctrine of entire sanctification, and it is probable that before he died—for he only survived its publication by two years, dying when but thirty-eight—he had still no conception of the relative importance of his own work. But to-day the world knows Toplady only as the writer of these four verses. All else that he labored over it has forgotten, and, indeed, does well to forget.

It was this hymn which the Prince Consort asked for as he came near to death.

Mr. Gladstone has translated it into Latin, Greek, and Italian. Dr. Pusey declared it to be "the most deservedly popular hymn, perhaps the very favorite." The followers of Wesley, against whom the hymn was originally launched as a light missile in the polemical combat, seized it for their collection and mutilated it the while—why, does not clearly appear. The unfortunate Armenians who were butchered the other day in Constantinople sang a translation of "Rock of Ages," which, indeed, has made the tour of the world, side by side with the Bible and the "Pilgrim's Progress." It is recorded that General Stuart, the dashing cavalry leader of the Southern Confederacy, sang the hymn with his dying strength, as his life slowly ebbed away from the wounds he had received in the battles before Richmond. When the "London" went down in the Bay of Biscay, January 11th, 1866, the last thing which the last man who left the ship heard as the boat pushed off from the doomed vessel was the voices of the passengers singing "Rock of Ages." "No other English hymn can be named which has laid so broad and firm a grasp on the English-speaking world."

"O GOD OF BETHEL, BY WHOSE HAND."

When I asked the Duke of Argyll as to hymns which had helped him, he replied:

INVERARY, ARGYLLSHIRE, *December 31, 1895.*

Sir: I would be very glad to help you if I could, but I can't honestly say that any one hymn has "helped" me specially. Some of the Scotch paraphrases are my favourites, "O God of Bethel," etc.—Yours obediently,
ARGYLL.

- 1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led;
- 2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race.
- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

- 5 Such blessings from Thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And Thou shalt be our chosen God
And portion, evermore.

Tune—"Farrant."

Of this hymn and the way it has helped men, Mr. S. R. Crockett writes as follows: "One hymn I love, and that (to be Irish) is not a hymn, but what in our country is mystically termed a 'paraphrase.' It is that which, when sung to the tune of St. Paul's, makes men and women square themselves and stand erect to sing, like an army that goes gladly to battle."

This was the favorite hymn of Dr. Livingstone. It cheered him often in his African wanderings, and when his remains were buried in Westminster Abbey it was sung over his grave.

A Scotch mission-teacher at Kuruman, Bechuanaland, South Africa, writes: "This hymn stands out preëminently as the hymn which has helped me beyond all others. It shines with radiant lustre like the star that outshineth all others among the midnight constellations. It has been my solace and comfort in times of trouble, my cheer in times of joy; it is woven into the warp and woof of my spiritual being; its strains were the first I was taught to lisp, and, God helping me, they shall be the last. Sung to the tune of 'Dundee,' that was the refrain of happy meetings or sad partings. Its strains rang out the Old Year and heralded in the New. It was chanted as a farewell dirge when I left my home in Scotland. It has followed me 'Sooth the line,' and every gait I gang, I never rest until from dusky throats roll out the familiar words. It is a 'couthy' psalm, and touches to the quick the human spirit that more gifted utterances fail to reach. I am penning this in the little room that was once the study of David Livingstone, whose walls have often reëchoed to many a strain of praise and supplication, but to none more inspiring and endearing than 'O God of Bethel.'" Another Scotchman writes: "In some ways I have wandered far from the faith of our fathers, but the old Psalms move me strongly yet. 'O God of Bethel, by whose hand' will ever have a pathetic interest for me. I, too, have crooned it as a cradle song over one who will never need to hear me croon it ever more, for she has solved the riddle of the ages, which I am left painfully trying to spell. These rugged lines speak out the religious experiences of a rugged race as no modern hymns ever will."

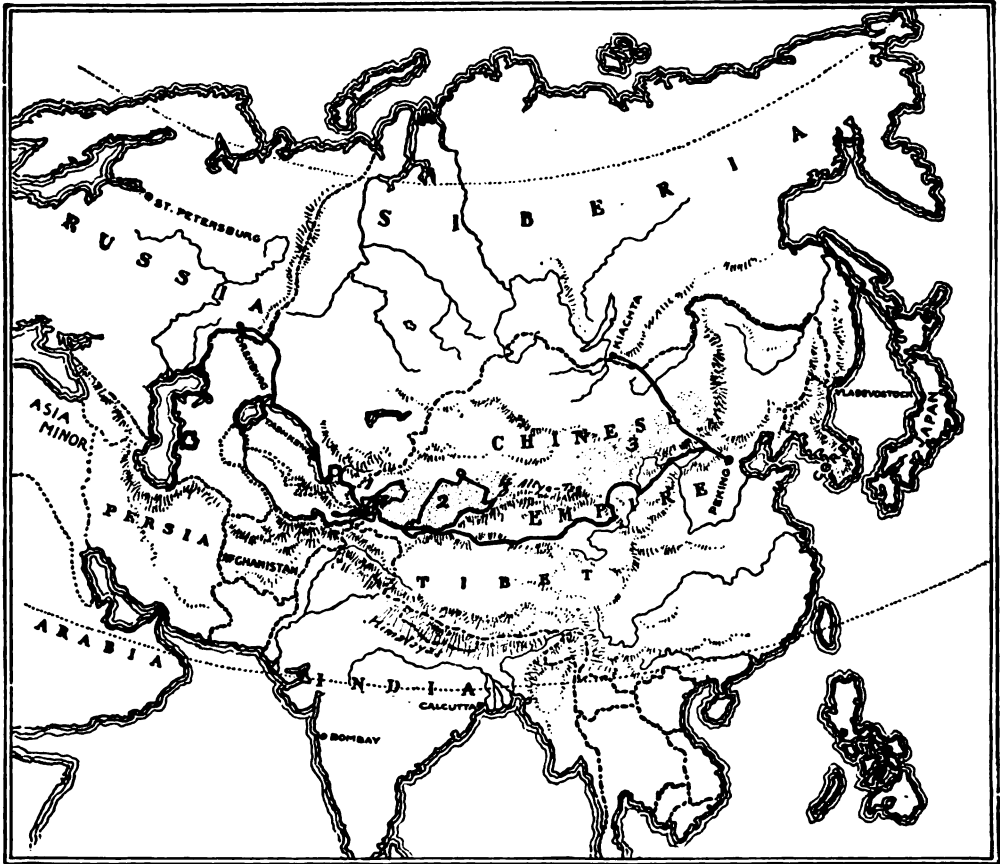


CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

Painted by F. S. Church for McClure's Magazine.

Love's angel walketh in the forest wild;
No prowling midnight beast her pathway bars;
For love herself, who dwells beyond the stars,
Becomes to-night for us a gentle child.

MAP OF ASIA SHOWING THE ROUTE OF DR. HEDIN'S RECENT JOURNEY.
1, Pamir Plateau. 2, Desert of Takla-Mahan. 3, Desert of Gobi. 4, Lop-Nor Lake.



IN UNEXPLORED ASIA.

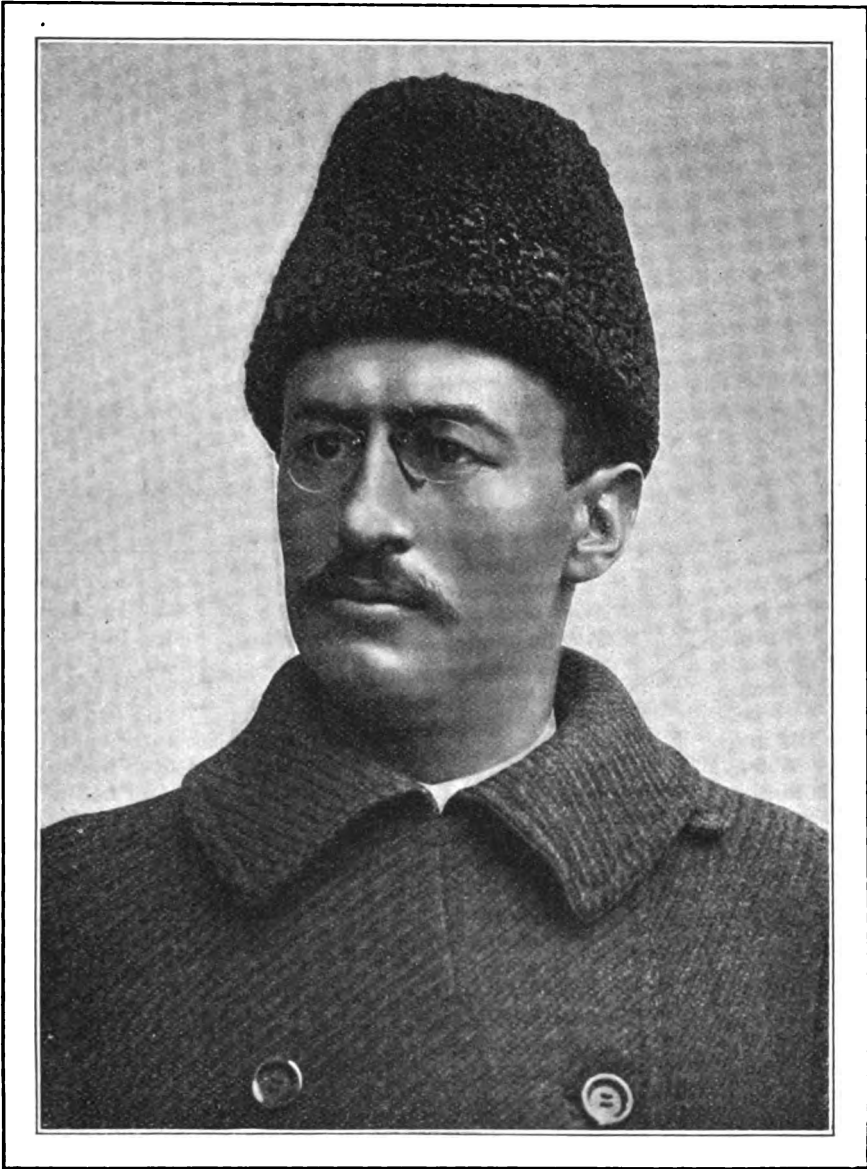
THE REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES AND ADVENTURES OF DR. SVEN HEDIN AS TOLD BY HIMSELF.

RECORDED BY R. H. SHERARD.



F the achievement of Sven Hedin, the young Swedish traveler, but meager accounts have reached the West, and, indeed, beyond Sweden itself—if we except Germany and Russia—his name is practically unknown. Yet for pluck and perseverance in overcoming obstacles and difficulties, and for courage before danger, Dr. Sven Hedin can take rank with his fellow-countryman, Dr. Nansen; whilst in accomplishment, his travels have perhaps

been even more prolific than Nansen's. Of his recent journey through Central Asia, which lasted for a period of three years and seven months, and which took him from Orenburg in the West to Peking in the East, this may be said: that he not only did all that he had promised his King that he would do when the King equipped him for the expedition, but many things besides of high scientific importance. He discovered the ruins of two Buddhist towns in the heart of a Mohammedan country, ruins which tell of high civilization where now



DR. SVEN HEDIN.

is only a desert waste ; ne settled a controversy which for years has divided the geographers of Europe into two camps. And as the accomplishment was far greater than he had expected or hoped for, so also were the difficulties and dangers incomparably more formidable than he had anticipated. It fell to him in his journey across the Takla-Makan Desert to undergo sufferings which assuredly beat the record of human endurance; and had his journey had no other result than to show how a man by sheer strength of will and

determination to save his life can fight death and triumph over it, Sven Hedin's story would be full of direct encouragement to every one who heard it told.

It was in his study, on the third floor of a house in the Norra Blasieholmshamnen, in Stockholm, that Sven Hedin related to me this wonderful story. The study, which is both his workroom and bedchamber, tells one about him much that the sight of his athletic frame; his firm, strong face; and vivacious, even restless, manner,



DR. HEDIN'S TARANTASS ON THE KIRGHIZ STEPPES.

had left untold. For furniture it has a large writing-table and a small bedstead. "I go from the one to the other," he says. The windows are wide open, day and night. On the walls are books, and all the books are books of travel.

Sven Hedin is still a young man. He was thirty-two last February. Yet his last journey was the third journey of exploration which he has undertaken in Asia. Until he was about twenty he intended to become a Polar explorer. He relinquished this project because it seemed to him that the dark region of Central Asia offered a field of wider scientific interest than the frozen seas of the North; and Hedin's scientific interests have a very wide range. In the first place a geographer, his studies embrace all the many sciences which are in relation to geography. This science he has studied with passionate application ever since he could read. Before he was seventeen he drew maps which fill five large volumes—exquisite examples of draughtsmanship they are. There are maps of the constellations; maps giving the routes followed by every Polar traveler; maps hypsometrical, topographical, statistical; maps geological and zoological; executed with characteristic neatness and thoroughness.

When Hedin was twenty, he interrupted his studies at Upsala to take a post as tutor at Baku. "In my spare time," he said, "I studied languages which were likely to be of use to me in the journeys I

had already projected. I studied the Tartar dialect of Turkish. I also learned Persian. I had very good teachers, and I *would* learn them." He earned \$160 by his year's work as tutor, and employed this sum to take a first journey through Persia, which he has described in his book, "Through Persia, Mesopotamia, and Caucasus." "This journey," said Sven Hedin, "was taken as an apprenticeship to traveling in Asia."

In 1892, because of his acquaintance with Persia, Hedin was attached to a special embassy sent to the Shah of Persia by the King of Sweden, and again visited the country. In the autumn of the same year he finished his university career, taking the degree of Doctor of Philosophy; and then, the following year (1893), he began to prepare for his famous journey of exploration into Central Asia.

"I had always wanted to do this," said Dr. Hedin. "I had read everything that had been written on the subject, especially the writings of Prshewalsky and of Richthofen, and I wished to do many things and to solve many problems. My principal objects, as described in the paper which I read here in Stockholm, in the presence of the King, were, at first—that is to say, before I started on this journey—(1) to study the glaciers in the mountains on the eastern side of the Pamirs; (2) to search for the old Lop-Nor Lake, and thus to settle the controversy between Prshewalsky and

Richthofen; * (3) to explore the Thibetan plateaus from the point of view of physical geography; (4) to cross Asia from west to east.

"I concluded that this work would occupy not more than two years. My expedition lasted, in fact, three years and seven months. My journey was much richer in results than I had expected, and raised many questions of very great interest. The fund for the expedition was subscribed by the King, Emmanuel Nobel of St. Petersburg, and some other Swedes, and amounted to 30,000 Swedish crowns. I spent, besides, 4,000 kronors which I earned during the first part of my travels by contributing to the newspapers; so that the whole expedition cost 34,000 crowns."

Dr. Hedin's occasional references to details of business are characteristic of the Swedes. They have a strong commercial spirit and a respect for money, but the earning of money is not with them the highest ideal.

"I started on my journey," continued Dr. Hedin, "on October 16, 1893, and proceeded via St. Petersburg and Moscow to Orenburg, where I bought a tarantass and hired five horses; and with this equipage I crossed the Kirghiz steppes to Tashkent, changing horses at each of the ninety-four stations, and covering the 2,000 kilometers in nineteen days. I remained a month and

a half in Tashkent, making the final preparations for my journey, and invested 500 roubles in presents to give to the natives—very bad revolvers, trumpery microscopes, and so on. I reached Margelan, the capital of Ferghana, in February, and on the 25th of that month started out for Kashgar. It was the worst season of the year for crossing the Pamirs, for the snowfall on those mountains is heaviest in February and March, and the danger to caravans is very great. So dangerous was my expedition considered that I could only obtain horses at an exorbitant rate. A horse costs twenty roubles in Tashkent, and I had to pay one rouble a day for each of the twelve horses I hired. The stable-keeper did not expect to see them again, for a snowstorm in the Pamirs kills men and horses. That is why I wanted to go. I wanted to see the snow on the mountains; I had climatical studies to make.

"It took me five days to cross the Alai range, proceeding south over Tengis-Bai pass, the height of which is 3,850 metres. There were no roads. All was snow and ice. We had to cut out roads

for the horses. When my five men and myself did not suffice, we hired Kirghises to help us, thirty or forty at times. We crossed very happily; but had we come a day earlier or a day later, we should all have perished. The preceding day an avalanche half a mile in length had fallen, which would have destroyed us utterly. The day after our crossing there was a terrific snowstorm on the pass.

"It was very difficult work to proceed up Alai valley. We had, in places, to hire the



A KIRGHIZ SCOUT.

* A long and very interesting polemic war waged between the two explorers. Prshewalsky claimed to have discovered Lop-Nor; Richthofen declared that, arguing from the old Chinese maps and books, the real lake of Lop-Nor was much further north than the lake discovered by Prshewalsky. This was the Lop-Nor also reached by Bonvalot and Henri of Orleans. Prshewalsky said the Chinese maps and books were wrong.



WOMEN OF THE PAMIRS.

camels to trample out a path in the snow. In one part of our track the snow was ten feet deep over an extent of 200 yards. We crossed this by laying tent-felts, which we borrowed from the Kirghises, over the snow. In six days we reached the Kizil-Art pass, in the Trans-Alai range, and crossed it safely. It is 14,620 feet high. In the valley on the other side the cold was very great. It reached thirty-eight and one-half degrees Celsius [equal to about thirty-eight degrees below zero, Fahrenheit], which is near the freezing point of mercury. But I am indifferent to cold. I am a Swede. It is often very cold in Stockholm. From Kizil-Art I traveled to the great salt lake of Karakul. I wanted to measure its depth, which nobody had yet done. I believed it to be very deep. I was entirely successful, for the lake was frozen over and we were able to move over the surface, so that I could select such places as I wanted for my sounding experiments. The deepest place I found was about 900 feet.

"Here I lost the caravan, and with one attendant spent a night on the ice, with nothing to eat or drink, tramping up and down in a temperature of fifteen degrees below zero. Then on to Murgab, where I spent twenty days with the Russian gar-

rison; then to Lake Rang-kul, which I also sounded. Crossing the Djugatai pass, in the Sarik-Kol range, I entered Chinese territory.

"The Chinese were very much afraid of me. They thought I was a Russian conqueror, and were sure that all my boxes were full of soldiers. During my first night on Chinese territory, Chinese soldiers kept peeping into my tent to make sure that I was not opening my boxes and letting my soldiers out. The Chinese commander at Bulun-kul was very unpleasant. He was an enemy to Europe. Many Chinese detest Europeans. He gave orders that no one was to trade with me or give me fodder for my horses. At last, however, I persuaded him to give me permission to proceed south to Mus-tag-ata Mountain. I wanted to climb it. It is 25,000 feet high. During that year I made three different attempts to get to the top, but the highest point I reached was 20,000 feet. On each occasion the snow drove us back. On that first occasion I was attacked with violent iritis and had to make my way back to Kashgar. There I got well again, and wrote a book in German on the climate of the Pamirs. In June I returned to Mus-tag-ata, and spent the whole summer in camp there, studying the glaciers.



THE HIRED KIRGHIZES WITH WHOM DR. HEDIN CROSSED THE TENGIS-BAI PASS.

I made topographical maps of fourteen glaciers. I passed the winter in Kashgar, where I was ill with fever. When I recovered I wrote several scientific articles. Then I prepared for the journey through the desert."

And now Sven Hedin, seating himself on the sill of his study window, swinging his legs to and fro like an idle boy, and leisurely smoking a cigar as he spoke, proceeded to tell me, quietly and without gesture or emphasis, such a story of human endurance and human courage, of trust in self and faith in God, as few men have lived to tell.

"I started from Kashgar on February 17, 1895, with four Turkish servants and eight fine camels. I wanted to cross from the Yarkand-Darya River to the Khotan-Darya River, over the Takla-Makan Desert. I wanted to explore this desert, which nobody had ever done. There were many legends anent it amongst the inhabitants on its confines—stories of ancient towns buried in the sand; and I wanted to learn if there was any foundation for these stories. I entered the desert on April 10th. We had water for twenty-five days with us, carried in iron tanks on the backs of the camels. It was all sand—moving dunes of sand. The days were

very hot, the nights were bitterly cold. The air was full of dust. We crossed the first half of the desert in thirteen days, and came to a region where there were some hills and small fresh-water lakes. Here I bade my men fill the cisterns with fresh water for ten days. We then proceeded, all going well. On the second day after we had left the lakes, I looked at the cisterns and found that water for four days only had been taken! I thought we could reach the Khotan-Darya in six days, and one of my servants told me that in three days' march from where we were we should find a place where we could dig for water. I believed him, and we went on.

"We found no water, and two days after, our supply was exhausted. The camels got ill; we lost three camels before May 1st. On May 1st the men began to sicken. I was so thirsty that I drank a glass of the vile Chinese spirit. It made me very ill. We only proceeded four kilometers that day—early in the morning. My men were all weeping and clamoring to Allah. They said they could go no further; they said they wanted to die. I made them put up the tent, and then we all undressed and lay down naked in the tent. During that day we killed our last sheep, and



THE ALAI RANGE OF MOUNTAINS IN THE PAMIRS.

drank its blood. We all thought to die. I thought I would do my best to go as far as possible. That is the difference between a European and an Oriental: a European thinks that a life is not so easily taken away; an Oriental is a fatalist, and will not fight for its preservation. In the evening of May Day we were all mad with raging thirst. When night fell we walked on. Two of the men could not move. They were dying. So we had to leave them. I said to them, 'Wait a little here, sleep a little, and then follow us.'

'I had to abandon much of my luggage—5,000 kronors' worth—for the camels were too weak. But I took my most important instruments with me, all my Chinese silver, my maps, and my notes. That night another camel died. I was ahead, carrying a torch to lead the way. In the night a third man gave in, and lay down in the sand and motioned to me to leave him to die. Then I abandoned everything—silver, maps, and notebooks—and took only what I could carry: two chronometers, a box of matches, ten cigarettes, and a compass. The last of the men followed. We went east. The man carried a spade and an iron pot. The spade was to dig for water; the iron pot held clotted blood, foul and putrid. Thus we

staggered on, through the moving dunes of sand, till the morning of the second of May.

'When the sun rose we dug out holes in the sand, which was cold from the frost of the night, and undressed and lay down naked. With our clothes and the spade we made a little tent, which gave us just enough shelter for our heads. We lay there for ten hours. At nightfall we staggered on again, still towards the east. We advanced all the night of the second, and the morning of the third of May. On this morning, as we were stumbling along, Kasim suddenly gripped my shoulder and pointed east. He could not speak. I could see nothing. At last he whispered, 'Tamarisk!' So we walked on, and after a while I saw a green thing on the horizon.

'We reached it at last, but we could not dig. It was all sand, yards deep. But we thanked God, and munched the green foliage; and all that day we lay naked in its shadow. At nightfall I dressed, and bade Kasim follow. He lay where he was, and said not a word. I left him, and went east. I went on till one in the morning. Then I came to another tamarisk, and as the night was bitterly cold, I collected the fallen branches and made a fire. In the



DR. HEDIN'S CARAVAN NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE TENGIS-BAI PASS, IN THE ALAI RANGE.

night my companion came up. He had seen my fire. He did not speak. I did not speak. We had no interest to talk. It was impossible to do so, for our mouths were as dry as our skins.

"That night we walked on for several hours, and so on till the sun grew hot on the 4th of May, when we again lay down naked on the sand. On the night of May 4th we advanced crawling on all fours and resting every ten yards or so. I meant to save my life. I felt all along that my life could not be thrown away like that. We came to three desert poplars on a patch of soil where there was no sand. We tried to dig, but we were too weak and the frozen ground was too hard. We barely dug to a depth of six inches. Then we fell on our faces and clawed up the earth with our fingers. But we could not dig deep. So we abandoned the hope of finding water there and lit a fire, in the hope that Islam-Bai, the man who had stayed behind with the camels, might chance to see it and follow on. It happened so, but I only knew it later. On the 5th we went on, east. We were bitterly disappointed, for the poplars had given us hope, and we had to cross a broad belt of sterile sand.

"At last we saw a black line on the horizon, very dark and very thin, and we

understood that it must be the forests of Khotan-Darya. We reached the forest by the time the sun grew hot. It was very deep and very dense, a black forest of very old trees. We saw the tracks of wild beasts. All that day we lay naked in the shade of the trees. There was no sign of water anywhere. In the evening I dressed, and told Kasim to arise. He could not move. He was going mad. He looked fearful, lying flat on his back, with his arms stretched out, naked, with staring eyes and open mouth. I went on. The forest was very dense and the night black, black. I had eaten nothing for ten days; I had drunk nothing for nine. I crossed the forest crawling on all fours, tottering from tree to tree. I carried the haft of the spade as a crutch. At last I came to an open place. The forest ended like a devastated plain. This was a river-bed, the bed of the Khotan-Darya. It was quite dry. There was not a drop of water. I understood that this was the bad season for water. The river-beds are dry in the spring, for the snow which feeds them has not yet melted on the mountains.

"I went on. I meant to *live*. I would find water. I was very weak, but I crawled on all fours, and at last I crossed the river-bed. It was three kilometers wide. Then,



SOUNDING LAKE KARAKUL.
From sketch by Dr. Hedin.

as I reached the right bank of the river, I heard the sound of a duck lifting and the noise of splashing water. I crawled in that direction, and found a large pool of clear, fresh water. I thanked God first, and then I felt my pulse. I wanted to see the effect that drinking would have on it. It was at forty-eight. Then I drank. I drank fearfully. I had a little tin with me. It had contained chocolates, but I had thrown these away as I could swallow nothing. The tin I had kept. I had felt sure, all

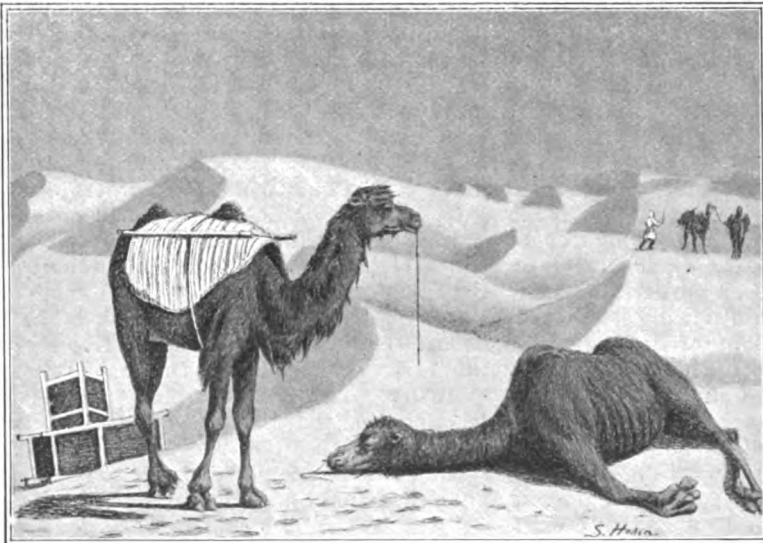
it must be a tiger. There are tigers in the Khotan-Darya. I had not the faintest feeling of fear. I felt that the life that had been just regained could not be taken from me by such a beast as a tiger. I waited for him with pleasure. I wanted to look into his eyes. He did not come. He was probably frightened to see a man."

"Was not the torture of thirst terrible during those nine days?"

"No. After the first three or four days the sharpness of the want seemed to blunt itself. But as

the days went on I grew weaker and weaker. I felt like a convalescent after many, many years of sickness.

"Then," continued Sven Hedin, "I remembered Kasim. So I took off my Swedish boots and filled them with water, and hooked them by the tags over the ends of my spade-haft, and retraced my steps. I could walk now. But it was so dark



IN THE DESERT. ABANDONING THE FIRST CAMELS.

From sketch by Dr. Hedin.

when I reached the forest I could not find my track. I shouted 'Kasim! Kasim! Kasim!' but he did not answer, and I thought he was dead. Then I made a fire in the forest—for fear of tigers—a huge fire, a splendid illumination, lighting up the mysterious darknesses of this primeval forest. It gave me very great pleasure to see this fire. At sunrise I searched for Kasim and found him. I called him. He lifted his head a little. 'Water!' I cried. He shook his head. 'I want to die.' I shook the boots near his head so that the water splashed. Then he rose like a wild beast, and flung himself on the water vessels and drained them one after another to the last drop. Then he fell back and would not move, though I asked him to come with me to the pool and bathe. So I left him and went on. I took a bath, and then made for the south, down the river-bed.

"I walked on for three days, and did not see a living soul all the time, and lived on grass and leaves, and tadpoles when I could catch them. On the fourth day I fell in with some shepherds with great flocks. They had never seen a European before. They



IN THE DESERT. THE FIRST TAMARISK.

From a sketch by Dr. Hedin.

were very frightened at my appearance, especially at my black spectacles, and they fled to the forest. I called to them in their own language. Then they came out and asked me what I wanted. They were good to me and gave me some milk and bread. I stopped some days with them, and heard from two merchants who arrived that at two days' ride from there they had seen a man and a white



IN THE DESERT. A SAND-STORM.

From a sketch by Dr. Hedin.

camel lying in the river-bed. They had spoken to him, but he had cried only, 'Water! water!' They had given him drink and food. I recognized that this was Islam-Bai. I sent a shepherd to fetch him, and in a few days Islam arrived with Kasim and the camel. He had saved all my money, some instruments, and my maps and notes. I felt quite rich.

"I could not continue my journey without the hypsometrical instruments, which had been lost, and so I had to go back to Kashgar to get a new outfit. From Kashgar I sent couriers with telegrams to Europe, via the Russian Turkestan, asking for a new supply of things. Whilst awaiting their arrival I returned to the Pamirs, and explored the northern slopes of the Hindoo Koosh, and visited the sources of the Amu-Darya. In August I fell in with the Russian-English Boundary Commission, and spent three very pleasant weeks with them."

Great as Dr. Hedin's sufferings had been they did not deter him from another journey of exploration in the desert. "I wanted to see if there were any old towns. This time I marched from south to north. After a seven days' march I came upon the ruins of a very old town. In the valleys between the sand dunes there rose wooden posts, or stakes, of poplar wood, hard as stone. These had been part of the framework of the houses, the skeletons of the houses, and innumerable they were, everywhere in the valleys of the dunes. It must have been a very big town. I camped here, but was not able to stay more than two days lest my water supply should be exhausted too soon. But during those two days we dug in the sand and found fragments of the plaster walls of the houses, which were covered with beautiful paintings. Then I myself made a great discovery. It was a fragment of an old manuscript, on something which looks like paper, but is not paper. Some of the characters resemble Sanscrit, but they are not Sanscrit. Afterwards I sent agents back to search for other manuscripts, and they found some more. We found nothing else, for we could not stay long, and we could not dig deep, for the

sand keeps falling in. But I do not think there can be much to find there beyond the mural paintings, for no doubt these towns were gradually abandoned by their inhabitants as the sand kept coming up, just as in a few hundred years the towns on the southern fringe of the desert will all be abandoned; the siege of them, Guma, Cherchen, and Nia, having already begun.

"From the first town I proceeded eastward, and in about a week's march I discovered the second of the towns; but here I found nothing. I shall return there, of course, for I consider this one of the most interesting discoveries ever made. It was certainly the most curious thing that occurred to me during my four years' journey. No traveler ever expected to find anything here, and it was given to me to discover the traces of Buddhist civilization in a Mohammedan land, towns where, to judge from the very high point of development of the mural paintings,



CHINESE SOLDIER.

From sketch by Dr. Hedin.

the state of civilization must have been very far advanced. Buddhists the inhabitants certainly were, for some of the ornamentations are pure Buddha, and on one of the fragments in my possession is a painting of Buddha sitting on a lotus."

"Can you fix the epoch?"

"Not at all. The only thing that I can say with absolute certainty is that they existed before the Mohammedan era. There are no Buddhists now in those parts of Asia. I shall have to study Buddhist art very carefully to be able to fix the approximate date of the building of these towns. Another thing which will help me is the observations I made of the speed at which the sand dunes progress. I have data. During my march in the desert I experimented on the progress of the moving dunes. When a storm of wind came on, I planted a post at the top of a dune, and after the storm had passed I measured the distance between the post and the top of the dune, which had advanced in the meanwhile, and noted the time in which this progress had taken place. When I have calculated this out, and so discovered how long it took to transform a rich, fertile, and well-watered land into a desert waste of sand, I shall be better able to fix the period. It will

be most important to fix the period. It will throw new light on the history of Central Asia; it will teach us much about the migrations of the Buddhist peoples.

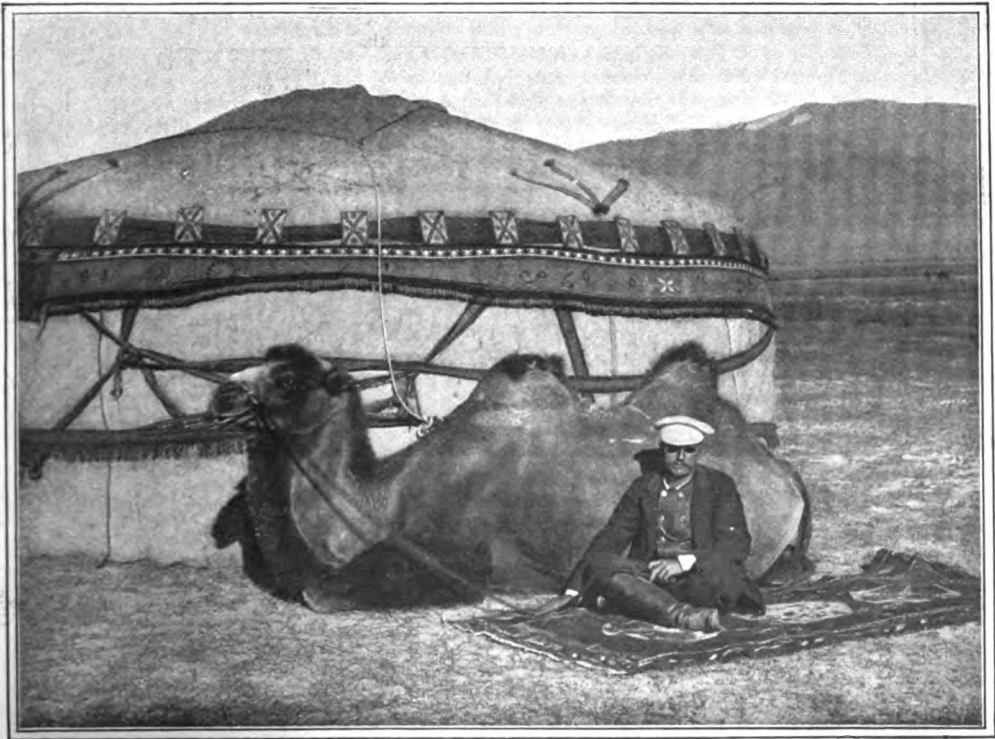
"I stayed at the second town, which was much smaller and where I found nothing, for two days, and then struck out north with my caravan, and reaching the bed of the Jarim River, followed it down to the city of Korla. I here prepared for my journey to discover the old Lop-Nor. I did discover it. I went by the old Chinese maps, and I proved that Richthofen was right and Prshewalsky was wrong. My course was south by south-east. I found the old Lop-Nor in the beginning of April, 1896. There was no road, and I had to guide myself through the desert by the Chinese maps. I followed the eastern shore of the lake, and made a map of it. It took me five days' march to reach the southern end. On its shores I found some native villages, huts made of bundles of reeds. The people are very wretched, miserable people. They had never seen a European before. I marched on, south to the new Lop-Nor, the one discovered by Prshewalsky.

"At the end of April I returned to Khotan by Marco Polo's southerly route,

and made many scientific observations on the way. In Khotan I prepared for my journey through Thibet. This was a very difficult journey. I had to climb the Kwen-Lun range and cross on to the high Thibetan plateaus by the lofty passes. For two months we marched along these plateaus at an altitude of 16,000 feet. It was a horrible country, bare desert, sand, and stones, here and there a salt lake. There was but the scantiest vegetation, and we could find so little fodder for our animals that in those two months forty-nine out of the fifty-six I had in my caravan perished of fatigue and starvation. We did not meet a single man during all those weeks, and the only living things we saw were herds of wild yaks and of wild horses. We used to shoot the yaks for food. We reached Tsaidan in the beginning of November. From there we marched east to the great lake of Kokonur, and so on to Pekin, which I reached on March 2d of this year."

From Pekin Dr. Sven Hedin traveled through Mongolia in Chinese carts to Kiachta, and thence by the Trans-Siberia railway home. He reached Stockholm on May 10th, after an absence of three years and seven months.

Dr. Hedin, from photograph taken during his stay with the Anglo-Russian Boundary Commission in the Pamirs.





IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS?

WE take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great gratification that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of "The Sun":

"DEAR EDITOR: I am 8 years old.

"Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus.

"Papa says 'If you see it in The Sun it's so.'

"Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?"

"VIRGINIA O'HANLON

115 West Ninety-fifth Street."

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

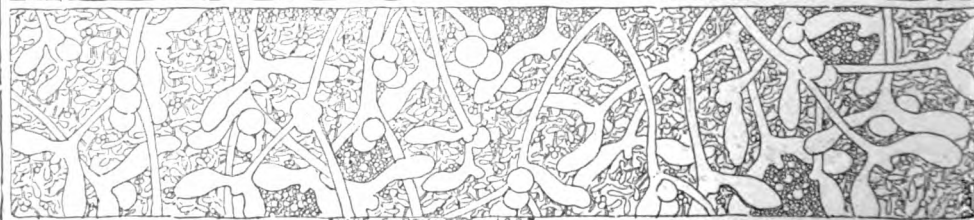
Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus. It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance, to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment except in sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not; but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding.

No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

By permission from the New York "Sun."



CHARLES A. DANA.

Died October 16, 1897, at Glen Cove, Long Island. Aged 78 years.

THE death of Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York "Sun," has been so fully noted in the daily and weekly press that there would be little occasion to recur to it here but for the fact that, ever since the founding of MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE, Mr. Dana has been one of its warmest friends and wisest counsellors. For some years before, indeed, he had been the constant encourager and adviser of the editor and founder of the magazine, in another publishing enterprise; and he continued his generous support and guidance to the day of his last illness. It was out of the wish to help the magazine, rather than from a desire to make them public, that he consented, about a year ago, to put his invaluable recollections of the Civil War in shape for publication; and other instances could be cited of his prompt and substantial friendship.

For thirty years Mr. Dana has been one of the most fearless, brilliant, and influential men in the press of the United States: one who made a paper which every man in the profession felt that he *must* read and which every observer of the times *wanted* to read. This paper was a reflex of Mr. Dana's own self. Indeed, so intimately and completely did his personality pervade the New York "Sun" that throughout the whole country it was quite as customary to hear people saying, "Dana says so," as "The 'Sun' says so:" a kind of public recognition of the individual force of the editor which has had but one parallel in the United States—Horace Greeley and the "Tribune."

The distinguishing marks which Mr. Dana put upon the "Sun" were the freshness and unexpectedness of its point of view, the comprehensiveness of its range, the clever and distinctive English style in which it is written, and its disdain of humbug and melodrama.

These qualities were the natural outcome of Mr. Dana's own intellect and tastes. His mind was vigorous, independent, comprehensive. He had a strong sense of humor, and a buoyant, joyous nature to which nothing human was alien. He saw things in unexpected ways, and had the audacity to put them as he saw them. The cleverness and crispness of his presentation of things made the "Sun" the most stimulating and entertaining paper in America. There was a sense of life and a vigor about it which made the oldest theme seem new. Whether one agreed with the paper or not, he read it for the purely intellectual pleasure he got out of it. In this the "Sun" has been unique.

The scope of the "Sun" was merely that of the editor's own mind. Certainly no man in American journalism has equaled Mr. Dana in variety of interests and extent of acquirements. He had a power of accumulating stores of knowledge not unlike that of Herbert Spencer. And he knew things thoroughly. There was nothing of the sciolist, the smatterer, about him. He knew not only his own time and own country, but all times and all countries. Although he was always hotly interested in politics, he found leisure to cultivate innumerable lines of thought and to keep himself abreast of all the intellectual movements of the day. Piled high on a side table in his private office

were all the latest books, and dozens of them went through his hands every week. On his orderly table, waiting for an idle moment, were sure to be seen the latest magazines, a copy of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," of "Cosmopolis," or of some other learned review. Speculative philosophy, science, history, political economy, every phase of thought, interested him. At the same time he had a taste which was almost a passion for pictures, flowers, and ceramics; and his knowledge of orchids, of modern paintings, and of Oriental wares was extensive. Languages were a special delight to him. He spoke several, and was always learning a new one. Russian was the last he undertook, and during the last winter a Russian dictionary was always within his reach at his office.

Mr. Dana's interest in foreign tongues never caused him to neglect his own. For years he labored vigorously and persistently to improve newspaper English, making life miserable for writers who split their infinitives, misused "in the midst of," or committed any other sin against grammar or good taste. In spite of its incessant struggle for precise and idiomatic English the "Sun" never became pedantic or over-nice. Indeed, its language was often as unexpected as its opinions. It employed colloquialisms freely, and used slang with irresistible effect. Almost every day, too, its editorial page teemed with words and expressions of great force not in common vogue. Mr. Dana aimed quite as much to show the wealth, flexibility, and expressiveness of English as to wage war on those who broke its common law.

There was no cant or pretension about Mr. Dana's forceful editing, and those qualities never had a bitterer enemy. His attitude in literary matters is an illustration. He gave much space always in his Sunday journal to book reviews, to original verse, and to fiction. The digest of serious works, particularly in the line of history, which he introduced into the Sunday "Sun" is the most valuable book-reviewing for the general public that is done in this country; but at the same time he had a department of book reviews of which the particular province was to uncover pretension, melodrama, and unwholesomeness. A writer who showed a vital quality of feeling, thought, or expression, whatever his crudities, was sure of encouragement from Mr. Dana; but for a literary *poseur* he had nothing but ridicule.

The vigor and intensity with which Mr. Dana for so long directed the "Sun's" policy, and the almost universal attention his opinions on all sorts of political and literary questions received, have put out of sight his earlier career; although, as a matter of fact, he was for more than twenty years before he took the "Sun" ardently and actively interested in different phases of the greatest intellectual agitation which our country has ever experienced.

The socialistic movement which took so strong a hold on the East in the 40's attracted Mr. Dana when he was but a boy, and when by the failure of his eyes he was obliged to leave Harvard College, he went at once to Brook Farm, with most of the members of which he was acquainted. Before he had been there many weeks he was elected a trustee, and continued with the movement until the unfortunate

burning of the building in 1844 sent the theorists back to the world to begin life again. At Brook Farm Mr. Dana was associated with Nathaniel Hawthorne, William Henry Channing, A. Bronson Alcott, George Ripley, Margaret Fuller, and many other men and women of extraordinary intellectual and social gifts. He sympathized thoroughly with the efforts the company made to realize there the social system of Fourier, and it was due largely, by all accounts, to his practical sagacity that the experiment was developed as far as it was.

For fifteen years, from 1847 to 1862, Mr. Dana was associated with Horace Greeley on the New York "Tribune," and it was he who, with James S. Pike, made the "Tribune" the tremendous anti-slavery power it was in the 50's. One need only read Mr. Greeley's own letters to Mr. Dana, written when the former was away on the frequent long journeys he made, and especially those written in the winter of 1855 and 1856, when Mr. Greeley was acting as the Washington editor of the paper, to understand the intimate relation of the two men and the almost absolute sway of Mr. Dana in the New York office of the paper. The intimacy was shown not alone by approval, but by the bluntest criticism. While Mr. Greeley often wrote to Mr. Dana thanking him for a "glorious issue," he was continually protesting petulantly against Dana's aggressiveness, and especially during the winter that the former spent in Washington. "I entreat," he wrote once when the "Tribune" had attacked a public man in Washington whom Greeley wanted to conciliate, "that I may be allowed to conduct the 'Tribune' with reference to the mile wide that stretches either way from Pennsylvania Avenue. It is but a small space, and you have all the world besides." And again, when an attack by the "Tribune" had caused him much personal friction, he said: "I shall have to quit here or die unless you stop attacking people here without consulting me. . . . Do send some one here and kill me if you cannot stop this, for I can bear it no longer."

The intimate relations between Mr. Greeley and Mr. Dana lasted until the breaking out of the Civil War. The great struggle had not begun before their ideas of the policy to be pursued differed radically. Finally, in April, 1862, they separated. Mr. Dana himself has given the reason. "Greeley was for peace and I was for war. As long as I stayed on the 'Tribune' there was a spirit there which was not his spirit—that he did not like."

What Mr. Dana's influence in the "Tribune" had been was well known to many public men, among them Secretary Stanton. Indeed, at once after entering on the duties of the War Department, in January, 1862, Mr. Stanton had written to Mr. Dana, thanking him for a certain editorial. "You cannot tell how much obligation I feel myself under for your kindness," the Secretary said; and then, after stating confidentially the difficulties of his new position, he added: "But patience for a short while only is all I ask, if you and others like you will rally around me." A few weeks later he wrote again to Mr. Dana: "We have one heart and mind in this great cause, and upon many essential points you have a wider range of observation and clearer sight than myself; I am therefore willing to be guided by your wisdom."

When Stanton knew that Dana had left the "Tribune" he immediately invited him to come into the service of the War Department. This connection began in 1862, and lasted until the war was over. Throughout this period Mr. Dana sustained a peculiarly confidential relation to Stanton and Lincoln. He was the one man on whom they found

they could rely to give them an opinion of men and events he was sent to observe that was as intelligent as it was frank. They depended more and more upon him until it became their rule to send him immediately to the center of any critical situation and to form their course of action largely on his representation. One has but to study his reports to Mr. Stanton in connection with the events of the war to see that his representations and suggestions were the determining factor in many of the greatest problems of the period. "No history of the Civil War can be written without taking into consideration Mr. Dana's influence," says Mr. Joseph Medill of the Chicago "Tribune;" and Mr. Leslie J. Perry of the War Records Commission, in speaking of Mr. Dana's reports, says:

"He was a keen-eyed observer, and his extraordinary grasp of the situation upon the various theaters of war which he visited, his sagacity in weighing the worth or worthlessness of the great officers chosen to carry out the vast military designs of the Government, his acute discernment of their strong and weak qualities, and above all the subtle power and scope of his vigorous reports to Secretary Stanton of what he saw, make them the most remarkable, interesting, and instructive collection of official documents relating to the Rebellion."

Absorbed though he was every day of the week with the un-ending labor of a great daily newspaper, always in the thick of every public contest, and passionately interested in art and in literature, there still has never been a more accessible or genial editor in the country than Mr. Dana. He always had time for his friends and for what he called "fun;" and by "fun" Mr. Dana meant anything, work or play, which had vitality in it. His buoyant joy in life and things in general was contagious, and made him the most enjoyable and stimulating of companions. Rarely is a man loved as he was by those of his profession who are in personal relations with him. It was only necessary to see him in his office at the "Sun" to understand this. There was not an office boy there who could not have a hearing if he wished it, nor one to whom at some time or other Mr. Dana had not given some proof of his personal good feeling. He was always considerate in his dealings, and his gentleness with his subordinates was unending. They loved him for this; but above all they admired him for his wonderful vigor. It was a matter of pride at the "Sun" that, though Mr. Dana was nearly seventy-eight years old when he was obliged to leave his post, there was not a younger mind or body in the office.

Mr. Dana's kindliness of spirit was not shown alone to those in his own office. In the great mass of newspaper comment which his death has called forth one thing is conspicuous—the tribute to his helpfulness by men in his profession. Hundreds of journalists, writers, and editors all over the country know that they have been helped to their feet by his advice and encouragement. Men in whose writings he detected the qualities which he admired were sure to receive the support of the "Sun." If a contribution came to him which was unavailable for his own columns, but which he thought might be useful to another editor, he often would personally recommend the article. He would listen to projects of editors and journalists, and if an enterprise commended itself give it his full support. His day was filled with helpfulness, though he seemed quite unconscious of the fact. It was "the natural way of living." This spontaneous giving of his rich, cultivated, intense self was what made Mr. Dana not only the most brilliant editor of America, but one of the most lovable and helpful of men.



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JANUARY

Vol. X. No. 3

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MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR JANUARY.



Leaves
a good
Impression



PEARL
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SOAP

DRAWN BY C. D. GIBSON.



"They two then stood at salute." See page 39.

RUPERT OF HENTZAU, CHAPTER IV.

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

JANUARY, 1898.

No. 3.



A PAINTER OF CHILDREN—BOUTET DE MONVEL.

BY NORMAN HAPGOOD.

ILLUSTRATED WITH REPRODUCTIONS FROM BOUTET DE MONVEL'S WORKS.



EVEN in great art the originality which suggests a new way of seeing the world is rare. It is the possession of this one quality, above all others, which makes Maurice Boutet de Monvel stand out, with a few of his contemporaries, from the army of artists, more or less slaves of tradition following in the footsteps of their masters. It is this quality which makes the work of De Monvel appreciated wherever he is known. Here is a man who belongs to no school, who does not exploit his tools, who speaks for the people because he picks out things to represent that are not obvious, and yet which, when seen, are of interest alike to the simple and the philosopher, to the most civilized man as to the child. Another attainment even more rare in

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PORTRAITS.

the history of art is the successful rendering of child life. The adult usually draws children indiscriminately, seeing them as a mass of little creatures much alike, or else noticing them for the light they throw on our lives. Philosophers would say that our attitude towards them was subjective. We call them sweet, or cunning, or something else that describes the way they make us feel, not the way they themselves feel and think. Yet a child is an independent being, and the effect it has on us is an unimportant element in its own life. The artists, whether poets, novelists, painters, or sculptors, who have given the life of a child from the inside could almost be counted on one hand. These prevailing external views grow naturally out of the two facts that we cannot remember what the world was to us, and that the audience for which we speak is grown. In the fable the lion explains the victories of men over beasts in literature by the statement that the men write all the books. Per-



PORTRAIT OF THE DAUGHTER OF RÉJANE.



From "La Mîs'en Lâire" in "Vieilles Chansons."

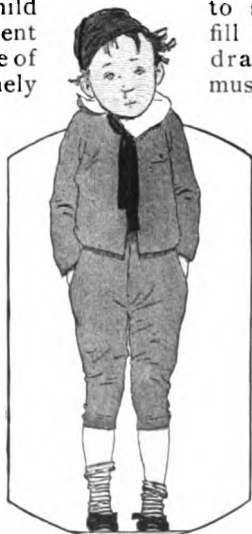
haps Robert Louis Stevenson thought of this fable when he wrote "A Child's Garden of Verses," in which the mind of the child has at least an equal expression with the mind of his older and sophisticated observer. The mingling of the two points of view promises to be the modern spirit.

Boutet de Monvel, although he is in part a man of age and experience, the head of a household, with a place in the world which he sustains with dignity and takes to heart seriously, amusing himself with the child's ingenuousness, is also one who understands and whose talent is particularly fit to depict the child as an independent creature with a life of

ferent natures as there are in the distinct men and women of the same paintings. Most great dramatic artists, realizing instinctively that men do not see children from the inside, have kept them out of their works. In all of Shakespeare's plays there is no child who counts for much; and in all great drama, perhaps, the one child who is famous is the Joas of Racine.

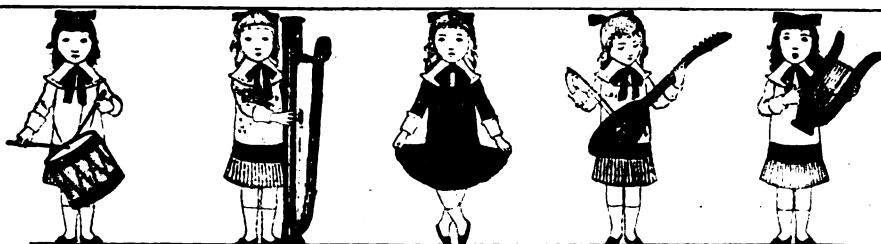
In a sense, at least, as the artist himself thinks, it was accident that led De Monvel to a field so far removed from the interests of strong artists; but when hazard led him there, little time was needed to show him how to fill it. If he was to draw children, he must

draw them with the reality with which he had always seen their elders. He must give us not only the charm of their fragility and innocence, but, if not the revelation, at least a clear suggestion, of what they feel. Whether or not chance influenced his choice of subjects, the world is the gainer. Young persons are usually bored by the child; they meet him and pass him by; but old people notice him. The more experience a man gains and digests the simpler his interest becomes; complexities in the end appear trivial, and the elementary things are seen as the elemental and importantones. De Monvel reached such a spirit younger than most men do. He always had a marked element of sane and serious reality in him, and nature allowed him to begin where most of us are landed when love and sorrow, suffering



From "La Civilité Puérile et Honnête."

his own. His children are genuinely childish, with no admixture of adult quality. The earlier artists gave often the physical attributes of babyhood, but they put in the baby body the soul of a man, or no soul at all. In the old religious pictures the child may show divinity, spirituality, in his face, but he does not show infantile thoughts. He was not treated psychologically. Della Robbia boys might walk, their forms are so real. We also know their personalities; each one of them is an individual child, and Della Robbia is an exception among the masters. But it is more than pitiful, it is irritating, to see in all the galleries of Italy those little forms with the heads of clever, knowing old people, with eyes full of wisdom and worldliness. So the hearty baby bodies in the pictures of Rubens have no sign of as many dif-



From "La Mîs'en Laire," in "Vieilles Chansons."

and change, have taught us to see the big, significant outlines. His fortune from the beginning was to see fundamentals, and experience taught him to depict what he saw with means as simple and choice as his vision. A few lines, a few dots, make a face. There is no smartness of presentation, there is only a meaning, and nothing to obscure the meaning. As in all true art, his technical processes are not obtruded, and will be seen only by those who look for them; while the things represented are patent to all. For such a nature there could be no better subject than the child, for all the elements of human life are in him, and

only the elements, out of which later the sifting, expanding, and crushing experience will make the human drama.

Boutet de Monvel, choosing without hesitation art as a career, entered the studio of Cabanel when he was a little over twenty. He joined the army after Sedan, and came out of his war experiences with a sadness which still overpowers him when speaking of *nos malheurs*. After some work in the less conventional studio of Julian, dissatisfied with its restrictions, he entered, in 1875, the studio of Carolus Duran. Almost immediately the need of money forced him into illustration, the field in which we know him best and in which his originality took such striking form. M. de Monvel himself thus describes the change, in conversation: "At

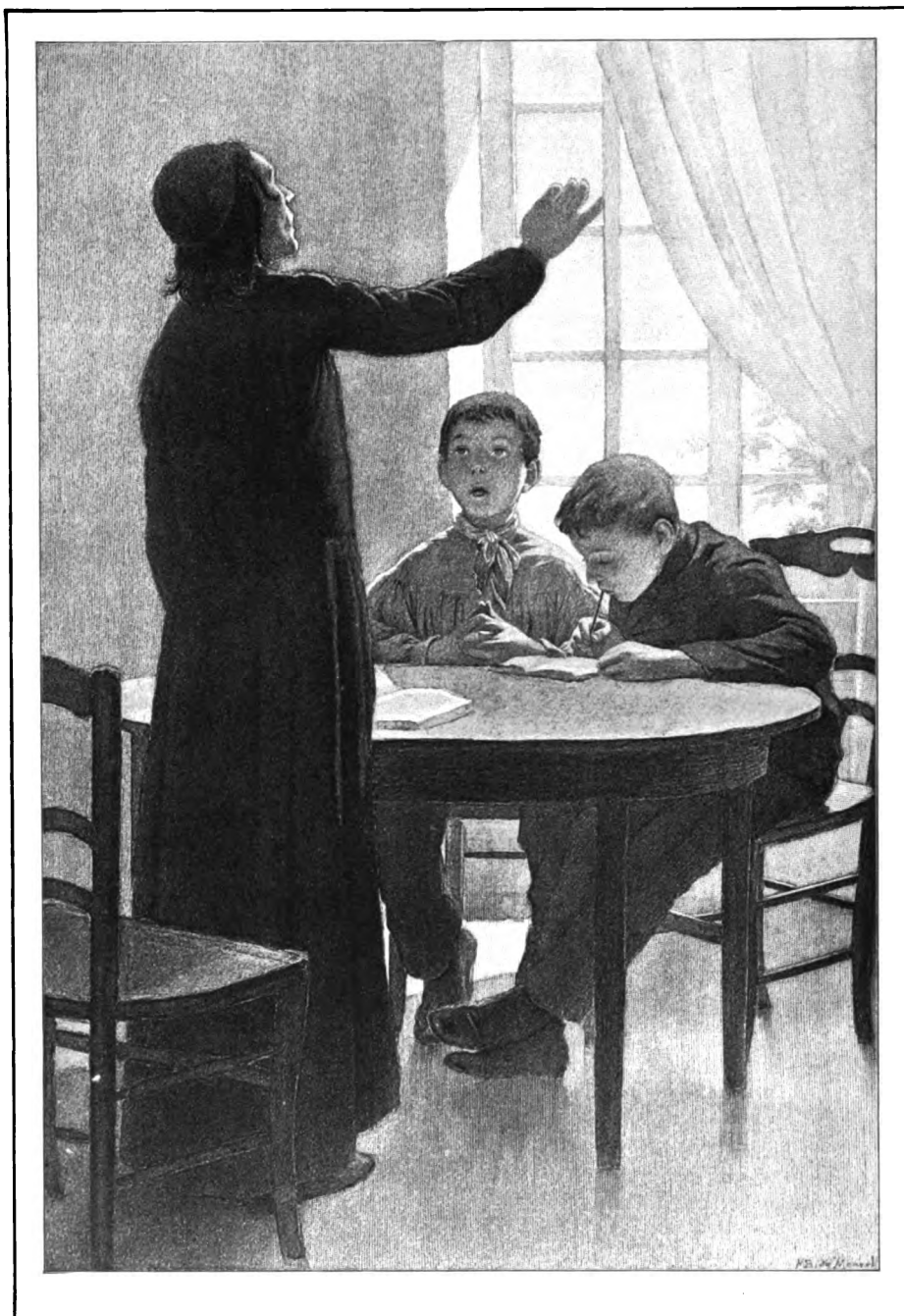
first I painted pictures like the rest of the painters, and perhaps I should be doing that still if I had not been driven to illustration. When I took that up, having only the pen with which to work, I was obliged always to study the difficulties of reproduction, to do something that would come out well when printed. Of course, I found out directly that I could not put in the mass of little things which I had elaborated on my canvases. Gradually, through a process of elimination and selection, I came to put in only what was necessary to give the character. I sought in every little figure, every group, the essence, and worked for that alone."



From "La Civilité Puérile et Honnête."

The secret taught him by the difficulties in reproduction has helped him in all that he has done. There is no unnecessary detail in the old couple on the beach, one of his early pictures, the reproduction of which heads this article, any more than there is in the face of the boy bent upon the table, on page 202, or in the gay pictures of the gracefully grotesque and amusing side of childhood. His books have ranged over rather a wide field. "Old Songs for Little Children" (*Vieilles Chansons et Rondes pour les petits enfants*) appeared first.

In it De Monvel's humor is apparent, bordering now on caricature and now on comedy. "French Songs for Little Frenchmen" (*Chansons de France pour les petits Français*) followed, with the same gaiety, but with freer expression.

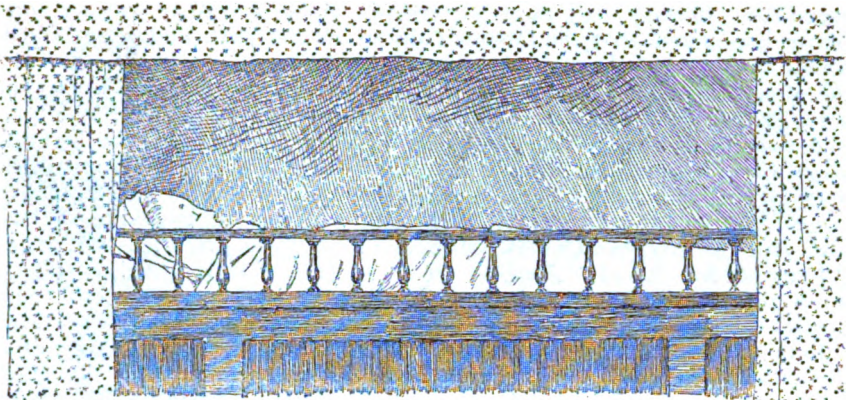


AN ILLUSTRATION FROM "XAVIÈRE."

A mock treatise on politeness, "*La Civilité puérile et honnête*," brings a daintier, more varied atmosphere, for the study is becoming deeper and the understanding clearer. The individuals differ much more; each has more distinctness, more reality, more charm, the old men and the women as well

as the children. The "*La Fontaine*" is a new development, not only because it brings animals to the front, but because it shows the artist making his effects with simpler touches and with the exact meaning still more free and more telling also. In stories by Anatole France, with his studied

simplicity, De Monvel found some of his best inspiration; and his masterly little creations stand not simply as a graphic comment on the text, but as a revelation of a subject which the

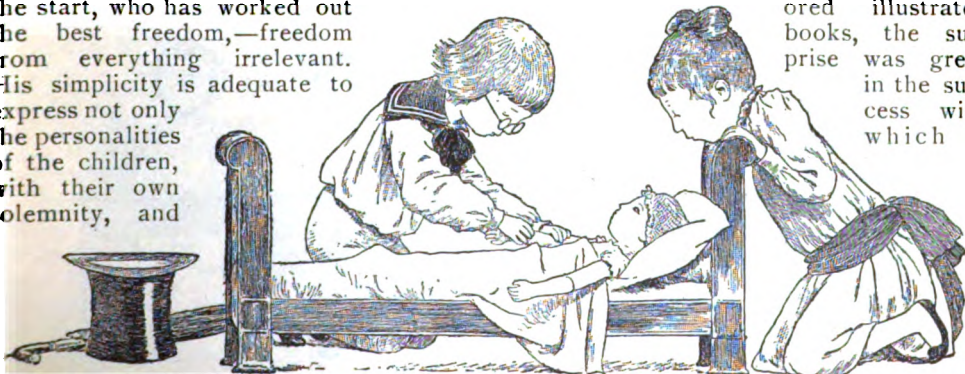


From "Nos Enfants."

writer has treated only in a fragmentary and superficial manner. Before speaking of his later work, his "*Xavière*" and his "*Joan of Arc*," we might try to find out the secret which De Monvel has learned, and which enables him to give us children in a fashion so direct and complete, and with such charm and freshness of presentation. We might speak of the expressiveness which lurks in a little hand clutching a dress, in the angular folds of a Sunday frock, in a slow and stolid walk, in a foot seeking the ground, but it would explain nothing. The one attitude, the one expression, is chosen which has a special meaning and a special charm, and that is all there is to it. In looking at these drawings artists' only advantage over people ignorant of art is that they know how wonderful the thing is, how difficult it is to do it; but they are not able to feel or enjoy the result any better. To draw well, to color well, to have solved the problem of lithography in color, is simply to have the tools. It is the freshness, the alertness of the eye, the truth and eagerness of the mind, which makes De Monvel an artist original from

the tender amusement which they inspire, but also to deal with the most serious, dramatic, even tragic subjects, as shown in his two later works, "*Xavière*" and "*Joan of Arc*." Probably, of all his work, these two books contain his most ardent feelings. The opening picture of the "*Joan of Arc*" strikes a note held throughout. Jeanne rides at the head of an army, her eyes fixed on a vision, a sword in her outstretched hand; behind her rush the living soldiers, with an onward motion that shows what it means to be a great draughtsman; and as the living soldiers press on, the very dead, fallen in battle, break from the ground to follow; their faces struggle up, their open mouths salute the Maid, they wave their swords, and, although they cannot free their bodies, their spirits help her on to victory. There are few such noble pictures as "*Xavière*" offers, wonderful revelations of the French country people, sympathetic transcripts of the simple life of humble folk; admirable pages, where one feels that everything is true to the best and the most serious in life.

When De Monvel first gave us these colored illustrated books, the surprise was great in the success with which a



B.M.

From "Filles et Garçons."

technical difficulty had been so competently conquered that the famous colored prints of England seemed antiquated and the effects which the Japanese reached by a different method had been equaled. But that surprise is now giving way to admiration for the qualities of the man who inspires the workman. Sentiment is the largest ingredient of true art, as it is of life; and the sentiment of De Monvel in "Joan of Arc" and "*Xavière*" reaches its highest purity. In this last he addresses himself to an older audience. In "Joan of Arc" he meets the interests of the childish reader, but he expresses himself as genuinely in each book. They seem ideal and beautiful dreams, forceful in drawing, with a psychology which makes every face individual in a more complete, but no less simple, sense than the faces in his lighter works are real. Noticing that an artist is making funny children or grotesque animals, we are inclined to take him lightly, as if we measured genius by solemnity or by acres of paint; but if we turn back to the more amusing books, after being excited by "*Xavière*" and "Joan of Arc," we see them with a new eye. It is the same artist looking into the hearts of many things and recording with a sure hand.

M. de Monvel is now making frescos for the church which is building at Domremy, the birthplace of the Maid whose story he is to tell again; but his studio is full of portraits of children and of sketches for illustrations. One series, just finished, dealing with the little peasants of the country, is to be followed by the street boys of Paris. There is little danger that with his eagerness of mind De Monvel runs any risk of working one vein to death; neither will he abandon for his larger work the line in which he has been a pioneer. His future activities promise

to be as full of variety and development as his past, and it is hoped that he may devote more and more of his time to what, in the mind of the best judges, is his greatest field. The painting of portraits is probably the highest as well as the lowest and most common achievement of art. There have been many great portrait painters; but outside of Velasquez and a very few great masters, it is hard to think of any truly good portraits of children. An increasing demand for De Monvel's portraits of children has been the natural result of the popularity of his illustrated books. Of course, he had always been making portraits in his illustrations; he has told himself how hard it is to make each little figure in a group a separate person; and all these constant efforts of many years made the step to portrait painting an easy one. His portraits have been as successful as his own fanciful children. Not only has he been able to give the appearance of his sitter with the certainty and vividness which was to be expected of him, but he has proved his high artistic judgment in the way which all accessories are subordinated and yet used to strengthen the central effect. Just as in the picture from "*Xavière*," on page 202, full as it is of objects, table, chairs, window, all conspicuously placed, we see, nevertheless, only the faces, the attitudes, the light, all giving the spirit, the sentiment, the significance of the scene; so in his portraits, backgrounds and the arrangement of accessories show exquisite tact, and while serving their purpose of putting the face and figure into relief, add, one might say, some side explanations to the type. It is marvelous how all parts of the canvas belong to the portrait; how typical accessories and background are so subtly and intelligently handled that one does not realize they are there at all.





AN AMERICAN AT KARLSBAD.

BY CY WARMAN,

Author of "Tales of an Engineer," "The Express Messenger," etc.

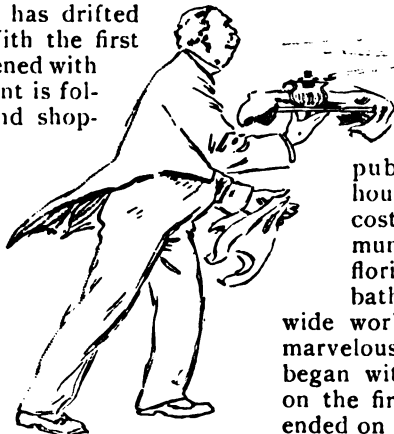


KARLSBAD in winter-time is about as bleak and desolate as a Western town which, after a hard fight with weekly papers and Winchesters, has lost the county-seat. The place is not dead: no

admit the health-giving winds that come down from the low mountains laden with the scent of pine. The streets are reasonably clean, for few people live here in winter; but they are being made cleaner day by day, until the last day of April, when they are all flooded and washed clean. The iron fences and railings are actually scrubbed by an army of women with buckets of water and rags. Other women are digging in the ditches, sawing wood, or drawing wagons through the streets.

more than the flowers are dead that are sleeping under the snow that has drifted deep in the Böhmerwald. With the first bluebird comes the man burdened with a bad liver, and the first patient is followed closely by merchants and shopkeepers, hotel men, and waiters. There are merchant-tailors from Vienna, china merchants from Dresden, and clockmakers from Switzerland.

All through the month of April the signs of life are daily increasing. The walks that wind about the many hills are being swept clean of dead leaves; houses are repainted; and the rooms of hundreds of hotels and pensions are thrown open to



... a waiter freight-
ing your break-
fast. . . .

On the first day of May there is a grand opening. This year it was of especial importance, as it opened to the public the new bath-house Kaiserbad, which cost this enterprising municipality 1,250,000 florins, and is the finest bath-house in the whole wide world, I am told. This marvelous celebration, which began with a military parade on the first day of the month, ended on the fifth with a banquet in the city park café, at which Monsieur Ludwig

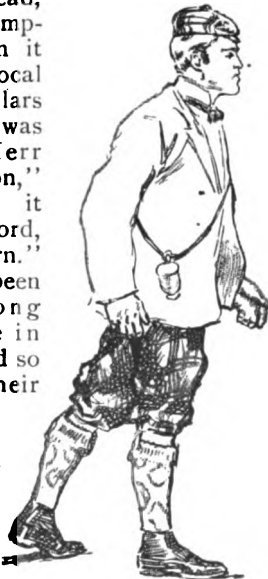


... receiving the good father of the town, who always waits upon "wealthy Americans." ...

Schäffer, der Bürgermeister, presided.

"Jim Thompson and friend" was the way we went on the register at Pupp's; not that Jim wanted to star his own signature, but in order that he might bear the burden of reading all the circulars sent to our rooms, and receiving the good father of the town, who always waits upon "wealthy Americans" and asks a little aid for the poor, regardless of the visitor's religion. When we were transferred to the revolving switch-board in the center of the great lobby, it read, "Herr Jim Thompson," and when it appeared on local letters and circulars sent to us it was "Well-born Herr Jim Thompson," and sometimes it was even "My lord, the well-born." But Jim had been so much among titled people in Europe, and had so often read their "ads." for heiresses, that these little mistakes were no more to him than so many pfennigs.

So, in time, there came a gilt-edged card



... big, bony Britons in knickerbockers. ...



... Tyrolese in green hats trimmed in feathers. ...

bidding my lord, the well-born, and his friend to the great feast—the guests of the city.

Just in front of the orchestra there was a narrow, high throne, a kind of cross between a pulpit and a witness-box, and from behind this little stand the speaker spoke.

"It is a good idea, this pulpit; it gives the speaker something to pound, and does away with his hands at the same time," said Jim, when the first man had finished. The lion of the evening was the architect who had

built the Kaiserbad, and when he made his talk the men cried "Hoch!" and beautiful women left their seats to click glasses with him. And the band played "Under the Double Eagle," and everybody stood up, and they were all very happy, and I knew that the homely leader, with his ears full of cotton, had made a hit.

"Was that the Girl, Jim?" I

'Bohemian asked, when we had all settled down and begun to eat again.

"No," he said, with a half-sad smile. "I don't know the 'Bohemian Girl' from the 'Irish Washerwoman,' but I know that tune: it's the national air.

Couldn't you hear the B-flat scream and wail away down the line? Ah! if the Austrians had played that tune, the Seven Days' War would have lasted longer."

It was an excellent little dinner, and the enthusiasm and patriotism of the people were good to see.

True, they have been buffeted about by political waves, between Germany and Austria, for many years; but the people in these Bohemian hills are happy, industrious, and enterprising to a remarkable degree.

On the morning of the tenth of May, when we went down to the Brunn to drink, a thousand people were standing in line.

"Reminds me of the days when we used to line up at the post-office in Thompsonville," said Jim, his mind going back to the big days of Colorado, when he was mayor and silver was a dollar ten.



It is a great show: men and women from everywhere, with every disease that can possibly be charged to the liver, stomach, or gall. Even nervous people come here for the baths; and get well, or think they do, which is the same thing. There are men whose skin and eyes are yellow; and others green as olives; German dandies who walk like pacing greyhounds; fat young Germans who seem to be walking on eggs; and old, gouty Germans who do not walk at all, but shuffle. There are big, bony Britons in knickerbockers, and elderly Englishmen whose love of plaids is largely responsible for the daily rains that come to this otherwise delightful region. There are modest Americans, with their pretty wives and daughters; and other Americans, who talk loud in the lobbies and cafés; Tyrolese, in green hats trimmed in feathers; and Polish Jews, with little corkscrew curls hanging down by their ears, such as we see in Jerusalem. Then there are a few stray Frenchmen, walking alone; and once—but not more than once—in a while a Parisian lady, and you know her by the charming cut of her skirt and the way she holds it up and the beautiful dream of a petticoat the act discloses. There are Austrian soldiers in long coats, and officers in pale-blue uniforms, spurred and cinched like the corset-wearers of France.

In a solid mass the crowd of cupbearers move up and down in the great colonnade, keeping time with their feet or hands or heads to the strains of the band, which begins to play at 6.45 in the morning.

By nine o'clock the springs are deserted,

and the multitude has distributed itself among the many restaurants and cafés in the cañon. An hour later, having breakfasted lightly on toast and coffee—on such toast and such coffee as can be had only in Karlsbad—the great army of healthy-looking invalids lose themselves in the hills.

Here comes an old, old woman, bearing a load that would bend the back of a Turkish hamal, followed by a landau, wherein loll the fairest dames of Saxony; then a sausage-man, whose garlic-flavored viands freight the whole gulch with their fumes; and just behind him a wagon laden with flowers and shrubs for the new gardens of the Grand Hotel Pupp, and their opening leaves fling such a fragrance out upon the still air that it follows and trails far behind, as the smoke of a locomotive follows a freight train. Women with baskets on their backs, filled with



... a few stray Frenchmen, walking alone: ...

empty milk-cans, are climbing the trails that lead back to their respective ranches, which they must have left, their cans laden, at early dawn.

The men are most polite to each other, and always take off their hats as they meet and pass. The employés in the hotels do this, from the manager down. Indeed, all these people are almost tiresome with their politeness. A table-girl who serves you at a way-side café to-day will rush out to the middle of the street to-morrow and say good-morning, and ask you how you feel. She is honestly endeavoring to make it pleasant, and is unconsciously making it unpleasant for you. If you

speak English she argues that you may be a lord, or, what to her and for her is better still, an American, grand, rich, and awful; and she is proud to show the proprietor or manager that she knows you. But we should not complain, for nowhere are visitors treated so respectfully and decently as at Karlsbad. I remember that the *Bürgermeister* left his place at the head of the table at the banquet, crossed the room, introduced himself to Mr. Thompson, touched glasses, and bade him welcome to the city, and caused a little muni-

cipal check-book to be placed at the visitor's elbow, so that for that day and date he could order what he craved, and it was all "on" the town. Last year, when the five hundred rooms of the largest

hotel in the place were occupied, four hundred of the guests were Americans or English. So you see they can afford to like us, and they do.

One can live here as one chooses—for one dollar or ten a day; but two people can live comfortably for five dollars a day. The hotels are good, and the service almost perfect so far as it relates to the hotel; but the service in the dining-rooms, cafés, and restaurants is bad. Many of these are so poorly ar-

ranged. It is a common thing to see a waiter freighting your breakfast or dinner—which is at midday here—a half block in a pouring rain. The great trouble is to get things hot; it is next to impossible. What Karlsbad needs is a sanitarium, where people can have delicate dishes prepared and served hot. The stoves are too far from the tables in most places.

Americans will find many funny little things, even in the best hotels. You can go up in the elevator, but you cannot come down. You can have writing-paper free in the writing-room, but not in your apartments. You can get hot milk or warm milk—but they will put butter in it. You can have boiled potatoes, but only with caraway-seeds and a fine flavor of alfalfa in them; or poached eggs, but you must have them poached in bouillon.

After a while you will get used to all this, and give up trying to say *sehr heiss*, and go way. Forty thousand people do this every year. This establishment alone feeds two thousand people a day; and most of them, I fancy, go away feeling very kindly toward the place and the people. The Germans predominate in the month of May, the Austrians in June, and in July the French come. This is a safe sandwich, with Austria in the middle; it keeps France and Germany from touching. The English and Americans (but not the poor) they have all the season.



German Type.



. . . old, gunky Germans . . .

The sad-faced consumptives who swarm round the health resorts of Western America are not seen here; on the whole, the people who come here look healthy. The dreadful army of miseries who haunt the grotto at Lourdes are also not to be seen here. True, the priests go at the head of the procession on the first of May from spring to spring, blessing the water and thanking God for the goodness of these wondrous founts. But they look not for a miracle.

Some things appear a little inconsistent, and trying on the waters; and yet I know not that the visitors go away disappointed. For example, you will see a very happy married woman, fat and forty or forty-five, and a long, lank, lingering maiden, the two quaffing at the same well, and the one hoping to gain what the other longs to lose.

When you have taken rooms at a hotel, one of the employes will bring you a long printed form, which, if you fill out, will give the sheriff or any one interested in you a fair history, the length of your intended stay, your nationality and business. This form goes to the office of the *Bürgermeister*, and from it you are "sized up" and assessed in whatever class you appear to belong. Third-class visitors pay between one and two dollars the season; second, between two and three dollars; and first class, from three to four. Only Americans are always rated first class. They do not insist upon your staying there. By filing a personal protest you can have yourself placed in whatever class you claim to belong in.

And what becomes of the tax one pays into the city treasury?

First, you have the use of the water for three weeks or six months, and have also the pleasure of hearing good music while you take your medicine every morning. Part of this money goes to make and keep up the miles and miles of beautiful walks, to plant rare shrubs in the very forest, and to put boxes in the trees for the birds to build in, whose music cheers the thousands of strollers who throng these winding ways.

So, after all, the tax one pays to the municipality is very little, even if you are first class; and, as nearly every one leaves the place feeling better than when he arrived, there is no complaint.

"Are all the people cured who come here?" I asked Dr. Grünberger, who was medical inspector in the district for twenty years.

"Not all," he said. "But all who take the cure"—for the doctor who examines the patient will not allow him to take the water unless he has a disease curable by the Karlsbad treatment.

There are many doctors in Karlsbad, and they are largely responsible for the splendid reputation of the place. They are honest enough to tell the patient to go away if they believe his disease incurable by the use of the waters. The waiters in the hotels all know what you are allowed to eat; and when you ask for a tempting bit of pastry the girl will shake her head, smile pleasantly, and say: "That ish not gute for you." In fact, all the people appear to want you to get well and be happy, go away and eat bad things, and come again.



Hebrew Type.



... German dandies ...



. . . Other women are . . . drawing wagons through the streets.

Now, like many others, I am going away; and I have tried to find one man or woman among the thousands here now who is without faith in the cure, or without hope of being cured. The water won't cure a stone-bruise or a broken heart, perhaps; but it will brace you up, give you an appetite that will help your heart to heal, and the stone-bruise will get well of its own accord.

. . . Polish Jews, with little corkscrew curls .



THE LIFE OF THE RAILROAD MAN.

DRAWN FROM FIFTEEN YEARS' EXPERIENCE AS BRAKEMAN, FIRE-MAN, AND ENGINEER.

BY HERBERT E. HAMBLÉN ("FRED. B. WILLIAMS"),

Author of "On Many Seas."

EXPERIENCES AND ADVENTURES AS A BRAKEMAN IN THE YARD AND ON THE ROAD.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS FROM LIFE BY W. D. STEVENS.



HOW little does the average passenger realize, when he steps on the sumptuously furnished car and quietly reads the newspaper until the brakeman calls out his station and he steps off to go to his family or his business, that his train has been under the keen supervision of an army of trained officials and employees during every minute of its progress; that its arrival at, and departure from, each station has been ticked over the wire to the train despatcher; that all meeting-points with other trains have been carefully prepared for; that rules and orders have been issued providing for every possible contingency; that, in fact, as an old railroad man said to me once, "if everybody obeyed orders, collisions would be possible only when brought about by unavoidable accidents!"

These men are carefully chosen, and only long and faithful service, a strictly first-class moral character, and undoubted ability to perform the duties of the position will insure their promotion to the higher offices or their retention in them.

Promotion on a railroad is slow, and for merit only.

MY FIRST JOB.

"Very well," said the young man; "I am the yardmaster here, and as I am rather short of brakemen and you appear to be a likely young fellow, I will give you a job. Keep your eyes and ears open; obey orders strictly, *whether you can or not*, and"—here he grabbed me by the arm and pulled me back just as I was about to step directly in front of a rapidly approaching car which an engine had kicked in on that track and which would certainly have put an end to my railroading

there and then—"be careful never, under any circumstances, no matter how big a hurry you are in, to step upon a railroad track *anywhere*, without first looking both ways; and if you see anything approaching near enough, so that there is any doubt about your being able to cross in perfect safety at an ordinary walk, don't go; always give everything on wheels the right of way."

I have remembered and followed that rule to this day, even in the city streets, and to it I attribute in a great measure the fact that I am alive yet.

"When will you be ready to go to work?" asked the yardmaster. I told him, "Right away." "All right," said he, and then, looking at his watch:

"Well, I don't know but that you had better get your dinner first; it's now eleven thirty, and there's no use of your getting killed on an empty stomach. Do you see that office over there by those green cars?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go and get your dinner, and report to me there at 1 P.M. sharp."

"All right, sir," said I, "and thank you very much for your kindness."

"Oh, that's all right. Go along now, and be sure and get back on time."

Away I went to my hotel for dinner, highly elated at my success. I was now indeed, I thought, a genuine railroad man. To be sure, I didn't quite like all those allusions to killing and maiming; but I thought they had only been thrown out to try my nerve, and I congratulated myself that I had shown no sign of flinching.

I was wrong in my conjecture, however; for, like all railroad yards, it was more or less of a slaughter-house, and one poor fellow's life was crushed out of

him that very afternoon, although I didn't hear of it until the next day, and never saw him at all, which was just as well, I guess; for if I had known of it at the time, I dare say I should have lost some of the nerve I felt so proud of.

He was a car-repairer, and was at work between two cars on the "dead-head." The car-repairers' signal was a piece of sheet iron, about a foot square, painted blue, and riveted to a four-foot iron rod, sharpened on the bottom so that it could be stuck in a tie vertically.

There was a most rigid order that none but a car-repairer should handle that signal in any manner, and no one but the man that put it up must take it down. All cars needing repairs were run in on this track, and when the men were working on them, they stuck their signal in a tie ahead of the last car put in and in plain sight of all the men working about the yard.

This was a notice to the train men not to touch any car on that track, or to put any more in there, until the repair gang were notified, so that they might look out for themselves, take down their signal, and put it up again outside the outer car, as before.

In this instance, the signal, carelessly put up, had fallen down, and a conductor, having a crippled car to go in there, glanced down the track, saw no signal up, opened the switch, pulled the coupling pin on the crippled car, and gave his engineer a signal to kick it in, which of course he did.

As the unfortunate man was stooping over the drawhead of a car further back when the kicked car fetched up, the drawhead, link, and all were driven clear through his body.

They said he let one agonizing scream out of him and died. Of course, as soon as they heard him yell, they ran from all directions, but we, being in a distant part of the yard, knew nothing of it. A switch-rope was hooked on to the car on whose drawhead he was impaled, and the same engine that did the deed pulled it back.

He was a poor man, with the usual poor man's blessing, a large family, so we made up a purse to bury him, and the company gave his wife and two oldest children employment in the car-cleaning gang.

MY FIRST DAY'S WORK.

I reported to the yardmaster ten minutes ahead of time. Sticking his head out of the door, he called out:

"Hey, Simmons!"

A fine, large, sunburned, black-bearded man appeared in answer to the summons.

"Here's a green man I want you to break in," said the yardmaster; "put him on top, and let him pass the signal for a day or two until he can handle himself."

"All right," said Simmons, who I soon found was the conductor of a "drill," a switch-engine crew. He took me out to the engine, and said to the engineer, a grimy, greasy individual:

"Bill, here's a fresh fish Dawson wants to break in. I'll put him on the head car and let him pass the signal."

"All right," said Bill, sourly.

I was then told to mount the car next the engine and repeat the signals of the man in the middle of the train to the engineer.

That seemed simple enough, but I hadn't been doing it more than ten minutes when the engine stopped and Bill called out:

"Hey! Hey! you there, dominie, parson!"

Seeing that he was addressing his remarks to me and not liking the impertinence of such a disreputable-looking individual, I said:

"Well, what is it? Are you talking to me?"

"Yes, I'm talkin' to you; an' ye better keep a civil tongue in yer head, I tell ye. What kind of a signal is that ye're givin' me? Wha' d'ye want me ter do, anyway?"

"I don't want you to do anything, and I don't care what you do. I'm giving you the signal just as I get it."

"No, ye hain't nuther, an' don't ye give me no back talk. Say, where do you come from?"

"I am from Walton," said I.

"Sho! I thought so—another Walton punkin husker. Say, Simmons, take this blamed ornament o' yours down off o' here, an' give me a man that knows one signal from another, or I'll smash all the cars in the yard before night."

Then he gave the engine a jerk back that nearly threw me off the car.

"Oh, he's all right," said Simmons. "He's a little green, but he'll get over that." Then to me, "Be careful how you pass the signals, bub, or the engineer can't tell what he's doing."

I told him I was giving them just exactly as the other man did.

"Well, that's all right; Bill is kinder cranky, but you mustn't mind that."

We hadn't worked ten minutes more, and my arms were beginning to ache from the continuous motion, when Bill roared out:

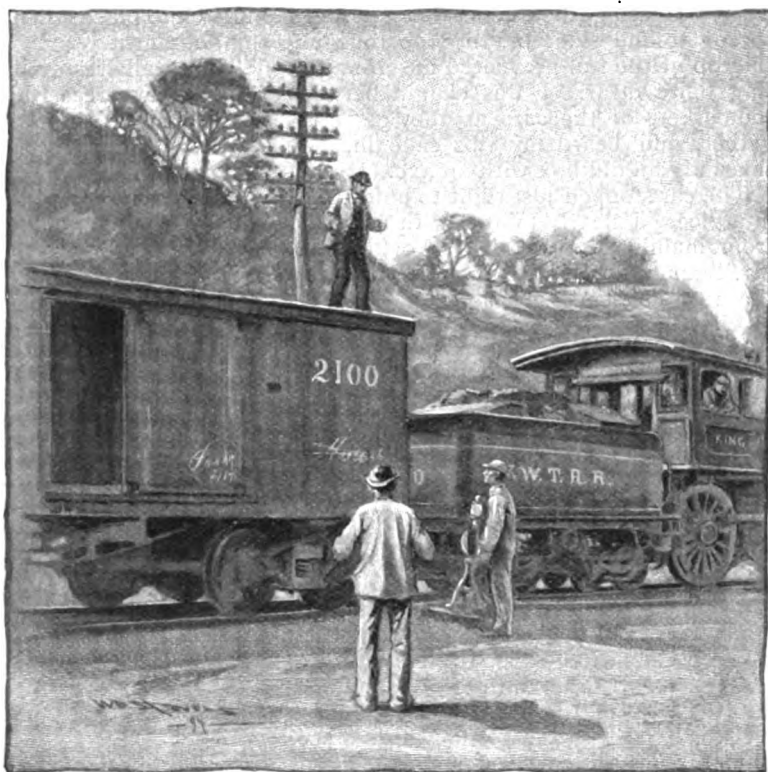
"Say! you infernal counter-jumper, will you git out o' the way, so I can see that man's signals? Set down, fall down, git down off o' there! You'll scare the engine off the track, the way you're flapping your wings." Then, having occasion to go to the other end of the yard, he pulled her wide open, drenching me with soot and water from the stack, until I was a sight for gods and men. I had my best clothes on, and they were ruined.

When we were relieved at six o'clock, I was tired, dirty, thoroughly disgusted with railroading, and firmly determined to quit at once.

During the evening, however, I scraped acquaintance with a young fellow about my own age. I was attracted by his appearance, he seeming to be, like myself, "a boy from home," although not as green as I was. When I told him I would railroad no more, he said I was foolish; he had been at it a year and liked it; and he predicted that inside of thirty days I would too. He said he wouldn't go back to the farm for anything.

He admitted that the talk I had heard in regard to killing and maiming was by no means exaggerated, but believed that it was largely due to the recklessness of the men themselves, and he hoped to escape the almost universal fate by being careful. Poor fellow! he was blown from the top of his train a few months afterwards, and found by the section gang, frozen stiff.

Being considerably cheered by my new friend's advice, I reconsidered my decision,



"HEY! HEY! YOU THERE, DOMINIE, PARSON! . . . WHAT KIND OF A SIGNAL IS THAT YE'RE GIVIN' ME?"

and reported for duty at six o'clock the next morning, and worked all day, with no more thrilling adventure than an occasional cursing from sooty Bill, which, however, I soon learned to disregard entirely.

GRIPPED BETWEEN TWO CARS.

Before I had been a week in the yard I was well broken in, and had acquired the reckless air which is the second stage in the greenhorn's experience and is characteristic of the period *before* he gets hurt.

I delighted in catching and riding in the most swiftly flying cars, and became an expert at making quick couplings and flying switches. Occasionally an old hand would say, with a wise shake of the head: "You'll git it bimeby," but I only laughed.

It was four or five months before I "got it." I was making a coupling one afternoon, had balanced the pin in the drawhead of the stationary car, and was running along ahead of the other holding up the link, when just before coming together she left the track, having jumped a

frog. Hearing the racket behind me, I sprang to one side; but my toe touching the top of the rail prevented me from getting quite clear. I was caught between the corners of the cars as they came together, and heard my ribs cave in, like smashing an old box with an axe.

The car stopped just right to hold me as in a vice. I nearly fainted with pain and from inability to breathe. Fortunately, Mr. Simmons was watching me, and with the rare presence of mind due to long service, he called at once for the switch-rope. He wouldn't allow the engine to come back and couple to the car again, as it would be almost sure to crush out my little remaining life. It seemed to me that I should surely suffocate before they got that switch-rope hooked on to the side of the car, though I knew the boys were hustling for dear life; but I tell you, when your breath is shut off, seconds are hours. My head was bursting, and I became blind; there was a terrible roaring in my ears, and then as the engine settled back on the switch-rope, I felt a life-giving relief as I fell fainting, but thankful, into the arms of the boys.

I was carried to the yardmaster's office, every step of the way the jagged ends of my broken ribs pricking and grating as though they would punch holes in me, and my breath coming in short, suffocating gasps. The company's doctor was summoned, a young fellow fresh from college whose necessities compelled him to accept the twenty-five dollars a month which they paid for medical attendance for damaged employees. He cut my clothes off, and after half murdering me by punching and squeezing, asking all the time what I was "hollering" about, finally remarked:

"There's nothing much the matter with him; few of his slats stove in, that's all." He then bandaged me, and a couple of the boys half carried and half led me to the boarding-house, where I was mighty glad to be, for I was pretty well exhausted.

There I lay, unable to move without help, for six weeks, visited by the doctor daily for a while, and then at less frequent intervals; but some of the boys were with me nearly all the time. They kept me posted as to what was going on in the yard, and cheered me up greatly by telling of their own various mishaps in the past. I found, to my surprise, that few of them had escaped broken bones and smashed fingers, and I was assured that broken ribs were nothing, absolutely nothing; I ought to have a broken leg or dislocated shoulder

pulled into place; then I would know something about it.

Their talk restored my spirits wonderfully; for whereas I had been disconsolate at the thought that I was now a physical wreck, fit only for a job of flagging on some road crossing at twenty dollars a month, I now found that the boys whom I had seen racing about the yard all day,



"I DELIGHTED IN CATCHING AND RIDING IN THE MOST SWIFTLY FLYING CARS."

shouting, giving signals, and climbing on and off cars, had nearly all of them been much worse broken up than I was, and some of them several times, yet they were apparently as sound as ever. Even Simmons, who appeared to be a particularly fine specimen of physical manhood, told me that he once fell while running ahead of a car, just as I had been doing, and twelve cars and the engine passed over him, rolling him over and over, breaking both his legs, and, as he said, mixing up his insides in such a way that his victuals didn't do him much good for a year after.

PROMOTION FROM THE YARD TO THE ROAD.

Shortly after my return to work Simmons got one side of a new freight train, and,

to my great delight, took me with him on the road. I was not only glad to get out of the slaughter-house with my full complement of limbs, but I was also pleased at the prospect of at last learning practical railroading, of which I had heard so much.

We had a fine big eight-wheel caboose, right out of the paint-shop, red outside, and green inside. There were six bunks in her, a row of lockers on each side to sit on and keep supplies in, a stove and table, and a desk for the conductor. We furnished our own bedding and cooking utensils, and as Simmons wouldn't have any but nice fellows around him, we had a pleasant and comfortable home on wheels. We each contributed to the mess, except the flagman, and as he did the cooking, he messed free. We took turns cleaning up, and as the boys had good taste, we soon had the car looking like a young lady's boudoir. We had lace curtains in front of the bunks, a strip of oilcloth on the floor, a mat that the flagman had "swiped" from a sleeper, a canary in a cage, and a dog.

As a younger man than I had been as-

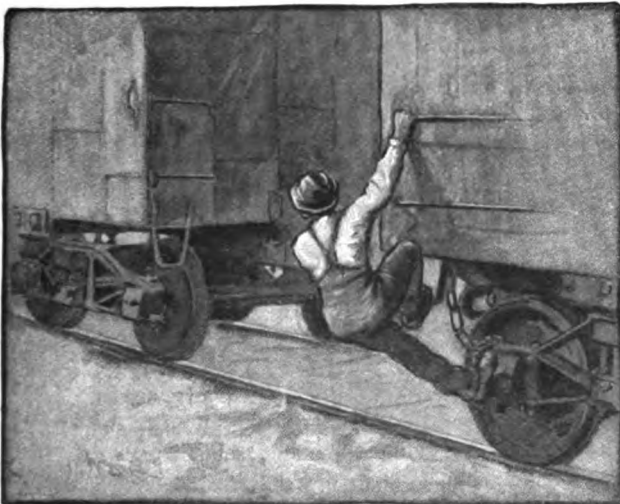
crossings, put on the blower, oiled the valves, and handed the engineer oil-cans, wrenches, and lights for his pipe.

I now scraped acquaintance with that formidable document the time table, and heard train orders and the officers who issued them discussed by such high authorities as conductors and engineers; and I listened in rapt astonishment at the deep erudition which they displayed in handling these subjects. I soon learned that the officers on our road "didn't know nothing" and that "where I come from" they would not have been allowed to "sit on the fence and watch the trains go by;" whereupon I conceived a great wonder as to how the road survived under such densely incompetent management.

I enjoyed riding on the engines, as the engineers and firemen were fine, sociable fellows. When we were a little late and had a passing-point to make, the engineer would sometimes say, "Don't you set no brakes goin' down here; I got to git a gait on 'em." Then when the train pitched over the top of the hill, he would cut her back a notch at a time, till he got her near the center, and gradually work

his throttle out wide open. How she would fly down hill, the exhaust a steady roar out of the stack, the connecting-rods an undistinguishable blur, the old girl herself rolling and jumping as if at every revolution she must leave the track, the train behind half hid in a cloud of dust, and I hanging on to the side of the cab for dear life, watching out ahead where I know there is a sharp reverse curve, and hoping, oh, so much, that he'll shut her off before we get there.

I watch that grimy left hand on the throttle, for the preliminary swelling of the muscles that will show me he is taking a grip on it to shove it in. Not a sign; his head and half his body are out the win-



"... BECAME AN EXPERT AT MAKING QUICK COUPLINGS AND FLYING SWITCHES."

signed to us, I was second man, which gave me the head of the train; so I rode on the engine and was the engineer's flag.

I ran ahead when necessary to protect our end, opened and closed switches, cut off and coupled on the engine, held the train on down grades, watched out for the caboose on curves, took water, shoveled down coal to the fireman, rang the bell at

dow; and now we are upon it. I give one frightened glance at the too convenient ditch where I surely expect to land, and take a death grip of the side of the cab. Whang! She hits the curve, seems to upset; I am nearly flung out the window in spite of my good grip. Before she has half done rolling (how do the springs ever stand it?) she hits the reverse, and I am

torn from my hold on the window and slammed over against the boiler; and having passed this most uncomfortable place, she flies on, rolling and roaring down the mountain. All this time the engineer has n't moved an eyelid, nor the fireman interrupted for an instant the steady pendulum-like swing of the fire-door and the scoop-shovel. How do they do it? Oh, it's easy after you get used to it.

Fifteen minutes afterward, in the siding, with switches locked, waiting for the flyer, nobody seems to remember that we have done anything in particular.

At first I had considered the locomotive as far too complicated a machine for me ever to understand, but gradually I learned its various parts; and when I found that nearly all the engineers and firemen had risen from brakemen like myself, I took heart and hoped that some day I might sit on the right side, to be spoken to with some slight deference by the officials and stared at in open-mouthed admiration by the small boys at the country stations.

TOM RILEY'S WAY OF MAKING A SIDING.

Old Tom Riley was a man to whom I looked up as the epitome of railroad knowledge. He frequently hauled our train. He was so old that the top of his head was perfectly bald; but he had a great mop of gray beard, with a yellowish streak from the chin down, an evidence of many years of tobacco-chewing and unsuccessful efforts to spit to windward.

He was supposed to be the oldest engineer anywhere about, and said himself that his "first job railroadin' was wipin' the donkey engine in Noah's ark." He was a good-natured, jolly old fellow, a great practical joker, strong and rough as a bear, but as well pleased apparently when the joke was on himself as any other way. He had been so long at the business that he knew all sorts of tricks by which to get himself out of tight places, so that it was seldom indeed that the "super" had the pleasure of hauling Tom on the carpet for a violation of the rules.

One night we were a little late, so that we barely had time to make the siding for a following passenger train; and, to make matters worse, when we were about half way there Tom said he smelt something hot; so he stopped, and found his main crank-pin about ready to blaze up. The oil-cup had stopped feeding; so he deliberately took it out, filled the hole with tal-

low, screwed in the cup, called his flag, and started again, very late.

Simmons came up over the train and said he guessed he'd leave a flag at the bottom of the hill, to hold No. 6 till we got in.

"No, no," says old Tom; "don't ye never drop off no flag to give yourself away, git called ter the office, an' all hands git ten days."

"You can't get to the switch on time," said Simmons.

"Course not. I ought ter be there in twenty minutes, an' I'll be lucky if I git there in twenty-five."

"Well, then, I'll have to drop off a flag, or they'll git our doghouse."

"Now, here, Simmons, I'll tell ye what you do: you go back in the doghouse, an' don't you see nothin' that's goin' on; only git up in the cupola an' watch out good an' sharp that yer train don't break in two. I'll git ye inter the switch time enough, so Six'll never see yer tail lights."

Simmons, knowing his man, at last agreed, and after he had got safely housed, Tom handed me his long oil-can, and told me to go back on the step of the caboose and oil first one rail and then the other.

"Let the oil run about a car-length on one rail, an' then do the same the other side; repeat the dose once, an' come ahead agin," said Tom.

I did so, and just as we were pulling in to the side track, we heard the exhaust of the passenger engine as she came clipping along for the hill; presently we could tell by the sound that she had struck the grade, then—cha-cha-ch-r-r-r cha-ch-r-r-r.

"Oho!" says Tom, "are ye there? Grind away, my boy. I guess old Tom'll git in an' git the switch locked before you git up here all right."

He did, too. Long before the passenger engine got by the oil we were comfortably smoking our pipes in the switch; and when she went sailing by her engineer shouted something that we couldn't catch, but to which Tom replied:

"Go ahead, sonny; you're all right."

Next day, as Tom was doing a little packing in the roundhouse, the engineer of Six came up to him and said:

"Riley, was that you in Snyder's when I went by last night?"

"Yes," says Tom. "A little late, wa'n't ye?"

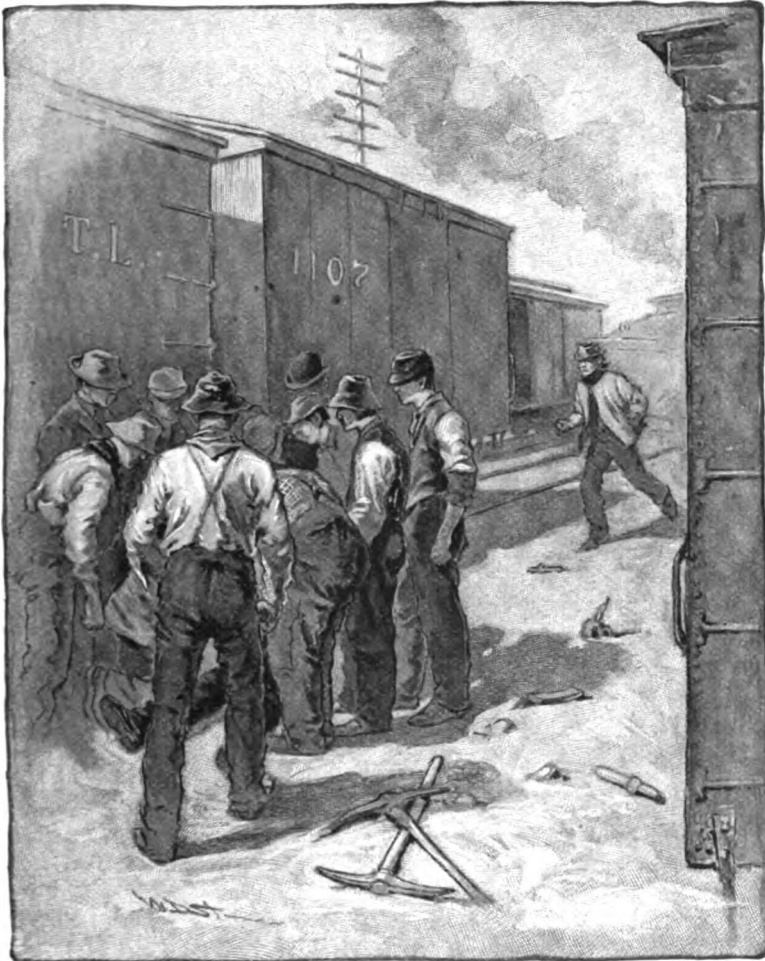
"Late? I sh'd say so. I never saw Snyder's so slippery as 'twas last night. I used half a box of sand. How'd you git there?"

'Oh, I didn't have no trouble,' says Tom. "I didn't notice that 'twas any slipperyer'n usual; guess maybe the pet cock on yer pump might 'a' been leakin' a little or suthin' an' wet the rail fer ye."

tion on file made me feel that I was sure of a job, and that, too, at no very distant day. So I began to take a greater interest than ever in the engines, and I presume I made a nuisance of myself by asking in-

numerable questions of the engineers and firemen, so anxious was I to learn all I could in regard to the machine, for which, even to this day, I have an abiding love and respect.

Sometimes when the train was not too heavy and the grade was favorable, one or other of the firemen would let me "take her" for a bit; and then if I was able to "keep her tail up," I felt myself indeed a man and never failed to let it be known in the caboose that I had fired on a certain stretch of the road. But if while I was at the shovel she dropped her tail and the fireman had to take her from me, I would not allude to that episode when bragging of my



"I FELT A LIFE-GIVING RELIEF AS I FELL FAINTING, BUT THANKFUL, INTO THE ARMS OF THE BOYS."

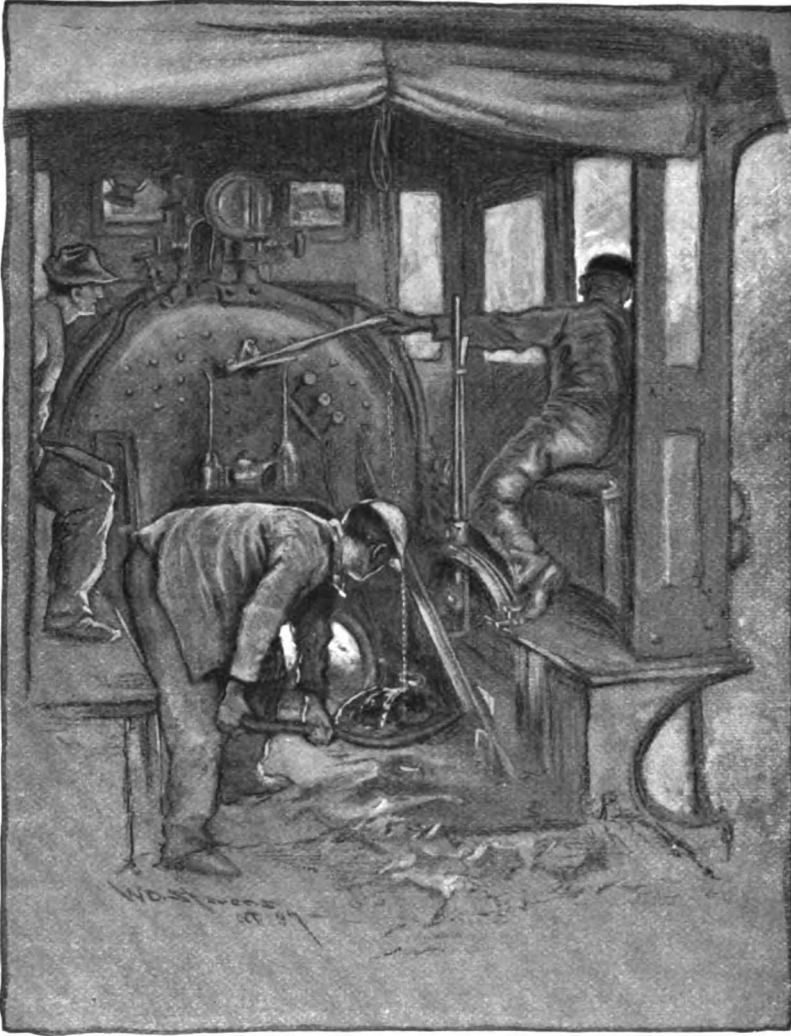
"Mebbe so," says the other fellow; and away he went to look his engine over and see if such was the case.

I "broke" a year, and by that time was of some use. I could read the time table, discuss train orders, and knew the trains by heart. I came to the conclusion that the engine offered more opportunities of advancement than the caboose; so by Tom Riley's advice, I filed an application with the master mechanic, asking for a position as fireman. And though I must admit that he didn't give me the slightest encouragement, yet the fact that I had my applica-

abilities; but the men were sure to hear of it, and the guying I got fully offset my petty triumphs.

ON THE ENGINE IN A HEAD-ON COLLISION.

About six months after I filed my application there was a mistake made in orders that came very near winding up my railroad career for good. I did not know at the time exactly what the trouble was, nor can I say now positively. Simmons and the engineer, who were both discharged, asserted that they were sacri-



"I WATCH THAT GRIMY LEFT HAND ON THE THROTTLE, FOR THE PRELIMINARY SWELLING OF THE MUSCLES, . . ."

ficed to save the despatcher, who was a son-in-law of the president of the road.

Whoever was to blame, the result was disastrous; for we met the train which we expected to pass at the next siding in a deep cut under a railroad bridge. Both trains were wheeling down under the bridge at a forty-mile gait, so as to have a good headway on to take them out the other side. As the view of both engineers was obstructed by the stone abutments of the bridge, neither doubted for a moment that he had a clear track.

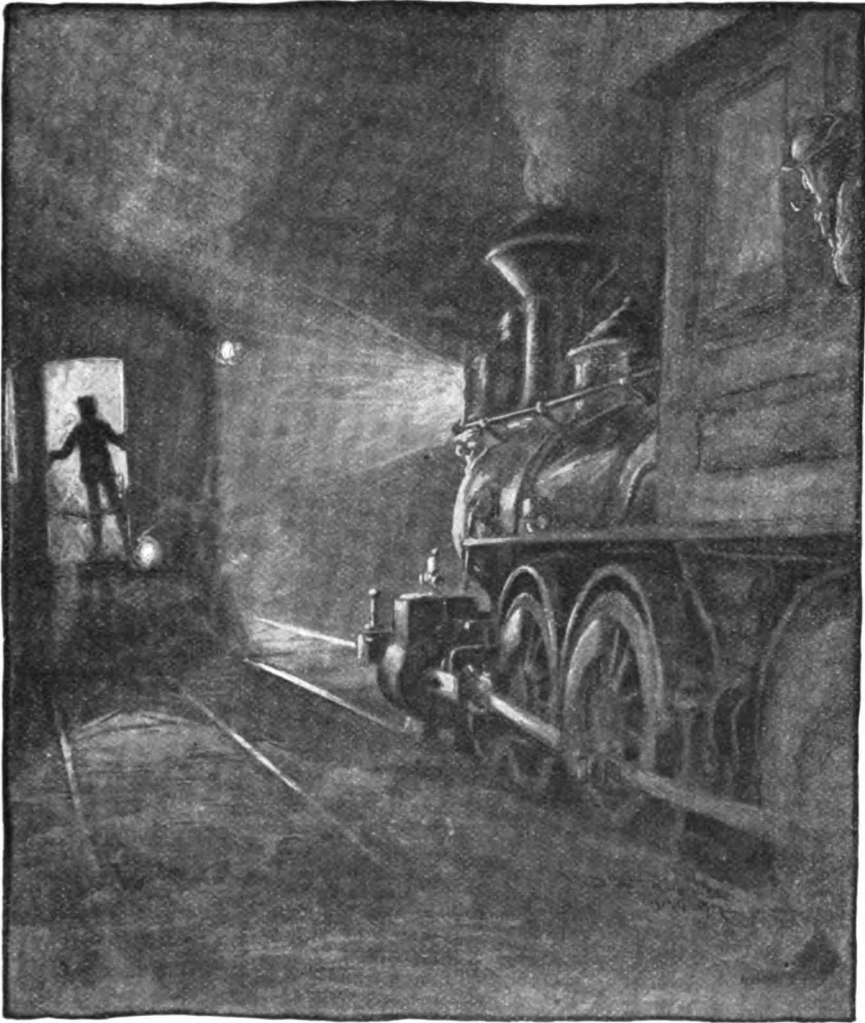
They met exactly under the bridge, with a shock and roar that seemed to shake the solid earth; the locomotives reared up like horses, the cars shoved their tenders under them in such a way as to jack them

up and raise the bridge off its abutments; and then as the cars climbed on top of each other, they battered it from its position until it lay nearly at right angles to its own road, like an open draw, resting on top of the wreck.

Our conductors sent flags back both ways to hold all trains; but before the men could get up the bank to flag on the cross-country road, a belated gravel train came hurrying along and plumped in on top of us, helping to fill up the cut still more. Their engine set fire to the wreck, and as we were some distance from a telegraph office, all three trains

and engines were entirely consumed before help reached us, nothing remaining but a tangled and twisted mass of boilers, wheels, rods, and pipes, partly covered by the gravel train's load of sand.

I was on the engine, sitting on the fireman's seat, looking out ahead. As it was daylight, there was not even the glare of a head-lamp to give us the fraction of a second's warning, and our own engine made such a roaring in the narrow cut that we could hear nothing else. The first intimation we had of approaching danger was when we saw the front end of the other locomotive not forty feet from us. Neither of the engineers had time to close their throttles—an act that is done instinctively on the first appearance of danger.



'HER ENGINEER SHOUTED SOMETHING THAT WE COULDN'T CATCH . . . TOM REPLIED: 'GO AHEAD, SONNY; YOU'RE ALL RIGHT.'"

I cannot say that I was frightened. Even the familiar "jumping of the heart into the throat," which so well describes the sensation usually experienced on the sudden discovery of deadly peril, was absent; for though I certainly saw the front end of that engine as plainly as I ever saw anything in my life, I had no time to realize what it meant. I made no move or effort of any kind, and it seemed that at the same instant that she burst upon my view daylight was shut out and I was drenched with cold water; yet before that happened they had come together, reared up, as I have said, and I had been thrown to the front of the cab; the tender had come ahead, staving the cab to

pieces, thereby dropping me out on the ground, and by knocking a hole in itself against the back driving-wheel had deluged me with its contents.

The flood of cold water caused me, bewildered as I was, to try and get away from it. I knew I was under the wreck, and for a few minutes I could hear the cars piling up and grinding overhead.

I knew what that was, too, and feared they would smash the wreck down on top of me and so squeeze my life out. But the engine acted as a fender; for being jammed among the wreckage, she could not be pushed over; and as she stood on her rear wheels, she could not be mashed down.

The noise soon ceased, and then, except

for the sound of steam escaping from the boilers, I could hear nothing. Then I remembered that the boilers themselves were a fruitful source of danger to me, as there might be a hole knocked in the water-space that would pour out a scalding flood and boil me alive. I had heard, too, of boilers in inaccessible localities losing the water from about the furnaces, and getting the iron so hot and soft that it would give out like wet paper, blowing up and scalding any unfortunate who might be imprisoned near it. I knew, too, that wrecks had a way of taking fire from the locomotive. These thoughts occurred to me much more rapidly than I could tell them, and spurred me on to do my utmost to get out of there.

It was perfectly dark where I was, and, as I knew, it was still daylight outside. This proved to me how completely I was buried under the wreck, and was far from reassuring. How could I ever hope to make my way from under those tons of cars and engines? The only wonder was that I had escaped being killed instantly, and for a few minutes I felt but little gratitude at having been spared, only to be slowly tortured to death.

When I attempted to move I found that as far as sensation was concerned my right leg ended at the knee; so I felt down to see if it was cut off, as I knew it would be necessary to stanch the flow of blood in that case, or I would soon die from that cause alone. To my great joy I found that my leg and foot were still with me, though how badly hurt I was unable to tell; for being drenched with water, the blood might, for all I knew, be flowing from many severe wounds.

At this moment there was another crash and grinding and splintering overhead, caused by the wrecking of the gravel train, but which I attributed to the explosion of one of the boilers. In this second wreck two men were killed outright, and the engineer died of his injuries the next day; yet to it, I have no doubt, I owe my escape, for it disturbed the position of the cars, so that I perceived a ray of daylight, away, as it seemed, half a mile ahead of me. I exerted myself to the utmost to reach it, and how far off it was! I had to work my way back under the wrecked tender and several cars. I found the space under the tender piled so full of coal that it was impossible to pass, yet that was my only way out; so I began digging with my hands, feverishly, madly, in the desire to get away while I still had my senses

and strength, and oh, how I wished then I had never gone railroading!

After digging, as it seemed for hours, until my hands were raw and bleeding and I had blocked my retreat by the coal I had thrown behind me, I found myself confronted by the axle of the rear truck, which stood at such an angle as to positively forbid all hope of my ever getting out that way.

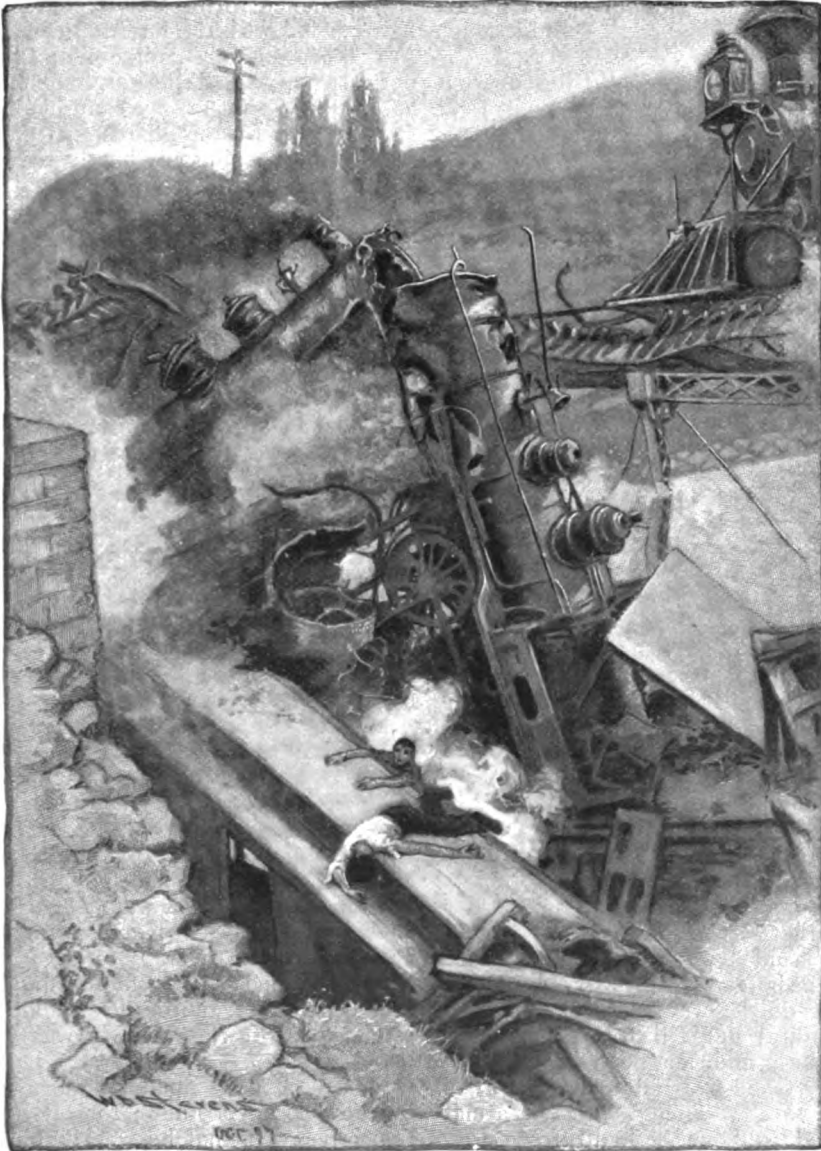
PENNED UNDER A BURNING WRECK.

I sank down in despair, realizing that my time had now come, and here in this dark close hole was to be the end of me. I tried to fix my mind on such thoughts as I knew were appropriate to the occasion, but my leg was so painful that I could think of nothing else. Then a numbness came over me, and I seemed to be falling into a kind of stupor, broken frequently by the twinges of pain from my leg, when my nostrils were greeted by a faint odor of wood smoke, and my heart was thrilled with a new terror that urged me to make one more desperate effort to escape. The wreck was on fire, and though I might have resigned myself to lie still and die, I could not endure the thought of being roasted alive; so again made desperate by great fear, I dug my bleeding hands into the coal, and commenced to burrow like a woodchuck in the direction where I could see that the truck was elevated highest above the rail, and to my great joy I soon found that the coal pile extended but a short distance in that direction.

It wasn't long before I had crawled under the truck, which had been raised from the ground by the corner of a car, and was making fairly good progress among the tangle of wheels, axles, and brake-gear, in the direction of the ray of light which had first attracted my attention. I found it came down by a very small, crooked, and much-obstructed passage through the debris of broken cars above my head—a passage entirely too small for me to get through and which I could never hope to enlarge myself. The smoke was now suffocating, and it was only at longer and longer intervals that I could catch my breath. I had not as yet felt the heat of the fire; but when I looked up through the narrow opening above me, I could see, in the flying clouds of smoke, sparks and small firebrands, which told me that the wind was blowing in my direction, which induced me to make the most frantic efforts to escape. I might as well have

tried to lift the ponderous locomotive as to move the tightly-wedged wreckage that imprisoned me; and as I glanced at the little patch of blue sky, now nearly blotted

thinking these desperate thoughts, and waiting, I presume, until my position should become absolutely unbearable, when I saw a man step across my little



"THE LOCOMOTIVES REARED UP LIKE HORSES, THE CARS SHOVED THEIR TENDERS UNDER THEM IN SUCH A WAY AS TO . . . RAISE THE BRIDGE OFF ITS ABUTMENTS; . . . AND THEN . . . A BELATED GRAVEL TRAIN CAME . . . AND PLUMBED IN ON TOP OF US."

out in black smoke, an agonizing sense of my desperate situation filled my mind.

I opened my pocket-knife—it wasn't very sharp, but still it might serve me at a pinch; how much better to open an artery and quietly pass away than to be suffocated by smoke or roasted by fire! I sat

glimpse of light. Having, fortunately, just refreshed myself by a breath of fresh air, I let a desperate yell out of me, and saw him stop and look all around, as though saying to himself, "What was that?" "Here! here!" I shouted; "right down in this hole under your feet!" He

looked down, and I recognized him as a brakeman by the name of Ben Shaw, belonging to the other train. "Is there anybody down there?" he asked. "Yes," said I; "and for God's sake hurry up; get men and axes and cut me out; I am nearly smothered, and can't stand it much longer."

"All right," said he; "I'll see what we can do; but I don't believe we can get you out, for the fire is coming this way awful fast."

He disappeared, but I could hear him shouting as he went, and soon—though it seemed long enough to me—he returned with others, armed with fence stakes and wrecking-axes, and they fell to with a will, prying and chopping at the obstruction. On account of the smoke and heat, which was now almost unbearable down where I lay, they were unable to work more than three or four minutes, when they would be driven away, gasping for breath, so that not one blow out of three was effective. A chance blow with an axe loosened a large section of the side of a car, which fell over, one corner striking me a severe blow on the head, cutting the scalp, and nearly knocking me senseless. While apparently opening the way, in reality it closed it, for it fell in such a manner that if I had been above it I could easily have got out, but now I was completely covered in. It contained the door of the car, however, which was open a few inches, and if I could only pry that door back a little more, I should be able to get through. The question of life or death to me now was, could I do that?

I heard Simmons's voice, interrupted by violent coughing and sneezing, say, "How's that? Can you get out now?"

"No," said I; "you'll have to come down in the hole and clear away the door."

"Can't do it; we can't stay here another minute; but I'll throw you down these stakes, and maybe you can help yourself. Good-by, old man; I'm awful sorry for you." Then there was a clattering that told me he had thrown down the stakes as he said he would.

My eyes were so blinded by the pungent wood smoke, and I was so nearly suffocated, that I had but little strength left. One of the stakes lay right across the slight opening in the door, and in trying to turn it to pull it through I found I didn't need it, as the door moved freely in its grooves.

I quickly pushed the door back, and, by a great effort of will and my slight remain-

ing strength, dragged myself through the aperture. I wasn't out yet, though, for overhead there was a solid sheet of flame, roaring in the wind like a furnace and completely covering my exit. Although still drenched with water, I could feel my hair curling with the intense heat.

There was one course and one only open to me; so taking as long a breath as I could, I shut my eyes and made a dive for liberty. I scrambled upward and outward, now burning my hands by contact with hot iron, and again tearing them on the jagged ends of broken wood, my head fairly bursting with the heat and suppressed respiration. Suddenly I stepped forward upon nothing; having no hold with my hands, I fell, struck on my side, rebounded, and fell again, down, down—I could have sworn for miles—and then unconsciousness came over me.

It seems that when I got out of the hole I rushed blindly off the end of a blazing car, piled high in the wreck, and in falling I struck on various projections of the wreckage, tearing off nearly all my clothing, which was a providence, as I was all ablaze, and finally brought up with a dull thud, as the reporters say, on solid ground, shaking and bruising myself dreadfully, but almost miraculously breaking no bones, though I had fallen from a height of thirty feet.

My leg, which had hindered me so much, was merely bruised and crushed, but was as black as your hat for a long time, and I was as bald as the day I was born.

It was assumed that I was dead, but kind hands extinguished the fire in my few remaining rags, and it was not long before signs of life were discovered in the bruised and blackened object.

I was carried to a nearby farmhouse, and kindly cared for until the wrecking-train returned to town, when I was sent to hospital.

Our engineer escaped without a scratch, but how he never knew; for all he could remember was, that he was looking right at the number plate of the approaching engine and *at the same time* falling heels over head *up* the side of the cut. Of our fireman not a trace was ever found, and as I heard nothing of him while under the wreck, I have no doubt that he was instantly killed and his body burnt up.

On the other engine the whole crew, engineer, fireman, and head brakeman, perished, and were consumed in the fierce flames that devoured the wreck and made

a blast furnace of the narrow cut. We could only hope that they had been mercifully killed at once, and not slowly roasted alive, as so many have been, and will continue to be while railroads exist.

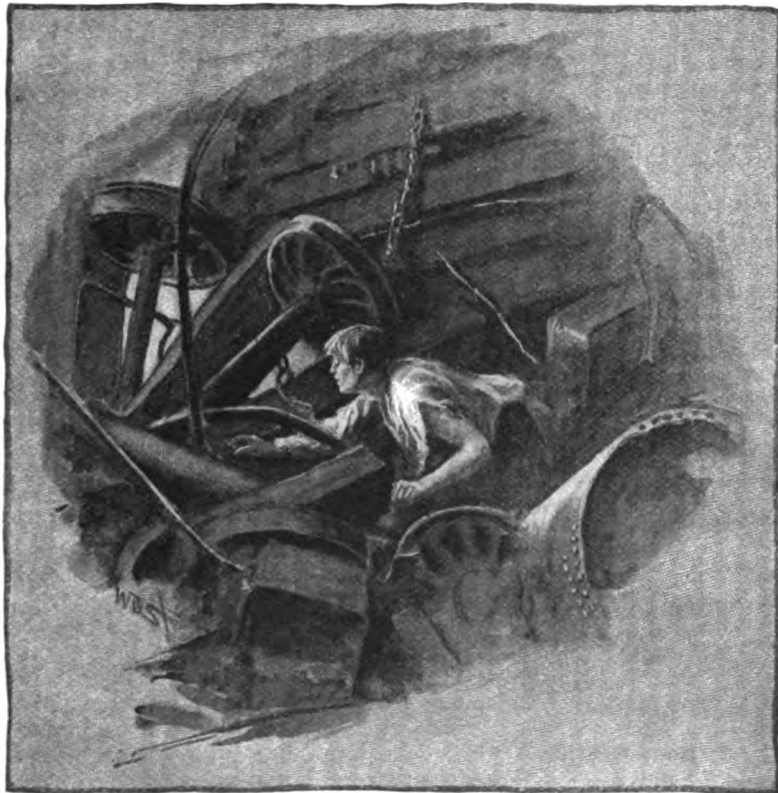
MANUFACTURING TESTIMONY FOR THE COMPANY.

I remained in hospital about a week, during which time both the coroner and

stated the same passing-point, and the company's witnesses all swore they did; they even produced the operator's copy, with Simmons's signature attached, in proof. Simmons swore the signature was forged; but as it corresponded with others which they produced on former orders, this statement had but little effect.

Both Simmons and the engineer swore that their orders read "Daly's;" the flagman stated that Simmons invariably

read the orders to him, asked him how he understood them, explained them if necessary, and then filed them on a hook in the caboose, where they remained open to inspection until fulfilled, when he put them in his desk, to be returned to the train-despatcher at the end of the trip; he also swore that our order read "Daly's." The engineer said he always read his copy of all orders to the conductor, to be sure they understood them alike; he then filed them on a hook in the cab, and when the hook was full threw them in the firebox.



"IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE I HAD CRAWLED UNDER THE TRUCK, . . . AND WAS MAKING FAIRLY GOOD PROGRESS . . . IN THE DIRECTION OF THE RAY OF LIGHT . . ."

the company's lawyer took my affidavit as to what I knew of the orders by which we were running. I knew nothing about them, but I observed that the company's attorney appeared anxious to have me remember having heard that we were to meet and pass train 31 at Brookdale and appeared very much disappointed when I was unable to do so.

Brookdale was the last switch that we passed before the collision. It was claimed by the company, and admitted by the conductor of train 31, that their orders read, "Meet and pass train 28 at Brookdale." Our orders should have

Asked by the company's attorney if he made a practice of reading his orders to the fireman and head brakeman, he said no; but if they asked what the orders were, he told them, and gave them any information they asked for. For this neglect to read orders to every man within reach he was severely censured by both the lawyer and the coroner, although there was no rule requiring him to do so. "For," said the lawyer, "if you had done so, probably some of those men might not have been quite so pigheaded as you are, and would have remembered that Brookdale was your meeting-point."

The engineer replied that he now wished he had, as in that case he would have had at least one witness (me) to prove that the despatch was to blame for the wreck.

As the conductor's and the engineer's copies had been destroyed in the fire, and as the majority of the evidence was against them, the coroner's jury censured them for the wreck, and they were indicted by the grand jury for manslaughter.

During the time that elapsed between the indictment and the trial the operator who received the order and swore that it read "Brookdale" was transferred from his little station in the woods to the best paying station on the road, and the conductor of train 31 was promoted, over the heads of half a dozen older men, to a first-class passenger train. By these apparent acts of bribery public opinion became so biased against the company that the defendants' lawyer easily procured an acquittal, which threw the responsibility upon the company, and the suits for damages which ensued, with their rapidly accumulating costs, finally bankrupted it.

About a week after I left the hospital, as I felt able to return to work I resolved to apply again for a fireman's position, knowing that a vacancy existed, owing to the death of the man on train 31. I called on the master mechanic, whom I found alone in his office, and asked respectfully if he would give me the vacant place, reminding him that my application had been on file for some time.

He was writing, and, without even looking up, answered, "No," and that was all I could get out of him, though I tried to find out why he wouldn't appoint me and when I might expect him to do so. Feeling deeply disappointed and not a little hurt at the manner of my reception, I walked out, and strolled over to the round-house, to have a look at the engines which had all at once become so unattainable to me.

I had taken a great interest in the engines. It was a promotion, a step higher, to which I had looked forward with great eagerness, and now to have all my hopes dashed at once, and for no cause that I could see, was very discouraging.

I espied Tom Riley at work on his engine, and stated my case to him, asking what I could do now that the master mechanic had dashed my hopes. I told him how anxious I was to get on the left side of the locomotive, and begged the veteran for advice. He listened to my tale of

woe patiently, and appeared interested. When I finished, he said:

"I'll tell you where you made the mistake, boy."

"Where?" said I, anxiously.

"In goin' to that long, starved-to-death, white-livered hound of a master mechanic, an' askin' him for anything. Don't ye know there's only one thing he delights in more'n another, an' that is hearin' that a man wasn't killed in a wreck, so he can discharge him when he gits back? I tell you, boy, you have done the only thing you could do to please him to-day, an' that is, you gave him a chance to refuse you somethin'. But 'tain't you he's pleased with, it's himself; so his pleasure won't do you no good, an' don't you delude yerself with the idee that 'twill. Do you know what he's doin' now? Wal, I'll tell you; he's got two vacancies to fill: one is that of the fireman who was killed, an' the other the engineer who was discharged for not gittin' killed; an' now he's puzzlin' his brains to find somebody that don't want either of them jobs, but that is in his power, so he can make 'em take 'em agin their will. If you had gone into his office this mornin', rippin' an' ravin', an' said, 'See here, I've heard that you was agoin' to appoint me to the vacancy caused by the death of Pete Russell, an' I've come in to let you know that I don't want it an' won't have it under no consideration an' I wouldn't work in your department for ten dollars a day'—if you'd talked to him like that, he would have appointed you, an' made you take it too; but now, of course, it's too late. The trouble with you young fellers is, that you've got so much infernal conceit you think you know it all; so you won't ask the advice of an old fool till you git stuck; then after you've made a complete mess of the whole business, *then* you come a-whinin' an' a-cryin' round, an' it's, 'Oh, Tom, what shall I do now?' Well, I'll tell you, the only thing you can do now is to go to the super; tell him jest how the case stands, an' mebbe he'll make the master mechanic app'int ye, an' prob'ly he won't; anyhow, that's your only chance. An' say, ye can tell him that ye are recommended by Mr. Thomas Riley, engineer, if ye like."

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE "SUPER."

"All right," said I, and thanking the old man for his advice, I went at once to the superintendent's office; not, however,

with any great confidence in the success of my errand; for I had been long enough at the business now to know that there was such a thing as official courtesy on railroads, and I doubted that the superintendent would order the master mechanic to appoint me against his will. I was bound, however, to see the thing through; so I walked boldly into the office, and inquired for the superintendent. I learned that he was in, and sat down to wait the gentleman's pleasure. A good long wait I had of it, too; several times he came into the room where I was, but he was evidently very busy, and paid no attention to me. Presently he came rushing out with his hat on, pulling on his coat as he went, and his exit seemed to be the signal for dinner; for all the clerks bolted immediately in his rear, leaving me the sole occupant of the office. I, too, went home, bolted my dinner in a hurry, and hastened back, fearing to miss him on his return; for it is an old saying on the railroad, that the best time to catch a boss is on his return from lunch, when he is supposed to be in good humor and more apt to receive a petition favorably than at any other time. I found I was successful so far as that he had not returned before me.

I sat and squirmed in discomfort on that hard bench until after three o'clock; then he came bustling in, and, as usual, passed me by. Tired with my long wait, I tiptoed to the chief clerk's desk and asked in a whisper if he thought Mr. Wilkes would see me now. "What do you want with him?" said he. I told him I was seeking a fireman's position on the road. As he didn't appear to have anything else to do, he amused himself by pumping the whole story out of me, and then coolly told me he didn't think the super would see me that day, as he was very busy; I had better call some other time. His off-hand way of disposing of what was a very important matter to me roused my ire to such an extent that I declined to act on his suggestion; but, on the contrary, I promised myself that I would see and speak to that super even if I had to force my way into his sanctum.

It was nearly five o'clock when he appeared, bound, as I felt sure, for home. "Now or never," said I, and I stepped up to the gentleman, asking for a few minutes of his valuable time. He stopped short, whirled half-round, pulled out an old-fashioned silver watch with a jerk, looked at it abstractedly for a moment,

and then asked, brusquely, "Well, what is it? Talk quick now; I'm in a hurry." I stated my case as briefly as possible. "Well, what do you want me to do?" said he.

I told him that Mr. Tom Riley, an engineer, had advised me to see him, thinking, perhaps, he might intercede with the master mechanic in my behalf.

"Ever railroad any?"

"Yes, sir; nearly two years on this road."

"What doing?"

"Braking, sir."

"When did you quit?"

"I haven't quit at all; I was braking for Simmons at the time of the wreck, and have just come from the hospital."

His face flushed angrily as he replied, "You were! Well, I admire your gall!" Turning to the head clerk, he added, "Mr. Clark, have this fellow's time made out, and hand it to him," and he was off.

"Have this fellow's time made out." That meant that I was discharged, and in heaven's name, for what? I was not conscious of having done anything to merit such harsh treatment, and the sudden verdict, from which I knew there was no appeal, nearly floored me. It was a new experience, and as unexpected as it was unwelcome. It was some time before I was able to obtain any information explaining the super's conduct; at last, however, a brakeman told me that I had been discharged ever since the wreck, only, having been in hospital, I had not heard of it.

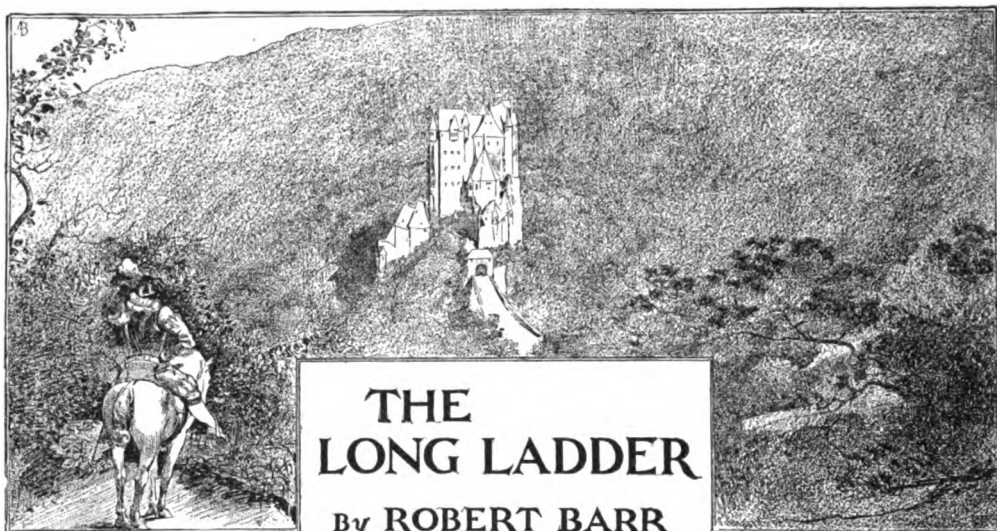
"So," said he, "when you told him you was still on the road, he thought you had come up to the office to have a little fun with him, and it made him mad."

Have fun with the superintendent? Not I. I had not yet reached the reckless stage of the hardened veteran who smokes his pipe in the powder magazine.

I asked the "braky" why I should be discharged, as I had no hand in causing the wreck. "You refused to swear that the meet and pass order read Brookdale, didn't you?"

"Certainly; how could I swear when I didn't know anything about it?"

"Well, that's your misfortune, my boy; if you can't swear to what the company wants just because you don't know, you must expect to suffer for your lack of ability," saying which, he left me with the air of a superior being who had kindly shed some of his superabundant light on my benighted ignorance.



Author of "In the Midst of Alarms," "The Mutable Many," etc.



VERY fortress has one traitor within its walls; the Schloss Eltz had two. In this, curiously enough, lay its salvation; for as some Eastern poisons when mixed neutralize each other and form combined a harmless fluid, so did the two traitors unwittingly counteract, the one upon the other, to the lasting glory of Schloss Eltz, which has never been captured to this day.

It would be difficult to picture the amazement of Heinrich von Richenbach when he sat mute upon his horse at the brow of the wooded heights and for the first time beheld the imposing pile which had been erected by the Count von Eltz. It is startling enough to come suddenly upon a castle where no castle should be; but to find across one's path an erection that could hardly have been the product of other agency than the lamp of Aladdin was stupefying, and Heinrich drew the sunburned back of his hand across his eyes, fearing that they were playing him a trick; and seeing the wondrous vision still before him, he hastily crossed himself, an action performed somewhat clumsily through lack of practice, so that he might ward off enchantment, if, as seemed likely, that mountain of pinnacles was the work of the devil, and not placed there, stone on stone, by the hand of man. But in spite of crossing and the clearing of the eyes, Eltz Castle remained firmly seated on its stool of rock, and, when his

first astonishment had somewhat abated, Von Richenbach, who was a most practical man, began to realize that here, purely by a piece of unbelievable good luck, he had stumbled on the very secret he had been sent to unravel, the solving of which he had given up in despair, returning empty-handed to his grim master, the redoubtable Archbishop Baldwin of Treves.

It was now almost two months since the archbishop had sent him on the mission to the Rhine from which he was returning as wise as he went, well knowing that a void budget would procure him scant welcome from his imperious master. Here, at least, was important matter for the warlike Elector's stern consideration—an apparently impregnable fortress secretly built in the very center of the archbishop's domain; and knowing that the Count von Eltz claimed at least partial jurisdiction over this district, more especially that portion known as the Eltz-thal, in the middle of which this mysterious citadel had been erected, Heinrich rightly surmised that its construction had been the work of this ancient enemy of the archbishop.

Two months before, or nearly so, Heinrich von Richenbach had been summoned into the presence of the Lion of Treves at his palace in that venerable city. When Baldwin had dismissed all within the room save only Von Richenbach, the august prelate said:

"It is my pleasure that you at once take horse and proceed to my city of Mayence on the Rhine, where I am governor.

You will inspect the garrison there and report to me."

Heinrich bowed, but said nothing.

"You will then go down the Rhine to Elfield, where my new castle is built, and I shall be pleased to have an opinion regarding it."

The archbishop paused, and again his vassal bowed and remained silent.

"It is my wish that you go without escort, attracting as little attention as possible, and perhaps it may be advisable to return by the northern side of the Moselle, but some distance back from the river, as there are barons on the banks who might inquire your business, and regret their curiosity when they found they questioned a messenger of mine. We should strive during our brief sojourn on this inquisitive earth to put our fellow creatures to as little discomfort as possible."

Von Richenbach saw that he was being sent on a secret and possibly dangerous mission, and he had been long enough in the service of the crafty archbishop to know that the reasons ostensibly given for his journey were probably not those which were the cause of it, so he contented himself with inclining his head for the third time and holding his peace. The archbishop regarded him keenly for a few moments, a cynical smile hovering about his lips; then said, as if his words were an afterthought:

"Our faithful vassal, the Count von Eltz, is, if I mistake not, a neighbor of ours at Elfield?"

The sentence took, through its inflection, the nature of a query, and for the first time Heinrich von Richenbach ventured reply.

"He is, my lord."

The archbishop raised his eyes to the vaulted ceiling, and seemed for a time lost in thought, saying, at last, apparently in soliloquy, rather than direct address:

"Count von Eltz has been suspiciously quiet of late for a man so impetuous by nature. It might be profitable to know what interests him during this unwonted seclusion. It behooves us to acquaint ourselves with the motives that actuate a neighbor, so that opportunity arising, we may aid him with counsel or encouragement. If, therefore, it should so chance that, in the intervals of your inspection of governorship or castle, aught regarding the present occupation of the noble count comes to your ears, the information thus received may perhaps remain in your memory until you return to Treves."

The archbishop withdrew his eyes from the ceiling, the lids lowering over them, and flashed a keen, rapier-like glance at the man who stood before him.

Heinrich von Richenbach made low obeisance and replied:

"Whatever else fades from my memory, my lord, news of Count von Eltz shall remain there."

"See that you carry nothing upon you, save your commission as inspector, which my secretary will presently give to you. If you are captured it will be enough to proclaim yourself my emissary and exhibit your commission in proof of the peaceful nature of your embassy. And now to horse and away."

Thus Von Richenbach, well mounted, with his commission legibly engrossed in clerkly hand on parchment, departed on the Roman road for Mayence, but neither there nor at Elfield could he learn more of Count von Eltz than was already known at Treves, which was to the effect that the nobleman, repenting him, it was said, of his stubborn opposition to the archbishop, had betaken himself to the Crusades in expiation of his wrong in shouldering arms against one who was both his temporal and spiritual over-lord; and this rumor coming to the ears of Baldwin, had the immediate effect of causing that prince of the church to despatch Von Richenbach with the purpose of learning accurately what his old enemy was actually about; for Baldwin, being an astute man, placed little faith in sudden conversion.

When Heinrich von Richenbach returned to Treves he was immediately ushered into the presence of his master.

"You have been long away," said the archbishop, a frown on his brow. "I trust the tidings you bring offer some slight compensation for the delay."

Then was Heinrich indeed glad that fate, rather than his own perspicacity, had led his horse to the heights above Schloss Eltz.

"The tidings I bring, my lord, are so astounding that I could not return to Treves without verifying them. This led me far afield, for my information was of the scantiest; but I am now enabled to vouch for the truth of my well-nigh incredible intelligence."

"Have the good deeds of the count then translated him bodily to heaven, as was the case with Elijah? Unloose your packet, man, and waste not so much time in the vaunting of your wares."

"The Count von Eltz, my lord, has

built a castle that is part palace, part fortress, and in its latter office well-nigh impregnable."

"Yes? And where?"

"In the Eltz-thal, my lord, a league and a quarter from the Moselle."

"Impossible!" cried Baldwin, bringing his clenched fist down on the table before him. "Impossible! You have been misled, Von Richenbach."

"Indeed, my lord, I had every reason to believe so until I viewed the structure with my own eyes."

"This, then, is the fruit of Von Eltz's contrition! To build a castle without permission within my jurisdiction, and defy me in my own domain. By the coat, he shall repent his temerity and wish himself twice over a captive of the Saracen ere I have done with him. I will despatch at once an army to the Eltz-thal, and there shall not be left one stone upon another when it returns."

"My lord, I beseech you not to move with haste in this matter. If twenty thousand men marched up to the Eltz-thal they could not take the castle. No such schloss was ever built before, and none to equal it will ever be built again, unless, as I suspect to be the case in this instance, the devil lends his aid."

"Oh, I doubt not that Satan built it, but he took the form and name of Count von Eltz while doing so," replied the archbishop, his natural anger at this bold defiance of his power giving way to his habitual caution, that, united with his resources and intrepidity, had much to do with his success. "You hold the castle, then, to be unassailable. Is its garrison, then, so powerful, or its position so strong?"

"The strength of its garrison, my lord, is in its weakness; I doubt if there are a score of men in the castle, but that is all the better, as there are fewer mouths to feed in case of siege, and the count has some four years' supplies in his vaults. The schloss is situated on a lofty, unscalable rock that stands in the center of a valley, as if it were a fortress itself. Then the walls of the building are of unbelievable height, with none of the round or square towers which castles usually possess, but having in plenty conical turrets, steep roofs, and the like, which give it the appearance of a fairy palace in a wide, enchanted amphitheater of green wooded hills, making the Schloss Eltz, all in all, a most miraculous sight, such as a man may not behold in many years' travel."

"In truth, Von Richenbach," said the archbishop, with a twinkle in his eye, "we should have made you one of our scrivening monks rather than a warrior, so marvelously do you describe the entrancing handiwork of our beloved vassal, the Count von Eltz. Perhaps you think it pity to destroy so fascinating a creation."

"Not so, my lord. I have examined the castle well, and I think were I entrusted with the commission I could reduce it."

"Ah, now we have modesty indeed! You can take the stronghold where I should fail."

"I did not say that you would fail, my lord. I said that twenty thousand men marching up the valley would fail, unless they were content to sit around the castle for four years or more."

"Answered like a courtier, Heinrich. What, then, is your method of attack?"

"On the height to the east, which is the nearest elevation to the castle, a strong fortress might be built, that would in a measure command the Schloss Eltz, although I fear the distance would be too great for any catapult to fling stones within its courtyard. Still, we might thus have complete power over the entrance to the schloss, and no more provender could be taken in."

"You mean, then, to wear Von Eltz out? That would be as slow a method as besiegement."

"To besiege would require an army, my lord, and would have this disadvantage, that, besides withdrawing from other use so many of your men, rumor would spread abroad that the count held you in check. The building of a fortress on the height would merely be doing what the count has already done, and it could be well garrisoned by twoscore men at the most, vigilant night and day to take advantage of any movement of fancied security to force way into the castle. There need be no formal declaration of hostilities, but a fortress built in all amicableness, to which the count could hardly object, as you would be but following his own example."

"I understand. We build a house near his for neighborliness. There is indeed much in your plan that commends itself to me, but I confess a liking for the underlying part of a scheme. Remains there anything else which you have not unfolded to me?"

"Placing in command of the new fortress a stout warrior who was at the same time a subtle man——"

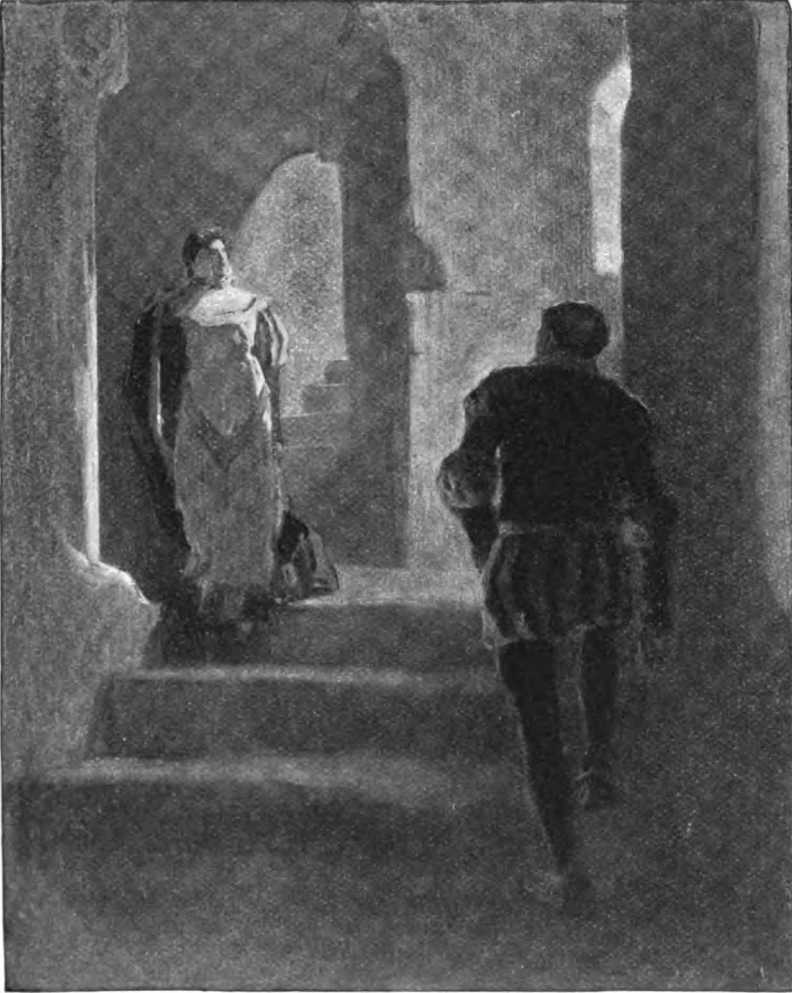
"In other words, thyself, Heinrich—well, what then?"

"There is every chance that such a general may learn much of the castle from one or other of its inmates. It

into possession of it by whatever means you choose to use."

Thus the square, long castle of Baldwin-eltz came to be builded, and thus Heinrich von Richenbach, brave, ingenious, and unscrupulous, was installed captain of it, with twoscore men to keep him company, together with a plentiful supply of gold to bribe whomsoever he thought worth suborning.

Time went on without much to show for its passing, and Heinrich began to grow impatient, for his attempt at corrupting the garrison showed that negotiations were not without their dangers. Stout Baumstein, captain of the gate, was the man whom Heinrich most desired to purchase, for he could lessen the discipline at the portal of Schloss Eltz without attracting undue attention. But he was an irascible



"REGO CAME SUDDENLY UPON THE COUNTESS, WHO SCREAMED AT THE SIGHT OF HIM."

might be possible that through neglect or inadvertence the drawbridge would be left down some night and the portcullis raised. In other words, the castle, impervious to direct assault, may fall by strategy."

"Excellent, excellent, my worthy warrior! I should dearly love to have captain of mine pay such an informal visit to his estimable countship. We shall build the fortress you suggest, and call it Baldwin-eltz. You shall be its commander, and I now bestow upon you Schloss Eltz, the only proviso being that you are to enter

cible German, whose strong right arm was readier than his tongue; and when Heinrich's emissary got speech with him, under a flag of truce, whispering that much gold might be had for a casual raising of the portcullis and lowering of the drawbridge, Baumstein at first could not understand his purport, for he was somewhat thick in the skull; but when the meaning of the message at last broke in upon him, he wasted no time in talk, but, raising his ever-ready battle ax, clove the envoy to the midriff. The Count von Eltz himself,

coming on the scene at this moment, was amazed at the deed, and sternly demanded of his gate captain why he had violated the terms of a parley. Baumstein's slowness of speech came near to being the undoing of him, for at first he merely said that such creatures as the messenger should not be allowed to live and that an honest soldier was insulted by holding converse with him; whereupon the count, having nice notions, picked up in polite countries, regarding the sacredness of a flag of truce, was about to hang Baumstein, scant though the garrison was, and even then it was but by chance that the true state of affairs became known to the count. He was on the point of sending back the body of the envoy to Von Richenbach with suitable apology for his destruction and offer of recompense, stating that the assailant would be seen hanging outside the gate, when Baumstein said that while he had no objection to being hanged if it so pleased the count, he begged to suggest that the gold which the envoy brought with him to bribe the garrison should be taken from the body before it was returned, and divided equally among the guard at the gate. As Baumstein said this, he was taking off his helmet and unbuckling his corselet, thus freeing his neck for the greater convenience of the castle hangman. When the count learned that the stout stroke of the battle-ax was caused by the proffer of a bribe for the betraying of the castle, he, to the amazement of all present, begged the pardon of Baumstein; for such a thing was never before known under the feudal law that a noble should apologize to a common man, and Baumstein himself muttered that he knew not what the world was coming to if a mighty lord might not hang an underling as it pleased him, cause or no cause.

The count commanded the body to be searched, and finding thereon some five bags of gold, distributed the coin among his men, as a good commander should, sending back the body to Von Richenbach, with a most polite message to the effect that as the archbishop evidently intended the money to be given to the garrison, the count had endeavored to carry out his lordship's wishes, as was the duty of an obedient vassal. But Heinrich, instead of being pleased with the courtesy of the message, broke into violent oaths, and spread abroad in the land the false saying that Count von Eltz had violated a flag of truce.

But there was one man in the castle who did not enjoy a share of the gold, because he was not a warrior, but a servant of the countess. This was a Spaniard named Rego, marvelously skilled in the concocting of various dishes of pastry and other niceties such as high-born ladies have a fondness for. Rego was disliked by the count, and, in fact, by all the stout Germans who formed the garrison, not only because it is the fashion for men of one country to justly abhor those of another, foreigners being in all lands regarded as benighted creatures whom we marvel that the Lord allows to live when he might so easily have peopled the whole world with men like unto ourselves; but, aside from this, Rego had a cat-like tread, and a furtive eye that never met another honestly as an eye should. The count, however, endured the presence of this Spaniard, because the countess admired his skill in confections, then unknown in Germany, and thus Rego remained under her orders.

The Spaniard's eye glittered when he saw the yellow of the gold, and his heart was bitter that he did not have a share of it. He soon learned where it came from, and rightly surmised that there was more in the same treasury, ready to be bestowed for similar service to that which the unready Baumstein had so emphatically rejected; so Rego, watching his opportunity, stole away secretly to Von Richenbach and offered his aid in the capture of the castle, should suitable compensation be tendered him. Heinrich questioned him closely regarding the interior arrangements of the castle, and asked him if he could find any means of letting down the drawbridge and raising the portcullis in the night. This Rego said, quite truly, was impossible, as the guard at the gate, vigilant enough before, had become much more so since the attempted bribery of the captain. There was, however, one way by which the castle might be entered, and that entailed a most perilous adventure. There was a platform between two of the lofty, steep roofs, so elevated that it gave a view over all the valley. On this platform a sentinel was stationed night and day, whose duty was that of outlook, like a man on the cross-trees of a ship. From this platform a stair, narrow at the top, but widening as it descended to the lower stories, gave access to the whole castle. If, then, a besieger constructed a ladder of enormous length, it might be placed at night on the narrow ledge of rock far below this platform, standing

almost perpendicular, and by this means man after man would be enabled to reach the roof of the castle, and, under the guidance of Rego, gain admittance to the lower rooms unsuspected.

"But the sentinel?" objected Von Richenbach.

"The sentinel I will myself slay. I will steal up behind him in the night when you make your assault, and running my knife into his neck, fling him over the cas-

sentinel, and thus allow us to climb by that?"

"It would be impossible for me to construct and conceal such a contrivance strong enough to carry more than one man at a time, even if I had the materials," said the wily Spaniard, whose thoughtfulness and ingenuity Heinrich could not but admire, while despising him as an oily foreigner. "If you made the rope ladder there would be no method of getting it into



"AS QUICKLY AS HE COULD, LIT ONE CANDLE AFTER ANOTHER, UNTIL THE USUAL NUMBER BURNED BEFORE THE SACRED IMAGE!"

tle wall; then I shall be ready to guide you down into the courtyard."

Von Richenbach, remembering the sheer precipice of rock at the foot of the castle walls and the dizzy height of the castle walls above the rock, could scarcely forbear a shudder at the thought of climbing so high on a shaky ladder, even if such a ladder could be made, of which he had some doubts. The scheme did not seem so feasible as the Spaniard appeared to imagine.

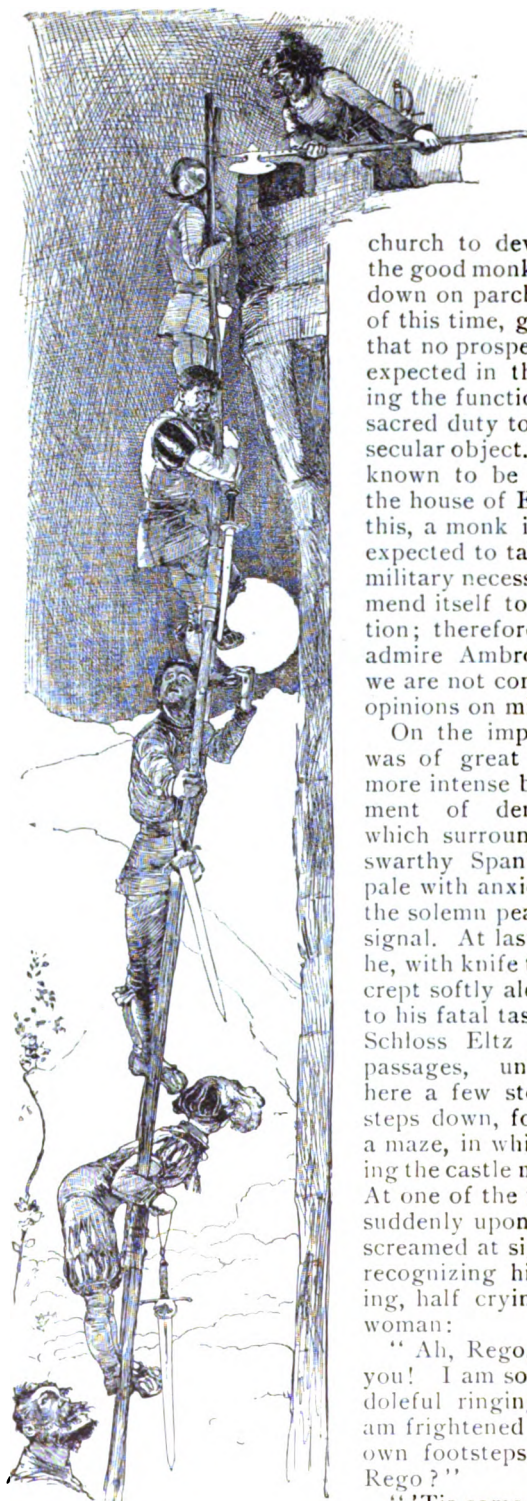
"Could you not let down a rope ladder from the platform when you had slain the

Schloss Eltz; besides, it would need to be double the length of a wooden ladder, for you can place your ladder at the foot of the ledge, then climb to the top of the rock, and, standing there, pull the ladder up, letting the higher end scrape against the castle wall until the lower end stands firm on the ledge of rock. Your whole troop could then climb, one following another, so that there would be no delay."

Thus it was arranged, and then began and was completed the construction of the longest and most wonderful ladder ever made in Germany or anywhere else,

so far as history records. It was composed of numerous small ladders, spliced and hooped with iron bands by the castle armorer. At a second visit, which Rego paid to Baldwineltz when the ladder was completed, all arrangements were made and the necessary signals agreed upon.

It was the pious custom of those in the fortress of Baldwineltz to ring the great bell on saints' days and other festivals that called for special observance, because Von Richenbach conducted war on the strictest principles, as a man knowing his duty both spiritual and temporal. It was agreed that on the night of the assault, when it was necessary that Rego should assassinate the sentinel, the great bell of the fortress should be rung, whereupon the Spaniard was to hie himself up the stair and send the watchman into another sphere of duty by means of his dagger. The bell-ringing seems a perfectly justifiable device, and one that will be approved by all conspirators, for the sounding of the bell, plainly heard in Schloss Eltz, would cause



"EXERTING ALL HIS STRENGTH, PUSHED THE LANCE OUTWARD, AND THE TOP OF THE LADDER WITH IT."

no alarm, as it was wont to sound at uncertain intervals, night and day, and was known to give tongue only during moments allotted by the

church to devout thoughts. But the good monk Ambrose, in setting down on parchment the chronicles of this time, gives it as his opinion that no prosperity could have been expected in thus suddenly changing the functions of the bell from sacred duty to the furtherance of a secular object. Still, Ambrose was known to be a sympathizer with the house of Eltz, and, aside from this, a monk in his cell cannot be expected to take the same view of military necessity that would commend itself to a warrior on a bastion; therefore, much as we may admire Ambrose as an historian, we are not compelled to accept his opinions on military ethics.

On the important night, which was of great darkness, made the more intense by the black environment of densely-wooded hills which surround Schloss Eltz, the swarthy Spaniard became almost pale with anxiety as he listened for the solemn peal that was to be his signal. At last it tolled forth, and he, with knife to hand in his girdle, crept softly along the narrow halls to his fatal task. The interior of Schloss Eltz is full of intricate passages, unexpected turnings, here a few steps up, there a few steps down, for all the world like a maze, in which even one knowing the castle might well go astray. At one of the turnings Rego came suddenly upon the countess, who screamed at sight of him, and then recognizing him said, half laughing, half crying, being a nervous woman:

"Ah, Rego, thank heaven it is you! I am so distraught with the doleful ringing of that bell that I am frightened at the sound of my own footsteps. Why rings it so, Rego?"

"'Tis some church festival, my lady, which they fighting for the archbishop are more familiar with

than I," answered the trembling Spaniard, as frightened as the lady herself at the unexpected meeting. But the countess was a most religious woman, well skilled in the observances of her church, and she replied:

"No, Rego. There is no cause for its dolorous music, and to-night there seems to me something ominous and menacing in its tone, as if disaster impended."

"It may be the birthday of the archbishop, my lady, or of the pope himself."

"Our holy father was born in May, and the archbishop in November. Ah, I would that this horrid strife were done with! But our safety lies in heaven, and if our duty be accomplished here on earth, we should have naught to fear; yet I tremble as if great danger lay before me. Come, Rego, to the chapel, and light the candles at the altar."

The countess passed him, and for one fateful moment Rego's hand hovered over his dagger, thinking to strike the lady dead at his feet; but the risk was too great, for there might at any time pass along the corridor one of the servants, who would instantly raise the alarm and bring disaster upon him. He dare not disobey. So grinding his teeth in impotent rage and fear, he followed his mistress to the chapel, and, as quickly as he could, lit one candle after another, until the usual number burned before the sacred image. The countess was upon her knees as he tried to steal softly from the room. "Nay, Rego," she said, raising her bended head, "light them all to-night. Harken! That raven bell has ceased even as you lighted the last candle."

The countess, as has been said, was a devout lady, and there stood an unusual number of candles before the altar, several of which burned constantly, but only on notable occasions were all the candles lighted. As Rego hesitated, not knowing what to do in this crisis, the lady repeated: "Light all the candles to-night, Rego."

"You said yourself, my lady," murmured the agonized man, cold sweat breaking out on his forehead, "that this was not a saint's day."

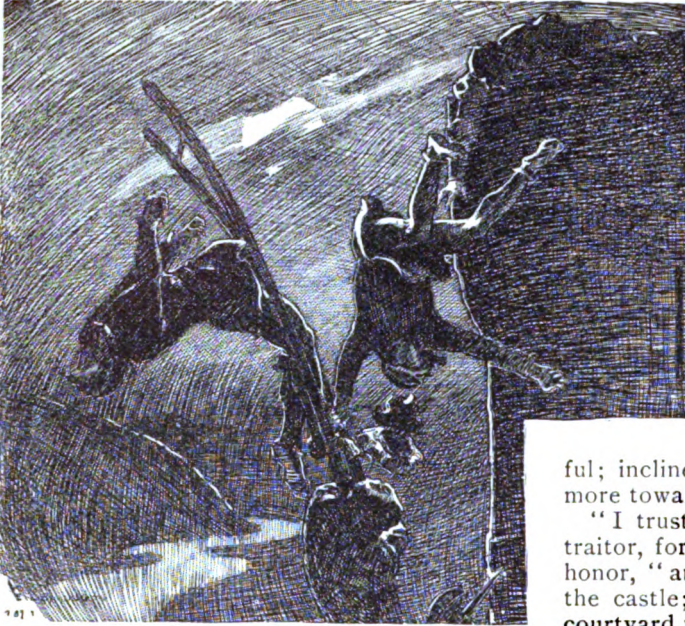
"Nevertheless, Rego," persisted the countess, surprised that even a favorite servant should thus attempt to thwart her will, "I ask you to light each candle. Do so at once."

She bowed her head as one who had spoken the final word, and again her fate trembled in the balance; but Rego heard the footsteps of the count entering the

gallery above him, that ran across the end of the chapel, and he at once resumed the lighting of the candles, making less speed in his eagerness than if he had gone about his task with more care.

The monk Ambrose draws a moral from this episode, which is sufficiently obvious when after events have confirmed it, but which we need not here pause to consider, when an episode of the most thrilling nature is going forward on the lofty platform of Eltz Castle.

The sentinel paced back and forward within his narrow limit, listening to the depressing and monotonous tolling of the bell and cursing it, for the platform was a lonely place and the night of inky darkness. At last the bell ceased, and he stood resting on his long pike, enjoying the stillness, and peering into the blackness, when suddenly he became aware of a grating, rasping sound below him, as if some one were attempting to climb the precipitous beetling cliff of castle wall and slipping against the stones. His heart stood still with fear, for he knew it could be nothing human. An instant later something appeared over the parapet that could be seen only because it was blacker than the distant dark sky against which it was outlined. It rose and rose until the sentinel saw it was the top of a ladder, which was even more amazing than if the fiend himself had scrambled over the stone coping, for we know the devil can go anywhere, while a ladder cannot. But the soldier was a common-sense man, and, dark as was the night, he knew that, tall as such a ladder must be, there seemed a likelihood that human power was pushing it upward. He touched it with his hands and convinced himself that there was nothing supernatural about it. The ladder rose inch by inch, slowly, for it must have been no easy task for even twoscore men to raise it thus with ropes or other devices, especially when the bottom of it neared the top of the ledge. The soldier knew he should at once give the alarm; but he was the second traitor in the stronghold, corrupted by the sight of the glittering gold he had shared, and only prevented from selling himself because the rigors of military rule did not give him opportunity of going to Baldwineltz as the less exacting civilian duties had allowed the Spaniard to market his wares. So the sentry made no outcry, but silently prepared a method by which he could negotiate with advantage to himself when the first head appeared above the parapet.



"WITH A GURGLING CRY, PLUNGED HEADLONG FORWARD, AND DOWN THE PRECIPICE."

He fixed the point of his lance against a round of the ladder, and when the leading warrior, who was no other than Heinrich von Richenbach, came slowly and cautiously to the top of the wall, the sentinel, exerting all his strength, pushed the lance outward, and the top of the ladder with it, until it stood nearly perpendicular some two yards back from the wall.

"In God's name, what are you about? Is that you, Rego?"

The soldier replied, calmly:

"Order your men not to move, and do not move yourself, until I have some converse with you. Have no fear if you are prepared to accept my terms; otherwise you will have ample time to say your prayers before you reach the ground, for the distance is great."

Von Richenbach, who now leaned over the top round, suspended thus between heaven and earth, grasped the lance with both hands, so that the ladder might not be thrust beyond the perpendicular. In quivering voice he passed down the word that no man was to shift foot or hand until he had made bargain with the sentinel who held them in such extreme peril.

"What terms do you propose to me, soldier?" he asked, breathlessly.

"I will conduct you down to the court-

yard, and when you have surprised and taken the castle you will grant me safe conduct and give me five bags of gold equal in weight to those offered to our captain."

"All that will I do and double the treasure. Faithfully and truly do I promise it."

"You pledge me your knightly word, and swear also by the holy coat of Treves?"

"I pledge and swear.

And pray you be careful; incline the ladder yet a little more toward the wall."

"I trust to your honor," said the traitor, for traitors love to prate of honor, "and will now admit you to the castle; but until we are in the courtyard there must be silence."

"Incline the ladder gently, for it is so weighted that if it come suddenly against the wall, it may break in the middle."

At this supreme moment, as the sentinel was preparing to bring them cautiously to the wall, when all was deep silence, there crept swiftly and noiselessly through the trap-door the belated Spaniard. His catlike eyes beheld the shadowy form of the sentinel bending apparently over the parapet, but they showed him nothing beyond. With the speed and precipitation of a springing panther, the Spaniard leaped forward and drove his dagger deep into the neck of his comrade, who, with a gurgling cry, plunged headlong forward, and down the precipice, thrusting his lance as he fell. The Spaniard's dagger went with the doomed sentinel, sticking fast in his throat, and its presence there passed a fatal noose around the neck of Rego later, for they wrongly thought the false sentinel had saved the castle and that the Spaniard had murdered a faithful watchman.

Rego leaned panting over the stone coping, listening for the thud of the body. Then was he frozen with horror when the still night air was split with the most appalling shriek of combined human voices in an agony of fear that ever tortured the ear of man. The shriek ended in a crash far below, and silence again filled the valley.

RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

Being the sequel to a story by the same writer entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda."

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

INTRODUCTION AND SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Prompted by his own ambition, the Duke of Strelsau, known as "Black Michael," drugs and hides away his brother Rudolf on the eve of the latter's coronation as King of Ruritania. But at the instigation of Colonel Sapt and Fritz von Tarlenheim, supporters of Rudolf, an English relative of his, Rudolf Rassendyll—a stranger and chance visitor in the kingdom, who so closely resembles Rudolf that few can tell them apart—appears, and, in his name, assumes the crown for him. While Rudolf's friends are working to set him free, Rassendyll continues to hold the throne in Rudolf's guise and exercise all the royal functions—even to falling ardently in love with the Princess Flavia, and provoking her to love him as ardently in return. Public expectation and policy have designated the Princess to become the new king's wife. "Black Michael" is finally killed in a quarrel by Rupert of Hentzau, one of his accomplices. The Princess Flavia has felt from the first a difference between the two Rudolfs; before the end, the truth is fully discovered to her. She dutifully marries the real king, but her

heart hardly goes with her hand. Thereafter, once a year, she sends a gift and a brief verbal message to Rassendyll in token of her remembrance of him. And these incidents and events make the story of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

The present history opens with the king grown weak and querulous, and the sense of the difference between him and the man who had courted her in his name more importunate than ever in the mind and heart of the queen. She dare not longer trust herself in sending the yearly message to Rassendyll. She therefore writes him a letter that is to be her last word to him. But the messenger, Fritz von Tarlenheim, is betrayed by his servant Bauer; set upon at Wintenberg by Rupert of Hentzau and the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim, general conspirators against the peace of the kingdom; robbed of the letter, and himself left beaten insensible. As soon as he revives, he reports his disaster and loss to Rassendyll, who places him under the care of his own servant James, and then sets out secretly for Zenda, to keep the letter from coming into the hands of the king.

CHAPTER IV.

AN EDDY ON THE MOAT.

ON the evening of Thursday, the sixteenth of October, the Constable of Zenda was very much out of humor; he has since confessed as much. To risk the peace of a palace for the sake of a lover's greeting had never been wisdom to his mind, and he had been sorely impatient with "that fool Fritz's" yearly pilgrimage. The letter of farewell had been an added folly, pregnant with chances of disaster. Now disaster, or the danger of it, had come. The curt, mysterious telegram from Wintenberg, which told him so little, at least told him that It ordered him—and he did not know even whose the order was—to delay Rischenheim's audience, or, if he could not, to get the king away from Zenda: why he was to act thus was not disclosed to him. But he knew as well as I that Rischenheim was completely in Rupert's hands, and he could not fail to guess that something had gone wrong at Wintenberg, and that Rischenheim came to tell the king some news that the king must not hear. His task sounded simple, but it was not easy; for he did not know where Rischenheim was, and so could not prevent his coming; besides, the king had been very pleased to learn of the

count's approaching visit, since he desired to talk with him on the subject of a certain breed of dogs, which the count bred with great, his Majesty with only indifferent success; therefore he had declared that nothing should interfere with his reception of Rischenheim. In vain Sapt told him that a large boar had been seen in the forest, and that a fine day's sport might be expected if he would hunt next day. "I shouldn't be back in time to see Rischenheim," said the king.

"Your Majesty would be back by night-fall," suggested Sapt.

"I should be too tired to talk to him, and I've a great deal to discuss."

"You could sleep at the hunting-lodge, sire, and ride back to receive the count next morning."

"I'm anxious to see him as soon as may be." Then he looked up at Sapt with a sick man's quick suspicion. "Why shouldn't I see him?" he asked.

"It's a pity to miss the boar, sire," was all Sapt's plea. The king made light of it.

"Curse the boar!" said he. "I want to know how he gets the dogs' coats so fine."

As the king spoke a servant entered, carrying a telegram for Sapt. The colonel took it and put it in his pocket.

"Read it," said the king. He had dined and was about to go to bed, it being nearly ten o'clock.

"It will keep, sire," answered Sapt, who did not know but that it might be from Wintenberg.

"Read it," insisted the king testily. "It may be from Rischenheim. Perhaps he can get here sooner. I should like to know about those dogs. Read it, I beg."

Sapt could do nothing but read it. He had taken to spectacles lately, and he spent a long while adjusting them and thinking what he should do if the message were not fit for the king's ear. "Be quick, man, be quick!" urged the irritable king.

Sapt had got the envelope open at last, and relief, mingled with perplexity, showed in his face.

"Your Majesty guessed wonderfully well. Rischenheim can be here at eight to-morrow morning," he said, looking up.

"Capital!" cried the king. "He shall breakfast with me at nine and I'll have a ride after the boar when we've done our business. Now are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly, sire," said Sapt, biting his moustache.

The king rose with a yawn, and bade the colonel good-night. "He must have some trick I don't know with those dogs," he remarked, as he went out. And "Damn the dogs!" cried Colonel Sapt the moment that the door was shut behind his Majesty.

But the colonel was not a man to accept defeat easily. The audience that he had been instructed to postpone was advanced; the king, whom he had been told to get away from Zenda, would not go till he had seen Rischenheim. Still there are many ways of preventing a meeting. Some are by fraud; these it is no injustice to Sapt to say that he had tried; some are by force, and the colonel was being driven to the conclusion that one of these must be his resort.

"Though the king," he mused, with a grin, "will be furious if anything happens to Rischenheim before he's told him about the dogs."

Yet he fell to racking his brains to find a means by which the count might be rendered incapable of performing the service so desired by the king and of carrying out his own purpose in seeking an audience. Nothing save assassination suggested itself to the constable; a quarrel and a duel offered no security; and Sapt was not Black Michael, and had no band of ruffians to join him in an apparently unprovoked kidnapping of a distinguished nobleman.

"I can think of nothing," muttered Sapt, rising from his chair and moving across towards the window in search of the fresh air that a man so often thinks will give him a fresh idea. He was in his own quarters, that room of the new *chateau* which opens on to the moat immediately to the right of the drawbridge as you face the old castle; it was the room which Duke Michael had occupied, and almost opposite to the spot where the great pipe had connected the window of the king's dungeon with the waters of the moat. The bridge was down now, for peaceful days had come to Zenda; the pipe was gone, and the dungeon's window, though still barred, was uncovered. The night was clear, and fine, and the still water gleamed fitfully as the moon, half-full, escaped from or was hidden by passing clouds. Sapt stood staring out gloomily, beating his knuckles on the stone sill. The fresh air was there, but the fresh idea tarried.

Suddenly the constable bent forward, craning his head out and down, far as he could stretch it, towards the water. What he had seen, or seemed dimly to see, is a sight common enough on the surface of water—large circular eddies, widening from a centre; a stone thrown in makes them, or a fish on the rise. But Sapt had thrown no stone, and the fish in the moat were few and not rising then. The light was behind Sapt, and threw his figure into bold relief. The royal apartments looked out the other way; there were no lights in the windows this side the bridge, although beyond it the guards' lodgings and the servants' offices still showed a light here and there. Sapt waited till the eddies ceased. Then he heard the faintest sound, as of a large body let very gently into the water; a moment later, from the moat right below him, a man's head emerged.

"Sapt!" said a voice, low but distinct.

The old colonel started, and, resting both hands on the sill, bent further out, till he seemed in danger of overbalancing.

"Quick—to the ledge on the other side. You know," said the voice, and the head turned; with quick, quiet strokes the man crossed the moat till he was hidden in the triangle of deep shade formed by the meeting of the drawbridge and the old castle wall. Sapt watched him go, almost stupefied by the sudden wonder of hearing that voice come to him out of the stillness of the night. For the king was

abed; and who spoke in that voice save the king and one other?

Then, with a curse at himself for his delay, he turned and walked quickly across the room. Opening the door, he found himself in the passage. But here he ran right into the arms of young Bernenstein, the officer of the guard, who was going his rounds. Sapt knew and trusted him, for he had been with us all through the siege of Zenda, when Michael kept the king a prisoner, and he bore marks given him by Rupert of Hentzau's ruffians. He now held a commission as lieutenant in the cuirassiers of the King's Guard.

He noticed Sapt's bearing, for he cried out in a low voice, "Anything wrong, sir?"

"Bernenstein, my boy, the castle's all right about here. Go round to the front, and, hang you, stay there," said Sapt.

The officer stared, as well he might. Sapt caught him by the arm.

"No, stay here. See, stand by the door there that leads to the royal apartments. Stand there, and let nobody pass. You understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"And whatever you hear, don't look round."

Bernenstein's bewilderment grew greater; but Sapt was constable, and on Sapt's shoulders lay the responsibility for the safety of Zenda and all in it.

"Very well, sir," he said, with a submissive shrug, and he drew his sword and stood by the door; he could obey, although he could not understand.

Sapt ran on. Opening the gate that led to the bridge, he sped across. Then, stepping on one side and turning his face to the wall, he descended the steps that gave foothold down to the ledge running six or eight inches above the water. He also was now in the triangle of deep darkness, yet he knew that a man was there, who stood straight and tall, rising above his own height. And he felt his hand caught in a sudden grip. Rudolf Rassendyll was there, in his wet drawers and socks.

"Is it you?" he whispered.

"Yes," answered Rudolf; "I swam round from the other side and got here. Then I threw in a bit of mortar, but I wasn't sure I'd roused you, and I didn't dare shout, so I followed it myself. Lay hold of me a minute while I get on my breeches: I didn't want to get wet, so I carried my clothes in a bundle. Hold me tight, it's slippery."

"In God's name what brings you here?" whispered Sapt, catching Rudolf by the arm as he was directed.

"The queen's service. When does Rischenheim come?"

"To-morrow at eight."

"The deuce! That's earlier than I thought. And the king?"

"Is here and determined to see him. It's impossible to move him from it."

There was a moment's silence; Rudolf drew his shirt over his head and tucked it into his trousers. "Give me the jacket and waistcoat," he said. "I feel deuced damp underneath, though."

"You'll soon get dry," grinned Sapt. "You'll be kept moving, you see."

"I've lost my hat."

"Seems to me you've lost your head too."

"You'll find me both, eh, Sapt?"

"As good as your own, anyhow," growled the constable.

"Now the boots, and I'm ready." Then he asked quickly, "Has the king seen or heard from Rischenheim?"

"Neither, except through me."

"Then why is he so set on seeing him?"

"To find out what gives dogs smooth coats."

"You're serious? Hang you, I can't see your face."

"Absolutely."

"All's well, then. Has he got a beard now?"

"Yes."

"Confound him! Can't you take me anywhere to talk?"

"What the deuce are you here at all for?"

"To meet Rischenheim."

"To meet——?"

"Yes. Sapt, he's got a copy of the queen's letter."

Sapt twirled his moustache.

"I've always said as much," he remarked in tones of satisfaction. He need not have said it; he would have been more than human not to think it.

"Where can you take me to?" asked Rudolf impatiently.

"Any room with a door and a lock to it," answered old Sapt. "I command here, and when I say 'Stay out'—well, they don't come in."

"Not the king?"

"The king is in bed. Come along," and the constable set his toe on the lowest step.

"Is there nobody about?" asked Rudolf, catching his arm.

"Bernenstein; but he will keep his back toward us."

"Your discipline is still good, then, Colonel?"

"Pretty well for these days, your Majesty," grunted Sapt, as he reached the level of the bridge.

Having crossed, they entered the *cha-teau*. The passage was empty, save for Bernenstein, whose broad back barred the way from the royal apartments.

"In here," whispered Sapt, laying his hand on the door of the room whence he had come.

"All right," answered Rudolf. Bernenstein's hand twitched, but he did not look round. There was discipline in the castle of Zenda.

But as Sapt was half-way through the door and Rudolf about to follow him, the other door, that which Bernenstein guarded, was softly yet swiftly opened. Bernenstein's sword was in rest in an instant. A muttered oath from Sapt and Rudolf's quick snatch at his breath greeted the interruption. Bernenstein did not look round, but his sword fell to his side. In the doorway stood Queen Flavia, all in white; and now her face turned white as her dress. For her eyes had fallen on Rudolf Rassendyll. For a moment the four stood thus; then Rudolf passed Sapt, thrust Bernenstein's brawny shoulders (the young man had not looked round) out of the way, and, falling on his knee before the queen, seized her hand and kissed it. Bernenstein could see now without looking round, and if astonishment could kill, he would have been a dead man that instant. He fairly reeled and leant against the wall, his mouth hanging open. For the king was in bed, and had a beard; yet there was the king, fully dressed and clean shaven, and he was kissing the queen's hand, while she gazed down on him in a struggle between amazement, fright, and joy. A soldier should be prepared for anything, but I cannot be hard on young Bernenstein's bewilderment.

Yet there was in truth nothing strange in the queen seeking to see old Sapt that night, nor in her guessing where he would most probably be found. For she had asked him three times whether news had come from Wintenberg and each time he had put her off with excuses. Quick to forebode evil, and conscious of the pledge to fortune that she had given in her letter, she had determined to know from him whether there were really cause for alarm,

and had stolen, undetected, from her apartments to seek him. What filled her at once with unbearable apprehension and incredulous joy was to find Rudolf present in actual flesh and blood, no longer in sad longing dreams or visions, and to feel his live lips on her hand.

Lovers count neither time nor danger; but Sapt counted both, and no more than a moment had passed before, with eager imperative gestures, he beckoned them to enter the room. The queen obeyed, and Rudolf followed her.

"Let nobody in, and don't say a word to anybody," whispered Sapt, as he entered, leaving Bernenstein outside. The young man was half-dazed still, but he had sense to read the expression in the constable's eyes and to learn from it that he must give his life sooner than let the door be opened. So with drawn sword he stood on guard.

It was eleven o'clock when the queen came, and midnight had struck from the great clock of the castle before the door opened again and Sapt came out. His sword was not drawn, but he had his revolver in his hand. He shut the door silently after him and began at once to talk in low, earnest, quick tones to Bernenstein. Bernenstein listened intently and without interrupting. Sapt's story ran on for eight or nine minutes. Then he paused, before asking:

"You understand now?"

"Yes, it is wonderful," said the young man, drawing in his breath.

"Pooh!" said Sapt. "Nothing is wonderful: some things are unusual."

Bernenstein was not convinced, and shrugged his shoulders in protest.

"Well?" said the constable, with a quick glance at him.

"I would die for the queen, sir," he answered, clicking his heels together as though on parade.

"Good," said Sapt. "Then listen," and he began again to talk. Bernenstein nodded from time to time. "You'll meet him at the gate," said the constable, "and bring him straight here. He's not to go anywhere else, you understand me?"

"Perfectly, Colonel," smiled young Bernenstein.

"The king will be in this room—the king. You know who is the king?"

"Perfectly, Colonel."

"And when the interview is ended, and we go to breakfast——"

"I know who will be the king then. Yes, Colonel."

"Good. But we do him no harm unless——"

"It is necessary."

"Precisely."

Sapt turned away with a little sigh. Bernenstein was an apt pupil, but the colonel was exhausted by so much explanation. He knocked softly at the door of the room. The queen's voice bade him enter, and he passed in. Bernenstein was left alone again in the passage, pondering over what he had heard and rehearsing the part that it now fell to him to play. As he thought he may well have raised his head proudly. The service seemed so great and the honor so high, that he almost wished he could die in the performing of his *role*. It would be a finer death than his soldier's dreams had dared to picture.

At one o'clock Colonel Sapt came out.

"Go to bed till six," said he to Bernenstein.

"I'm not sleepy."

"No, but you will be at eight if you don't sleep now."

"Is the queen coming out, Colonel?"

"In a minute, Lieutenant."

"I should like to kiss her hand."

"Well, if you think it worth waiting a quarter of an hour for!" said Sapt, with a slight smile.

"You said a minute, sir."

"So did she," answered the constable.

Nevertheless it was a quarter of an hour before Rudolf Rassendyll opened the door and the queen appeared on the threshold. She was very pale, and she had been crying, but her eyes were happy and her air firm. The moment he saw her, young Bernenstein fell on his knee and raised her hand to his lips.

"To the death, madame," said he, in a trembling voice.

"I knew it, sir," she answered graciously. Then she looked round on the three of them. "Gentlemen," said she, "my servants and dear friends, with you, and with Fritz who lies wounded in Wintenberg, rest my honor and my life; for I will not live if the letter reaches the king."

"The king shall not have it, madame," said Colonel Sapt.

He took her hand in his and patted it with a clumsy gentleness; smiling, she extended it again to young Bernenstein, in mark of her favor. They two then stood at the salute, while Rudolf walked with her to the end of the passage. There for a moment she and he stood together; the others turned their eyes away and thus did not see her suddenly stoop and cover his hand

with her kisses. He tried to draw it away, not thinking it fit that she should kiss his hand, but she seemed as though she could not let it go. Yet at last, still with her eyes on his, she passed backwards through the door, and he shut it after her.

"Now to business," said Colonel Sapt dryly; and Rudolf laughed a little.

Rudolf passed into the room. Sapt went to the king's apartments, and asked the physician whether his Majesty were sleeping well. Receiving reassuring news of the royal slumbers, he proceeded to the quarters of the king's body-servant, knocked up the sleepy wretch, and ordered breakfast for the king and the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim at nine o'clock precisely, in the morning-room that looked out over the avenue leading to the entrance of the new *chateau*. This done, he returned to the room where Rudolf was, carried a chair into the passage, bade Rudolf lock the door, sat down, revolver in hand, and himself went to sleep. Young Bernenstein was in bed just now, taken faint, and the constable himself was acting as his substitute; that was to be the story, if a story were needed. Thus the hours from two to six passed that morning in the castle of Zenda.

At six the constable awoke and knocked at the door; Rudolf Rassendyll opened it.

"Slept well?" asked Sapt.

"Not a wink," answered Rudolf cheerfully.

"I thought you had more nerve."

"It wasn't want of nerve that kept me awake," said Mr. Rassendyll.

Sapt, with a pitying shrug, looked round. The curtains of the window were half-drawn. The table was moved near to the wall, and the armchair by it was well in shadow, being quite close to the curtains.

"There's plenty of room for you behind," said Rudolf; "and when Rischenheim is seated in his chair opposite to mine, you can put your barrel against his head by just stretching out your hand. And of course I can do the same."

"Yes, it looks well enough," said Sapt, with an approving nod.

"What about the beard?"

"Berenstein is to tell him you've shaved this morning."

"Will he believe that?"

"Why not? For his own sake he'd better believe everything."

"And if we have to kill him?"

"We must run for it. The king would be furious."

"He's fond of him?"

"You forget. He wants to know about the dogs."

"True. You'll be in your place in time?"

"Of course."

Rudolf Rassendyll took a turn up and down the room. It was easy to see that the events of the night had disturbed him. Sapt's thoughts were running in a different channel.

"When we've done with this fellow, we must find Rupert," said he.

Rudolf started.

"Rupert? Rupert? True; I forgot. Of course we must," said he confusedly.

Sapt looked scornful; he knew that his companion's mind had been occupied with the queen. But his remarks—if he had meditated any—were interrupted by the clock striking seven.

"He'll be here in an hour," said he.

"We're ready for him," answered Rudolf Rassendyll. With the thought of action his eyes grew bright and his brow smooth again. He and old Sapt looked at one another, and they both smiled.

"Like old times, isn't it, Sapt?"

"Aye, sire, like the reign of good King Rudolf."

Thus they made ready for the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim, while my cursed wound held me a prisoner at Wintenberg. It is still a sorrow to me that I know what passed that morning only by report, and had not the honor of bearing a part in it. Still, her Majesty did not forget me, but remembered that I would have taken my share, had fortune allowed. Indeed I would most eagerly.

CHAPTER V.

AN AUDIENCE OF THE KING.

HAVING come thus far in the story that I set out to tell, I have half a mind to lay down my pen, and leave untold how from the moment that Mr. Rassendyll came again to Zenda a fury of chance seemed to catch us all in a whirlwind, carrying us whither we would not, and ever driving us onwards to fresh enterprises, breathing into us a recklessness that stood at no obstacle, and a devotion to the queen and to the man she loved that swept away all other feeling. The ancients held there to be a fate which would have its fill, though women wept and men died, and none could tell whose was the guilt nor

who fell innocent. Thus did they blindly wrong God's providence. Yet, save that we are taught to believe that all is ruled, we are as blind as they, and are still left wondering why all that is true and generous and love's own fruit must turn so often to woe and shame, exacting tears and blood. For myself I would leave the thing untold, lest a word of it should seem to stain her whom I serve; it is by her own command I write, that all may one day, in time's fullness, be truly known, and those condemn who are without sin, while they pity whose own hearts have fought the equal fight. So much for her and him; for us less needs be said. It was not ours to weigh her actions: we served her; him we had served. She was our queen; we bore heaven a grudge that he was not our king. The worst of what befell was not of our own planning, no, nor of our hoping. It came a thunderbolt from the hand of Rupert, flung carelessly between a curse and a laugh; its coming entangled us more tightly in the net of circumstances. Then there arose in us that strange and overpowering desire of which I must tell later, filling us with a zeal to accomplish our purpose, and to force Mr. Rassendyll himself into the way we chose. Led by this star, we pressed on through the darkness, until at length the deeper darkness fell that stayed our steps. We also stand for judgment, even as she and he. So I will write; but I will write plainly and briefly, setting down what I must, and no more, yet seeking to give truly the picture of that time, and to preserve as long as may be the portrait of the man whose like I have not known. Yet the fear is always upon me that, failing to show him as he was, I may fail also in gaining an understanding of how he wrought on us, one and all, till his cause became in all things the right, and to seat him where he should be our highest duty and our nearest wish. For he said little, and that straight to the purpose; no high-flown words of his live in my memory. And he asked nothing for himself. Yet his speech and his eyes went straight to men's hearts and women's, so that they held their lives in an eager attendance on his bidding. Do I rave? Then Sapt was a raver too, for Sapt was foremost in the business.

At ten minutes to eight o'clock, young Bernenstein, very admirably and smartly accoutred, took his stand outside the main entrance of the castle. He wore a confident air that became almost a swagger as he strolled to and fro past the motionless

sentries. He had not long to wait. On the stroke of eight a gentleman, well-horsed but entirely unattended, rode up the carriage drive. Bernenstein, crying "Ah, it is the count!" ran to meet him. Rischenheim dismounted, holding out his hand to the young officer.

"My dear Bernenstein!" said he, for they were acquainted with one another.

"You're punctual, my dear Rischenheim, and it's lucky, for the king awaits you most impatiently."

"I didn't expect to find him up so soon," remarked Rischenheim.

"Up! He's been up these two hours. Indeed we've had the devil of a time of it. Treat him carefully, my dear Count; he's in one of his troublesome humors. For example—but I mustn't keep you waiting. Pray follow me."

"No, but pray tell me. Otherwise I might say something unfortunate."

"Well, he woke at six; and when the barber came to trim his beard there were—imagine it, Count!—no less than seven gray hairs. The king fell into a passion. 'Take it off,' he said. 'Take it off. I won't have a gray beard! Take it off!' Well, what would you? A man is free to be shaved if he chooses, so much more a king. So it's taken off."

"His beard!"

"His beard, my dear Count. Then, after thanking heaven it was gone, and declaring he looked ten years younger, he cried, 'The Count of Luzau-Rischenheim breakfasts with me to-day: what is there for breakfast?' And he had the *chef* out of his bed and— But, by heavens, I shall get into trouble if I stop here chattering. He's waiting most eagerly for you. Come along." And Bernenstein, passing his arm through the count's, walked him rapidly into the castle.

The Count of Luzau-Rischenheim was a young man; he was no more versed in affairs of this kind than Bernenstein, and it cannot be said that he showed so much aptitude for them. He was decidedly pale this morning; his manner was uneasy, and his hands trembled. He did not lack courage, but that rarer virtue, coolness; and the importance—or perhaps the shame—of his mission upset the balance of his nerves. Hardly noting where he went, he allowed Bernenstein to lead him quickly and directly towards the room where Rudolf Rassendyll was, not doubting that he was being conducted to the king's presence.

"Breakfast is ordered for nine," said

Bernenstein, "but he wants to see you before. He has something important to say; and you perhaps have the same?"

"I? Oh, no. A small matter; but—er—of a private nature."

"Quite so, quite so. Oh, I don't ask any questions, my dear Count."

"Shall I find the king alone?" asked Rischenheim nervously.

"I don't think you'll find anybody with him; no, nobody, I think," answered Bernenstein, with a grave and reassuring air.

They arrived now at the door. Here Bernenstein paused.

"I am ordered to wait outside till his Majesty summons me," he said in a low voice, as though he feared that the irritable king would hear him. "I'll open the door and announce you. Pray keep him in a good temper, for all our sakes." And he flung the door open, saying, "Sire, the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim has the honor to wait on your Majesty." With this he shut the door promptly, and stood against it. Nor did he move, save once, and then only to take out his revolver and carefully inspect it.

The count advanced, bowing low, and striving to conceal a visible agitation. He saw the king in his arm-chair; the king wore a suit of brown tweeds (none the better for being crushed into a bundle the night before); his face was in deep shadow, but Rischenheim perceived that the beard was indeed gone. The king held out his hand to Rischenheim, and motioned him to sit in a chair just opposite to him and within a foot of the window-curtains.

"I'm delighted to see you, my lord," said the king.

Rischenheim looked up. Rudolf's voice had once been so like the king's that no man could tell the difference, but in the last year or two the king's had grown weaker, and Rischenheim seemed to be struck by the vigor of the tones in which he was addressed. As he looked up, there was a slight movement in the curtains by him; it died away when the count gave no further signs of suspicion, but Rudolf had noticed his surprise: the voice, when it next spoke, was subdued.

"Most delighted," pursued Mr. Rassendyll. "For I am pestered beyond endurance about those dogs. I can't get the coats right. I've tried everything, but they won't come as I wish. Now, yours are magnificent."

"You are very good, sire. But I ventured to ask an audience in order to—"

"Positively you must tell me about the dogs. And before Sapt comes, for I want nobody to hear but myself."

"Your Majesty expects Colonel Sapt?"

"In about twenty minutes," said the king, with a glance at the clock on the mantelpiece.

At this Rischenheim became all on fire to get his errand done before Sapt appeared.

"The coats of your dogs," pursued the king, "grow so beautifully——"

"A thousand pardons, sire, but——"

"Long and silky, that I despair of——"

"I have a most urgent and important matter," persisted Rischenheim in agony.

Rudolf threw himself back in his chair with a peevish air.

"Well, if you must, you must. What is this great affair, Count? Let us have it over, and then you can tell me about the dogs."

Rischenheim looked round the room. There was nobody; the curtains were still; the king's left hand caressed his beardless chin; the right was hidden from his visitor by the small table that stood between them.

"Sire, my cousin, the Count of Hentzau, has entrusted me with a message."

Rudolf suddenly assumed a stern air.

"I can hold no communication, directly or indirectly, with the Count of Hentzau," said he.

"Pardon me, sire, pardon me. A document has come into the count's hands which is of vital importance to your Majesty."

"The Count of Hentzau, my lord, has incurred my heaviest displeasure."

"Sire, it is in the hopes of atoning for his offences that he has sent me here to-day. There is a conspiracy against your Majesty's honor."

"By whom, my lord?" asked Rudolf, in cold and doubting tones.

"By those who are very near your Majesty's person and very high in your Majesty's love."

"Name them."

"Sire, I dare not. You would not believe me. But your Majesty will believe written evidence."

"Show it me, and quickly. We may be interrupted."

"Sire, I have a copy——"

"Oh, a copy, my lord?" sneered Rudolf.

"My cousin has the original, and will forward it at your Majesty's command. A copy of a letter of her Majesty's——"

"Of the queen's?"

"Yes, sire. It is addressed to——" Rischenheim paused.

"Well, my lord, to whom?"

"To a Mr. Rudolf Rassendyll."

Now Rudolf played his part well. He did not feign indifference, but allowed his voice to tremble with emotion as he stretched out his hand and said in a hoarse whisper, "Give it me, give it me."

Rischenheim's eyes sparkled. His shot had told: the king's attention was his; the coats of the dogs were forgotten. Plainly he had stirred the suspicions and jealousy of the king.

"My cousin," he continued, "conceives it his duty to lay the letter before your Majesty. He obtained it——"

"A curse on how he got it! Give it me!"

Rischenheim unbuttoned his coat, then his waistcoat. The head of a revolver showed in a belt round his waist. He undid the flap of a pocket in the lining of his waistcoat, and he began to draw out a sheet of paper.

But Rudolf, great as his powers of self-control were, was but human. When he saw the paper, he leant forward, half rising from his chair. As a result, his face came beyond the shadow of the curtain, and the full morning light beat on it. As Rischenheim took the paper out, he looked up. He saw the face that glared so eagerly at him; his eyes met Rassendyll's: a sudden suspicion seized him, for the face, though the king's face in every feature, bore a stern resolution and witnessed a vigor that were not the king's. In that instant the truth, or a hint of it, flashed across his mind. He gave a half-articulate cry; in one hand he crumpled up the paper, the other flew to his revolver. But he was too late. Rudolf's left hand encircled his hand and the paper in an iron grip; Rudolf's revolver was on his temple; and an arm was stretched out from behind the curtain, holding another barrel full before his eyes, while a dry voice said, "You'd best take it quietly." Then Sapt stepped out.

Rischenheim had no words to meet the sudden transformation of the interview. He seemed to be able to do nothing but stare at Rudolf Rassendyll. Sapt wasted no time. He snatched the count's revolver and stowed it in his own pocket.

"Now take the paper," said he to Rudolf, and his barrel held Rischenheim motionless while Rudolf wrenched the precious document from his fingers. "Look

if it's the right one. No, don't read it through; just look. Is it right? That's good. Now put your revolver to his head again. I'm going to search him. Stand up, sir."

They compelled the count to stand up, and Sapt subjected him to a search that made the concealment of another copy, or of any other document, impossible. Then they let him sit down again. His eyes seemed fascinated by Rudolf Rassendyll.

"Yet you've seen me before, I think," smiled Rudolf. "I seem to remember you as a boy in Strelsau when I was there. Now tell us, sir, where did you leave this cousin of yours?" For the plan was to find out from Rischenheim where Rupert was, and to set off in pursuit of Rupert as soon as they had disposed of Rischenheim.

But even as Rudolf spoke there was a violent knock at the door. Rudolf sprang to open it. Sapt and his revolver kept their places. Bernenstein was on the threshold, open-mouthed.

"The king's servant has just gone by. He's looking for Colonel Sapt. The king has been walking in the drive, and learnt from a sentry of Rischenheim's arrival. I told the man that you had taken the count for a stroll round the castle, and I did not know where you were. He says that the king may come himself at any moment."

Sapt considered for one short instant; then he was back by the prisoner's side.

"We must talk again later on," he said, in low quick tones. "Now you're going to breakfast with the king. I shall be there, and Bernenstein. Remember, not a word of your errand, not a word of this gentleman! At a word, a sign, a hint, a gesture, a motion, as God lives, I'll put a bullet through your head, and a thousand kings shan't stop me. Rudolf, get behind the curtain. If there's an alarm you must jump through the window into the moat and swim for it."

"All right," said Rudolf Rassendyll. "I can read my letter there."

"Burn it, you fool."

"When I've read it I'll eat it, if you like, but not before."

Bernenstein looked in again. "Quick, quick! The man will be back," he whispered.

"Berenstein, did you hear what I said to the count?"

"Yes, I heard."

"Then you know your part. Now, gentlemen, to the king."

"Well," said an angry voice outside, "I wondered how long I was to be kept waiting."

Rudolf Rassendyll skipped behind the curtain. Sapt's revolver slipped into a handy pocket. Rischenheim stood with arms dangling by his side and his waistcoat half unbuttoned. Young Bernenstein was bowing low on the threshold, and protesting that the king's servant had but just gone, and that they were on the point of waiting on his Majesty. Then the king walked in, pale and full-bearded.

"Ah, Count," said he, "I'm glad to see you. If they had told me you were here, you shouldn't have waited a minute. You're very dark in here, Sapt. Why don't you draw back the curtains?" and the king moved towards the curtain behind which Rudolf was.

"Allow me, sire," cried Sapt, darting past him and laying a hand on the curtain.

A malicious gleam of pleasure shot into Rischenheim's eyes.

"In truth, sire," continued the constable, his hand on the curtain, "we were so interested in what the count was saying about his dogs——"

"By heaven, I forgot!" cried the king. "Yes, yes, the dogs. Now tell me, Count——"

"Your pardon, sire," put in young Bernenstein, "but breakfast waits."

"Yes, yes. Well, then, we'll have them together—breakfast and the dogs. Come along, Count." The king passed his arm through Rischenheim's, adding to Bernenstein, "Lead the way, Lieutenant; and you, Colonel, come with us."

They went out. Sapt stopped and locked the door behind him.

"Why do you lock the door, Colonel?" asked the king.

"There are some papers in my drawer there, sire."

"But why not lock the drawer?"

"I have lost the key, sire, like the fool I am," said the colonel.

The Count of Luzau-Rischenheim did not make a very good breakfast. He sat opposite to the king. Colonel Sapt placed himself at the back of the king's chair, and Rischenheim saw the muzzle of a revolver resting on the top of the chair just behind his Majesty's right ear. Bernenstein stood in soldierly rigidity by the door; Rischenheim looked round at him once and met a most significant gaze.

"You're eating nothing," said the king. "I hope you're not indisposed?"

"I am a little upset, sire," stammered Rischenheim, and truly enough.

"Well, tell me about the dogs while I eat, for I'm hungry."

Rischenheim began to disclose his secret. His statement was decidedly wanting in clearness. The king grew impatient.

"I don't understand," said he testily, and he pushed his chair back so quickly that Sapt skipped away, and hid the revolver behind his back.

"Sire—" cried Rischenheim, half rising. A cough from Lieutenant von Bernenstein interrupted him.

"Tell it me all over again," said the king.

Rischenheim did as he was bid.

"Ah, I understand a little better now. Do you see, Sapt?" and he turned his head round towards the constable. Sapt had just time to whisk the revolver away. The count leant forward towards the king. Lieutenant von Bernenstein coughed. The count sank back again.

"Perfectly, sire," said Colonel Sapt. "I understand all the count wishes to convey to your Majesty."

"Well, I understand about half," said the king with a laugh. "But perhaps that'll be enough."

"I think quite enough, sire," answered Sapt with a smile.

The important matter of the dogs being thus disposed of, the king recollected that the count had asked for an audience on a matter of business.

"Now, what did you wish to say to me?" he asked, with a weary air. The dogs had been more interesting.

Rischenheim looked at Sapt. The revolver was in its place; Bernenstein coughed again. Yet he saw a chance.

"Your pardon, sire," said he, "but we are not alone."

The king lifted his eyebrows.

"Is the business so private?" he asked.

"I should prefer to tell it to your Majesty alone," pleaded the count.

Now Sapt was resolved not to leave Rischenheim alone with the king, for, although the count, being robbed of his evidence, could do little harm concerning the letter, he would doubtless tell the king that Rudolf Rassendyll was in the castle. He leant now over the king's shoulder, and said with a sneer:

"Messages from Rupert of Hentzau are too exalted matters for my poor ears, it seems."

The king flushed red.

"Is that your business, my lord?" he asked Rischenheim sternly.

"Your Majesty does not know what my cousin——"

"It is the old plea?" interrupted the king. "He wants to come back? Is that all, or is there anything else?"

A moment's silence followed the king's words. Sapt looked full at Rischenheim, and smiled as he slightly raised his right hand and showed the revolver. Bernenstein coughed twice. Rischenheim sat twisting his fingers. He understood that, cost what it might, they would not let him declare his errand to the king or betray Mr. Rassendyll's presence. He cleared his throat and opened his mouth as if to speak, but still he remained silent.

"Well, my lord, is it the old story or something new?" asked the king impatiently.

Again Rischenheim sat silent.

"Are you dumb, my lord?" cried the king most impatiently.

"It—it is—only what you call the old story, sire."

"Then let me say that you have treated me very badly in obtaining an audience of me for any such purpose," said the king. "You knew my decision, and your cousin knows it." Thus speaking, the king rose; Sapt's revolver slid into his pocket; but Lieutenant von Bernenstein drew his sword and stood at the salute; he also coughed.

"My dear Rischenheim," pursued the king more kindly, "I can allow for your natural affection. But, believe me, in this case it misleads you. Do me the favor not to open this subject again to me."

Rischenheim, humiliated and angry, could do nothing but bow in acknowledgment of the king's rebuke.

"Colonel Sapt, see that the count is well entertained. My horse should be at the door by now. Farewell, Count. Bernenstein, give me your arm."

Bernenstein shot a rapid glance at the constable. Sapt nodded reassuringly. Bernenstein sheathed his sword and gave his arm to the king. They passed through the door, and Bernenstein closed it with a backward push of his hand. But at this moment Rischenheim, goaded to fury and desperate at the trick played on him—seeing, moreover, that he had now only one man to deal with—made a sudden rush at the door. He reached it, and his hand was on the door-knob. But Sapt was upon him, and Sapt's revolver was at his ear.

In the passage the king stopped.

"What are they doing in there?" he

asked, hearing the noise of the quick movements.

"I don't know, sire," said Bernenstein, and he took a step forward.

"No, stop a minute, Lieutenant; you're pulling me along!"

"A thousand pardons, sire."

"I hear nothing more now." And there was nothing to hear, for the two now stood dead silent inside the door.

"Nor I, sire. Will your Majesty go on?" And Bernenstein took another step.

"You're determined I shall," said the king with a laugh, and he let the young officer lead him away.

Inside the room, Rischenheim stood with his back against the door. He was panting for breath, and his face was flushed and working with excitement. Opposite to him stood Sapt, revolver in hand.

"Till you get to heaven, my lord," said the constable, "you'll never be nearer to it than you were in that moment. If you had opened the door, I'd have shot you through the head."

As he spoke there came a knock at the door.

"Open it," he said brusquely to Rischenheim. With a muttered curse the count obeyed him. A servant stood outside with a telegram on a salver. "Take it," whispered Sapt, and Rischenheim put out his hand.

"Your pardon, my lord, but this has arrived for you," said the man respectfully.

"Take it," whispered Sapt again.

"Give it me," muttered Rischenheim confusedly; and he took the envelope.

The servant bowed and shut the door.

"Open it," commanded Sapt.

"God's curse on you!" cried Rischenheim in a voice that choked with passion.

"Eh? Oh, you can have no secrets from so good a friend as I am, my lord. Be quick and open it."

The count began to open it.

"If you tear it up, or crumple it, I'll shoot you," said Sapt quietly. "You

know you can trust my word. Now read it."

"By God, I won't read it."

"Read it, I tell you, or say your prayers."

The muzzle was within a foot of his head. He unfolded the telegram. Then he looked at Sapt. "Read," said the constable.

"I don't understand what it means," grumbled Rischenheim.

"Possibly I may be able to help you."

"It's nothing but——"

"Read, my lord, read!"

Then he read, and this was the telegram:

"Holf, 19 Königstrasse."

"A thousand thanks, my lord. And—the place it's despatched from?"

"Strelsau."

"Just turn it so that I can see. Oh, I don't doubt you, but seeing is believing. Ah, thanks. It's as you say. You're puzzled what it means, Count?"

"I don't know at all what it means!"

"How strange! Because I can guess so well."

"You are very acute, sir."

"It seems to me a simple thing to guess, my lord."

"And pray," said Rischenheim, endeavoring to assume an easy and sarcastic air, "what does your wisdom tell you that the message means?"

"I think, my lord, that the message is an address."

"An address! I never thought of that. But I know no Holf."

"I don't think it's Holf's address."

"Whose, then?" asked Rischenheim, biting his nail, and looking furtively at the constable.

"Why," said Sapt, "the present address of Count Rupert of Hentzau."

As he spoke, he fixed his eyes on the eyes of Rischenheim. He gave a short, sharp laugh, then put his revolver in his pocket and bowed to the count.

"In truth, you are very convenient, my dear Count," said he.

* * * * *

(To be continued.)



SAMUEL L. CLEMENS, "MARK TWAIN."

A CHARACTER SKETCH BY ROBERT BARR.

THE world loves a label. It likes to classify its men and things, docket them, and arrange them nicely on its shelves, each in the proper place. This habit probably arises from the fact that, ever since the indiscretion of Adam, mankind has been compelled to make a living, and has found through long practice that method in business leads to success; therefore man has become a labeling animal, so inured to the vice that he carries it into provinces where it does not legitimately belong. Sometimes there drifts across the sea of life a man whom the world cannot fit into any of its prearranged pigeon-holes, and him it either ignores or turns upon and rends, perhaps crucifying him. The person who interferes with these labels is never popular, and is usually howled down when he tries to show that William Tell never existed, or that William Shakespeare's works were written by Bacon, or that Nero was a just and humane monarch, or that Solomon couldn't have been so wise as reported, otherwise he would not have been so frequently married. Therefore I expect little sympathy from the intelligent reader when I detach from Mark Twain the card with the word "humorist" written upon it in large characters, and venture to consider the man uninfluenced by the ready-made verdict of the label.

I do not know whether this magazine has reproduced the photograph of Mark Twain which I have before me as I write: the one taken by Alfred Ellis of London, which is, I believe, the latest; but if not, another will do as well, and I invite the reader's critical attention to it.* Any portrait of Mark Twain shows a strong face, worthy of serious study. The broad, intellectual brow, the commanding, penetrating eye, the firm, well-molded chin, give the world assurance of a man. Recently I had an opportunity of getting an opinion on this photograph; an opinion unbiassed by the label. I was traveling through France, and on the train made the acquaintance of a silk manufacturer of Lyons, who was as well versed

in men and their affairs as he was ignorant of books. Nevertheless, I was amazed to learn that he had never heard of Mark Twain, and, as I had merely mentioned the name, giving him no indication of what it signified, I took the photograph from my pocket, and handed it to the Frenchman.

"That is a good representation of him," I said, "and as you have seen most of the great personages of Europe, tell me what this man is."

He gazed intently at the picture for a few moments; then spoke: "I should say he was a statesman."

"Supposing you wrong in that, what would be your next guess?"

"If he is not a maker of history, he is perhaps a writer of it; a great historian, probably. Of course, it is impossible for me to guess accurately except by accident, but I use the adjective because I am convinced that this man is great in his line, whatever it is. If he makes silk, he makes the *best* silk."

"You couldn't improve on that if you tried a year. You have summed him up in your last sentence."

I am convinced that in Samuel L. Clemens America has lost one of its greatest statesmen; one of its most notable Presidents. If he had been born a little earlier, and if the storm-center of politics had been whirling a little further to the west forty years ago, it is quite conceivable that to-day we should be reverencing President Samuel Clemens as the man who, with firm hand on the tiller, steered his country successfully through the turbulent rapids that lay ahead of it, and that we might have known Abraham Lincoln only as a teller of funny stories. In this lies the glory of America, that in every State, perhaps in every county, we have an Abraham Lincoln, or a U. S. Grant, ready to act their parts, silently, honestly, and modestly, when grim necessity brushes aside the blatant incompetents whom, with a careless, optimistic confidence, we ordinarily put into high places. The world has now, without a single dissenting voice, elevated Lincoln to the highest pedestal a statesman can attain;

* The portrait of Mark Twain mentioned by Mr. Barr was reproduced as the frontispiece of the November number of McClure's.—EDITOR.

but the world has a short memory, and it forgets that at the first it strove with equal unanimity, East and West, on the continent of America no less than on the continent of Europe, to place the label "clown" on his back. I saw the other day a book of cartoons on the great President, taken from American and European sources, which strike the modern eye as little short of blasphemous. However, the paste never got time to dry, and the label did not stick.

Mr. Clemens was hardly so fortunate. In early life he conjured up the cap and bells, and the bells jingled a merry, golden tune. And now when he attempts to do a serious piece of work, the bells ring as they used to do in that somber play which Henry Irving has placed so effectively before us. Yet Fate made some effort to save Mark Twain from this canorous shadowing. The publishers had "The Innocents Abroad" all set up, printed, and bound for nearly two years, but were afraid to issue it, thinking it might not be popular, so different was it from anything they had ever seen before. It came forth at last practically under compulsion, for the indignant author gave them, in a telegraph message, the choice of publishing the book or appearing before the law courts. They took the former alternative, and the instant success of the volume stamped Mark Twain as the humorist of America, if not of the world. Thus it comes about that all of the multitudinous articles which have appeared since then upon the writer of this book have treated of him entirely as the funny man, and have ignored the fact that he has eminent qualities which are no less worthy of consideration.

I think I may claim with truth that I know Mr. Clemens somewhat intimately, and I have no hesitation in saying that, although I have as keen an appreciation of humor as the next man, humor is merely a small part of his mental equipment; perhaps the smallest part. You have but to look at the man to realize this. His face is the face of a Bismarck. I have always regarded him as the typical American, if there is such a person. If ever the eyes and the beak of the American eagle were placed into and on a man's face, Samuel L. Clemens is that man. In the first published description of him, written more than thirty years ago, Dr. Hingston says, "His eyes are light and twinkling." In the most recent article, Mr. Stead says: "His eyes are gray and kindly-looking."

They are kindly-looking, for the man himself is kindly, and naturally his eyes give some index of this, but their eagle-like, searching, penetrating quality seems to me their striking peculiarity. They are eyes that look into the future; that can read a man through and through. I should hate to do anything particularly mean and then have to meet the eyes of Mark Twain. I know I should be found out.

It is an achievement for a man once labeled to meet success outside of what the public consider to be his line. This Mark Twain has done. "The Prince and the Pauper" is certainly one of the very best historical novels that ever was written, and if it had not appeared, some popular books which might be mentioned would not now be in existence. "Joan of Arc" has been hailed by several of the most distinguished critics of Europe as a distinct gain to the serious literature of this country. In "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur" the author ran counter, not only to his own label, but to a labeled section of history. The age of Arthur has been labeled "sentimental," and the iconoclast who stirred it up with the inflexible crowbar of fact and showed under what hard and revolting conditions the ordinary man then existed, naturally brought upon himself the censure of the Slaves of the Label. But these are three books which, aside from their intrinsic interest, cause a man to think; and I hope that some day Mr. Clemens will turn his attention to American history and give us a volume or two which will be illuminating.

There is a popular idea that Mark Twain is an indolent man, but as a matter of fact, I never knew one who was so indomitably industrious. As he has said to me on more than one occasion, no man is indolent on a subject that absorbingly concerns him, and in his writing Mark Twain is indefatigable, destroying more manuscript that does not entirely satisfy him than probably any other writer. His endeavor is to get his sentences as perfect as possible when first written, and not to depend on after correction, either in manuscript or proof. In the construction of the sentence, in the careful selection of the exact word, he has the genius that consists in taking infinite pains. In theory he labors each day from eleven to four or half-past, and is content if he achieves 1,800 words; but in practice he is apt to work on and on unless somebody drags him away from his task, so completely does

he lose himself in what he is doing. On several occasions, when living near him on the continent of Europe, I have acted as his quitting-bell, and called in on him when it was time for him to cease working, so that we might take our pre-arranged walk together; but whether I interrupted him at four, or at five, or at six, or at seven, he generally said, "Is time up already? Just let me finish this sentence, and I'll be with you." Then, when he had forgotten me, I had usually to upset a chair or fall over a sofa to recall myself to his attention. If left entirely alone, he would break the record as far as a day's work is concerned. He cannot dictate, nor does he use a typewriter; a fountain-pen is his utmost concession to modernity. His handwriting is as legible as print, and he invariably uses note paper, which he tears off, sheet after sheet, after about 150 words have been written to the page.

Mr. Clemens is a most kindly man, and I have been amazed at the amount of time he wastes in writing letters of counsel or encouragement to utter strangers who have the brazen cheek to make this or that demand upon his energies; but as I was once one of those strangers myself, I cannot censure this practice with the emphasis it undoubtedly deserves—I am handicapped by my own guilt. As an instance of this, or perhaps I should say, as six instances, I now give some account of how he has obtained places for young men who desired to become journalists and who wrote to him invoking his aid in the furtherance of that ambition.

MARK TWAIN'S "SYSTEM" FOR FINDING EMPLOYMENT.

The strong common sense of Mr. Clemens must have struck every one who has been brought into contact with him, and I think the facts I here set down are proof of this faculty. It seems to me that his advice to would-be reporters is so good that it is a pity it should be given to individuals rather than to the general public, for it applies not to journalism alone, but to every department of effort. At the time the incidents were related to me, I put them down in my note-book, and I have endeavored to reproduce them as nearly as may be in Mr. Clemens's own words. Happily there is no time before this article appears to submit a proof to him, and so I cannot guarantee absolute accuracy; but on the other hand, I run no risk of having it vetoed and thus lost to

the world; and in apologizing to him, I beg to add the time-honored formula of journalism, that our columns are open to him should he desire to make any correction.

Mr. Clemens invented a "system" once; perhaps one might be allowed to call it a philosophy.

It was thirty-five years ago. He and Jim were cabin-mates in a new silver-mining camp away off in a corner of Nevada. They had spent weeks in vain prospecting; their money was about out; they found themselves compelled to throw their tools aside for a while and hunt up a salaried situation of one kind or another. When I say "they," I mean Jim; for he was of powerful build and stood a chance, whereas his partner was feeble and stood none. Jim went over into the valley where the quartz mills were, and tried to get a situation, but there was not a vacancy of any kind. Things looked dark for them. They sat around many hours, gloomily brooding and thinking. Then necessity, the mother of invention, came suddenly and unexpectedly to the help of the weaker comrade. A scheme was born to Clemens, a scheme founded upon a common foible of our human nature. He believed it would work, but thought he would not expose it to criticism and almost certain derision until he had privately tested it. Clemens said to Jim:

"Which mill would you rather have a situation in?"

"Oh, the Morning Star, of course; but they are full; there wasn't the least show there; I knew it before I went."

"Very well, I will go and see if they will give me a place. When I get it I will turn it over to you."

It was a sad time, but Jim almost smiled at the idea. He said:

"When you get it. It was well to put that in. If they've no place for me, what do you suppose they want with an arrested development like you?"

Jim was surprised when Clemens started. He had not supposed that his partner was in earnest.

Clemens arrived, and asked the foreman for work. It would have been natural for the foreman to laugh, but he was not the laughing-sort. He said promptly:

"All full!" and was turning away, but the young man said:

"I know that, but if you will let me tell you"—and Clemens went on and told him the project. He listened, a little impatiently at first, then tolerantly, and

finally sympathetically—yes, with even a distinct friendliness in his eye. When the youth had finished, the foreman said:

"All right, my boy. It is a queer notion, and rather unusual, I must say. Still, it's your own proposition, and if you are satisfied with it, shed your coat and begin."

At the end of a week Clemens was back at the cabin, pretty well worn out. Jim said:

"Why, how you look! What have you been doing?"

"Screening sand, sorting ore, feeding batteries, cleaning up amalgam, charging the pans, firing the retorts—oh, everything."

"Is that so? Did they give you a situation?"

"Yes."

"No!"

"Yes."

"What mill?"

"The Morning Star."

"What a lie!"

"It isn't. It's true. And I've arranged for you to take my place Monday. Steady situation as long as you like. And you'll get wages, too. I didn't."

The closing remark discloses the magic secret of Clemens's "system," and he has worked the scheme many times since. Compressed into a sentence, the gospel of the system is this: Almost any man will give you a situation if you are willing to work for nothing; the salary will follow presently; you have only to wait a little, and be patient.

This plan floated Clemens into journalism; then into book-making, and other diversions followed. After a while, candidates for places on the daily press and for admission to the magazines began to apply to him for help. This was in 1870. They wanted him to use his "influence." It was a pleasant phrase, "influence"—and debauched his honesty. He could not bring himself to come out and acknowledge that he hadn't any, so he did what all the new hands do: wrote notes of introduction and recommendation to editors, although he knew that the focus of an editor's literary judgment could not be altered by such futilities. His notes accomplished nothing, so he reformed and stopped writing them.

HOW THE "SYSTEM" HAS WORKED.

But the applications did not cease. Then the "system" tested eight years before, in

the mines, suggested itself, and he thought he would try it on these people. His first patient was a young stranger out West. He was blazingly anxious to become a journalist, and believed he had the proper stuff in him for the vocation; but he said he had no friends and no influence, and all his efforts to get work on newspapers had failed. He asked only the most moderate wages, yet he was always promptly snubbed, and could get no editor to listen to him. Clemens thought out a sermon for that young fellow, and in substance it was to this effect:—

Your project is unfair. The physician, the clergyman, the lawyer, the teacher, the architect, the sculptor, the painter, the engineer, all spend years and money in fitting themselves for their several professions, and none of them expects to be paid a penny for his services until his long apprenticeship is finished and his competency established. It is the same with the humbler trades. If you should go, equipped with your splendid ignorance, to the carpenter or the tinner or the shoemaker, and ask for a situation and wages, you would frighten those people; they would take you for a lunatic. And you would take me for a lunatic, if I should suggest that you go to them with such a proposition. Then why should you have the effrontery to ask an editor for employment and wages when you have served no apprenticeship to the trade of writing? And yet you are hardly to blame, for you have the rest of the world with you. It is a common superstition that a pen is a thing which—

However, never mind the rest; you get the idea. It was probably a good enough sermon, but Mr. Clemens has the impression that he did not send it. He did send a note, however, and it was to this effect:

"If you will obey my instructions strictly, I will get you a situation on a daily newspaper. You may select the paper yourself; also the city and State."

This note made the receiver glad. It made his heart bound. You could see it in his answer. It was the first time he had run across a Simon-pure benefactor of the old school. He promised, on honor, and gratefully, that whatever the instructions might be, he would not swerve from them a hair's breadth. And he named the journal of his choice. He chose high, too, but that was a good sign. Mr. Clemens framed the instructions and sent them, although he had an idea that they might dis-

appoint the applicant a little, but nothing was said about that.

Formula: (1) By a beneficent law of our human nature, every man is ready and willing to employ any young fellow who is honestly anxious to work—for nothing.

(2) A man once wanted to an employee and satisfied with him, is loath to part with him and give himself the trouble of breaking in a new man.

Let us practice upon these foibles.

Instructions: (1) You are to apply for work at the office of your choice.

(2) You are to go without recommendations. You are not to mention my name, nor any one's but your own.

(3) You are to say that you want no pay. That all you want is *work*; any kind of work—you make no stipulation; you are ready to sweep out, point the pencils, replenish the inkstands, hold copy, tidy up, keep the place in order, run errands—anything and everything; you are not particular. You are so tired of being idle that life is a burden to you; all you want is work and plenty of it. You do not want a pennyworth of remuneration. N. B.—You will get the place, whether the man be a generous one or a selfish one.

(4) You must not sit around and wait for the staff to find work for you to do. You must keep watch and find it for yourself. When you can't find it, invent it. You will be popular there pretty soon, and the boys will do you a good turn whenever they can. When you are on the street and see a thing that is worth reporting, go to the office and tell about it. By and by you will be allowed to put such things on paper yourself. In the morning you will notice that they have been edited, and a good many of your words left out—the very strongest and best ones, too. That will teach you to modify yourself. In due course you will drift by natural and sure degrees into daily and regular reporting, and will find yourself on the city editor's staff, without any one's quite knowing how or when you got there.

(5) By this time you have become necessary; possibly even indispensable. Still you are never to mention wages. That is a matter which will take care of itself; you must wait. By and by there will be a vacancy on a neighboring paper. You will know all the reporters in town by this time, and one or another of them will speak of you and you will be offered the place, at current wages. You will report this good fortune to your city editor,

and he will offer you the same wages, and you will stay where you are.

(6) Subsequently, whenever higher pay is offered you on another paper, you are not to take the place if your original employer is willing to keep you at a like price.

These instructions were probably not quite what the young fellow was expecting, but he kept his word, and obeyed them to the letter. He applied for the situation, and got it without trouble. He kept his adviser acquainted with the steps of his progress. He began in the general utility line, and moved along up. Within a month he was on the city editor's staff. Within another month he was offered a place on another paper—with wages. His own employers "called the hand," and he remained where he was. Within the next four years, his salary was twice raised by the same process. Then he was given the berth of chief editor on a great daily down South, and there he still was when Mr. Clemens last heard of him.

His next patient was another stranger who wanted to try journalism and could not get an opening. He was very much gratified when he was told to choose his paper and he would be given a situation on it. He was less gratified when he learned the terms. Still he carried them out, got the place he wanted, and has been a reporter ever since.

The third patient followed the rules, and at the end of a month was made a sort of assistant editor of the paper, and he was also put under wages without his asking it: not high wages, for it was not a rich or prominent paper, but as good as he was worth. Six months later he was offered the chief editorship of a new daily in another town—a paper to be conducted by a chairman and directors—moneyed, arrogant, small-fry politicians. Mr. Clemens told him he was too meek a creature for the place; that he would be bundled out of it without apology in three months, and tried to persuade him to stay where he was and where his employment would be permanent; but the glory of a chief editorship was too dazzling, the salary was extravagant, and he went to his doom. He lasted less than three months, and was then hustled out with contumely. That was twenty years ago. His spirit was wounded to the death probably, for he has never applied for a place since, and has never had one of any kind.

The fourth candidate was a stranger. He obeyed the rules, got the place he named, became a good reporter and very

popular, was presently put under a good salary voluntarily, and remained at his post a year. Then he disappeared, greatly regretted. His creditors will lynch him when they get him. Or maybe they will elect him mayor; there are enough of them to make it unanimous.

The fifth man followed the rules, and went up and up till he became chief editor, then down and down until he became a lawyer.

No. 6 was a fine success. He chose his paper, and followed the rules strictly. In fifteen years he has climbed from a general utility youth to the top, and is now chief leader writer on one of the most widely known and successful daily journals in the world. He has never served any but the one employer. The same man pays his large salary to-day who took him, an unknown youth at nothing-and-find-himself, fifteen years ago.

These are genuine cases, and Mr. Clemens stated them truthfully. There are others, but these are enough to show that the "system" is a practical one and is soundly based.

And not uncomplimentarily based, for I think it is fair to assume that its real strength does not lie so much in man's selfish disposition to get something for nothing, as in his inability to rebuff with an ungenerous "no" a young fellow who is asking a wholly harmless and unexacting favor of him.

Since the system has succeeded so well in finding openings in journalism, it may perhaps be trusted to open a way into nearly any calling in the list of industries. So it is offered with confidence to young men and women who want situations and are without friends and influence.

AN INCIDENT OF '49.

BY JAMES H. HOLMES.



N the early spring of 1849 there collected in camps on the Kansas River, near the Missouri line, men from many Western States, intending to take the overland route to California.

I joined a small party of these, made up for mutual protection while crossing the Plains. One member of our company was a young man who had left his Illinois home with a new, strong wagon, well loaded with everything deemed necessary to last him a year in the mines, and drawn by a pair of good horses. Of this team one had been a colt born and reared on his father's farm, and all its life the pet of the family.

For many weeks our journey was a delightful pleasure trip. The vast uninhabited country was strange, beautiful, and majestic. The pure air and exercise were exhilarating. Good appetites made our camp fare delicious. In high spirits we made our westward marches day by day. But when we had advanced several hundred miles, the horses of the Illinoisan began to show marks of the journey. In order to relieve them he cast away, from time to time, some of the heavier parts of their load. As we neared the Rocky Mountains, he found the wagon itself grown too

heavy for them; he therefore exchanged the staunch vehicle he had brought from home for one lighter and much easier-running than some preceding traveler had left behind, and transferred most of his effects. Two hundred miles further on he exchanged this for a yet smaller conveyance that he found abandoned. But before he reached Great Salt Lake one horse died, and he was compelled to leave the last wagon and all his goods, except what the surviving horse was able to carry on his back. This horse now was lamentably worn, barely a semblance of the colt that with gay antics had amused the owner and his loved ones in the old days at home.

We came to the Great Salt Lake desert. Even men with stout hearts and vigorous bodies had perished from heat, thirst, and weariness, in crossing this withering waste; and terribly fatal had it been to the beasts that they had brought with them. The route was strewn with bleaching bones until they became a guide to the traveler and made it impossible for him to lose his way.

At one point we came upon a pile of iron as high as a house, gathered from the wagons of travelers preceding us whose horses had perished. In this place of torment, from which each passer-by hur-

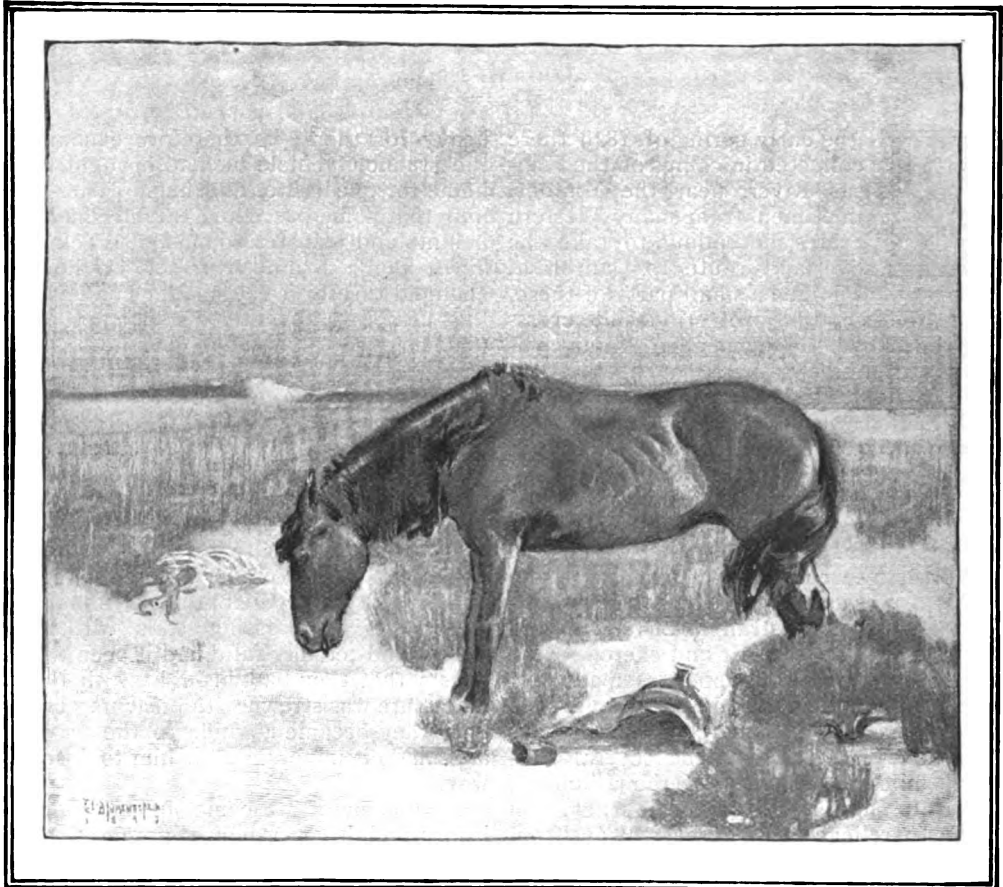
ried as he valued existence, half in pride of his achievement and half in sadness at his futile battle with dread nature, man after man had tarried long enough to contribute to this strange monument.

Having first taken a long, preparatory rest, we started one mid-afternoon to cross as much of the desert as possible during the night. We could carry but a scant supply of water, and only by covering all the distance possible while the sun was down could we hope to reach the water and grass beyond. After we entered on the last half of the passage, the Illinoisan's second horse failed until he could scarcely walk. The young man took the light pack from the horse's back and carried it himself, and, by frequent rests and calls of encouragement, tried, with infinite patience, to get him safely over. He succeeded in coaxing the poor animal along to within about six miles of the edge of the desert; then the horse stopped, completely exhausted, and no persuasion or force

could induce him to take another step. He stood with his head drooped low, feet wide apart, scarcely a spark of life, and none of spirit, left in him.

The owner was overcome with grief at being compelled to leave his favorite thus to die, and we were sad in sympathy with him. Himself almost exhausted, and with heavy heart, he trudged on through the deep sand.

The approach to water after such a journey is a scene not easily described. The realization that relief is near gradually dawns on the mind of man and beast, and they nerve themselves to a last effort. Their spirits revive, the pace increases, and all eyes are strained for a glimpse of the spot where the craved-for water is. We toil on for perhaps another hour. Then, the water coming into view, there begins a mad rush. The horses defy all efforts to guide them, and dash into the stream, threatening their burdens and themselves with destruction. Panting they



"He stood with his head drooped low."

stand there, and they refuse to move until they are satiated.

The morning after the passage found us fully refreshed from water, food, and sleep—all but the Illinoisan; he could only think of his horse. So oppressive did the thought become to him finally, that he determined to go back and, if yet possible, give the creature one last drink. In his condition it appeared most unlikely that he could walk so far over a road where at each step one sank ankle-deep in sand, much less carry a burden of water. We tried earnestly to dissuade him from what we considered a foolhardy act, but

nothing we could say changed his purpose. He borrowed a six-quart pail, filled it, and resolutely started. Slowly enough he traveled, and now and then he spilled some of the water; but finally he reached the horse. He found him standing motionless, as he had left him; he had not moved a step through the whole night. The water was now reduced to about two quarts. When the horse felt his nose wet by it, he gave a faint whinny, then opened his eyes and drank. In a short time he revived, started, and followed his master. With our shouts we welcomed them into camp.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY CHARLES A. DANA,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

III.

LIFE IN THE TRENCHES AT VICKSBURG AND THE MEN IN COMMAND.



THE day after writing Mr. Stanton this letter* on the generals of divisions and of brigades in the army which besieged Vicksburg, I wrote him a letter on the staff officers of the various corps.

Like its predecessor, this letter has never before been in print.

CAIRO, ILLINOIS, *July 13, 1863.*

Dear Sir:—In my letter of yesterday I accidentally omitted to notice General C. C. Washburn among the generals of division in Grant's army. It is true he has never commanded a division† nor, so far as I am aware, a brigade either, having generally been employed in command of expeditions, detachments, and

scattered bodies of cavalry. He is now in command of two of the divisions detached from the Sixteenth Army Corps: namely, that of Kimball and that of W. S. Smith; and, as I happen to know, is anxious to be put in command of an army corps, for which purpose it has been suggested that a new corps might be created out of these two divisions, with the addition of that of Lauman, also detached from the Sixteenth, or Herron. But I understand from General Grant that he is not favorable to any such arrangement. Washburn being one of the very youngest in rank of his major-generals, he intends to put him in command of a single division as soon as possible, in order that he may prove his fitness for higher commands by actual service and give no occasion for older soldiers to complain that he is promoted without regard to his merits.

I know Washburn very well, both as a politician and a military man, and I say frankly that he has better qualities for the latter than for the former function. He is brave, steady, respectable; receives suggestions, and weighs them carefully; is not above being advised, but acts with independence nevertheless. His judgment is good, and his vigilance sufficient. I have not seen him in battle, however, and cannot say how far he holds his mind there. I don't find in him, I am sorry to say, that effort to learn the military art which every commander ought to exhibit, no matter whether he has received a military

* The letter to which Mr. Dana here refers closed the installment of the reminiscences which appeared in the December number of this magazine.—EDITOR.

† Mr. Dana is in error here. For several months prior to the siege of Vicksburg Washburn had been in command of the cavalry division of the military district of Eastern Arkansas, some 3,300 effectives. He was a brother of Hon. Elihu B. Washburn, General Grant's great friend, and his promotion to a corps was likely, for that reason, to cause criticism. That is why Grant insisted that Washburn should earn his spurs. One of the brothers dropped the final "e" to the name, while the other retained it.—LESLIE J. PERRY.

education or not. Washburn's whole soul is not put into the business of arms, and for me that is an unpardonable defect. But he is a good man, and above the average of our generals; at least of those in Grant's command.

I now come to the staff organization and staff officers of this army, beginning, of course, with those connected with the head of the department. Grant's staff is a curious mixture of good, bad, and indifferent. As he is neither an organizer nor a disciplinarian himself, his staff is naturally a mosaic of accidental elements and family friends. It contains four working men, two who are able to accomplish their duties without much work, and several who either don't think of work, or who accomplish nothing, no matter what they undertake.

Lieutenant-Colonel Rawlins, Grant's assistant adjutant-general, is a very industrious, conscientious man, who never loses a moment and never gives himself any indulgence except swearing and scolding. He is a lawyer by profession, a townsman of Grant's, and has a great influence over him, especially because he watches him day and night, and whenever he commits the folly of tasting liquor, hastens to remind him that at the beginning of the war he gave him (Rawlins) his word of honor not to touch a drop as long as it lasted. Grant thinks Rawlins a first-rate adjutant, but I think this is a mistake. He is too slow, and can't write the English language correctly without a great deal of careful consideration. Indeed, illiterateness is a general characteristic of Grant's staff, and, in fact, of Grant's generals and regimental officers of all ranks.

Major Bowers, judge-advocate of Grant's staff, is an excellent man, and always finds work to do. Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, inspector-general, is a person of similar disposition. He is a captain of engineers in the regular army, and has rendered valuable services in that capacity. The fortifications of Haynes's Bluff were designed by him, and executed under his direction. His leading idea is the idea of duty, and he applies it vigorously, and often impatiently, to others. In consequence he is unpopular among all who like to live with little work. But he has remarkable talents and uncommon executive power, and will be heard from hereafter.

The quartermaster's department is under charge of Lieutenant-Colonel Bingham, who is one of those I spoke of as accomplishing much with little work. He is an invalid almost, and I have never seen him when he appeared to be perfectly well; but he is a man of first-rate abilities and solid character, and, barring physical weakness, up to even greater responsibilities than those he now bears.

The chief commissary, Lieutenant-Colonel Macfeely, is a jolly, agreeable fellow, who never seems to be at work; but I have heard no complaint of deficiencies in his department. On the contrary, it seems to be one of the most efficacious parts of this great machine.

Lieutenant-Colonel Kent, provost-marshal general, is a very industrious and sensible man, a great improvement on his predecessor, Colonel Hillyer, who was a family and personal friend of Grant's.

There are two aides-de-camp with the rank of colonel; namely, Colonel — and Colonel —, both personal friends of Grant's. — is a worthless, whisky-drinking, useless fellow. — is decent and gentlemanly, but neither of them is worth his salt, so far as service to the government goes. Indeed, in all my observation, I have never discovered the use of Grant's aides-de-camp at all. On the battlefield he sometimes sends orders by them, but everywhere else they are idle loafers. I sup-

pose the army would be better off if they were all suppressed, especially the colonels.

Grant has three aides with the rank of captain. Captain Ross is a relative of Mrs. Grant.* He has been a stage driver, and violates English grammar at every phrase. He is of some use, for he attends to the mails. Captain Audenried is an elegant young officer of the regular cavalry. He rides after the general when he rides out. The rest of the time he does nothing at all. Captain Badeau, wounded at Port Hudson since he was attached to Grant's staff, has not yet reported. I must not omit the general medical staff of this army. It is in bad order. Its head, Dr. Mills, is impracticable, earnest, quarrelsome. He was relieved several weeks since, but Grant likes him, and kept him on till the fall of Vicksburg. In this he was right, no doubt, for a change during the siege would have been troublesome. The change, I presume, will now be made. It must be for the better.

The office of chief of artillery on the general staff I had forgotten, as well as that of chief engineer. The former is occupied by Lieutenant-Colonel Duff of the Second Illinois Artillery. He is unequal to the position, not only because he is disqualified by sickness, but because he does not sufficiently understand the management of artillery. The siege suffered greatly from his incompetence. General Grant knows, of course, that he is not the right person; but it is one of his weaknesses that he is unwilling to hurt the feelings of a friend, and so he keeps him on.

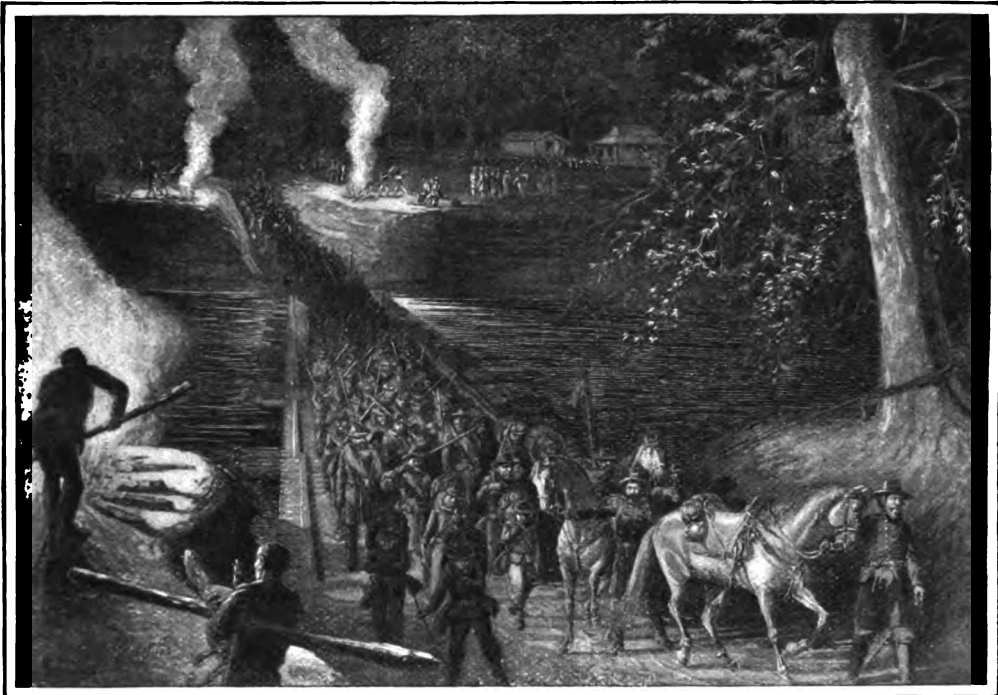
The chief engineer, Captain Comstock, is an officer of great merit. He has, too, what his predecessor, Captain Prime, lacked, a talent for organization. His accession to the army will be the source of much improvement.

If General Grant had about him a staff of thoroughly competent men, disciplinarians and workers, the efficacy and fighting quality of his army would soon be much increased. As it is, things go too much by hazard and by spasms; or, when the pinch comes, Grant forces through, by his own energy and main strength, what proper organization and proper staff officers would have done already.

The staff of the Thirteenth Corps was formed by General McClernand. The acting adjutant-general, Lieutenant-Colonel Scates, is a man about fifty-five or sixty years old; he was a judge in Illinois, and left an honored and influential social position to serve in the army. General Ord speaks in high terms of him as an officer. The chief of artillery, Colonel —, is an ass. The chief quartermaster, Lieutenant-Colonel Dunlap, General McClernand's father-in-law, lately resigned his commission. He was incompetent, and is said to have been dishonest. Our commission here at Cairo last summer reported facts that proved him to have been the former; of the charges of stealing I know nothing. His successor has not yet been appointed. The chief commissary, Lieutenant-Colonel Taggart, is a fussy fellow, who, with much show, accomplishes but little. General McClernand's aides went away with him or are absent on leave. Not a man of them is worth having. The engineer on his staff, Lieutenant Hains, is an industrious and useful officer. The medical director, Dr. Hammond, had just been appointed.

In the Fifteenth Corps staff all have to be working men, for Sherman tolerates no idlers and finds something for everybody to do. If an officer proves unfit for his position, he shifts him to some other place. Thus his adjutant, Lieutenant-Colonel Hammond, a restless Kentuckian, kept everything in a row as

* Mr. Dana was mistaken here: Captain Ross was a relative of General Grant.—EDITOR.



GENERAL SHERMAN'S CORPS CROSSING THE BIG BLACK RIVER ON THE NIGHT OF MAY 17-18, 1863.

From a drawing made by James E. Taylor at the order and under the supervision of General Sherman. (The painting now hangs in the ante-room of the headquarters of the army in the War Department.) In the rapid advance in pursuit of Pemberton part of Sherman's corps marched from Jackson to Bridgeport, on Big Black River, thirty-five miles by road, in a little over twenty-four hours. During the afternoon of May 17th the enemy was shelled out of his field-works on the opposite bank, a pontoon bridge thrown across, and by daybreak of the 18th of May the two divisions were over and pushing out towards Vicksburg.

long as he remained in that office. Sherman has accordingly made him inspector-general, and during the last two months has kept him constantly employed on scouting parties. In his place as adjutant is Captain Sawyer, a quiet, industrious, efficient person. The chief of artillery, Major Taylor, directed by Sherman's omnipresent eye and quick judgment, is an officer of great value, though under another general he might not be worth so much. The chief engineer, Captain Pitzman, wounded about July 15th, is a man of merit, and his departure was a great loss to the regular ranks. General Sherman has three aides-de-camp, Captain McCoy, Captain Dayton, and Lieutenant Hill; and, as I have said, neither of them holds a sinecure office. His medical director, Dr. McMillan, is a good physician, I believe; he has been in a constant contention with Dr. Mills. The quartermaster, Lieutenant Colonel J. C. Smith, is a most efficient officer; he has been doing duty as commissary also.

On the whole, General Sherman has a very small and very efficient staff; but the efficiency comes mainly from him. What a splendid soldier he is!

The staff of the Seventeenth Army Corps is the most complete, the most numerous, and in some respects the most serviceable in this army.

The adjutant-general, Lieutenant-Colonel Clark, is a person of uncommon quickness, is always at work, and keeps everything in his department in first-rate order. The inspector-general, Lieutenant-Colonel Strong, does his duties with promptness and thoroughness; his reports are models. The chief of

artillery, Lieutenant-Colonel Powell, thoroughly understands his business, and attends to it diligently. The provost-marshal general, Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, is a judicious and industrious man. Both the quartermaster and commissary are new men, captains, and I do not know them; but McPherson speaks highly of them. The medical director, Dr. Boucher, has the reputation of keeping his hospitals in better order and making his reports more promptly and satisfactorily than any other medical officer in this army. General McPherson has four aides-de-camp: Captain Steele, Captain Gile, Lieutenant Knox, and Lieutenant Vernay. The last of these is the best, and Captain Steele is next to him. The engineer officer, Captain Hickenlooper, is a laborious man, quick, watchful, but not of great capacity. The picket officer, Major Willard, whom I accidentally name last, is a person of unusual merit.

In the staffs of the division and brigadier-generals I do not now recall any officer of extraordinary capacity. There may be such, but I have not made their acquaintance. On the other hand, I have made the acquaintance of some who seemed quite unfit for their places. I must not omit, however, to speak here of Captain Tresilian, engineer on the staff of Major-General Logan. His general services during the siege were not conspicuous, but he deserves great credit for constructing the wooden mortars which General McPherson used near its close with most remarkable effect. Both the idea and the work were Tresilian's.

Very possibly you may not wish to go through this mass of details respecting so many officers of in-

ferior grades, upon whose claims you may never be called to pass judgment. But if you care to read them here they are.

I remain, dear sir,

Yours, very faithfully,

C. A. DANA.

MR. STANTON.

LIFE BEHIND VICKSBURG.

We had not been many days in the rear of Vicksburg before we settled into regular habits. The men were detailed in reliefs for work in the trenches, and being relieved at fixed hours, everybody seemed to lead a systematic life.

My chief duty throughout the siege was a daily round through the trenches, generally with the corps commander or some one of his staff. As the lines of investment were six or seven miles long, it occupied the greater part of my day: sometimes I made a portion of my tour of inspection in the night. One night in riding through the trenches I must have passed 20,000 men asleep on their arms. I still can see the grotesque positions into which they had curled themselves. The trenches were so protected that there was no danger in riding through them. It was not so safe to venture on the hills overlooking Vicksburg. I went on foot and alone one day to the top of a hill, and was looking at the town, when I suddenly heard something go whizz, whizz, by my ear. "What in the world is that?" I asked myself. The place was so desolate that it was an instant before I could believe that these were bullets intended for me. When I came to understand it I immediately started to lie down. Then came the question, Which is the best way to lie down? If I lay at right angles to the enemy's line the bullets from the right and left might strike me; if I lay parallel to it, then those directly from the front might hit me. So I concluded it made no difference which way I lay. After I had remained quiet for a time the bullets ceased, and I left the hill-top. I was more cautious in the future in venturing beyond cover.

Through the entire siege I lived in General Grant's headquarters, which were on a high bluff point northeast of Sherman's extreme left. I had a tent to myself, and on the whole was very comfortable. We never lacked an abundance of provisions. There was good water, enough even for the bath, and we suffered very little from excessive heat. The only serious annoyance was the cannonade from our whole line, which from the first of June went on steadily by night as well as by day. The

following bit from a letter I wrote on June 2d to my little daughter tells something of my situation:

It is real summer weather here, and after coming in at noon to-day from my usual ride through the trenches, I was very glad to get a cold bath in my tent before dinner. I like living in tents very well, especially if you ride on horseback all day. Every night I sleep with one side of the tent wide open and the walls put up all around to get plenty of air. Sometimes I wake up in the night and think it is raining, the wind roars so in the tops of the great oak forest on the hillside where we are encamped; and I think it is thundering till I look out and see the golden moonlight in all its glory, and listen again and know that it is only the thunder of General Sherman's great guns, that neither rest nor let others rest by night or by day.

Living at headquarters as I did, I soon became intimate with Grant, not only knowing every one of his operations while it was still but an idea, but studying its execution on the spot. Grant was an uncommon fellow—the most modest, the most disinterested, and the most honest man I ever knew, with a temper that nothing could disturb and a judgment that was judicial in its comprehensiveness and wisdom. Not a great man, except morally; not an original or brilliant man, but sincere, thoughtful, deep, and gifted with courage that never faltered; when the time came to risk all, he went in like a simple-hearted, unaffected, unpretending hero, whom no ill omens could deject and no triumph unduly exalt. A social, friendly man, too, fond of a pleasant joke and also ready with one; but, above all, fond of a long chat of an evening and ready to sit up with you all night talking in the cool breeze in front of his tent. Not a man of sentimentality, not demonstrative in friendship, but always holding to his friends, and just even to the enemies he hated.

After Grant, I spent more time at Vicksburg with his assistant adjutant-general, Lieutenant-Colonel Rawlins, and with Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, than with anybody else. Rawlins was one of the most valuable men in the army, in my judgment. He had but a limited education, which he had picked up at the neighborhood school and in Galena, Illinois, near which place he was born and where he had worked himself into the law; but he had a very able mind, clear, strong, and not subject to hysterics. He bossed everything at Grant's headquarters. Rawlins possessed very little respect for persons, and his style of conversation was rough; I have heard him curse at Grant when, according to his judgment, the general was doing some-



ADMIRAL DAVID DIXON PORTER. BORN IN 1813; DIED IN 1891.

Chester, Pennsylvania, is the birthplace of Admiral Porter. He entered the United States Navy as midshipman in 1829, serving in the Mediterranean and Brazilian waters and throughout the Mexican War. In the Civil War he was commander of a fleet first in the Western waters and afterwards in the North Atlantic. His great exploits were aiding Farragut to capture New Orleans, running the batteries at Vicksburg, and the capture of Fort Fisher in January, 1865. He received four votes of thanks from Congress during the War. In 1866 he was appointed vice-admiral, and in 1870 Admiral of the Navy. He wrote several volumes.

thing that he thought he had better not do. But he was entirely devoted to his duty, with the clearest judgment, and perfectly fearless. Without him Grant would not have been the same man. Rawlins was essentially a good man, though he was one of the most profane men I ever knew; there was no guile in him—he was as upright and as genuine a character as I ever came across.

Wilson I had first met at Milliken's Bend, where he was serving as chief topographical engineer and assistant inspector-general of the Army of the Tennessee. He was a brilliant man intellectually, highly educated, and thoroughly companionable. We became warm friends at once, and were together a great deal throughout the war. Rarely did Wilson go out on a specially interesting tour

of inspection that he did not invite me to accompany him, and I never failed, if I were at liberty, to accept his invitations. Much of the exact information about the condition of the works which I was able to send to Mr. Stanton, Wilson put in my way.

GRANT'S EFFORT TO SECURE REINFORCEMENTS.

We were no sooner in position behind Vicksburg than Grant saw that he must have reinforcements. Joe Johnston was hovering near, working with energy to collect forces sufficient to warrant an attempt to relieve Vicksburg. He eventually gathered an army behind Grant of about 25,000 men. This made it necessary to keep more troops in our rear, facing the other way, than could well be spared from siege operations, and therefore Grant ordered down from Tennessee, and elsewhere in his own department, all available forces. He also sent a personal request to General Banks, then before Port Hudson, for reinforcements. Banks was Grant's senior, and commanded an independent department; of him Grant could only make a request.

As no reply came from Banks, I started myself on the 30th for Port Hudson, at Grant's desire, to urge that the reinforcements be furnished.

The route used for getting out from the rear of Vicksburg at that time was through the Chickasaw Bayou into the Yazoo and thence into the Mississippi. From the mouth of the Yazoo I crossed the Mississippi to Young's Point, and from there went overland across the peninsula to get a gunboat at a point south of Vicksburg. As we were going down the river we met a steamer just above Grand Gulf bearing one of the previous messengers whom Grant had sent to Banks. He was bringing word that Banks could send no forces; on the other hand, he asked reinforcements from Grant to aid in his siege of Port Hudson, which he had closely invested. This news, of course, made my trip unnecessary, and I returned at once to headquarters, having been gone not over twenty-four hours.

As soon as this news came from Banks I sent an urgent appeal to Mr. Stanton to hurry forward reinforcements sufficient to make success beyond all peradventure. The government was not slow to appreciate Grant's needs. Early in June I received the following despatch from Mr. Stanton:

WAR DEPARTMENT, June 5, 1863.

C. A. DANA, ESQ., Grant's Headquarters, near Vicksburg:

Your telegrams up to the 30th have been received. Everything in the power of this government will be put forth to aid General Grant. The emergency is not underrated here. Your telegrams are a great obligation, and are looked for with deep interest. I cannot thank you as much as I feel for the service you are now rendering. You have been appointed an assistant adjutant-general, with rank of major, with liberty to report to General Grant if he needs you. The appointment may be a protection to you. I shall expect daily reports if possible.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

My appointment as assistant adjutant-general was Stanton's own idea. He was by nature a very anxious man. When he realized from my telegrams that I was going every day on expeditions into dangerous territory he was at once alarmed lest I be caught by the Confederates; for as I was a private citizen, it would have been difficult to exchange me. If I were in the regular volunteer service as an assistant adjutant-general, however, there would be no trouble about an exchange; hence my appointment.

DIVERSIONS OF LIFE BEHIND VICKSBURG.

These trips which caused Mr. Stanton so much anxiety were the chief variations from my business of watching the siege. Among the most interesting I made were those to inspect the operations against the enemy who was trying to shut us in from the rear beyond the Big Black. His heaviest force was to the northeast. On June 6th the reports from Satartia, our advance up the Yazoo, were so unsatisfactory that Grant decided to examine the situation there himself. That morning he said to me at breakfast:

"Mr. Dana, I am going to Satartia to-day; would you like to go along?"

I said I would, and we were soon on horseback, riding with a cavalry guard to Haynes's Bluff, where we took a small steamer reserved for Grant's use and carrying his flag. Grant was ill, and went to bed soon after he started. We had gone up the river to within two miles of Satartia, when we met two gunboats coming down. Seeing the General's flag, the officers in charge of the gunboats came aboard our steamer and asked where the General was going. I told them to Satartia.

"Why," said they, "it will not be safe. Kimball [our advance was under the charge of Brigadier-General Nathan Kim-

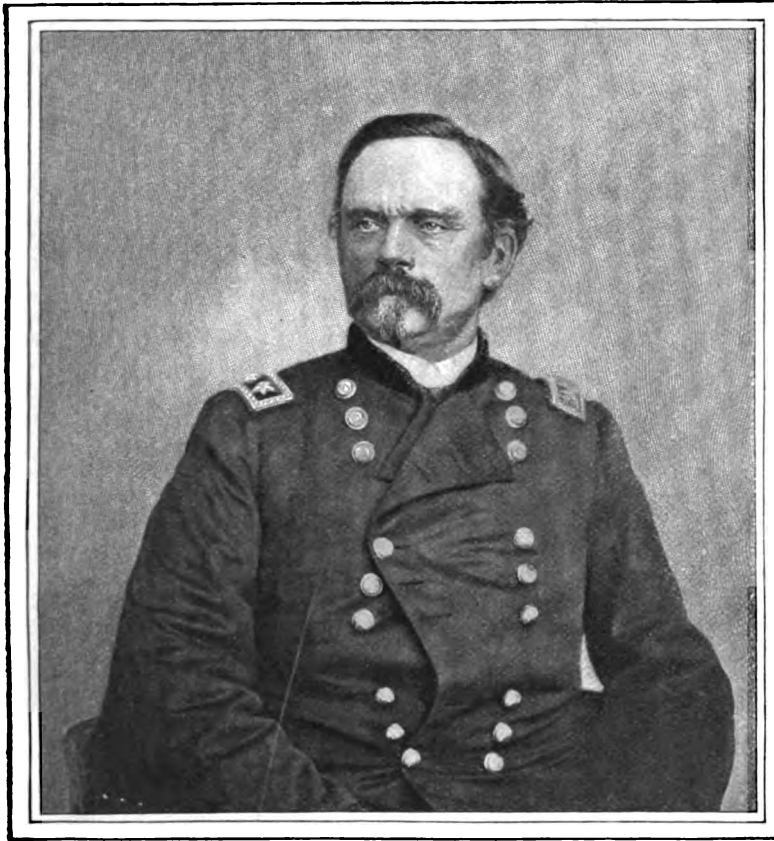
ball, Third Division, Sixteenth Army Corps] has retreated from there, and is sending all his supplies to Haynes's Bluff. The enemy is probably in the town now."

I told them Grant was sick and asleep and that I did not want to waken him. They insisted that it was unsafe to go on and that I would better call the General,

He did not complain, but as he was short of officers at that point, he asked me to go with a party of cavalry towards Mechanicsburg to find if it was true, as reported, that Joe Johnston was advancing from Canton to the Big Black. We had a long hard ride, not getting back to Vicksburg until the morning of the 8th.

The country was like all the rest around Vicksburg—broken, wooded, unpopulous, with bad roads and few streams. It still had many cattle, but the corn was pretty thoroughly cleared out. We found that Johnston had not moved his main force as rumored, and that he could not move it without bringing all his supplies with him.

Soon after this Sherman was ordered to the northeast to watch Johnston. He went into camp on Bear Creek, about fifteen miles from Vicksburg. I went up there several times to visit him, and always came away enthusiastic over his qualities as a soldier. His amazing activity and vigilance pervaded his entire



GENERAL PETER J. OSTERHAUS. BORN IN 1820.

A German by birth, Osterhaus was educated for the Prussian army, in which he became an officer. He emigrated to the United States, and when the war broke out entered the service as major of Missouri volunteers, serving with Frémont; under Grant in the Vicksburg siege and the operations at Chattanooga; and under Sherman in the Atlanta campaign, the march through Georgia, and the campaign in the Carolinas. Before the war was over he had been promoted to the rank of major-general. On being mustered out of the service in 1866 he was made United States consul at Lyons, France.

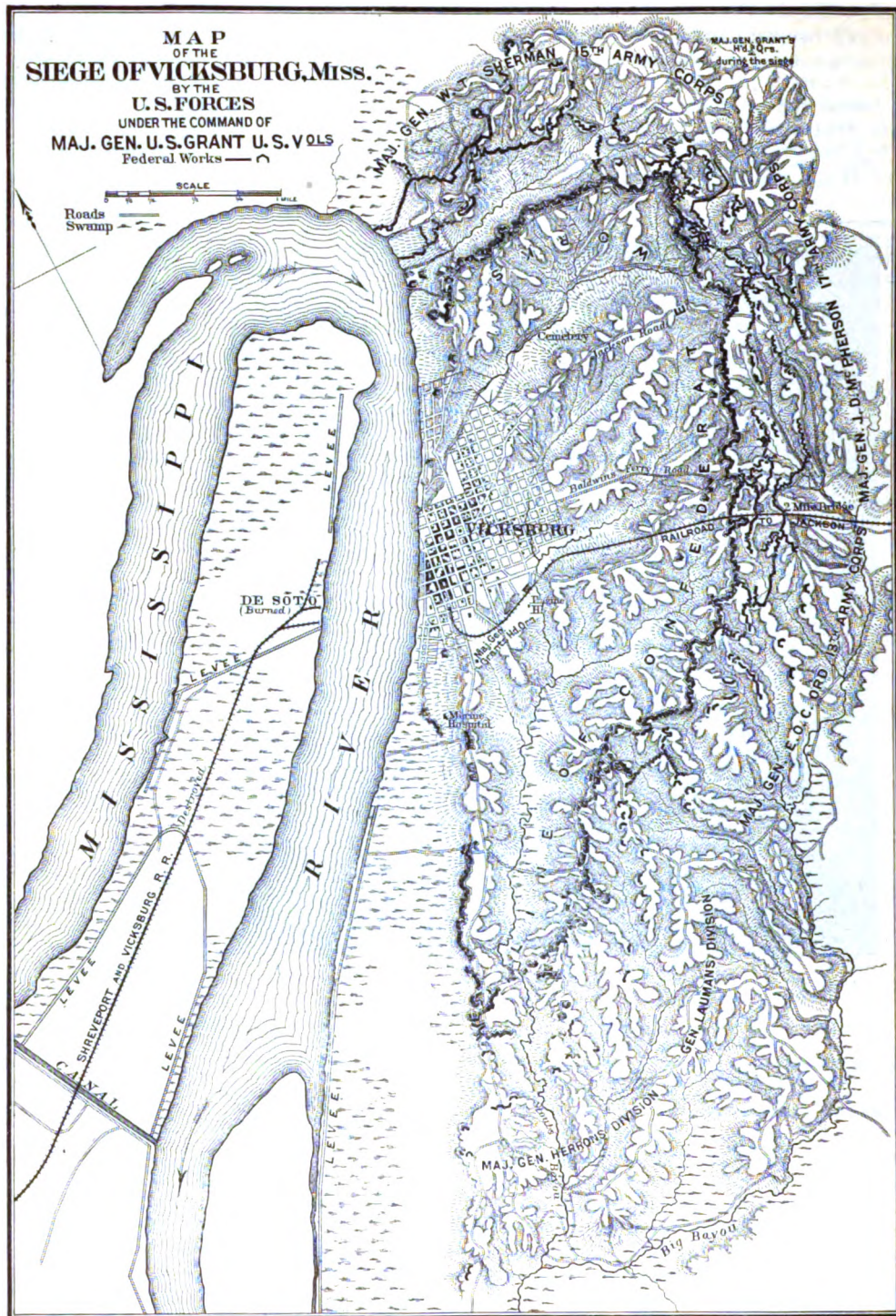
and finally I did so, but he was too sick to decide.

"I will leave it with you, Mr. Dana," he said. I immediately said we would go back to Haynes's Bluff, which we did.

The next morning Grant came out to breakfast fresh as a rose, clean shirt and all, quite himself. "Well, Mr. Dana," he said, "I suppose we are at Satartia now."

"No, General," I said, "we are at Haynes's Bluff." And I told him what had happened.

force. The country where he had encamped was exceedingly favorable for defense; and he had occupied the commanding points, opened rifle-pits wherever they would add to his advantage, obstructed the cross roads and most of the direct roads also, and ascertained every point where the Big Black could be forded between the line of Benton on the north and the line of railroads on the south. By his rapid movements, also, and by thus widely deploying on all the ridges and



open headlands, Sherman produced the impression that his forces were ten times as numerous as they really were. He remained in his camp on Bear Creek through

the rest of the siege, in order to prevent any possible attack by Joe Johnston, the reports about whose movements continued to be contradictory and uncertain.

THE FLEET ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

Another variation in my Vicksburg life was visiting Admiral Porter, who commanded the fleet which hemmed in the city on the river side. Porter was a very active, courageous, fresh-minded man and an experienced naval officer, and I enjoyed the visits I made to his fleet. His boats were pretty well scattered, for the Confederates west of the Mississippi were pressing in and unless watched might manage to cross somewhere.

The most serious attack from the west during the siege was that on June 7th, when a force of some two thousand Confederates engaged about one thousand negro troops defending Milliken's Bend. This engagement became famous from the conduct of the negro troops. General E. S. Dennis, who saw the battle, told me that it was the hardest fought engagement he had ever seen. It was fought mainly hand to hand. After it was over many men were found dead with bayonet stabs, and others with their skulls broken open by butts of muskets. "It is impossible," said General Dennis, "for men to show greater gallantry than the negro troops in that fight."

The bravery of the blacks in the battle at Milliken's Bend completely revolutionized the sentiment of the army with regard to the employment of negro troops. I heard prominent officers who formerly in private had sneered at the idea of the negroes fighting express themselves after that as heartily in favor of it. Among the Confederates, however, the feeling was very different. All the reports which came to us showed that both citizens and soldiers on the Confederate side manifested great dismay at the idea of our arming negroes. They said that such a policy was certain to be followed by insurrection with all its horrors.

PROGRESS OF THE SIEGE.

Although Joe Johnston on the east and the rumors of invasion by Kirby Smith on the west compelled constant attention, the real work behind Vicksburg was always that of the siege. No amount of outside alarm loosened Grant's hold on the rebel stronghold. It went on steadily and effectively. By June 10th the expected reinforcements began to report. Grant soon had 80,000 men around Vicksburg. The effect was marked; we even be-

gan to receive encouraging reports from within Vicksburg. Deserters said that the garrison was worn out and hungry; besides, the defense had for some time been conducted with extraordinary feebleness, which Grant thought was due either to the deficiency of ammunition, or exhaustion and depression in the garrison, or to their retirement to an inner line of defense.

These reports from within the town, as well as the progress of the siege and the arrival of reinforcements, pointed so strongly to the speedy surrender of the place that I asked Mr. Stanton in my despatch of June 14th to please inform me by telegram whether he wished me to go to General Rosecrans after the fall of Vicksburg or whether he had other orders for me.

VICKSBURG WAKES UP.

The next day after this letter, however, the enemy laid aside his long-standing inactivity and opened violently with both artillery and musketry. Two mortars which the Confederates got into operation that day particularly interested our generals. I remember going with a party of some twenty officers, including Sherman, McPherson, and Wilson, to the brow of a hill on McPherson's front to watch this battery with our field glasses. From where we were we could study the whole operation. We saw the shell start from the mortar, sail slowly through the air towards us, fall to the ground and explode, digging out a hole which looked like a crater. I remember one of these craters which must have been nine feet in diameter. As you watched a shell coming you could not tell whether it would fall a thousand feet away or by your side. Yet nobody budged. The men sat there on their horses, their reins loose, studying and discussing the work of the batteries, apparently indifferent to the danger. It was very interesting as a study of human steadiness.

THE ARTILLERY ASSAULT OF JUNE 30TH.

By the middle of June our lines were so near the enemy's on Sherman's and McPherson's front that General Grant began to consider another general assault. The chief difficulty in the way was that McClelland's lines were too backward. This obstacle was soon removed, for on the 18th of June McClelland was relieved and General Ord put into his place. The

immediate cause of McClernand's removal was a congratulatory address to the Thirteenth Army Corps which he had fulminated in May, and which first reached the besieging army in a copy of the Missouri "Democrat." In this address McClernand claimed for himself most of the glory of the campaign, reaffirmed that on May 22d he had held two rebel forts for several hours, and imputed to other officers and troops failure to support him in their possession, which must have resulted in the capture of the town, etc. Though this congratulatory address was the occasion of McClernand's removal, it was not the cause of it. That dated further back. The cause, as I understood it at the time, was his repeated disobedience of important orders, his general unfortunate mental disposition, and his palpable incompetence for the duties of his position. I

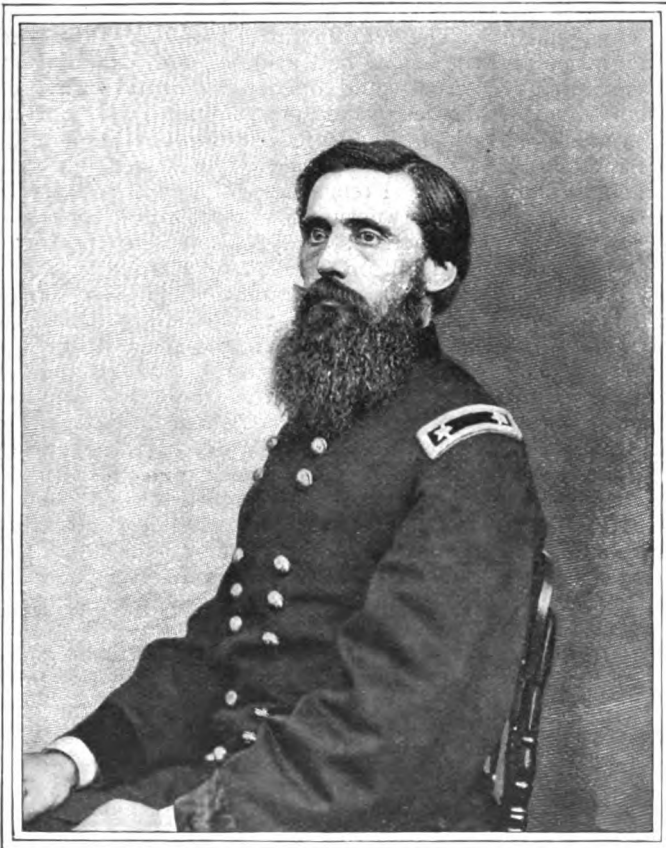
learned in private conversation that in General Grant's judgment it was necessary that McClernand should be removed for the reason, above all, that his bad relations with other corps commanders, especially Sherman and McPherson, rendered it impossible that the chief command of the army should devolve upon him as the senior major-general, as it would have done were General Grant disabled, without some pernicious consequence to the cause.

Two days after McClernand's removal Grant began, at four o'clock in the morning, an artillery attack in which about 200 cannons were engaged. The assault lasted about six hours, but accomplished almost nothing. During the firing no Confederates were visible, nor was any reply made to our artillery. Their musketry fire also

amounted to nothing. Of course, some damage was done to the buildings of the town by our concentrated cannonade, but we could not tell whether their mills, foundry, or store-houses were destroyed. Their rifle-pits and earth-works were, of course, little injured.

McPHERSON SPRINGS A MINE.

After the artillery attack on the 20th, the next exciting incident of the siege was the springing of a mine by McPherson. Directly in front of his position the enemy had a great fort which was regarded as the key of their line. As soon as McPherson had gotten into position behind Vicksburg, he had begun to run trenches towards this fort, under which he subsequently tunneled, hoping that by an explosion he would open it to our occupation. After a month's labor he had his mine ready and charged with 1,200 pounds of gunpowder. About four o'clock of



GENERAL JOHN A. RAWLINS. BORN IN 1831; DIED IN 1869.

Grant first knew Rawlins at Galena, Illinois, near which place the latter was born and where he had raised himself, in spite of poverty, to the rank of a respectable lawyer. He was a Douglas Democrat and a strong Union man. When Grant was promoted to brigadier-general he asked Rawlins to become a member of his staff, with the rank of captain. Rawlins joined Grant in September, 1861, at Cairo, became his assistant adjutant-general, and finally his chief of staff, remaining with him to the end. He was promoted to brigadier-general August 11, 1863, and brigadier-general and chief of staff of the United States Army March 5, 1865. Grant, as President, made him Secretary of War March 11, 1869. He died September 6, 1869.

the afternoon of June 25th the mine was sprung. The explosion was terrific, forming a crater fully thirty-five feet in diameter; but it did not open the fort. There still remained between the new ground which we had won by the explosion and the fort an ascent so steep that an assault was practically impossible. From this point a desperate attempt was made, however, to gain ground which would be of practical value. The fight was kept up with fury for several days, but we were never able either to plant a battery or open a rifle-pit there.

Eventually McPherson completed a new mine, which he exploded on the first day of July. Many Confederates were killed, and six were thrown over into our lines by the explosion. They were all dead but one, a negro, who got well and joined our army. McPherson did not, however, get possession of the place through this mine, as he had hoped.

APATHY AMONG THE BESIEGERS.

Little advancement was made in the siege after McPherson sprang his first mine on the 25th of June, except in time, and to hold the lines of investment. Several things conspired to produce inactivity and a sort of listlessness among the various commands—the heat of the weather; the unexpected length of the siege; the endurance of the defense; the absence of any thorough organization of the engineer department; and, above all, the well-grounded general belief of our officers and men that the town must presently fall through starvation, without any special effort or sacrifice. This belief was founded on the reports from

within Vicksburg. Every new party of deserters which reached us agreed that the provisions of the place were near the point of total exhaustion, that rations had been reduced lower than ever, that extreme dissatisfaction existed among the garrison; and it was generally expected—indeed, there was a sort of conviction—on all hands that the city would be surrendered on Saturday, July 4th, if, in fact, it could hold out as long as that.

The general indisposition of our troops to prosecute the siege zealously, and the evident determination on the part of the enemy to hold out until the last, caused General Grant to hold a council of war on the morning of June 30th, to take judgment on the question of trying another general assault, or leaving the result to the exhaustion of the garrison. The conclusion of the council was in favor of the latter policy; but two days later, July 2d, Grant told me that if the enemy did not give up Vicksburg by the 6th, he should storm it.

PEMBERTON ASKS FOR AN INTERVIEW.

Happily, there was no need to wait until the 6th. The general expectation that something would happen by July 4th was about to be confirmed. On the morning of Friday, July 3d, a man appeared on the Confederate line, in McPherson's front, bearing a flag of truce. General A. J. Smith was sent to meet the man, who proved to be an officer, General J. S. Bowen. He bore a letter from Pemberton addressed to Grant. The letter was taken to headquarters, where it was read by the general, and its contents made known to the staff. It was a request



GENERAL JAMES HARRISON WILSON. BORN IN 1837.

General Wilson was born in Shawneetown, Illinois. He graduated from West Point in 1860, and was assigned to the topographical engineers. He served from the beginning to the end of the Civil War, taking part in the Port Royal expedition, the bombardment of Fort Pulaski, the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, the siege of Vicksburg, the operations at Chattanooga, the cavalry raids in Virginia in 1864, the Shenandoah campaign in the fall of 1864, and Sherman's march north from Atlanta. In the spring of 1865 he conducted a cavalry expedition through Alabama and Georgia, capturing five fortified cities and nearly 7,000 prisoners, among whom was Jefferson Davis. For his services he was commissioned lieutenant-colonel and brevetted major-general in the regular army. In 1870 he was honorably discharged from the army at his own request. He is the author of several books, among them a "Life of General U. S. Grant," written in conjunction with Charles A. Dana.

for an armistice to arrange terms for the capitulation of Vicksburg. To this end Pemberton asked that three commissioners be appointed to meet a like number to be named by himself. Grant immediately wrote a reply:

"The useless effusion of blood you propose stopping by this course can be ended at any time you may choose by an unconditional surrender of the city and garrison. Men who have shown so much endurance and courage as those now in Vicksburg will always challenge the respect of an adversary, and I can assure you will be treated with all the respect due to prisoners of war.

"I do not favor the proposition of appointing commissioners to arrange terms of capitulation, because I have no terms other than those indicated above."

Bowen, the bearer of Pemberton's letter, who had been received by A. J. Smith, expressed a strong desire to converse with General Grant. While declining this, Grant requested Smith to say to Bowen that if General Pemberton desired to see him an interview would be granted between the lines, in McPherson's front, at any hour in the afternoon which Pemberton might appoint. After Bowen's departure a message was soon sent back to Smith accepting the proposal for an interview and appointing three o'clock as the hour. Grant was there with his staff and with Generals Ord, McPherson, Logan, and A. J. Smith. Sherman was not present, being with his command, watching Joe Johnston, and ready to spring upon the latter as soon as Pemberton was captured. Pemberton came late, attended by General Bowen and Colonel (L. M.) Montgomery.

It must have been a bitter moment for the Confederate chieftain. Pemberton was a Northern man, a Pennsylvanian by birth, from which State he was appointed to West Point, graduating in 1837. In the old army he fell under the spell of Jefferson Davis's influence, whose close friend he was. Davis appears to have thought Pemberton was a military genius, for he was jumped almost at a stroke, without much previous service, to be a lieutenant-general, and the defense of the Mississippi River given over to his charge. His dispositions throughout the entire campaign, after Grant crossed at Bruinsburg, were weak, and he was easily overcome, although his troops fought well. As Joe Johnston truthfully remarks in his "Narrative," Pemberton did not understand Grant's warfare at all. Penned up, and finally compelled to surrender a vital post and a great army to his conqueror, an al-

most irremediable disaster to his cause, Pemberton not only suffered the usual pangs of defeat, but he was doubly humiliated with the knowledge that he would be suspected and accused of treachery by his adopted brethren, and that the result would be used by the enemies of Davis, whose favorite he was, to undermine the Confederate administration. As it transpired, it was indeed a great blow to Davis's hold upon the people of the South. These things must have passed through Pemberton's mind as he faced Grant for this final settlement of the fate of Vicksburg.

The conversation was held apart between Pemberton and his two officers and Grant, McPherson, and A. J. Smith, the rest of us being seated on the ground near by.

We could, however, see that Pemberton was much excited and was impatient in his answers to Grant. He insisted that his army be paroled and allowed to march beyond our lines, officers and all, with eight days' rations drawn from their own stores, officers to retain their private property and body servants. Grant heard what he had to say, and left him at the end of an hour and a half, saying that he would send in his ultimatum in writing before evening; to which Pemberton promised to reply before night, hostilities to cease in the meantime. Grant then conferred at his headquarters with his corps and division commanders, all of whom except Steele, who advised unconditional surrender, favored a plan proposed by McPherson, to release on parole the entire garrison, which Grant finally adopted. The argument against the plan was one of feeling only. In its favor was urged that it would at once not only tend to the demoralization of the enemy, but release Grant's whole army for offensive operations against Joe Johnston and Port Hudson; while to guard and transport so many prisoners would require a great portion of its strength. Keeping them would also absorb all our steamboat transportation, while paroling them would leave it free to move our troops. Paroling would otherwise save us an enormous expenditure.

After long consideration, General Grant reluctantly gave way to these reasons, and at six P.M. sent a letter by the hands of General Logan and Lieutenant-Colonel Wilson, in which he stated as terms that, as soon as rolls could be made out and paroles signed by officers and men, Pemberton would be allowed to march out of our

lines, the officers taking with them their side-arms and clothing, and the field, staff, and cavalry officers one horse each. The rank and file were to be allowed all their clothing, but no other property. If these conditions were accepted, any amount of rations deemed necessary was to be taken from the stores they had, and also the necessary cooking utensils for preparing them. Thirty wagons also, counting two two-horse or mule teams as one, were to be allowed to transport such articles as could not be carried along. The same conditions were allowed to all sick and wounded officers and soldiers as fast as they became able to travel.

The officer who received this letter said that it would be impossible to answer it by night, and it was not till a little before peep of day that the proposed reply was furnished. In the main the terms were accepted, but Pemberton proposed as amendments:

"At ten A.M. to-morrow I propose to evacuate the works in and around Vicksburg, and to surrender the city and garrison under my command, by marching out with my colors and arms, stacking them in front of my present lines, after which you will take possession; officers to retain their side-arms and personal property, and the rights and property of citizens to be respected."

General Grant in his reply said:

"I can make no stipulations with regard to the treatment of citizens and their private property.

The property which officers will be allowed to take with them will be as stated in my proposition of last evening. . . . If you mean by your proposition for each brigade to march to the front of the line now occupied by it, and stack arms at ten A.M., and then return to the inside and there remain as prisoners until properly paroled, I will make no objection to it.

"Should no notification be received of your acceptance of my terms by nine A.M., I shall regard them as having been rejected, and shall act accordingly."

The answer came back promptly: "The terms proposed by you are accepted."

4TH OF JULY, 1863, AT VICKSBURG.

We had a glorious celebration that day. Pemberton's note had been received just after daylight, and at the appointed hour of ten o'clock the surrender was consummated. I rode into Vicksburg at the side of the conqueror, and afterward perambulated among the conquered. The rebel soldiers were generally more contented even than we. Now they were going home, they said. They had had enough of the war. The cause of the Confederacy was lost. They wanted to take the oath

of allegiance, many of them. I was not surprised to learn a month later that of the twenty odd thousand well men who were paroled at Vicksburg the greater part had since dispersed; and I felt sure they could never be got to serve again. The officers, on the other hand, all declared their determination never to give in. They had mostly on that day the look of men who have been crying all night. One major who commanded a regiment from Missouri burst into tears as he followed his disarmed men back into their lines after they had surrendered their colors and their guns in front of them.

I found the buildings of Vicksburg in a better condition than I had expected. Still, there were a good many people living in caves dug in the banks. Naturally the shells did less damage to these vaults than to dwellings. At the end of the first week after our entrance 66,000 stand of small arms had been collected, mainly in good condition, and more were constantly being discovered. They were concealed in caves, as well as in all sorts of buildings. The siege and sea-coast guns found exceeded sixty, and the whole captured artillery was above 200 pieces. The stores of rebel ammunition also proved to be surprisingly heavy. As Grant expressed it, there was enough to have kept up the defense for six years at the rate they were using it. The stock of army clothing was officially invoiced at \$5,000,000—Confederate prices. Of sugar, molasses, and salt there was a large quantity, and 60,000 pounds of bacon were found in one place.

The day after we entered the town (July 5th) I wrote Mr. Stanton a long telegram, describing the surrender and giving him all the important facts I had gathered concerning the condition of things in Vicksburg, and at the same time telling him Grant's plans. The telegram, for some reason, has never found its way into the War Records, so that I give it here in full:

OFFICE OF U. S. MILITARY TELEGRAPH, WAR DEPARTMENT.

The following telegram received at Washington, 10 A.M., July 11, 1863.

From VICKSBURG, MISS., 11 P.M.

Dated July 5, 1863.

HON. E. M. STANTON:

The surrender was quietly consummated yesterday morning at the appointed hour of ten o'clock. The rebel troops marched out and stacked arms in front of their works, while General Pemberton appeared for a moment with his staff upon the parapet of the central fort. The occupation of the place by our forces

was directed by General McPherson, who had been appointed to command here; Logan being assigned to command the post under him. The divisions of Logan, J. E. Smith, and Herron now garrison the line of fortifications and furnish guards for the interior of the city. No troops remain outside; everything quiet here. Grant entered the city at eleven o'clock, and was received by Pemberton with more marked impertinence than at their former interview. He bore it like a philosopher, and in reply treated Pemberton with even gentler courtesy and dignity than before.

Of the number of prisoners we have as yet no precise information. Major Lockett, Pemberton's chief of engineers, reported it unofficially yesterday at twenty-seven thousand; but to-day, when the rebel brigadiers brought in their requisitions for food—which they did, notwithstanding Pemberton's clause in the capitulation that he should draw eight days' supplies from his own stores—the aggregate of the men for whom they thus drew rations was a little over thirty thousand. McPherson issued to them five rations per man, all they are to have. No citizens have yet applied for rations. The paroling is being pushed with all possible rapidity, and will doubtless be completed by the close of day after to-morrow. Among the officers already paroled are nineteen generals, with their staffs, including one lieutenant and four major-generals. Large numbers of the men express a warm desire to take the oath of allegiance, and it is certain that their officers will find it difficult to march them to their camps east of the Tombigbee. They have fifty-four hundred men on their sick lists; of these twenty-five hundred must be left behind here. Their losses during the siege are estimated by Judge Hamilton, an intelligent citizen of the place, at six thousand. Grant intends that they shall move from here to the Big Black by the Baldwin's Ferry road. Of course he will put no guards over them after they are out of the city. Pemberton having complained that the thirty wagons agreed upon in the capitulation were not enough, Grant has told him to take fifty. The universal testimony of the rebel officers is that their conscript soldiers have been worthless to them.

The official return of the field artillery surrendered makes it one hundred including many French, Spanish, and Austrian guns and two pieces [word omitted]. No report of siege and sea-coast guns has been made. Their number is from thirty to fifty. Neither do we yet know what quantity of ammunition the rebels had remaining, but some of their officers say they had only twenty rounds per man and per cannon. Captain Comstock, Grant's chief engineer, to-day visited the fortifications. He reports them as simple field works, but of considerable strength from the natural conformation of the ground—with one single exception the forts are all open at the gorge. Grant has ordered Comstock to find, if possible, a shorter line; but he reports that no line can be found which can be defended by a smaller force than the present. He says that this line can

be repaired and strengthened so that five thousand men can hold it against twenty thousand.

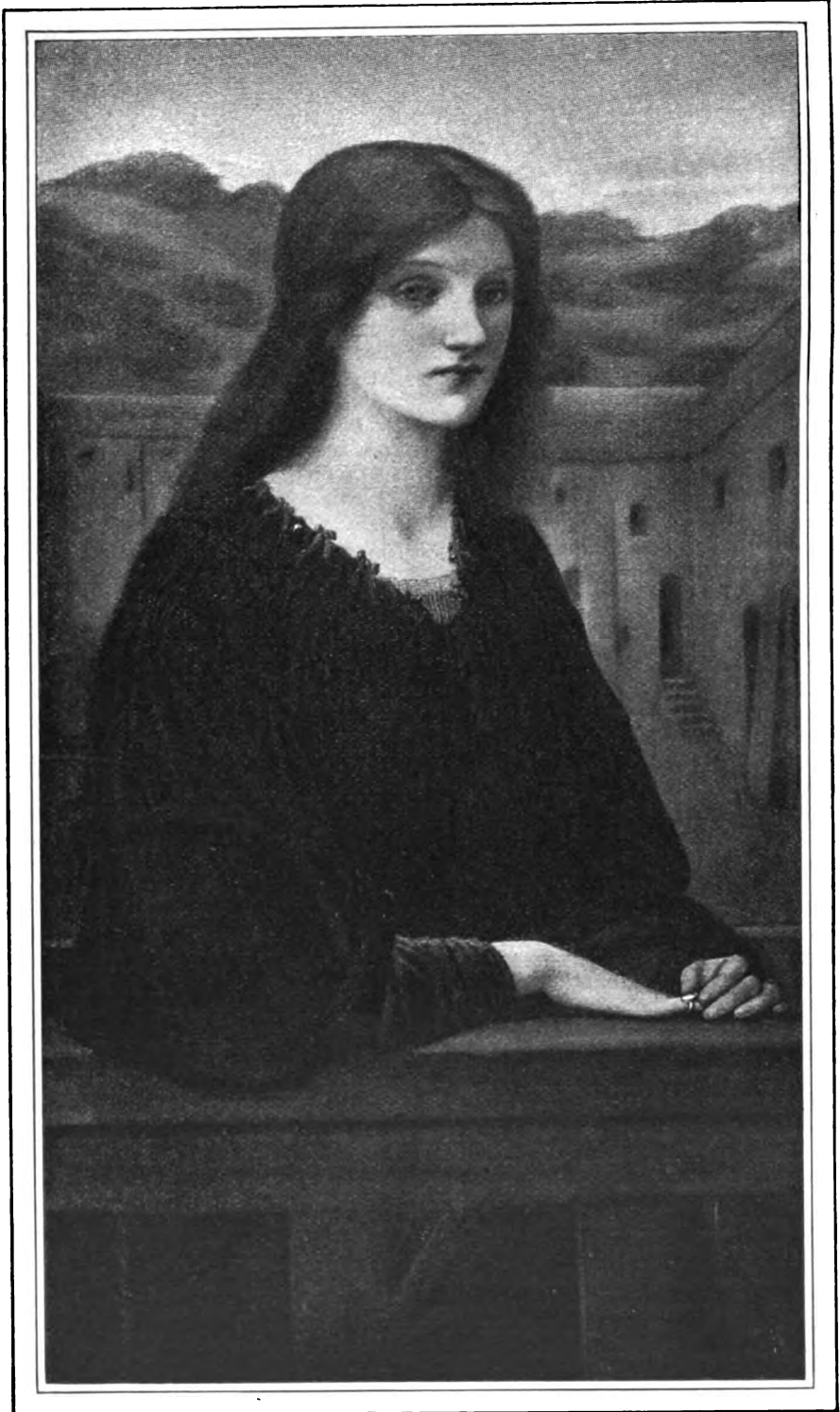
This he will at once proceed to do, as also to obliterate the siege approach on which we have worked so hard and so long. The buildings of the town are much less damaged than we had expected. There is a considerable supply of railroad carriages here, with one or two locomotives in working condition. Orders have been given instantly to put the railroad in repair as far as the Big Black, and it will be ready to transport supplies to Sherman before to-morrow night. Of Johnston's movements we have no positive intelligence, except the report just brought in that Breckinridge's wagon train has started from Bolton under orders to go east of Pearl River.

Sherman is moving after Johnston with the utmost speed practicable. His bridges were laid on the afternoon of the 3d, and his forces started yesterday, as soon as Pemberton finally accepted Grant's ultimatum. Part of Ord's corps is also already across the Big Black, and Steele's division must be ready to cross at daylight to-morrow, though we have reports that the marching of the last of Steele and Ord from here was not completed till this forenoon. The Ninth Army Corps has moved forward towards Bear Creek, from its previous position in front of Haynes's Bluffs, but will not go further unless Sherman finds that he can compel Johnston to a general engagement. This is not now expected. It is supposed that Johnston is moving east and has the bulk of his forces already out of our way. This Sherman will ascertain positively by to-morrow or next day, and in that event the Ninth Corps will instantly return to Kentucky. The steamers are now waiting for them; meanwhile it is hardly possible that Sherman can fail to cut off some portion of Johnston's army and trains.

Grant yesterday evening sent a message to Banks to know if he still needs reinforcements. Another messenger was sent on the 1st inst. on the same business, and should be back here to-night. If Banks requires it, Herron's division will at once be sent to him, to be followed by as many other troops as may be necessary. As soon as the prisoners here are out of the way, an expedition will be sent to the Tensas, under Logan, to clear out the rebel troops there, chastise their people for the share in the recent raids on the Mississippi, and bring away the negroes and cattle. Grant designs to organize for the permanent garrison of Vicksburg one or two negro regiments of heavy artillery; for these he will ask the privilege of himself nominating the officers.

General Grant, being himself intensely occupied, desires me to say that he would like to receive from General Halleck as soon as practicable either general or specific instructions as to the future conduct of the war in his department. He has no idea of going into summer quarters, nor does he doubt his ability to employ his army so as to make its blows tell towards the Great Result; but he would like to be informed whether the government wishes him to follow his own judgment or to coöperate in some particular scheme of operations.

C. A. DANA.



VESPERTINA QUIES.

From a copyright photograph by Frederick Hollyer, London, after the painting by Sir Edward Burne-Jones.

SAIRY SPENCER'S REVOLT.

BY CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

ABRAHAM SPENCER came up the lane from the fields, carrying his discolored old straw hat in one hand and mopping his face with a red cotton handkerchief. He walked stiffly and slightly bent forward from the hips, as do most hard-working men who have passed the half-century mark, but he set his heavily-shod feet down with a firmness that bespoke considerable physical vigor as well as mental decision.

He scanned the house sharply as he approached, and his shaggy brows were drawn almost together in a frown. It was the middle of a sultry August afternoon, yet the doors and windows were all closed and the green holland blinds were drawn down. He tried the back door and found it fast, and though he pounded on it with his horny knuckles, there was no response save a startled "cuk, cuk, cuk!" from an old hen with a brood of downy chicks wallowing in the dust beside the steps.

"Now this is mighty strange," he muttered, perplexedly. "I wouldn't 've thought Sairy 'd go away from home this way all of a sudden. She didn't say a word about it at noontime. She's never done such a thing before, as I know of."

He stood still for a little while, meditatively rubbing his thumbs and forefingers together while he pondered the unprecedented situation.

"Couldn't be asleep, I reckon," he conjectured. "Never knowed her to sleep in daytime."

Nevertheless, he came down the steps and went around the house to a chamber window, where he parted a tangle of hop vines and rapped sharply on the sash.

"Sairy!" he called. "Sairy! are you to home?"

There was a slight sound from within, as of a creaking board beneath a careful footstep, then a shade was lifted at one side, and a thin, startled, elderly face looked out.

"What on earth's the matter, Sairy? What's the house all shut up like a jail for?" demanded Abraham Spencer, in a high-pitched, irascible tone. "Don't you know the Rhynearsons 've been here

and gone away again?" he went on. "I saw 'em from the north medder, and I've come clear home to see what's the matter. Was you asleep? Didn't you hear 'em knock?"

Mrs. Spencer rolled up the shade, and lifted the sash with hands that trembled.

"Come, now, speak up quick," added her husband, impatiently, "for I'm goin' after 'em and bring 'em back, and I want to know what to tell 'em."

"No, no, Abra'm, don't go after 'em." Mrs. Spencer dropped on her knees and leaned her arms wearily on the window sill. She spoke pleadingly, and there were tears in her voice as well as in her eyes. "Oh, Abra'm, I kep' 'em out a-purpose."

"You—what?" Abraham Spencer's tone implied that he was forced to doubt the evidence of the ears that had served him well for nearly threescore years.

"I kep' 'em out a-purpose. I knowed you'd be mad, but I couldn't help it. I'm just too mortal tired and miser'ble to care what becomes of me. I ain't able to get supper for you and the hands, let alone all that Rhynearson gang. I've worked so hard to-day, and I didn't sleep much last night for my rheumatiz. I'm gettin' old fast, and breakin' down, Abra'm. I can't hold out much longer if I don't slack up a little on hard work."

"Well, why in thunder don't you slack up, then? What's to hinder you from goin' to bed after breakfast and stayin' there till dinner time?"

"Now, Abra'm, that's what you always say, and it's so unreasonable. Who'd do the work if I went to bed? Who'd feed the chickens and pigs, and milk the cows, and churn the butter, and clean the vegetables, and bake the bread and pies, and keep the whole house in order? You'd come out slim if I went to bed, Abra'm."

"Well, slim or no slim, I want you to either go to bed or else shut up your complainin'."

"Now, Abra'm, if you only would be a little reasonable. All I ask is that you let me slack up a little bit in ways that I can. There ain't no sense in us havin' so much comp'ny, now, since the girls are married and gone. Comp'ny makes so much

hard work, 'specially town comp'ny. Them high-flyin' town folks don't care a snap for us, Abra'm. They just like to be cooked for and waited on, and kep' over night and over Sunday, and fed on the best of everything, from spring chicken to watermelons. Now, them Rhynearens—"

"Them Rhynearens 're my friends," sternly interposed Abraham Spencer; "and so long's I have a roof over my head my friends 're welcome under it. I wouldn't 've b'lieved such a thing of you, Sairy. I hain't any doubt you're tired. I'm tired myself, most of the time; but I don't make that an excuse for slightin' my friends."

"But you don't have to cook for 'em and wait on 'em, Abra'm, when you're so tired and worn out that you can't hardly drag one foot after the other, and——"

"Don't begin that old tune all over again. I've heard it a many a time already. You're gettin' so you're always complainin', and if there's anything I hate it's a naggin' woman. Now, understand, I'm goin' after the Rhynearens; I'm goin' to make 'em come back if I can. Am I to say you was away from home or asleep, or what? It won't do for me to tell 'em one thing and you another; so just tell me what to say, and be quick about it."

"Tell 'em anything you like, Abra'm, I don't care what. All I ask of you, if you're bound to go after 'em, is that you'll stop at Selwood's and get Sophrony to come over and do the work while they're here."

"What, hire her?"

"Why, of course. You wouldn't ask a poor girl like Sophrony to work for you for nothin', I reckon?"

"My land, Sairy, how often 've I got to tell you I can't afford to pay out money for help in the house? If you once begin it you'll be always wantin' help, and there's no sense in it. Why, there was my mother——"

Mrs. Spencer staggered to her feet. She was a tall, stoop-shouldered, weak-chested woman; her scant hair was iron-gray; her hands were hardened and swelled at the joints with years of toil; and her face was deep-lined and sallow. Just now it was as near white as it could be, and a sudden hunted, desperate look had come into it, a look that stopped the words on her husband's lips. He broke off abruptly, and looked at her in stern surprise and displeasure.

"I never knowed you to act up so cranky, Sairy. I can't see what's gettin' into you. Now, I've got no time to fool away. I'll tell Mis' Rhynearson you was asleep and didn't hear 'em knock, shall I?"

"Tell her anything you like," was the reply, in a strange, still voice, that suited the look in her face. "I won't contradict you."

"But how do you know you won't? We ought to have a clear understandin'. What you goin' to tell Mis' Rhynearson when she asks you where you was?"

"She won't ask me."

"Well, now, I'd like to know how you know she won't?"

"Because I'm not goin' to give her a chance."

The window sash slid down to the sill, and the shade dropped back to its place. Abraham Spencer let go the hop vines and watched them cluster together again, with a slightly dazed look in his deep-set gray eyes.

"Now, what in blazes can she 've meant by that last?" he meditated, uneasily. Then his flat, straight-cut lips closed in a hard line, and he added, as he turned shortly away: "But I ain't agoin' to ask her. When a man can't be master in his own house, it's time for him to burn it down or blow his brains out."

Mrs. Spencer heard his heavy heels resounding on the hard-beaten path as he went around the house, and each relentless step seemed to grind its way into her quivering nerves. Ordinarily she would have taken timid note of his movements at the edge of a window shade, for her husband's anger had always been a dreadful thing to her. But now she opened the outer door and stood there, watching, while he brought a horse and wagon out of the barn and drove rapidly away. When he had passed out of sight she exclaimed bitterly:

"I'll not stand it! I'll hide myself! I'll get out of this before he gets back with that gang, if I drop dead in my tracks!"

As a first and very womanish step in the execution of her resolve she sat down on the doorstep and cried. Her meager frame shook with dry, convulsive sobs, such as are born of worn-out nerves, aching muscles, a lonely heart, and a starved soul.

She did not heed approaching footsteps, and scarcely started when a neighbor paused at the foot of the steps and spoke to her.

"Why, Mis' Spencer, what's the matter? I hope nothin's gone wrong?"

Mrs. Spencer's sobs ceased, and her face hardened, as she met the woman's inquiring eyes.

"It ain't nothin' that I want to talk about, Mis' Howard. I've about got to the end of my rope, that's all. I'm tired of livin', and wish to heaven I was dead this minute."

Mrs. Howard held up her hands.

"Don't say that, Mis' Spencer," she remonstrated. "Now, I don't know what's gone wrong, and I hain't the least notion of tryin' to find out; I only beg of you not to wish you was dead. It's such a fearful wish. We don't any of us know what death is."

"We all know it's rest, and that's all I care to know," said Mrs. Spencer. She leaned her chin on her hands, her elbows on her knees, and gazed into vacancy with red-rimmed, unlovely eyes.

"No, we don't even know that," said Mrs. Howard, with impressive earnestness. "That's just one of the things we've been taught, and we like to think it's so. We don't know the first thing about death, Mis' Spencer, except that it turns us cold and stiff and fits us for the grave. We don't any of us know what goes with the livin', thinkin', sufferin' part of us. Sometimes I think maybe it stays with us in the grave, so that we hear and know things, same as when we was livin'. I shouldn't wonder if we could lay in our graves and hear the birds singin', and the rain fallin', and feel the sun shinin' above us. Now, s'posin' you was in your grave, out there in the little buryin' ground in the medder, and s'posin' you could hear these little chicks chipin' to be fed at sundown, and you not here to feed 'em; and the cows comin' up the lane to be milked, and you not here to milk 'em; and your husband trudgin' home, slow and tired and hungry, and you not here to get supper for him. Do you reckon you could rest then, Mis' Spencer?"

"And s'posin' that after a bit you'd hear some other woman's voice a-callin' the chickens, and some other woman's hands rattlin' the stove-lids around a-startin' a fire to cook supper for your husband. You'd most likely want to get up out of your grave then, but you couldn't. You'd just have to lay there and hear things goin' on without you, day in and day out, year in and year out, and watch yourself goin' to pieces inch by inch and crumblin' to dust. There wouldn't be

much rest about that, Mis' Spencer, would there, now?"

Mrs. Spencer arose with the slow painfulness of stiffened rheumatic joints, and turned a shocked, resentful face upon her visitor.

"Mis' Howard," she said, sternly, "if I found a fellow mortal in trouble, and couldn't think of a single comfortin' thing to say to her, I'd go away and leave her alone; I wouldn't try to knock out the last prop from under her. If a body can't b'lieve in the rest that's in the grave, I'd like to know what we can b'lieve in! I never heard such scand'lous doctrine since I was born!"

She turned abruptly and went into the house, closing the door between herself and her unorthodox neighbor, and listened until the sound of receding footsteps died away.

"There, I hope she's gone, with her croakin'." I was that afeard that she'd hang around and hinder me too long. Land, four o'clock a-ready!"—as a time-piece in an inner room gave four hard, metallic strokes. She hurried into the bedroom and came out rolling a pair of heavy gray blankets into an uncouth bundle. Then she took a bottle from a shelf in the pantry and filled it with rich, sweet milk. As she put the cork in she suddenly stopped and listened, then opened the door a little way and listened again, intently.

"Wheels!" she ejaculated. "Now, if it should be them, goodness help me to get into the cornfield before they come in sight!"

She caught up the blankets, and snatched a raspberry pie, in its tin plate, from the table. Thus equipped for flight, she opened the door and went hurriedly out. At the foot of the steps the brood of little chickens met her in full force, fluttering around her feet and impeding her progress.

"Shoo! Shoo!"

She pushed them aside with one foot, and waved the pie at them frantically; but they followed close at her skirts, with dismal chirps that went to her heart.

"Poor little things, how well they know it's their supper-time. If I'd only had time to feed 'em. Like as not nobody else 'll do it."

She hesitated and looked back at them, pityingly. But the rattle of wheels sounded closer now, and her heart hardened. She went on again, striving to redouble her speed; but the blankets were cumbersome, and the raspberry pie was shedding its sticky juice up her sleeve.



Her arms were near to breaking, and tears and perspiration mingled in the hollows of her cheeks, when at last she reached the cornfield and stumbled in between the tall, green rows. She dropped the blankets and almost fell upon them in her exhaustion. The bottle and pie were allowed to shift for themselves, and the latter poured out the last remnant of its crimson juice at the roots of a cornhill.

Presently Mrs. Spencer sat up and listened again. She could no longer hear the sound of wheels, nor any sound save

the rustling of the millions of corn-blades in the great field about her, and the voice of a meadow lark singing from the top of a tall, charred stump near by. She sat still and rested a little while longer; then she stood up and tried to see the house; but the tasseled tops of the corn were two feet above her head. She made her way cautiously to the outer row, and peered out

"WHY, MIS' SPENCER, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

between the stalks; but the low sun beat straight into her eyes, and the higher ground of the meadow, full of hay-cocks, intervened. She could see only the weather-worn roofs of the house and barn. She crept back and took up again her burden of blankets and bottle and pie, and trudged on deeper into the sheltering labyrinth of corn. When she had put half the width of the field between herself and the house she felt safe for the time being, and sat down again to rest and bide her time.

Her objective point was an old dugout in the face of a stony ridge just beyond the cornfield. It had been constructed for a potato cellar, and was used only for storing those edible tubers in winter. From March to November it was empty and forgotten, given over to rats and spiders. She had chosen it for her refuge over all other nooks and crannies on the farm because of its isolation. No roving member of the objectionable "gang" would be likely to stumble upon it and discover her. But it was well up the face of the ridge and visible from the house, so she did not think it best to risk discovery by approaching it in open day.

She partly unrolled the blankets and lay down upon them, turning her worn face up to the sky, with a deep-drawn breath of rest and a delicious new sense of freedom. Her close environment of tall corn shut out the horizon, but she knew when the sun had sunk below it by the tinted glow that overspread her small vista of sky, and the fresher breeze that came whispering among the corn-blades, precursor of the coming night.

After a time dark shadows began creeping along the furrows, as if striving to steal upon her unawares, and in the purpling firmament above two or three pale stars took form and blinked coldly down at her. She sat up and shivered, and her heart sank a little at thought of the potato cellar and the lonely night.

"Dew's a-fallin'!" she exclaimed in dismay, with care for her rheumatism; and as quickly as might be she gathered up her belongings and resumed her flight. In the fast-gathering night the way to the potato cellar seemed long and rough, and when she had reached it she found it a stronghold defended by wild blackberry vines that she must tear away with her naked hands before she could gain an entrance.

The clumsy door opened outward, and yielded only inch by inch to her repeated

jerks. Each time a blackberry vine was wrenched out by the roots, it brought down a shower of loosened gravel upon her defenseless head from the crumbling banks that towered high on either side. But at last a dark aperture yawned before her wide enough to give her entrance. She wondered why she had not foreseen the need of a candle and some matches, as she groped her way within and pulled the door shut. As she did so there came a great roar and crash of falling gravel outside. It sounded a perfect avalanche, and she congratulated herself on having escaped it.

The atmosphere of the little cave-like place was close and musty from long lack of ventilation, and Mrs. Spencer found the abrupt change from the pure outer air almost stifling. She decided that she must reopen the door and leave it so through the night. But when she attempted to do this, she found the door immovable, held shut by the mass of gravel that had fallen against it. The discovery left her aghast.

"Why, now—if I can't get out, and nobody has the least notion where I am, why—it's 'most like bein' buried alive!"

The situation was disheartening, but the direst forebodings must yield to extreme bodily weariness, and soon she had spread her blankets on the dry straw of a potato bin and stretched her aching frame upon them.

For an hour or more her mental worry and her "rheumatiz" united in tormenting her; then came sleep, and wooed her to rest with the welcome thought of no breakfast to get in the morning and no disturbing voice to break in upon her slumbers with the announcement of "gettin'-up time."

But she dreamed, and all through her dream sounded the chirping of hungry little chickens, the lowing of un milked cows, and the slow, heavy tread of her husband's feet coming up the lane at evening time. "Tired and hungry, and you not here to get supper for him," droned the reproachful voice of her neighbor, running like a dirge through the other sounds and making of the dream a wretched, haunting nightmare.

"Drat that Mis' Howard! I'll never speak to her again," was Mrs. Spencer's first waking thought. A thin shaft of daylight, with the yellow glint of a well-risen sun in it, was forcing its way into the cellar through a crevice an inch wide above the door. Involuntarily Mrs. Spencer sat up and listened for the familiar sounds of her dream. But she heard only

the bickering of a pair of wrens in the blackberry vines outside, and the scurry of a rat that scampered across the cellar floor and plunged into his hole in a corner.



"SHE TOOK UP . . . HER BURDEN OF BLANKETS AND BOTTLE AND PIR, AND TRUDGED ON DEEPER INTO THE SHELTERING LABYRINTH OF CORN."

This served to draw her attention to her surroundings.

In an opposite bin lay some sorry-looking potatoes, with long, ghostly white

sprouts and a winding-sheet of cobwebs. Near the center of the earth floor stood a battered old sheet-iron stove, with some rusty joints of pipe rising shakily to the thatched roof, ten feet above. The hired men had set it up during the cold snap in March, and built a fire in it to keep themselves warm while they cut potatoes for seeding. A dozen matches and a clay pipe half full of burnt tobacco lay on its hearth, forgotten.

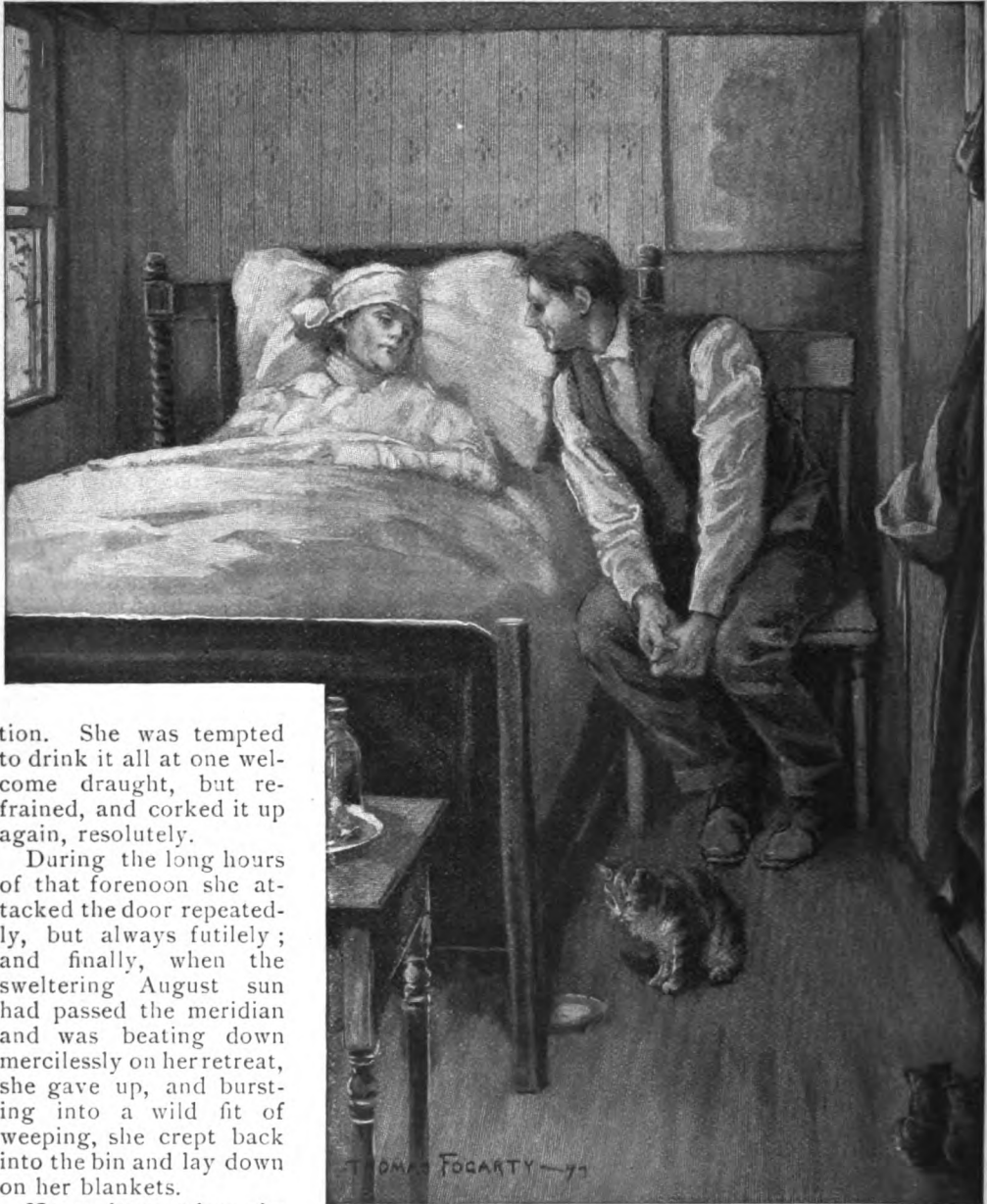
Mrs. Spencer felt a little light-headed when she stood up, and thus was brought to remember that she had eaten nothing since noon of the preceding day. She looked about for the pie and bottle of milk. The latter was intact, but the former had vanished, leaving only its tin plate as tangible evidence that it had existed. Two little, knowing, exultant eyes were shining up from the rathole in the corner. Mrs. Spencer looked troubled.

"Well"—a long, quivering breath—"I cert'nly said I wished I was dead, but slow starvation is a little more'n I bargained for."

She spoke aloud and shrunk from the sound of her voice, it was so shut-in and sepulchral. She turned to the door and strove now with all her strength to push it open, but it withstood the onslaught without a tremor.

She desisted at length, and sat down on an upturned apple-box, exhausted and gasping for breath. The place was stifling. Oh for a breath

of pure, sweet air! Her outraged lungs seemed burning in her breast, and her mouth and throat were parched. She opened the bottle of milk, and took a por-



tion. She was tempted to drink it all at one welcome draught, but refrained, and corked it up again, resolutely.

During the long hours of that forenoon she attacked the door repeatedly, but always futilely; and finally, when the sweltering August sun had passed the meridian and was beating down mercilessly on her retreat, she gave up, and bursting into a wild fit of weeping, she crept back into the bin and lay down on her blankets.

Hours later, when she had wept a great deal and slept a little, she opened her swollen eyes and saw the red gold of sunset shining in above the door.

"Twenty-four hours," she said to herself, and a great longing came upon her to know how Abra'm and the old home were doing without her. She dragged the apple-box close to the door, and mounted upon it, thus bringing her eyes to a level with the crevice. There lay the farmhouse and its peaceful surroundings spread

"SHE FELT THE STRANGE TENDERNESS THAT VIBRATED IN HIS ROUGH VOICE."

out below her like a quaint, sun-kissed old picture. But oh, how distant it was, how far beyond the sound of her voice, even though she should shriek aloud! The broad meadow and the great field of rustling corn lay between.

At first there was no sign of life about the place, except the patient cows standing in the lane, waiting for the bars to be let down. But presently, while she waited

and watched for the men to come in from their work in the far north meadow, she descried a curl of smoke rising from the kitchen chimney, a queer, ghastly little caricature of a smile flashing across her face.

"Now, if I was near enough to hear the stove-lids rattle," she whispered, "I could 'most imagine I was dead and in my grave, like Mis' Howard said."

For a long time she stood with her eyes at the crevice and her hands grasping the rough frame of the cellar door, watching that changing, darkening spiral of smoke. Once the kitchen door opened, and a woman stood for an instant in sight. The watcher squinted her eyes in a desperate endeavor to concentrate her gaze.

"I s'pose it's Mis' Rhynearson," she muttered, with a resentful snap in her tone. "It's just like her to take possession of a body's house and act as if she owned it! I can't see how Abra'm can like them Rhynearsons so well; they're such pestiferous folks. To think of her there, a-livin' high off the fresh bread and cakes and pies that I baked, and the cheese I made, and the butter I churned, and me here a-starvin'!"

The contrast was too pitiful. In all her hard, meager life she had never before known the pangs of hunger and thirst. Her eyes filled, and the vision was for a time shut out. When she looked again, the curling smoke was scarcely discernible, and all the angles of the old house were toned down by the softening shadow of approaching night.

She could make out the figure of a man standing by the bars. It might be one of the hands, or—it might be—yes, it was Abra'm! He had turned and was going slowly toward the house, and she knew him by the forward stoop of his body and that characteristic something in the way he set his feet down as he walked.

She thought he would go in at the kitchen door, but he passed around to the front porch, and sat down alone on the steps.

Presently it struck her that his head was bowed upon his hands and that his attitude was one of deep dejection. But she was not quite sure; he was so far away, and the shadows lay deep between. Still, the longer she looked the more his fading outline seemed to appeal to her, until at last she was overcome with the conviction that sorrow, rather than anger, ruled in her husband's heart.

"He ain't mad at me! I just seem to

feel he ain't mad at me! Oh, Abra'm! Abra'm!"

She shrieked his name aloud again and again, each frenzied effort shriller than the last; but the narrow crevice threw the greater part of the sound back into the cellar, and Abraham Spencer sat still, with bent head, unhearing, until the night had thickened and shut him from her sight.

The black hours that followed were terrible to her. Remorse and a reawakened longing to live, and to go back to her deserted duties, now united with hunger and thirst to torture her. In the middle of the hot, stifling night she was forced to drain the last swallow of milk from the bottle, and still her thirst was so great that she tossed and moaned in the fitful bits of sleep that came to her. Once she was awakened by a touch, a weight like that of a hand upon her shoulder, and she started up with a glad cry on her lips; but it was only her cell-mate the rat. He scampered away to his own corner, and she lay there with a convulsive horror upon her, watching and listening lest he return. She told herself that he would come back tomorrow night, when she would have less strength to frighten him away; and all the nights after, when her poor body might lie there lifeless, at his mercy.

She wondered, with an awful, shuddering wonder, whether it could be that her soul must linger near and witness the degrading annihilation of its erstwhile tenement. A maddening horror of death seized her. She staggered across to the opposite bin, and made a desperate attempt to eat one of the raw, moldy potatoes.

At the first hint of morning she was again on the apple-box, with her eyes at the crevice. But now there was a thick white fog all over the land, and no vaguest outline of her home was visible to her.

The wrens were bickering spitefully over their nest, not an arm's length away from her face.

"Oh, hush!" she said to them, pityingly, from the bitter depths of her own experience. "You poor, blind little things; you don't know how short life is, after all, and how little it matters if things don't go just to suit you." The small pair were struck motionless and dumb by the mere sound of her voice, and forgot to renew their quarrel. Presently the father bird went away to his day's work, and the little mother settled down to the monotony of her home duties, both unconscious of the yearning eyes of the lone watcher at the crevice.

Many times that day she crept back and forth between the bin and the apple-box. When her head swam and her trembling knees gave way beneath her, she would stagger to the bin and fall upon the blankets. But no sleep came, and no rest; and after a time her strength so far forsook her that she could no longer mount upon the box. Then she lay still and gazed at the strip of light above the door until it seemed a streak of fire scorching her eyeballs.

And all the time she was listening, listening, for the sound of a footstep or a voice.

Thus the night found her, and again added its horror of darkness and rats. The fever of hunger and thirst was upon her. Her tongue and lips were swollen, and a devouring flame burned in her vitals. Her senses were no longer normal, and she heard sounds and saw objects that had no existence in reality.

All night long she watched the dark corner where the rat dwelt, and her distorted fancy magnified him into a monster of the jungle; in the cunning of semi-delirium she made plans to frighten him and keep him at bay; and finally, in the dark hour before dawn, she crept stealthily from the bin, whispering through her swelled lips:

"Fire! Fire will keep him away!"

She clutched an armful of straw, and crawled on hands and knees across the earthen floor to the sheet-iron stove. Keeping keen watch of the dread corner, she thrust the straw into the stove and groped for the matches on its hearth. A scratch, a flash, a tiny flame, then a roar!

She dragged herself to the bin and brought more straw, and more, until the thin sheet iron of the stove and the rickety pipe clear to the roof were red and roaring. The already hot and vitiated atmosphere of the cellar was now raised to an unbearable temperature, and soon she succumbed to it, falling upon the ground, face downward, in a mad effort to get away.

No longer fed, the straw fire languished and went out; but its mischief was done. The dry thatch of the roof had caught from the red-hot pipe and was blazing up, slowly at first, but ever surely. Soon the cinders began to fall into the cellar, and one struck her bare neck as she lay. She cried out with the pain, and struggled a little farther away; but the brands fell faster as the aperture around the pipe

broadened, and her doom would have been certain had there not been another restless heart and a pair of sleepless eyes on the old farm.

The hired men were awakened by the excited voice of Abraham Spencer shouting:

"Up, boys, up! Bring water! The potato cellar's a-fire!"

He was away, with two great pails of water in his hands, before the men were fairly awake. When they followed him they found him on the roof of the cellar. He had succeeded in extinguishing the fire, and as they approached, he suddenly dropped his pails and, falling upon his knees, crept close to the charred edge of the chasm in the roof. Leaning far over, he shaded his eyes and peered keenly into the steaming depths below. A faint moan had reached him, and now, as he listened, another came quivering up to him.

"My God!" he cried, springing up. "She's down there, boys! Sairy! Run for shovels! Oh, run, run!"

He himself ran like a madman, but only a little way. Then he turned and ran as madly back to the cellar, where he attacked the fallen gravel with his hands, and beat and tore at the door until the heavy boards, all stained with his own blood, were rended from their fastenings, and he had leaped into the cellar and caught up the prostrate figure he found there.

It was hours afterward that Mrs. Spencer aroused from the stupor that was upon her and began to comprehend again the realities of life. She was in her own clean, soft bed, and the cool breeze of evening was fluttering the hop vines at the window. She felt pain when she attempted to move, and there were bandages on her hands, her head, and her neck; but the pain was not acute, and the soothing effect of an opiate still lingered with her. Somewhere in the outer distance she heard the faint, familiar tinkle of a cow bell, and—yes, the subdued rattle of stove-lids in the kitchen. She lifted her head from the pillow to listen, and found her husband sitting silent close beside her.

"What is it, Sairy? What do you want?" he asked; and she felt the strange tenderness that vibrated in his rough voice.

"Who's in the kitchen, Abra'm? Is it—Mis' Rhyneanson?"

"No, Sairy, it ain't. Mis' Rhyneanson went home double quick when she found there wasn't anybody here to wait on her. You knowed her better than I did, Sairy.

That's Sophrony Selwood in the kitchen, and she's goin' to stay there till she dies—or gets married."

She closed her eyes to hide the starting tears, but they forced their way through the interlaced lashes. Suddenly she turned to him and spoke the thought that filled her heart.

"Oh, Abra'm, it was so long! Why didn't you try to find me? Why didn't you come sooner?"

"My land, Sairy, I never once thought of the dugout! I was too busy lookin' everywhere else for you. First of all, I drove clear over to Lizy's to see if you was there. That's a good sixteen miles, you know, and took a big slice out of the first day. Then we went to all the neigh-

bors and hunted the whole place over, but none of us ever thought of the dugout: I don't know why, but we didn't. Then that night Mis' Howard come over and told me—well, what you said to her, you know, Sairy, and she—she spoke of the crick."

"The crick?" wonderingly.

"You know, Sairy!"—he suddenly bent over and put his arms around her and drew her to him—"I—was goin' to have the crick dragged to-day, and if I'd found you there, Sairy—I couldn't ever 've stood it."

"Pshaw, Abra'm," she whispered, chokingly, and put up her bandaged hand to stroke the furrowed stubble of his sun-burned face.

THE MIRROR.

BY MARGARET F. MAURO.

My mirror tells me that my face is fair,
And can I doubt but that it tells me true?
My mirror says that I have golden hair,
And cheeks like the wild rose, and eyes of blue.
I say, "Do I indeed these charms possess,
O trusty glass?" My mirror answers, "Yes."

When lovers' tales this heart all free from care
Have surfeited with flattery's cloying sweet,
Unto my mirror do I straight repair,
And cry, "O mirror, is this all deceit?
Say, do I merit praise and fond caress?"
Then doth my trusty mirror answer, "Yes."

Deem me not vain, I pray; for well I know
That when life's skies have lost their rosy hue
I must one day unto my mirror go
And say, "O tell me, mirror, is it true
That every day my youthful charms grow less?"
Then must my trusty mirror answer, "Yes."

And O I trust that in that later day,
The time of silvered hair and fading sight,
When I unto my looking-glass shall say,
"O mirror, with my beauty's waning light
Doth honor also fail and virtue go?"
Then may mine ancient mirror answer, "No."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The above poem was written about a year ago, when the author was but thirteen years old, and other poems of hers have already appeared in print. She is described by a member of her family as "a normal, unassuming child, with an unusual love of and taste for literature;" one who "has read quite extensively, and has been putting the works of her imagination into prose and verse since she was seven years of age." A thing of special interest in the poem is the correspondence it shows, in sentiment, form, and movement, with the choice lyrics of the seventeenth century.

REMINISCENCES OF JOHN BROWN.

BY DANIEL B. HADLEY.

IN 1842, when I first settled at Akron, Ohio, I became acquainted with John Brown, afterwards called "Osawatomie" Brown. He lived one mile west of Akron, on the large farm of Simon Perkins, Jr. They farmed it in partnership. Subsequently Brown went to Europe for the purpose of purchasing finely bred cattle and sheep. He purchased in England specimens of Durham and Devonshire cattle. In Spain he purchased of some Catholic monks some fine grades of merino sheep. All these cattle and sheep were shipped to the United States, and placed on the Perkins farm. As the years went by, the cattle and sheep increased in numbers. It was the pride of Brown to walk off with the premiums on cattle and sheep at the annual fairs of Summit County, Ohio. His smooth, red Devonshire oxen, with their beautiful horns tipped with brass knobs, were the admiration of all. The firm of Perkins and Brown was annually awarded the premium for the best and finest wool by the American Institute, New York, for a number of years. In 1852 Brown missed one of his fat merinos. He set a watch, and in a few days he found another missing, and he traced it to the premises of a neighbor named Ruggles. He sent word to Ruggles that his merino sheep cost him \$300 a head, and that if Ruggles could not purchase mutton for his family, he (Brown) had some Bakewell sheep which were much better for mutton than the merinos, and much cheaper, and if Ruggles would come to his farm he would make him a present of a Bakewell sheep occasionally.

Brown, it was well known at this time, was in principle, as well as practice, a non-resistant. He believed in the doctrine which Christ preached on the Mount, that if one is hit on the right cheek, he should turn the other also. The man Ruggles knew this as well as others, and it probably prompted him in the course he pursued. He cut a stout hickory sapling, and one day, when he spied Brown drive out to the forest for a load of wood, stationed himself at the point where Brown would emerge into the public highway, and waited till Brown appeared. Then he applied the

hickory sapling across Brown's shoulders. Every blow drew blood. Brown simply folded his arms and waited for the threshing to end. The blood ran down into his boots; between twenty and thirty lashes were given. When the punishment was over, Brown quietly drove with his load of wood to his house, unyoked his oxen and turned them into the pasture, and then came to my office (I was a justice of the peace) to obtain a warrant for Ruggles's arrest. On hearing his statement, I issued the warrant and despatched Constable Jack Wright to serve it. Wright soon returned with Ruggles under arrest.

On the trial, the fact came out in Brown's testimony that he made no resistance. The law would have permitted a fine of \$100, but in my decision I said to Brown that, as he had needlessly received all after the first blow, I would fine the defendant the same as if only one blow drawing blood had been struck; so I assessed a fine of twenty dollars.

Brown replied that he was perfectly satisfied; that all he wanted was to have the law enforced. I told him he was living under the laws of Ohio, and, as a magistrate, I was sworn to administer the Ohio laws and not the laws laid down in the Bible. But he replied that he should obey the laws as laid down by Christ, and went his way.

Soon after this he went to live at East Elba, in the northeast portion of New York State. In 1854 the Kansas-Nebraska Bill passed Congress. During the fall of 1854 five sons of Brown, with their families, and one daughter, with her husband and family, emigrated to Kansas and settled at Osawatomie. Two of the sons drove some of the fine cattle and sheep bred by their father across Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri to Kansas. In the spring of 1855 an election was ordered by the Governor of Kansas and held for the election of members of the legislature and county officers. The Border Ruffians came into Kansas from Missouri, took possession of the ballot boxes at Osawatomie, and voted themselves into office, although they were not even citizens of Kansas. Then they very kindly relieved the Browns

from the trouble of feeding and caring for their cattle, horses, and sheep, by taking every hoof over to their homes in Missouri.

The next move on the part of the Border Ruffian members of the legislature was to meet at the capital of the Territory of Kansas, organize, and then adjourn to Shawnee, Missouri, near the State line between Missouri and Kansas, and two miles from Westport, Missouri, and proceed to make laws for Kansas Territory. In order to shorten their labors, they took a volume of Missouri statutes, and wherever the word Missouri occurred, pasted over it a slip of paper with the word Kansas printed thereon, and then enacted the whole volume as the statutes of Kansas. These were the laws which the Free-State settlers named the "bogus laws." At first the Free-State settlers refused to obey them, and President Pierce ordered United States troops into the Territory to help the sheriffs of the different counties enforce them.

Time ran along to the month of August, 1855. Then Brown's children at Osawatomie wrote a letter to their father, who still resided at East Elba, New York, in which they gave a history of the treatment they had received from the pro-slavery people in Missouri, in their trips up the Missouri River, as well as while driving into the State, and also the wrongs perpetrated on them by the Border Ruffians in Kansas. They all, the twelve of them, signed the letter.

At that time I was still a resident of Akron, Ohio. One afternoon, towards the latter part of August, 1855, as I sat at my desk busily writing, I thought I half saw the office door gently open an inch or two, and I looked more closely to see what the movement meant. The door slowly opened a little wider, and the body of a man pushed through. Then he deliberately turned about, closed the door, and turned and walked towards me. Before he reached me I saw he was John Brown. I greeted him and asked him to be seated. He replied that he had no time to waste, that he had just come to Akron, and, knowing me rather better than others there, had called on me first. He had, he said, a letter from his children in Kansas, and he took a seat and read the letter. He said that the letter had put him in an awful frame of mind. His principle was non-resistance, but his feeling and desire were to go to Kansas and forcibly defend his children. After first reading the letter, he told

me, when he and his wife had finished their supper, he took down his Bible and read a chapter from the New Testament. Then they knelt in prayer. He prayed that God would give him light as to what course he should pursue. But he got no light. Then he read another chapter, and his wife prayed. Yet another chapter was read, and then he and his wife prayed alternately till midnight. Still no light was shed on his pathway, nor did he feel any relief. But all at once, about midnight, he was reminded that he had read only from the New Testament, and he resolved to try the Old Testament. In the first chapter he turned to he read, "And the Lord said unto Saul, Go out and slay the Philistines." He then saw a ray of light, and he and his wife again knelt in prayer. While he was praying this time, he heard the voice of the Lord in the upper part of the room they were in saying, "John Brown, go to Kansas and slay the Border Ruffians!" This brought genuine relief to his troubled mind. So he told his wife they would go to bed and obtain some sleep, and in the morning he would start for Kansas in obedience to the command of Almighty God.

The next morning Brown departed from East Elba, and went first to Boston. There he called on Wendell Phillips, who helped him with ten dollars. Next he went to Madison County, New York, and called on Gerrit Smith, who gave him fifty dollars. Then he went to Hartford, Connecticut, and made a contract to purchase revolvers of the Colt revolver factory at wholesale prices. Next he went to Springfield, Massachusetts, and made a contract with Sharp's rifle factory to purchase rifles at wholesale prices. Then he came to Akron, Ohio, and called on me.

After he had finished reading his letter and telling his story, he appealed to me to help him raise money for his designs in Kansas. I realized that if, in consequence of my servant President Pierce refusing to defend the Free-State settlers in Kansas, I, as Uncle Sam, or at least one of him, should undertake the job for myself, I might have to bend some of the laws, even if they did not actually break. So I cautioned Brown to go out and speak to such persons as he knew to be trusty and request them to meet in the basement of the High Street school building at dark that night. This basement could be entered from the rear, and our meeting was not likely to be noticed. I also notified such persons as I knew to be reliable, telling them that John Brown was in town

and would read a letter from his children in Kansas.

At the meeting about two dozen people put in an appearance. Brown read his letter, and stated briefly that he was then on his way to Kansas to see what he could do toward defending his children and other Free-State settlers. A committee of two was appointed to raise money, guns, ammunition, and tent cloth for him. The committee consisted of myself and Mr. E. C. Sackett. I undertook the task of raising the money, and Mr. Sackett that of raising the other things. My law office was made the depository for the war material. I requested Brown to be at my office at noon the day after the meeting, to receive the collection. Promptly at noon he drove up with a horse and newly-covered spring wagon. No questions were asked either by Sackett or myself as to where he obtained these, and I never knew. We brought down from my office the contributions, consisting of twenty-one revolvers and twenty-six rifles and muskets, and placed them in the wagon. I had collected just \$300, which I handed to Brown. He asked that, if we obtained any more contributions for him, we should ship them to him at Rock Island, Illinois, whither he would endeavor to go, through Missouri and Iowa, to obtain them. Then he shook hands, bade us good-by, and drove away. I never saw him but once thereafter, and that was in the winter of 1856-57, at Akron, when he delivered a lecture in a public hall.

The committee made further efforts to collect war material for Brown. I had learned that a box of new United States rifles, that had been shipped to Akron to equip a military company which did not succeed in organizing, was in the possession of Sheriff Seward, at the jail. The committee made bold to call on the sheriff and request him to deliver the rifles to us, to be shipped to John Brown; but he said that he had that day received an order from the Governor of Ohio to ship them to Columbus by canal. Remembering the adage that "all is fair in love and war," I informed him that the committee had that morning formed a copartnership in the draying business, and would like the job of draying the box of rifles to the canal, and would do it for half a dollar. He said that was cheap enough, and he would willingly pay it. He directed us to be at his stable near the jail at three o'clock that afternoon, and he would have the box there all ready for shipment. I

gave the cue to Dick Smetz, a drayman whom I could trust, to be at the stable promptly at three. As we loaded the box on the dray, I said to Dick, in the hearing of the sheriff, "Drive it to the Ohio and Erie canal, and ship it to the Governor of Ohio at Columbus." But as soon as we were out of hearing of the sheriff, I said, "Drive to the railroad freight depot and leave the box there." He obeyed the latter order. I had the clerk in the freight office mark the box to John Brown, Rock Island, Illinois. I learned that he received it and that the rifles figured in later scenes.

Soon after that, the committee discovered a twelve-pound cannon lying about loose, which had been used formerly by the Akron Guards, until the State furnished them with a better piece. This arm was "gobbled," and, with the gun carriage, shipped to the same destination. While Brown was taking the cannon across Iowa, not many miles from the Missouri State line, he heard that the Border Ruffians were after him, intending to capture the cannon. He hastily buried it, took a description of the spot, and drove over to Nebraska with the carriage, which he left at Nebraska City. Some time after that the gun was exhumed and taken to Quindaro, in Wyandotte County, Kansas; when the rebellion opened, it figured in several battles in western Missouri. It was taken to Lexington, Missouri, in the fall of 1861, by Colonel Vanhorn, and used under Mulligan in his defense of his army when besieged by Price. It was surrendered to Price when Mulligan surrendered. Afterwards it had quite a history, sometimes being captured by the Federals, and then again by the Confederates.

The next shipment to Brown was two boxes containing cavalry swords and pistols. They had belonged to a regiment of cavalry of which Lucius V. Bierce was colonel. As I was paymaster in the regiment and had been a law student of Bierce, I knew these weapons were stored in a room above Bierce's law office. The committee had no trouble in obtaining possession of them, as Bierce was in full sympathy with Brown's plans. Brown received them in good shape, and they proved serviceable.

Early in 1856 the Border Ruffians under Sheriff Jones, acting as sheriff of Douglas County, made an attack on the Free-State people at Lawrence. Jones was backed up by the United States regulars under Colonel Sumner. The Free-State men,

under James Lane, Charles Robinson, S. C. Pomeroy, and other Free-State leaders, fortified themselves on Mount Oread, where now stand the buildings of the Kansas State University.

At Osawatomie, Brown heard of the war, and calling his sons together, harnessed a horse into a wagon, loaded the wagon with Sharp's rifles, Colt's revolvers, and other weapons, and started for the scene of action. All went well until he came in sight of the Wakarusa bridge, about eight miles south of Lawrence. There indications appeared that his passage over the bridge was to be disputed. The Ruffians had got word that he was coming, and sixty mounted men had come out to have some "fun" with him. They formed all on one side of the road and awaited his approach, confident they would have no trouble in capturing a force of only seven men. Brown placed his men three on each side of his wagon. Each man wore a belt in which were a half dozen Colt's revolvers loaded. Each had a revolver in one hand and in the other a Sharp's rifle. Brown himself had twelve revolvers in his belt and a Sharp's rifle in one hand. He gave orders not to fire until the enemy had fired, and then to fire as speedily as possible, make a breastwork of the horse and wagon, empty the rifles, and then the revolvers. He took the horse by the bit and walked forward. When he came to the first Ruffian, he looked him straight in the eye and continued to do so until he got past; he served the next in the same fashion, and the next, and so on, until the last man was passed. Not a word was uttered nor a shot fired by either side. Brown kept right on over the bridge, into camp at Mount Oread. Here he counselled with Lane, Robinson, and the others. He urged that the true course to pursue was to give battle to the Ruffians under Jones as well as the United States troops; but the others were against him, and no battle was fought. Soon the United States troops were withdrawn, and Brown went back to Osawatomie with his "army."

There was formed that year at Osawatomie a military company of Free-State men of which John Brown, Jr., was captain. The company was about to be dismissed one day, after having been on parade, when old John Brown stepped out in front and requested all who were willing to go with him that night to wipe out five Ruffians in that neighborhood who had warned the Browns, on penalty of death, to

leave in a given time, to step out five paces in front. Ten men stepped out. John Brown, Jr., opposed the movement; but the old man said that there had been Free-State men enough slaughtered in Kansas and he was not going to stand around waiting to be added to those already so brutally murdered, and that the certainty of being himself killed if he did not leave the country was justification enough for wiping out the Philistines. The ten men proceeded to grind sharp each a cavalry saber from those which had been forwarded from Akron; and before morning five Ruffians paid the penalty for the previous butchery of fifty-four Free-State men.

Early in 1859 Brown started from Osawatomie with ten men, all well mounted, intending to leave Kansas and go to Nebraska. The United States marshal at Leavenworth got word one night that Brown was camped on the prairie about twenty miles west of Leavenworth, and at once started to capture him, taking with him a posse of twenty men. Just after daylight next morning, as Brown's cook was preparing breakfast, Brown spied the marshal and posse approaching. At once he commanded his men to stand at an aim with their Sharp's rifles. When the marshal and posse were near enough to hear and see, Brown commanded "Halt." At once they halted. Then Brown commanded "Dismount," and they dismounted. Then Brown ordered three of his men to take the horses of the marshal and his posse, which they did. Next Brown commanded "Forward, march to camp," and the prisoners marched to camp. Then he ordered "Stack arms," and they all stacked arms. Brown said that he always invited callers who came at meal time to join him in the meal; and he invited the marshal and his company to take breakfast, which they at once consented to do. Brown told the cook to prepare bacon, coffee, and bread for twenty visitors, which he did. Brown said it was customary for him to have prayers before breakfast, and he and all his men knelt down in the prairie grass, and Brown began to pray. A young man named Boggs, who was one of the posse, gave me these facts in 1859. He said that as Brown knelt there in the prairie grass, the scene seemed to him so comical that he plucked a stalk of grass and tickled Brown's nose. Brown opened his eyes; but without break or pause he spoke on in the same monotonous tone as before

and seemed to be continuing his prayer. His words, however, as Boggs remembered them, were these: "Young man, if you do that again, I will put you where the mosquitoes will never sting you any more: oh, Lord, have mercy on these Border Ruffians who are persecuting the chosen of the Lord."

Boggs said that when Brown opened his eyes, looked at him, and said, "Young man," holding, as he did, a revolver in one hand and a rifle in the other, he (Boggs) felt the hair on the top of his head suddenly rise up, and a shudder passed quickly from the roots of his hair to his toe nails; and he had not the slightest doubt but that it would be an unhealthy proceeding to tickle the nose of the chosen of the Lord again.

After breakfast Brown told the marshal that he and his posse looked strong enough to walk back to Leavenworth, and that he would take their horses and arms with him on his trip to the East, as he had need of both. He claimed that they were lawfully captured in time of war and he had a right to keep them.

Brown never returned to Kansas. He

passed on through Nebraska and Iowa, sold his horses somewhere in the East, and then prepared for his raid into Virginia, at Harper's Ferry, for the purpose of liberating the slaves of the Southern States. As that is a matter of familiar history, I will not recount it here. It is well known that his attempt to free the slaves was a failure; that he was captured at Harper's Ferry, standing with his finger on the pulse of one of his sons who was then in the last agonies of death from wounds received in the battle, while in the other he held a Sharp's rifle.

Some have contended that John Brown was insane. From what I knew of him, my opinion is that he was not insane, but that he misjudged as to the slaves coming to his standard, and, again, as to the potency of pikes against fire-arms. His zeal outran his judgment. But when he saw that his fate was the gallows, he also saw that his death was the entering wedge to freeing the slaves. He was too brave to whimper at his fate, but stood up to it like a hero. He was instrumental in freeing the slaves; but in a different way from that which he had planned.

ACCORDIN' TO SOLOMON.

BY MARY M. MEARS,

Author of "The Marrying of Esther," and other Stories.

"**H**OLD still, Teddie! How d' y' s'pose I can dress you when you wiggle so?" The old woman knelt before the child, one chubby ankle in her hand. She was buttoning his shoe. Above her bent gray head his face showed as fresh as a rose, and his hair was carefully curled. He reached over and dabbled his hand in a basin of water.

"Is I doin' on a boat, drandma?"

She did not answer at once, and when she did, it was in a tense voice.

"No, you're goin' on the cars with your father and your—your new mother," she added, bravely.

"On d' steam cars?" he interrupted, bobbing up and down.

"Yes; and grandma wants you to remember what she's told you. You *will* be a good boy, won't you—and you won't forgit grandpa and grandma?" The face bent above the shoe worked convulsively. He leaned down and tried to see if she

was crying. "Drandma," he lisped, "Teddie 'on't go way."

She flung her arms about him. "No, no, he must go with papa." She rose stiffly and tied on his hat. Then she led him out of the bedroom, and, releasing his hand, gave him a little push.

"He don't look as nice as I would like to have him, but his other white dress is tore. I packed it, though."

John Wood turned. He was standing beside the center-table, pretending to look at some photographs. His wife, a handsome young woman, was poised on the edge of a chair. "He's all right," he muttered, and extended his hand to the child. He did not look at Mrs. Hopkins. "Come here, Teddie."

But the boy caught at his grandmother's skirts. "I do 'ant to go," he half sobbed. Mrs. Wood adjusted her bonnet strings.

"Come, you haven't seen papa in a long time," repeated John, but the child

slipped back of his protector, wrapping her dress around him.

"No! no!" he screamed.

The new wife pulled out her watch. "You'd better pick him right up, John," she suggested. The old woman cast a glance at her; then she stooped as well as she could and unfastened the little clinging fingers. "Didn't he tell grandma he'd be a good boy, and don't he want to ride on the steam cars?" she cooed.

Reluctantly he allowed her to lead him to the door, when his father would have lifted him. "Ain't you goin' to let him say good-by to his grandpa?" she cried. "You and her go 'long to the carriage, and I'll bring him."

And John Wood followed his wife, a flush on his face. The very pebbles in the path brought back memories of other lighter steps, wandering beside his, and when he reached the gate he could not look at the leaning posts. Shadowed by the decaying cap of one, two names were written—his and another's. He wondered if the rains had washed away the traces of those paired names.

"*Drand-ma! drand-ma!*" The heart-broken wail sounded above the roll of wheels.

The old woman did not glance at her husband, but went heavily into the house. Theodore Hopkins sat on the porch. He was partially paralyzed, and his face showed pale above his black clothes. His wife saw no reason why he should not dress well as long as he did no work, and in his broadcloth coat he presented a striking contrast to her in her clinging calicoes and gingham. Now the tears were rolling down his face. He put up his one sound arm and wiped them away.

In the kitchen she sat down and gazed straight ahead of her. Presently the restraint she had placed upon herself gave way. "It's jest *her!*" she exclaimed. "John would have left him here if she hadn't been so jealous. Pretended 'bout the work bein' too hard f' me. I'm sure I ain't complained. Wa'n't Jennie my daughter, and ain't it likely I'd be willin' to do for her child? And now they've took him away." She put her head down on the table, and stretched her arms towards her grandson's half-emptied bowl of bread and milk. "He won't be here to-night to go in his little bed, and he won't be here to-morrow mornin'. I can't wash and dress him no more, nor comb his curls—nor nothin'. Oh, me!"

Supper that night was eaten silently.

The boy's high-chair stood against the wall, and they both avoided glancing towards it. At last the old man broke out: "I could hear him when they reached the corner. He was callin' you, over and over."

"I guess she won't take much comfort travelin' with him," was the grim response.

Nevertheless, when the dishes were put away and her husband had opened out his newspaper, she could only sit hopeless, thinking of the impotent grief of a little child. Presently he glanced at her. It was his delight to roll out the words sonorously. "You ain't payin' attention," he cried, sharply, "and you always said it was because of Teddie's wantin' suthin', and now you ain't got any excuse." She really had a better one, for she was listening to her grandson's crying over a space of many miles, and her lonely arms were aching to reach him; but she bore the rebuke patiently, though the next day she retaliated by putting all the evidences of the child out of sight with a relentless hand until the rooms were as barren as if they had never been littered with spools and clothes-pins and the numerous un-beautiful articles so precious to a baby. "You were forever complainin' of stumblin' over things; you won't have to no more," she declared. But after a little they began to show that they were sorry for each other. Like two leaning old trees, the same wind that swept them apart for a moment but the more closely intermingled their branches.

Mr. Hopkins, appreciating his wife's loneliness, did not go out on the porch to sit, and Mrs. Hopkins slyly restored all the little possessions to their accustomed places, and by expending more care than usual on her husband's toilet, succeeded, in a measure, in making the old gray head take the place of the little yellow one. They even talked of the possible advantage this change from the country to the city might be to the child.

"Chicago's a big place, and he'll have more chance livin' there," volunteered the grandfather.

"I guess most any town's big enough for a baby," returned his wife; then added, in what she tried to make a hopeful tone, "but he's dreadful fond of lookin' into store winders, and there's considerable many more shops there than there is here."

Mrs. Hopkins had never been to Chicago. Her husband, however, had pur-

chased goods there. Now he broke into a cackling laugh. "Stores! Well, I guess there are a *few* more than there are in Sheldon. I tell you the boy's eyes'll stick out when he sees *them* winders, and the horse-cars, an' omnibuses, an' people hurryin' through the streets and never seemin' to git anywhere, and peddlers and hand-organ men. I tell you, the little feller'll like it."

"Yes, he'll like that part," agreed his wife. "But she won't let him take any comfort lookin'," she concluded drearily; "she'll drag him right along."

"Well, she won't try to more'n once," put in the old man. "Remember that day when he came nigh pullin' over that Indian cigar sign?" He laughed again, but his wife sat very still. A red spot grew on either soft withered cheek.

"Do you know what she'll do to him if he acts like that?" she demanded. "She'll *spank* him."

They continued to look at each other. Then Mr. Hopkins got up and took a few halting paces. "Oh, I guess she won't," he said.

"Yes, she will. She ain't one to have patience with him. And, oh, I can't stand it, no way. *Jennie's baby!*" Suddenly Mrs. Hopkins covered her face. Since the announcement of her son-in-law's marriage, a keener realization of her daughter's death had come to her than on the day of the funeral. Her husband eyed her with consternation.

"Why, don't, mother! I guess she won't do anything to Teddie but what's for his good." His words recalled her.

"Spankin' him won't do any good. I ought to 've told her."

"Yes, you ought to 've." He let himself down into his chair.

"I suppose I could write to her," she suggested, "and I guess I will. I'll tell her that he won't be drove, that he's used to havin' sugar in his bread and milk, what stories will put him to sleep best, and—some other things."

For a time they waited an answer, but as the weeks passed they gave up expecting one. Their longing for the boy increased. One afternoon, when he had been gone two months, Mrs. Hopkins started to make some calls, but she returned within half an hour. Her face had a strange look. She untied her bonnet fiercely and cast it from her little gray head, then began pulling off her gloves.

"Why, ain't you had a pleasant time?" her husband demanded. "Seein' folks I

thought would be good f' you." Then he fairly jumped.

"Theodore Hopkins, air ye a fool? 'Tain't folks I want to see—it's jest Teddie." She extended her little knotty hands. "And I'd rather be *drudgin'* f' him than mincin' 'round this way, like an old—ape. When that little Ray boy climbed into my lap, it all come over me. I tell you, I can't stand it no longer, *nor I ain't a-goin' to*. And I'm goin' down to Chicago and tell John so, and he's got to let me bring Teddie back."

"I don't see what excuse you'll offer."

"Excuse enough. I'll tell him how lonesome it is after we've had the baby ever since he was born, and I'll tell him how pindlin' you be."

"I dun know as it's that."

"Yes, it is that, too. Fact is, it's killin' us both. I'll get 'em to let me bring Teddie back, if it ain't no more'n for a visit. There's no use waitin'. I'll get the oldest Smith girl to come and look after you, and I'll start right off."

Mr. Hopkins was almost as excited as his wife, but he still objected. "You don't know anything about Chicago. You can't go there alone."

"I'd like to know why not. I'll write to my niece, Minerva Taylor, and she'll have her husband meet me; then the next day I'll git directed over to John's. I guess I've got sense enough to turn the right corners and read the figgers over the doors."

"'Tain't as simple as all that, you'd find. It's confusin'. If it wa'n't for my foot—I dun know but I could—"

His wife interrupted him. "Now you jest stop. I guess Teddie'll be as much as I can look after comin' back, without havin' you on my hands."

And three days later she went. She was seventy years old, and she had never been thirty miles from her own town; but if the magnitude of her undertaking grew upon her as the time of departure approached, she betrayed nothing of the feeling to her husband, and her calmness somewhat quieted his fears; though it was a very anxious face that peered up at her as she took her seat in the carriage of the neighbor who was to drive her to the station. "Now, do be careful, 'Mandy,'" he cautioned, calling her by name as if she had been a girl. "Don't put your head out of the car winders, wait till the train has stopped movin' before you git off, and in Chicago, if you git turned around, ask a policeman." They had kissed each other solemnly and with a little

embarrassment, and now he merely reached up a hand to her. "Good-by," he said.

She scarcely noticed him, she was so occupied in directing the neighbor to push the satchel far enough under the seat and give her her lunch box to hold; but when the man had taken his place by her side, she looked back at her husband. "You've no occasion to worry about me, father," she said, reverting to the words which had apparently escaped her. "But take care of yourself. Don't try to git up them steps alone. Now, good-by. I'll be back," she added, "jest as soon as I can git back."

Hiram Taylor met her at the depot. The confusion, the noise, the smoke, the brilliant lines of light winking out of the darkness were to her as the distorted visions in a dream. Her eyes were strained wide open behind her spectacles, and she panted so that she could not answer the few remarks that he addressed to her. But when they left the car her fright subsided, and by the time she met her niece she was quite herself. The ceaseless beat of traffic kept her awake until near morning; nevertheless she rose at the usual time. "I want to make an early start for my son-in-law's," she explained.

"Why, you ain't goin' over there to-day, are you, Aunt 'Mandy? Hi's got tickets for the museum, and is goin' to git off this afternoon. You wait until to-morrow, and I'll go with you. I can't this morning; the plumber's coming."

But the other shook her head. "Thank you, 'Nerva, but I guess I won't wait. I'll git back to go to the museum, though," she added conciliatingly, "'f I never see one."

Her self-reliant manner deceived the younger woman, and after breakfast she accompanied her to the corner. "Gracious knows, I'm scared to have you go this way," she declared, "though you don't have to transfer or anything."

And the trip was, indeed, a very simple one. She had no difficulty in finding the house. She toiled up the stone steps, quivering with excitement and triumph. "There, I told father I'd git here all right. My, won't Teddie be glad to see me."

John himself opened the door. "Why, mother!" he exclaimed. She was so associated in his mind with a certain village home, he would as soon have thought of one of the shrubs in its dooryard pulling up root and coming to the city as her. "How do you do?" he said. "Well! Did you come alone?"

"Yes. Father was awful worried to have

me, but I come, and I—want to see Teddie, John." Her voice trembled into a sob.

He gave her a quick look. "Why, of course."

He came back in a few minutes, followed by his wife. The old woman rose and looked past them eagerly. "I'm so sorry; he goes to kindergarten, and Rose has just packed him off; but he'll be home at noon," he added, pitying her disappointment. "Where's your baggage?"

"It's over to my niece's. I'm staying there."

"Why, I didn't know you had a niece in Chicago. Well, you'll spend the day with us, anyway," he said, with a glance at his wife. Her face was not inviting, but the old lady did not observe it.

"I'd like to, real well, John," she answered, "only Minerva's husband's got tickets for the museum this afternoon, and I promised to be back." She looked smilingly from one to the other. She was on the point of stating her errand, but John, saying he should see her again, put on his hat, and she concluded to wait for a more propitious moment.

For a time Rose stayed with her perfunctorily. The methods and aims peculiar to a kindergarten were outside the pale of the country woman's knowledge. "To think of her sendin' Teddie to a school," she reflected. "Of course, you ain't expectin' him to learn much," she remarked, finally, "he ain't four years old yet."

"No; it's the discipline. In a kindergarten one child helps to curb another."

The grandmother drew a hard breath. "I ain't never found Teddie needed so much curbin'," she said. "Of course, I ain't sayin' he ain't spunky, but I wouldn't give a cent for a child that wasn't."

They did not get on very well, and when Rose went to attend to some household duties, the visitor began to realize it. "I declare, I ain't very smart; but I won't say anything more," she resolved. Left to herself in the rather pretentious apartment, she looked about her sharply. "I wonder where the photograph album is; I bet she's took Jennie's picture out and put hers in place of it." Her breathing became labored. It was nearly three years since the laying away of the daughter, but this mother was none the less jealous for her. Indeed, it was as though she had gathered up the threads of that un-lived life and woven them with her own more sober ones. Then the thought that John might have locked the album away

comforted her. "I guess he ain't forgot," she whispered. She would not cry, but sitting in this home of her daughter's successor, she struggled with her loneliness—a pathetic, brave old figure.

Long before it was time for the child to arrive, she began to watch for him. She was stationed at the window when Mrs. Wood appeared and asked her out to lunch.

"Why, ain't you goin' to wait for Teddie?"

"No. On Friday he carries his lunch, and the exercises are a little longer. Then I thought you said you must get back to your friends by one."

The fear grew upon her that she would have to leave without seeing him. "If I only hadn't promised 'Nerva,' she lamented; "but Hiram'll git off, and I mustn't disappoint 'em." She waited as long as she dared. Rose followed her to the door, full of polite expressions of regret, but in the vestibule the old lady turned. "I may as well say just what I come for," she burst out; "I want to take Teddie back for a visit. His grandfather pines for him so," she added, pathetically.

Young Mrs. Wood took on an air of stiff reserve. "As far as I am concerned, I do not think it would be a wise plan," she said; "but I'll speak to his father, and if he thinks best, he can bring him to Sheldon."

And with that Mrs. Hopkins was obliged to be content. As she turned away, the full meaning of the other's words and manner came over her.

"She didn't ask me to come again; she don't even mean I shall see him." Her disappointment was so keen she could not remember how she came. At last she remembered her husband's instructions, and inquired of a policeman.

Minerva Taylor stepped out on the landing and peered over the railing. "Come right up, Aunt 'Mandy. I've been so worried about you; but I'm sorry if you've hurried, for Hi can't git off."

"Can't he git off?"

"No. There's extra work."

"Then I'm goin' back to my son-in-law's." The weariness had disappeared from Mrs. Hopkins's voice and manner. She straightened her bonnet. "I ain't seen Teddie yet, but he'll be home by now."

And buoyed up by a new determination, she took the trip again. "She thought she'd got rid of me," she reflected, "but I'm goin' to stay and ask

John myself." When she came in sight of the house, Rose was stepping into a carriage. Her heart gave a great bound. The servant had just gone in with a rug and had carelessly left the door ajar. Mrs. Hopkins walked in, smilingly. She was about to call attention to her entrance when the sound of sobbing reached her. She stood a moment, listening, then peered fiercely into the room beyond; but there was no one there, and with sudden wariness, she began to climb the stair. She had reached the second floor when the unsuspecting maid returned and closed the door.

The wailing ceased in a piteous holding of the breath, then became more convulsive. Little choked words sounded through it. There was a key in the door whence the sound proceeded, and at sight of it her eyes gave forth a sudden gleam. "Teddie," she whispered, "grandma's come!" She slipped in and locked the door. At first she did not see him, for he lay in a miserable little heap half under the bed, whence he had crawled in the excess of his grief. His lips were quivering with fright, but his eyes were expectant through the tears. He stretched out his arms towards her. Without a word she gathered him up and sat down on the bed. "Grandma, *nice* grandma!" His sobs merged into laughter. He clung to her and pressed his little red, swollen face against her withered one, and strained his little form closer. The two swayed together. It was some minutes before she became calm enough to question him; then she learned that he had been shut up in this way because he was naughty. She looked him over carefully: though there were no marks of violence on his soft little body, he had grown perceptibly thinner; and once, when he heard the servant, he started pitifully. It was not a tale of cruelty which she was able to piece together from his confused statements; but she was his grandmother, and the knowledge that he had been neglected and left to the servants and treated harshly by them was sufficient to arouse her indignation. She sat very still, with him hugged up to her. Ever since he had been taken from her she had been dominated by one thought.

"There ain't no other woman got the right to him I have," she repeated; "for if bein' the mother of a child's mother and doin' for it from the time it is born ain't the *next* thing to bein' the mother of that child, I'd like to know what is? At

least it 'mounts to more'n just marryin' the father," she concluded; "and if King Solomon was rulin' nowadays, I guess he wouldn't take long decidin' betwixt us. *He'd* know how extra wives are apt to treat children that ain't their own."

She was convinced that John would be influenced by Rose and that an appeal to him would be futile. They were in Teddie's bedroom, and presently she went into the closet and dragged forth the "telescope" in which his things had been packed when he came.

"Teddie's goin' wiz drandma," he exclaimed, slipping from the bed; but she caught him up and put him back with a peremptory "Hush! You must be still." And thereafter he sat without moving, but with a face eloquent as an angel's. She selected only the clothing she had made. There were some new dresses, but she did not pack these, though she examined them critically, twitching at them where they hung on the hooks. "Bought ones," she muttered, scornfully; "look how they're made!"

She worked with trembling eagerness, but the packing was only half finished when steps sounded on the stair. Two servants came along the hall, and the knob was turned softly.

"He's cried himself to sleep. What do you say to leavin' him?"

"Guess we'll have to if we go; she's taken the key."

The old woman was keenly alive to the advantages of the situation, and when a few minutes later they crept stealthily forth, chance still favored them. It was an unusually warm day for September, and there were few people passing. The shades of the neighboring houses were down. But she kept tight hold of her grandson's hand, as though she feared he would be taken from her. She was filled with a piquant sense of her own daring. Her lips curved in uncontrollable smiles, even while she darted apprehensive glances over her shoulder.

"Hurry, darlin'," she urged. With the "telescope" bumping between them, and uneven, excited steps, the two fugitives reached the car. She kept his head under her shawl, and he submitted, only putting up a hand now and then to wipe the perspiration from his round pink face. His utter confidence in her was touching, they were so alike in their helplessness. Her bonnet had slipped back, her thin brown wrists above her gloves looked like the bones of a bird, and the gray knot of her

hair was loosened. Fearing to arouse suspicion, she chatted with the passengers near her, and stared around with an air of being at her ease; but in spite of her assurance, she was just a little palpitating old woman, with her nerves strained to the highest pitch and every energy bent on the accomplishment of one object.

The tumult of the streets terrified and tired her, but not even when she reached her niece's did she allow herself to rest. She announced her intention of taking the night train home. "Father's there alone, and I guess the sooner I'm goin' the better," she added, dryly. The train left at half-past seven, and Hiram took them down before he ate his supper. There was something about his wife's aunt that aroused his sympathy. "Best not tease her, 'Nerva,'" he said; "she's got her mind made up."

The two walked in on Mr. Hopkins early the next morning. Stella Smith was just helping him to the breakfast table. He swayed a little.

"Why, mother! Teddie!" he cried. Then he sat down with the child clasping his neck. "We've comed, drandpa! Drandpa, we've comed!"

Mrs. Hopkins watched them a moment, then she interfered. "Come, Teddie, you're tirin' grandpa. Now, *father!*" she expostulated. She took his hand, and held it until his shoulders ceased to heave and he lifted his head.

"'Mandy,'" he said, solemnly, and yet with a break of humor in his quavering voice—"Mandy, I've always give you considerable credit f' knowin' how to git your way, and I knew, somehow, that you'd go there and git back safe; but I didn't expect *this*. How'd you ever persuade 'em?"

His wife smiled. Her very presence radiated a sense of triumph.

"There's different ways of persuadin'," she answered, with sly carelessness. But he still persisted, admiringly.

"I don't see what you could have said to 'em, that they let you bring him."

"Oh, I didn't say a great deal," she returned. "Let's have breakfast." Her husband's praise of her and her knowledge of how she had outwitted her son-in-law's wife added a certain sprightliness to her manner, for as yet this old woman did not appreciate what she had done in carrying off her grandson.

He occupied his old place at the table, like a little king. Both grandparents

waited on him, and he stopped every now and then in the enjoyment of his bread and milk to hug first one and then the other, until his head drooped like a tired flower's and he was carried off and placed in his own little crib. Mrs. Hopkins, also, slept the greater part of the morning, but when she awoke, her elation had vanished. Her husband, however, had waited patiently to hear the particulars of the trip.

"I thought John's wife would bring up all sorts of objections," he remarked, "and I guess she did, didn't she?"

"She said she didn't think it was a very good plan."

The old man chuckled. "Course she didn't. But John knew what would tickle the little feller. How long they goin' to let him stay?"

"There wa'n't nuthin' said; but I guess if John had thought a great deal of Teddie, he wouldn't have give him the step-mother he did," she added, bitterly.

"Oh, you hadn't ought to blame him that way, mother," remonstrated her husband. "He didn't know she'd turn out the way she has. I tell you John's had it pretty hard."

Mrs. Hopkins knitted vigorously, but her son-in-law's face would come between her and the stocking. It was not a particularly happy face for a man still under thirty, and there was a look in the eyes which had not been there during her daughter's lifetime—a look now sharpened to painful anxiety. Moreover, he was the man her daughter had loved. She struggled with the memory.

"And, naturally, he'd like to keep his own boy," pursued the old man, "and it was real kind of him to let you take him."

She laid down her work with a sudden air of desperation. "Who said he let me take him?" she demanded. "No one let me take him. *I just took him.*"

He stared at her. She had made her confession defiantly, but she trembled under his slowly comprehending gaze. He rose and stood over her. "You mean to say that you—brought—that—child—without—permission? That you *stole* him?"

"It wa'n't stealin'," she flashed back.

He waved her words aside. "Woman," he cried, with terrible emphasis, "don't ye know ye can be arrested for *abduction*?"

She paled a little, then rose valiantly to her own defense. "Stop—stop just where you are, Theodore Hopkins," she

commanded. "I know what I've done, and it ain't nuthin' so turrible. I took him, but I had a right to. *Accordin' to Solomon* I had a right to!"

Her husband was staggered. "Accordin' to Solomon?" he repeated.

"Yes, that king in the Bible. Ain't I proved that I care more for the child than she does, and ain't he really my own flesh and blood?"

For an instant she triumphed in the apparent justice of the comparison; then her husband would have spoken, but she silenced him. "And I took him on your account, too," she continued, "and I won't listen to a word. The only person I owe any explanation to is John, and I'll telegraph him, f' he may worry."

"Worry!" exploded her husband. "He's probably advertisin' in all the papers and got all the policemen in Chicago out huntin' f' him. He's probably most crazy."

And the situation that faced John Wood was indeed a baffling one. For lack of any other clue, it finally occurred to him that the disappearance of his son might in some way be connected with the visit of the grandmother; and not knowing her niece's address, he was about to telegraph to Sheldon, when a message arrived from there. The next day a letter followed. It was an utterly pathetic letter, despite the confession it made. "It ain't that I think your wife wasn't doing what she thought was right by Teddie," she wrote, "but not being her own, she couldn't have the patience; and don't you suppose, John, that Jennie would rather her own mother had him?" This plea was wiser than any Scriptural defense.

They had not long to wait for an answer. In a brief note he told them to keep the boy, adding a few loving words about the dead wife. The note was filled with unconscious sadness, for it was the man who had wooed their daughter that wrote. Indeed, it seemed as if she must rise out of the past in response, though perhaps her young spirit answered through the tears of her old parents.

"The hull house always seems full of her at this time of night," muttered the old man; "stealin' out to meet *him*. Seems 's though I could hear her now." But it was only Teddie, sleepy and winsome, who entered. The old couple smiled on him through their tears, and there was that beauty in their worn faces seen in a troubled sky when a rainbow arches through it.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

CONTRIBUTIONS AND CONTRIBUTORS.

THERE is but one policy in editing *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE*, and that is to have subjects of the highest interest treated by the people who are most competent to handle them, whether writers or artists. The result of this policy is shown in the character of the contents of the present number and of the matter secured for the coming months.

In Mr. Dana's series of personal reminiscences we have the result of the author's intimate association with the great personages of the war. Dr. Nansen, from the wealth of experience gained in one of the most extraordinary achievements in the history of the world, will outline the future of Polar exploration. General Miles, the present commander of the armies of the United States, will give the result of his observations of the armies and commanders of Europe, under the most favorable auspices, for a period of several months, during probably the most interesting year in Europe since the Franco-Prussian War. Prince Kropotkin, the eminent socialist and scientist, drawing from vast resources and personal knowledge, will write about the Siberian railway. Colonel Waring, who for nearly twoscore years has been a high authority on all the engineering and sanitary problems connected with great cities, and who is especially noted for his wonderful work in New York City in the past two or three years, will forecast the city of the future. Young Landor, who undertook a most daring expedition into Thibet and who suffered most cruelly, will tell in the magazine his experiences on his travels. Anthony Hope, who is now in this country, and whose heroine, the Prin-

cess Flavia, is probably the most adored of women, writes the further adventures and love of Rudolf Rassendyll and the Princess Flavia, and introduces the scenes and characters of his famous story, "The Prisoner of Zenda." Rudyard Kipling, nearly all of whose recent work has appeared in *McCLURE'S*, will contribute a number of poems and stories during the year. Stephen Crane will be represented both by an article of unusual interest on the fastest train and by a story drawn from his experiences in the Southwest. Mr. Garland will appear as the contributor of a series of remarkably interesting papers, one of which gives the Indians' story of the Custer massacre. Mr. Charles Dana Gibson is going to spend this winter in Egypt; the result of his observations will be set forth by his pen and pencil in *McCLURE'S*; besides, he will be a constant companion to Anthony Hope in "Rupert of Hentzau."

All we ask in considering matter for the magazine is, "Has it sufficient and right kind of interest?" Matter that clearly possesses this interest is always accepted, whether it comes from known or unknown contributors, and is liberally paid for. We are glad to receive and examine contributions of any sort within the scope of the magazine—short stories and historical, scientific, and other special articles. Awaiting the special writer who can prove his right to it, we have, indeed, a standing special prize. That is a position on the staff of the magazine for any one who can do such work as we are now having done by other members of the editorial staff, such as Miss Tarbell and H. J. W. Dam.

A MEMORIAL TO ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

THE proposal to erect a memorial to Robert Louis Stevenson in Edinburgh, the city of his birth, is meeting with the approval that one would have predicted for it. Besides the fitness of it because of Stevenson's unquestionable eminence as a writer, there is to prosper it that peculiar personal affection with which he bound his public to him. An American Committee has just organized to promote the project in the United States, and issues the following address:

38 UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

It has been proposed to erect in his native city of Edinburgh a memorial to ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, and a committee of his Scotch and English admirers and friends, headed by Lord Rosebery and having among its number those as near to Stevenson as Mr. Sydney Colvin, Mr. George Meredith, and Mr. J. M. Barrie, has been already formed to carry out the project. But Stevenson is nowhere held in greater admiration or affection than in America, and it seems certain that many of his American readers would be glad of an opportunity to take part in this tribute to his memory. Many of them have felt through his books the vital and stimulating personality that made him one of the most attractive figures in recent English literature; and the idea of this memorial has appealed to them with an unusual force.

With the authority of the English organization an

American Committee has been formed, which asks American readers and admirers of Stevenson to contribute to the work. The memorial is to take the shape of a "statue, bust, or medallion, with such architectural or sculptural accompaniment as may be desirable," and the character of those having the matter in charge ensures its dignity and fitness.

Subscriptions of whatever amount will be received for the American Committee by the undersigned, its chairman, and receipts returned in the name of the committee. To the subscribers of sums of \$10.00 and upward there will be sent by the American Committee, as a memorial of participation in the undertaking, a special edition, printed for the committee, of Stevenson's "*Æs Triplex*," bearing the subscriber's name and having as its frontispiece a reproduction of the portrait by John S. Sargent. It need hardly be said that this edition will not be otherwise obtainable.

CHARLES FAIRCHILD,
Chairman.

Committee:

Henry M. Alden,	John La Farge,
E. L. Burlingame,	Will H. Low,
Beverly Chew,	James MacArthur,
Charles B. Foote,	S. S. McClure,
Jeannette B. Gilder,	Augustus St. Gaudens,
Richard Watson Gilder,	Charles Scribner,
Clarence King,	J. Kennedy Tod,
Gustav E. Kissel,	Geo. E. Waring.



St. Ives is a character who will be treasured up in the memory along with David Balfour and Alan Breck, even with D'Artagnan and the Musketeers.—*London "Times."*

THE LAST PORTRAIT IN STEVENSON'S GALLERY.

From the " St. James's Gazette."

THE tale is told : the story ends,
The last of those attractive friends,
Friends whose companionship we owe
To that lost master of romance
With whom we fought against the foe
Or staked the desperate chance:

Since first we tasted the delights
Of Florizel's adventurous nights,
Or paced the " Hispaniola's " deck
And wished John Silver far away,
Or roamed the moors with Alan Breck,
Or supped with Ballantrae.

Now bold St. Ives admittance craves
Among these fascinating knaves ;
With him from prison walls we leap,
With him our hearts to wrath are stirred,
With him we tremble, laugh, and weep,
Until the final word.

The story ends ; the tale is told,
And though new books new friends may hold,
Though Meredithians we may meet,
Or Wessex lads with Wessex wives,
That portrait gallery is complete
In which we place St. Ives.



Why Not
Make Yours
Just as Nice?



A postal request for our booklet, "Enamels and Enameling," will enable you to learn how easily, cheaply and beautifully bath-tubs, foot-baths, sinks, articles of furniture, willow, earthen and metal ware may be finished by the use of

NEAL'S ENAMELS.

Enameled metal samples, to be tested in boiling water, sent free to every inquirer.

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Detroit,
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2 C IN STAMPS will secure a card-board Parlor, Dining-room, Bedroom and Kitchen Suite FOR THE CHILDREN.

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER



GIVES LENGTH AND LUSTRE



Shame!

Shame follows every neglect in life, and in neglect of cleanliness it comes quickly and forcibly.

Contempt for the owner of a dirty house, greasy kitchen or a filthy cooking utensil is contempt unrelieved by pity and unexcused by partiality. Indeed there is no excuse for such things when every grocer sells SAPOLIO for scouring and cleaning.

Beware of imitations.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO.

New York.

GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE!

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.



Trade-Mark.

Pure,
Delicious,
Nutritious.

*Costs Less than ONE
CENT a cup.*

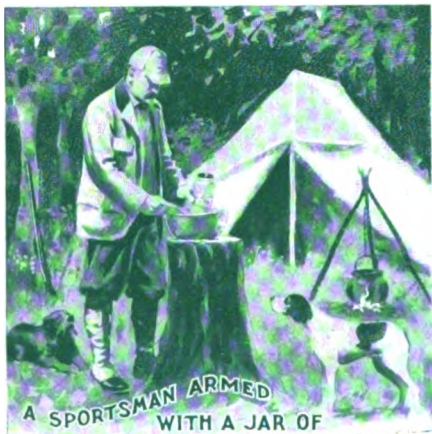
Be sure that the package
bears our Trade-Mark.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited,
Established 1780,
Dorchester, Mass.

IVORY SOAP



**It will keep
Baby's skin soft
as a rose leaf**



A SPORTSMAN ARMED
WITH A JAR OF

Liebig COMPANY'S Extract of Beef

need have no fear of being attacked
by hunger.

It's invaluable for Hunters, Yachtmen and
Tourists, easily car-
ried, always ready and
GOES A LONG WAY.

Look for this signature
on the genuine:

J. Liebig

*Bread and cake raised with Royal are
wholesome when hot.*

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Absolutely Pure

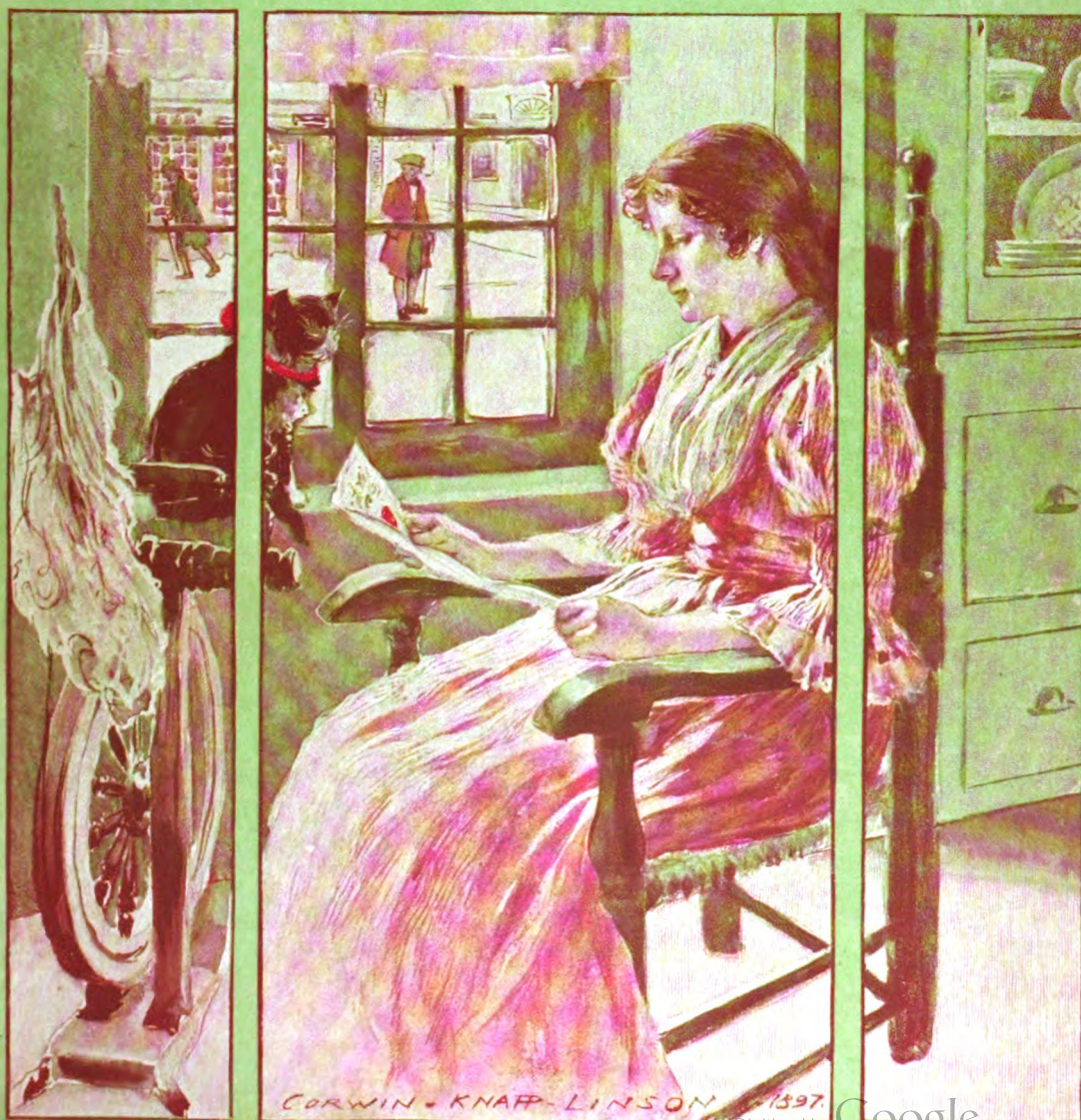


ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

NANSEN ON FUTURE POLAR EXPLORATION
WITH PICTURES FROM LIFE OF PEOPLE AND SCENES OF THE FAR NORTH

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR FEBRUARY.





Pears' Soap

CAUSE AND EFFECT

IT TOUCHES THE CHEEK
 OF BEAUTY SO GENTLY
 THAT YOUTH LINGERS
 ON THE FACE OF AGE
 & AGE ITSELF LOOKS YOUTH

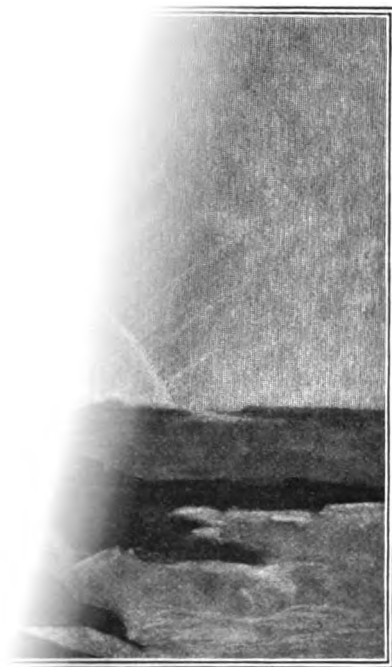
Pears' is matchless
 for the complexion



MAGAZINE.

No. 4.

Before midnight, July 27.



EXPLORATION.

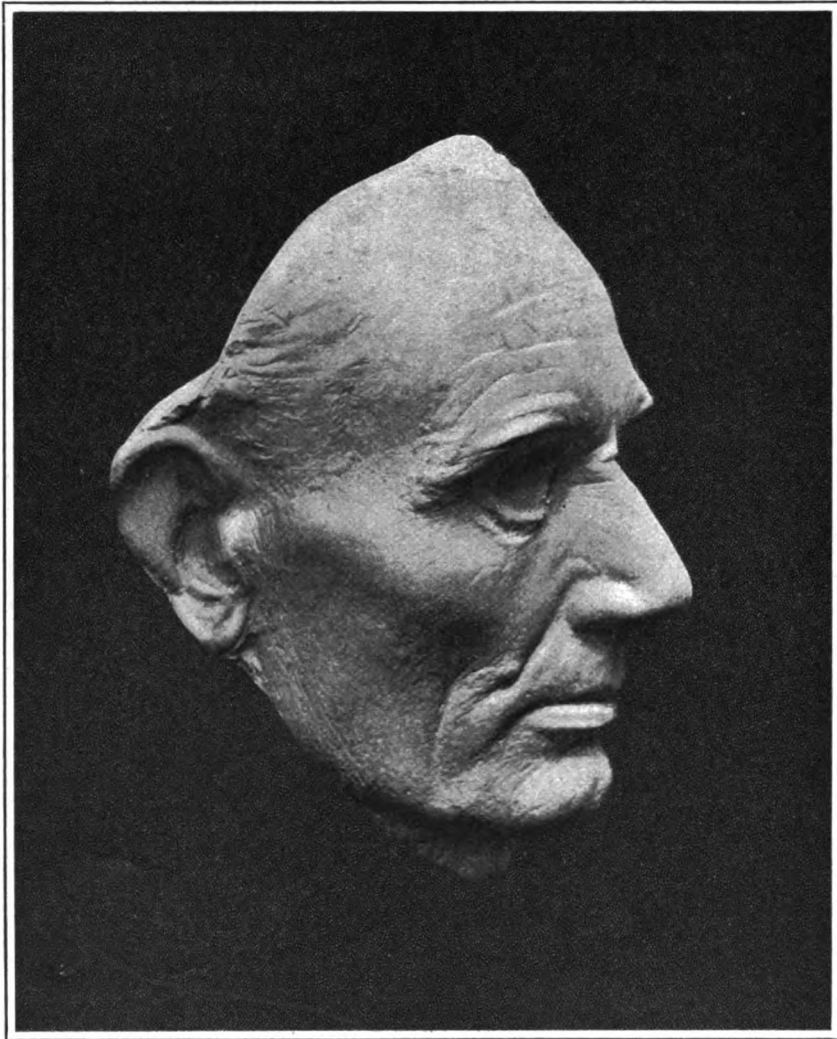
Nansen,

etc.

(hitherto unpublished) by Nansen, Greely, Peary,
and Albert Opert, and from descriptions by Com-

over a shorter route across this sea to
Siberia and India, but they always met with
impassable ice. Only some few
of the American hydrographers
advanced a
Polar sea, and
the correctness
way. When

Clure Co. All right.



See page 339.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN, 1860. AGE 51. LIFE MASK BY LEONARD W. VOLK.

From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine. Mr. Volk's life mask of Lincoln was made at Chicago in 1860, shortly before Lincoln's nomination to the Presidency. On page 341 will be found a reproduction of it in full view.

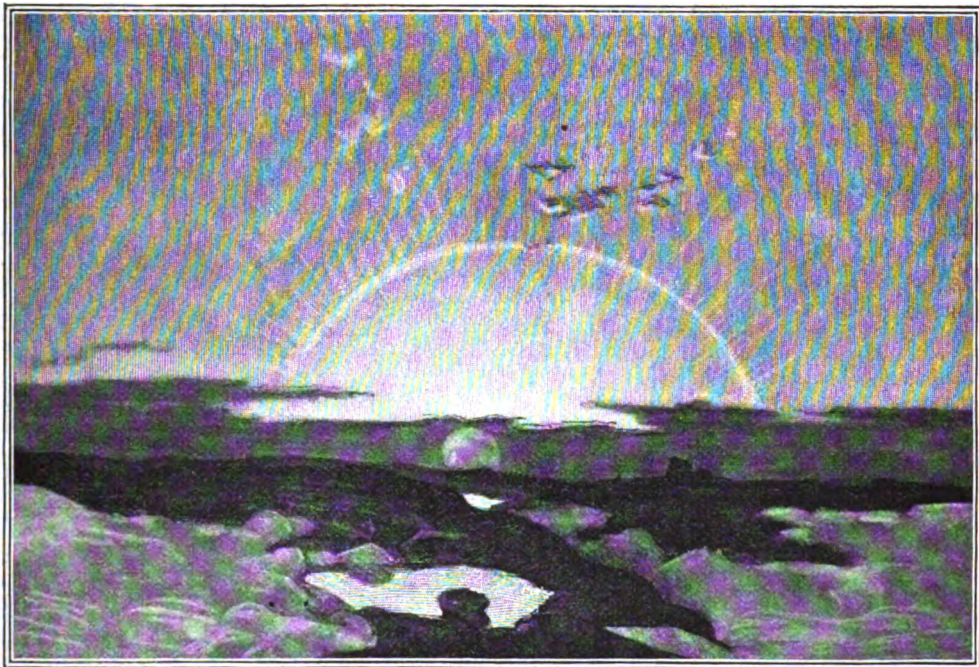
MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

FEBRUARY, 1898.

No. 4.

META INCOGNITA.—*The Northern Boundary of Hudson Strait. From a color study painted from nature an hour before midnight, July 27, 1896, by Albert Operti, the artist of the Peary Expedition.*



FUTURE NORTH POLAR EXPLORATION.

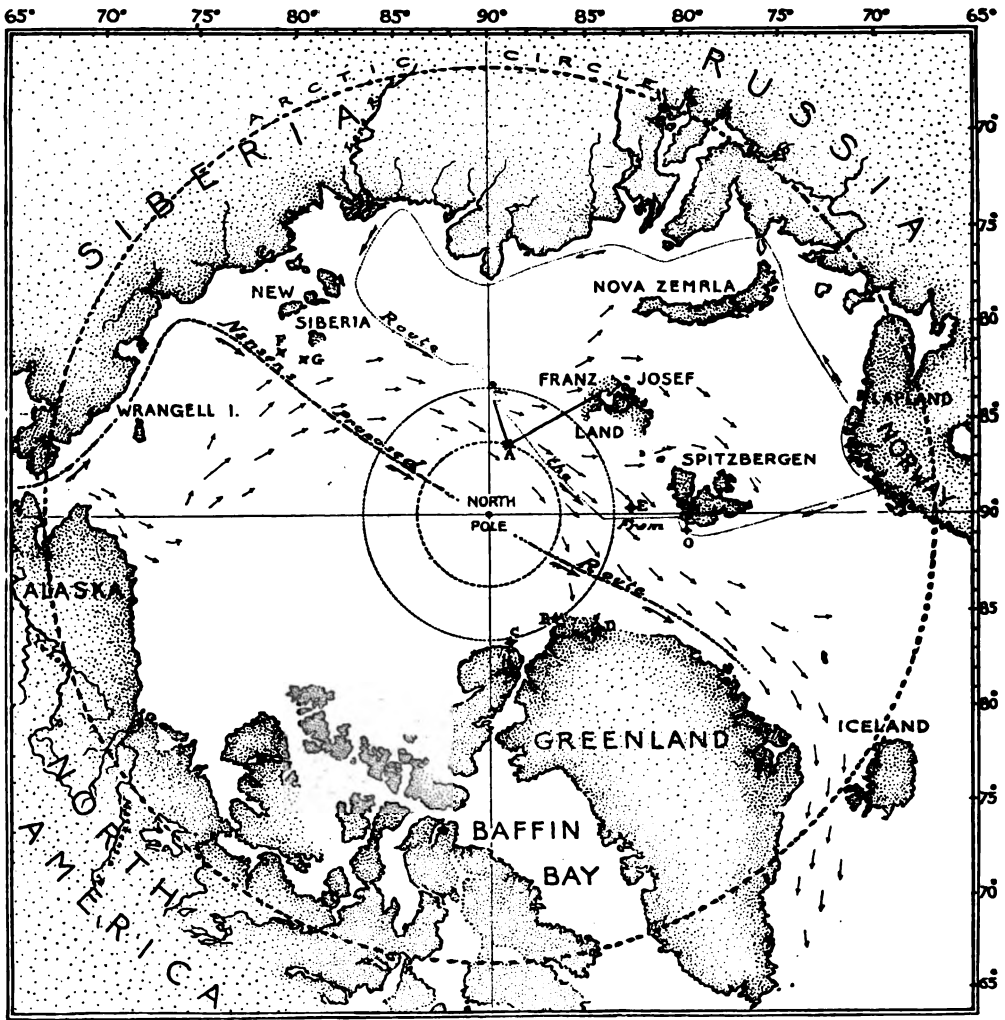
BY DR. FRIDTJOF NANSEN,

Author of "Farthest North," etc.

Illustrated with photographs and drawings from life (most of them hitherto unpublished) by Nansen, Greely, Peary, the Tegetthoff Expedition, and the Arctic artists, William Bradford and Albert Operti, and from descriptions by Commodore Melville and Captain Brainard.

THE North Polar region has always had great attraction for the imagination of mankind, and we find during times past the most extreme views as to its real character. Centuries ago some Dutch geographers held the opinion that there was an open sea with a warm climate at the North Pole, and ships set sail to discover a shorter route across this sea to China and India, but they always met with impassable ice. Only some forty years ago the American hydrographer Maury advanced a similar theory of an open Polar sea, and very cleverly tried to prove the correctness of this theory in a scientific way. When, however, this open sea was

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MAP SHOWING NANSEN'S PROPOSED ROUTE TO THE POLE.

A Northernmost point reached by Nansen, April 7, 1895 ($86^{\circ} 14'$). B By Lockwood and Brainard of the Greely Expedition, May, 1882 ($85^{\circ} 24'$). C By Markham and Parr, May, 1876 ($83^{\circ} 20'$). D By Peary and Astruc, July, 1892 ($81^{\circ} 37'$). E By Parry, July, 1827 ($82^{\circ} 45'$). G De Long, June, 1881 ($77^{\circ} 15'$). O marks Dane's Island, Andree's point of departure on his balloon journey. The inner circle marks the latitude reached by Nansen and Johansen; the outer one, that reached by Lockwood and Brainard. The course of the "Fram" is also marked, as well as the journey of Nansen and Johansen after leaving the "Fram," first northward, and then southward to Franz Josef Land.

found not to exist, opinions went to the other extreme, and the idea became current that the Polar sea was shallow, with many lands and islands, and that the Pole itself was covered with a thick, immovable ice mantle.

But all such ideas must now be abandoned in the light of the more recent explorations, and we are able to form a more clear and sober conception of the far North.

The expedition of the "Fram" has proved that the physical conditions in the vicinity of the Pole are very much the same as we find them in the better known

regions of the Arctic sea. There was neither an open sea nor an immovable ice mantle, but the whole area is an extended deep basin covered by floating ice, constantly broken up and being carried across from the Siberian side towards the Greenland side. The average depth of this basin we found to be towards 2,000 fathoms along the whole route of the "Fram," and it is evidently a continuation of the deep North Atlantic trough, stretching northwards into the unknown between Spitzbergen and Greenland. The depth of this sea is filled with comparatively warm water, warmer than that in the



DR. NANSEN.

From a recent photograph taken expressly for **McCLURE'S MAGAZINE** by Bliss Brothers, Buffalo, New York.

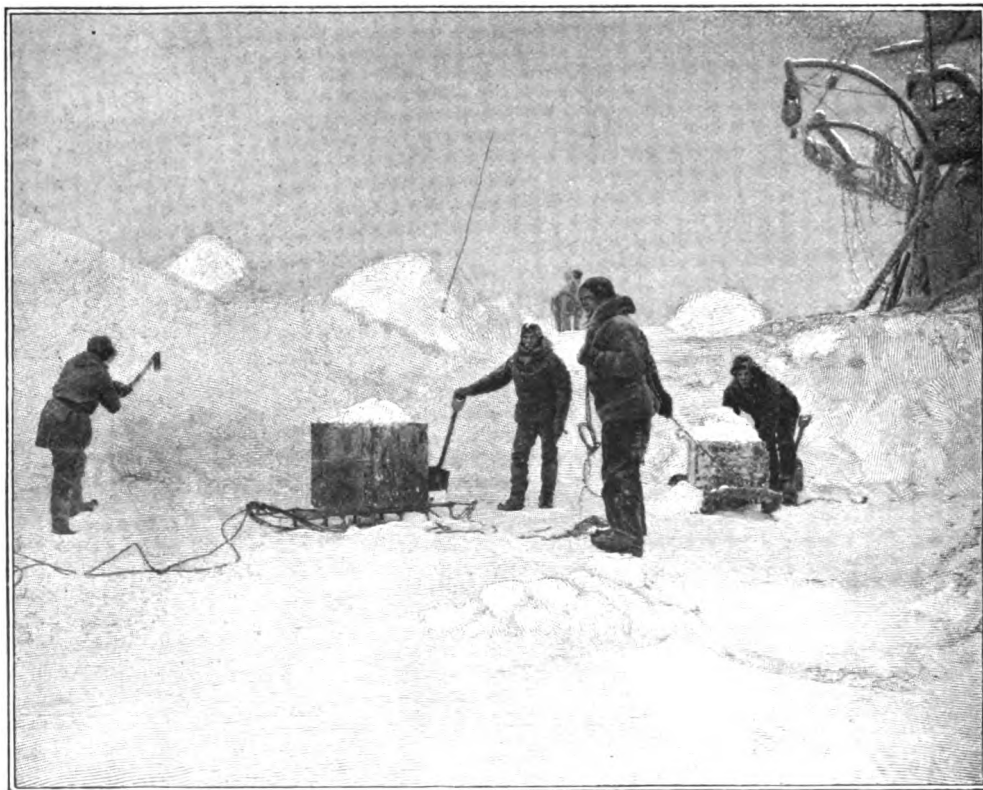
depths of the north Atlantic Ocean, and it is evident that this warm water comes from the Atlantic, fills the Polar basin, is gradually cooled, and runs out again as cold water to fill the depth of the sea to the south. It is a part in the eternal circulation of the ocean.

The question now arises, What extent has this sea towards the North? In my opinion it is not doubtful that it covers the Pole itself. Had the "Fram" continued her drift in the ice, she would have been carried southwards along the east coast of Greenland; but she would have left a great distance between her and the coast, down which a vast volume of ice is carried, which must necessarily come from the region north of the track of the "Fram."

We thus see that, according to all probability, the whole area between the Pole and the Siberian coast is covered by a large and extended sea; and there cannot possibly be much unknown land on that side. It is another question, however, what we may expect to find on the other side between the Pole and the American coast. To me it seems probable that the

greater part of this area also is an ice-covered sea, although there may, of course, be unknown land and islands to be discovered in this direction, as it is not probable that we have yet reached the most northern limit of land. The most important part which now remains unexplored is that extensive region which is limited by the "Fram's" route, the route of the "Jeanette," Patrick Island, Grant Land, and the most northern part of Greenland, which is yet unknown.

How can this unknown region be explored? I think there are various ways in which it ought to be done, as each of them will certainly bring important results. I think the drift of the "Fram" has clearly proved the efficiency of the mode of travel which we adopted. That a ship can be built able to withstand the pressure to which it would necessarily be subjected on a drift through these regions is established. It can scarcely be doubted that the "Fram" was exposed to difficulties of this kind as great as can reasonably be expected. I believe, therefore, that the Polar sea can at all times be traversed



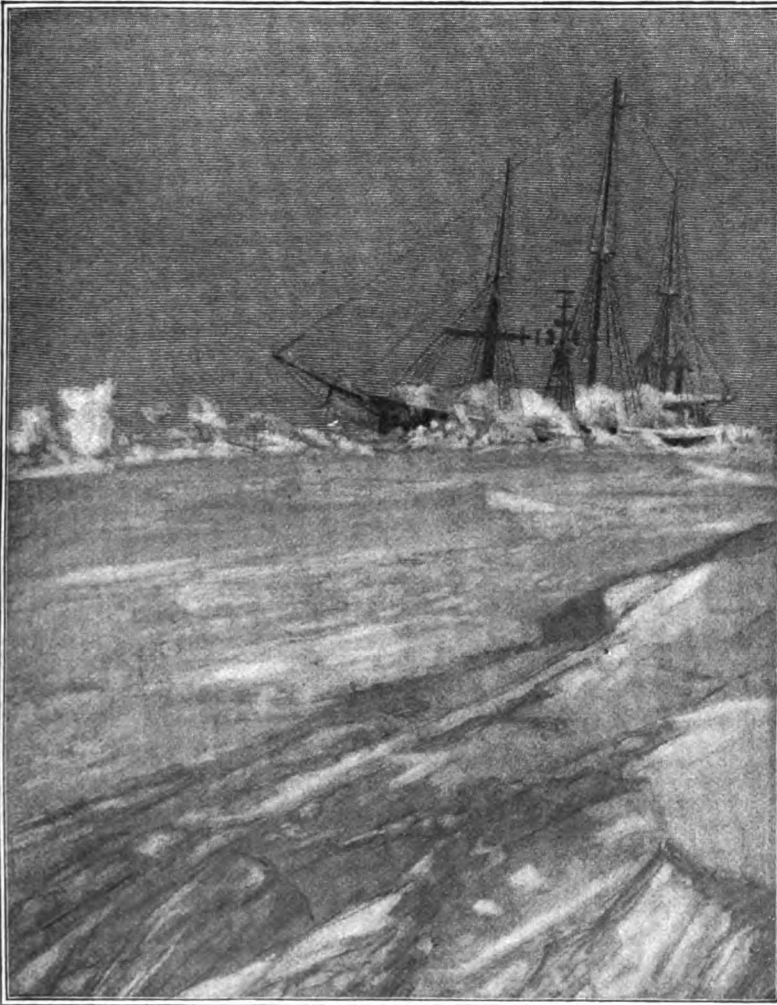
CUTTING AND CARTING AWAY THE ICE TO RELIEVE THE ICE PRESSURE ON THE "FRAM."

From a hitherto unpublished photograph.

with sufficient safety in this manner, if only proper provision be made. Furthermore, this method of travel offers such great advantages that it certainly ought to be adopted in the future, as the drift of a

the ice in a northerly or perhaps, rather, northeasterly direction, somewhere between 160 and 170 degrees west longitude. The ship will then be closed in by the ice, and will certainly be carried across the

unknown sea a great distance north of the "Fram's" route, across, or, at any rate, not far from, the Pole itself, and will emerge into open water somewhere along the east coast of Greenland. The expedition will thus bring a sum of information about the Polar region which will be of priceless benefit to many branches of science. But such a drift will take a longer time than ours did: I should say, probably five years. It might, however, be that the drift further north is more rapid than it was in the neighborhood of the "Fram's" route, as during Johansen's and my sledge journey I got the impression that



THE "FRAM" IN THE ICE.

From a hitherto unpublished photograph taken by moonlight, January, 1895.

ship like the "Fram" through unknown regions affords the best means of making scientific investigations of all kinds. It is only by a sojourn of years that sufficient material can be collected to enable a fully satisfactory conception of the physical conditions of these regions to be formed. A vessel like the "Fram" is, in fact, an excellent floating observatory.

I think that such an expedition ought to go north through Bering Strait, and enter

there was more motion in the ice the further we went north.

It might be urged in objection to an expedition of such long duration, that it would expose its members to certain dangers, as it has been thought that a number of years in these parts would be injurious to health. From my experience, however, I must say that I found the Arctic region a very healthy place of resort. There are no diseases, and you do not even catch a cold, as there are no germs

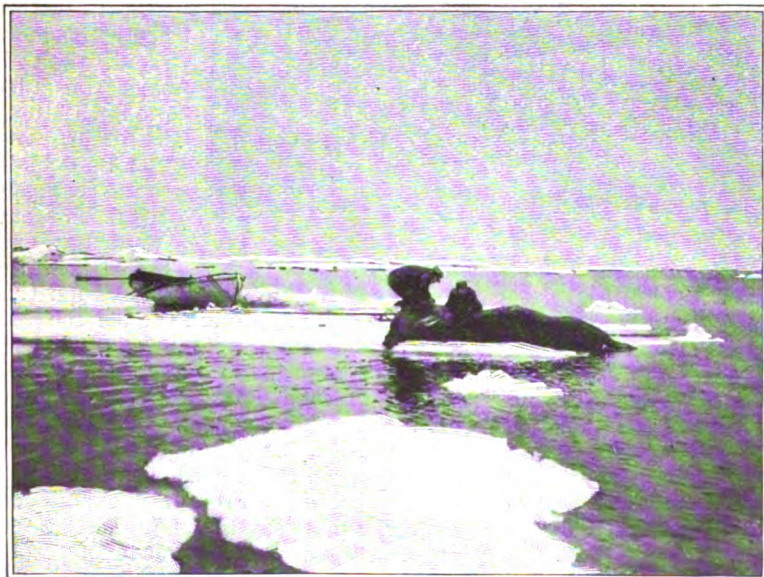
to produce them. The malady which has hitherto been feared more than anything else in Arctic expeditions is scurvy; but that ought not to occur again, as it is undoubtedly very easily avoided when proper precautions are taken. As far as I understand, it arises from poisoning, caused especially by badly preserved meat and fish. It seems probable that, by the decomposition which takes place in the meat from bad methods of preservation (in salt meat, for instance), poisonous matter is produced which is allied to the so-called ptomaines, and this, when constantly partaken of, causes the malady we call scurvy. But at present there is no difficulty in getting well-preserved food; so that this difficulty can easily be avoided.



LIEUTENANT JOHANSEN. FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY DR. NANSEN AS THEY LEFT THE WINTER HUT WHERE THEY HAD SPENT ALMOST NINE MONTHS, ON MAY 19, 1896.

nected with such a journey than with many other undertakings in life.

By such a drift a very important part of the still unknown Polar region could be explored; but there would remain a great area on the American side where exploration in this way would not be possible. The best method of exploring this area seems to me to be by dogs and sledge. Our expedition has proved that it is possible to cover comparatively long distances on the floe ice of the Polar sea by these means, and I believe that the whole of this unknown area can be so explored if



SKINNING A WALRUS. FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY DR. NANSEN.

the equipment be only made carefully, and plenty of strong and well-trained sledgedogs be taken.

This mode of travel has the advantage, compared with the one previously described, that it takes much shorter time and you are more master over your movements. As far as geographical exploration goes and the investigation of the distribution of land and water, it offers unrivalled facilities. The disadvantage is, however, that it does not allow of a sojourn of any duration in those desolate regions and does not give you the opportunity for careful scientific research which is needed for a complete knowledge of them. It is, there-

fore, to be hoped that both modes of travel will be employed in the future.

A third way of getting into the unknown is the balloon, which has been tried for the first time this year, but with what results we do not yet know. The main importance of such an expedition will be to give us information about the distribution of land and water, which it will be able to do in case it has clear weather and the surface of the sea or land is not hidden by mist. The way in which I should imagine the balloon could be of most use in future exploration would be to let it carry sledges with necessary



DR. NANSEN. FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN BY LIEUTENANT JOHANSEN ON LEAVING THE WINTER HUT, MAY 19, 1896.

dogs and equipment northwards, so that the expedition could leave the balloon and travel across the ice southwards. The necessity of covering the same distance twice would thus be avoided, and a more complete exploration of the region traveled through would thus be made.

What should be the aim of future exploration? It is evident that it ought to be purely scientific research, and the more the expedition is equipped for this purpose the better results there will be obtained. The first thing we want to know is the exact distribution of land and water in the whole region. It is not only for geographical purposes that we want this knowledge:

it is impossible to calculate the quantity of water on the globe unless we know this and to calculate the exact relation between the sea and the continents, which count as



HAULING KAYAKS ON THE ICE. FROM A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH BY DR. NANSEN.

a great influence on the conditions of the atmosphere, the circulation of ocean currents, and many other physical conditions. We also want to know the exact depth of this Polar sea in its full extent, and the water temperatures in the various strata from the surface down to the bottom. And then we must know more about the formation of the ice in that sea: the conditions which are necessary for its freezing, how the ice travels across the sea, how thick it grows, etc. A perfect knowledge of all this will not only help us to understand better the climatic conditions of the northern regions, and, we could say, of the whole surface of the globe of to-day, but it will perhaps throw some light on the many strange climatic changes which have taken place in the past history of the earth.

To illustrate of what importance this might be, I might mention here a discovery we made during our voyage in the "Fram." By examining the salinity of the water and its temperature in the various depths, we found that the Polar sea is covered with a layer of comparatively fresh water, with a very low temperature, about the freezing point of water of that salinity (29.3 to 29.12 degrees Fahrenheit). When, however, we pene-

trated this layer to a depth of one hundred fathoms, we suddenly came on water with a greater salinity, and the temperature of which would be as much as 32.9 degrees, and even 33.44 degrees, Fahrenheit. This is much warmer than we should expect the water to be in the frozen North. At a greater depth the water varied somewhat, but remained about the same to a depth of from 220 to 270 fathoms, after which it sank slowly with the depth, though without sinking to the cold temperature of the surface water. It did not, as a rule, sink below 30.65 degrees, which temperature we found at a depth of about 1,600 fathoms. Near the bottom it again rose quite slowly, I think probably on account of the internal heat of the earth. These conditions may seem somewhat astonishing, seeing that the depths of the north Atlantic Ocean north of Scotland, the Faroe Islands, and Iceland are filled with icy-cold water, the temperature of which is about 29.3 degrees Fahrenheit. The depths of the sea in the South are consequently colder than you find them near the Pole. The reason is evidently that the warm salt water from the surface of the Atlantic Ocean is carried northwards by the Gulf Stream into the Polar sea, where it, however, meets the fresher and

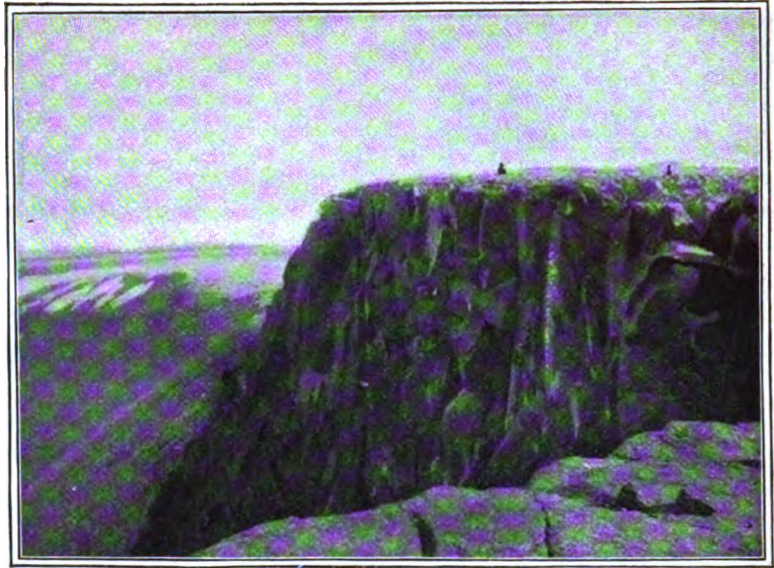


AN ICEBERG.

From a photograph taken by the late William Bradford of New Bedford, Mass., an artist who spent more than seven years in the Arctic seas, making several trips with Dr. Hayes, and once chartering a vessel of his own, for the sole purpose of painting the scenery of the far North. Some of his most important works were painted for and are owned by the Queen of England and European museums.

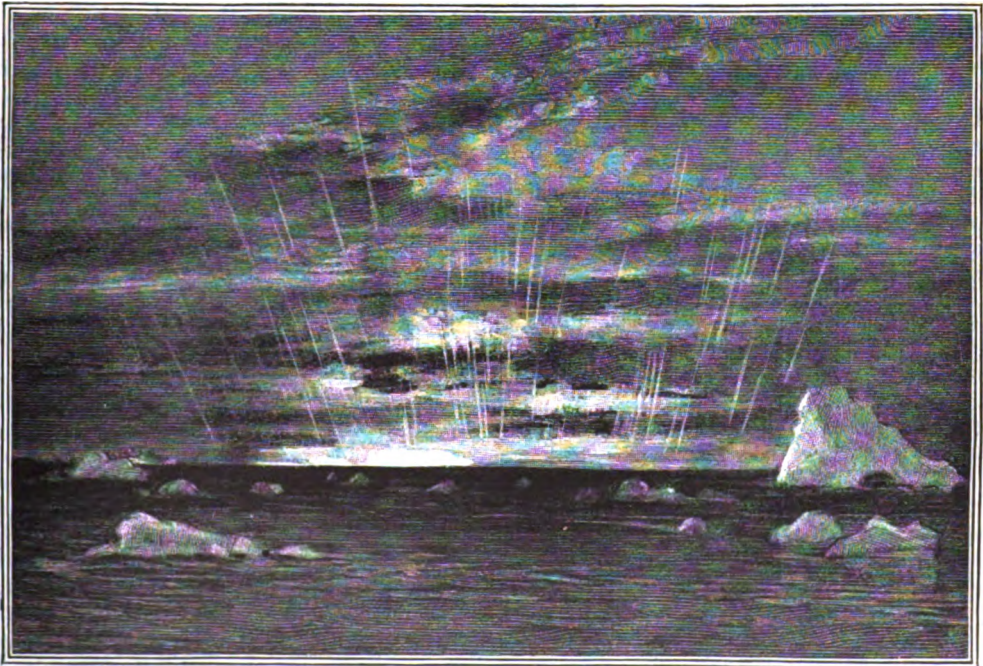
consequently lighter water which results from the constant outflow of fresh water from the Siberian and American rivers into the Polar basin. Being heavier on account of its salinity, the warm Atlantic water must sink under this cold but lighter layer on top, and will fill the whole depth of the Polar basin. What is the result of this? The fresher water on top prevents the warm water from approaching the surface,

and consequently the formation of ice by freezing is not very much retarded by that, notwithstanding the protection afforded by this warmer water carries into the Polar sea. It is, however, evident that, notwithstanding the protection afforded by this cold top-layer, this constant



NAVY CLIFF ($81^{\circ} 37'$), WHERE LIEUTENANT PEARY ERECTED A CAIRN AND PLANTED THE AMERICAN FLAG ON JULY 4, 1892. LIEUTENANT PEARY'S NORTHERNMOST POINT ($82^{\circ} 12'$) IS ON THE ICE CAP IN THE BACKGROUND OF THE PICTURE.

This photograph is reproduced by the courtesy of Lieutenant Peary and his publishers, the Frederick A. Stokes Company, from a forthcoming book.



AN EFFECT OF SUNSET AND SUNRISE. FROM THE COLOR STUDY PAINTED FROM NATURE IN BAFFIN'S BAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1896, BY A. OPERTI, THE ARTIST OF THE PEARY EXPEDITION, DURING THE HALF HOUR DISAPPEARANCE OF THE SUN, WHEN THE SUNSET LIGHT LINGERED IN THE SKY WHILE THE SUNRISE RADIANCE BEGAN TO BE FELT.



FORT CONGER, LIEUTENANT GREELY'S HEADQUARTERS FROM AUGUST, 1881, TO AUGUST, 1883.

From a photograph kindly loaned by General A. W. Greely.

influx of warm water has some effect in heating the Polar sea and thus reducing the formation of ice on its surface.

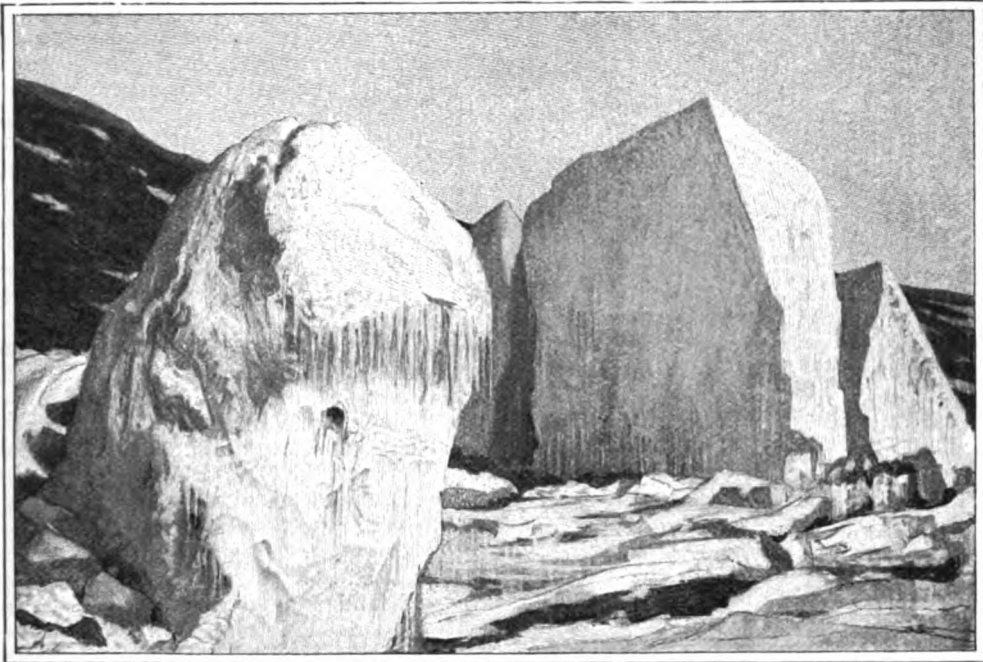
There is also another important factor which prevents the ice which covers this sea from growing very thick; that is, that the ice is constantly carried across the Polar region by the winds and the currents and is transported southwards to lower latitudes, where it melts before it reaches the age necessary to grow above a certain thickness. The thickest floes formed directly by freezing which we measured were about fourteen feet thick.

What would, however, take place if this constant outflow of ice and cold water and the constant influx of warm water were completely stopped? If, for instance, by the upheaval of the sea-bottom, a ridge of land were formed across the Atlantic Ocean from Scotland over Shetland, the Faroe Islands, and Iceland to Greenland, such as we know there probably once has been, in some quite recent geological period? The result would be that the ice would be blocked up by this land even more completely than it is now blocked up by the north side of the islands of the American Arctic Archipelago. The drift of the ice would gradually be stopped, the floes would grow thicker and thicker, partly by freezing underneath, partly by accumu-

lation of snow on the surface, and the Polar sea would be covered with an enormous ice-mantle, such as that which so many have believed covers the Pole.

The Gulf Stream, now running northwards between Scotland and Iceland, would also be stopped by such a land ridge, and the influx of warm water into the Polar sea would no longer take place. The result of this would necessarily be that the water in this basin would be cooled down and we would probably find the same low temperature which is now limited to the upper layer through the whole depth of the sea. But whether the result would be that the water would freeze solid to the bottom, I think is rather doubtful.

It is evident that the climatic conditions would be very much altered by the changes which are here described. The surface of the Polar sea would now be more like an enormous glacier than an ice-covered ocean. On account of the radiation of heat from the surface of this snow-covered ice-mantle, the average temperature of the year would gradually sink, and the climate would become colder than it is at present. But at the same time the Atlantic Ocean to the south of the land ridge mentioned would not be cooled down by the outflow of cold water and ice from the North, and it would not constantly give off a great



STRANDED ICE FLOES.

From photographs taken by the Greely Expedition, and kindly loaned by General A. W. Greely.

part of its heat to the Polar sea. The consequence would be that it would be warmer than it now is, and we would get a milder climate in that part of the globe than we have at present.

What, on the other hand, would be the result if we imagine that the outflow of ice and the influx of warm water were considerably enlarged? What would happen if, for instance, the Bering Strait was made very much broader and deeper than it is at present, so that the warm Japanese current, the Kurosiwo, could run into the Polar basin? It is evident that the bulk of warm water would be more considerable and warmer than it is at present, and at the same time the layer of cold water on top would be very much reduced. The result would be that the formation of ice by freezing would be still more retarded, and then the floes would be carried out of the Polar sea more rapidly and would get even less time to grow thick than is now the case. Could we, however, imagine that the Polar sea at the same time got no supply of fresh water from the Siberian and American rivers, through the water-shed being so altered that these rivers would flow into some other ocean, then the



"MUPSUAH," A CAPR YORK NATIVE.

From the first life cast ever taken in the Arctic regions, by A. Opert, artist of the Peary Expedition. These Arctic Highlanders, of the purest type of Eskimo, are the most northern tribe on the face of the earth. They were first discovered by Sir John Ross in 1818, and are now fast dying out. Copyright, 1897, by A. Opert.



RUSSIAN TYPE—NORTHEASTERN SIBERIA.



A SAMOVED—INHABITANT OF NORTHERN RUSSIA AND EASTERN SIBERIA.

These two portraits and the one on the opposite page are from photographs taken by the Tegetthoff (Austrian) Expedition of 1872.

light, and comparatively fresh water as it is at present, and the warm salt water carried into it from the south would be allowed to approach the surface. The result would necessarily be that the formation of ice would be very much reduced. During the greater part of the year we would probably find much open water in the North, and this would make the climate of the Polar region milder. But at the same time the climate in the lower latitudes would become colder, as the Southern seas would have to give off more of their heat in the shape of warm water to the Polar sea, and would in exchange receive more cold water from the North. The result would be less difference between the climates in the lower latitudes and the high northern latitudes than is the case to-day.

Whether these changes of climate caused by changes in the distribution of land and water as here described are sufficient to explain the cold climate which must have been prevailing in the Northern regions (Europe and North America) of the Northern Hemisphere during the ice age, and to explain the hot or almost subtropical climates which during other periods have been prevailing in some parts of the Polar regions, is a more complicated question. In my opinion, they will not be sufficient to account for these strange changes which we know have taken place. But at any rate I hope that what I have here mentioned is sufficient to show how Polar exploration is able to open for us glimpses into those mists which cover the previous history of this globe; glimpses into ages long before man existed. But we need to know more in order to solve these many difficult problems. Let us get full information about the Polar sea in its full extent and from the surface to the bottom; let us learn to know everything about the physical conditions in those regions, and we shall certainly advance a good step towards that goal.

There are also a good many other scientific researches which are much needed in the Polar regions. I may mention here magnetic and meteorological observations. The magnetism of the earth and its strange changes has been and is a riddle, and we do not yet know much about this mysterious force. The greatest lack in our knowledge

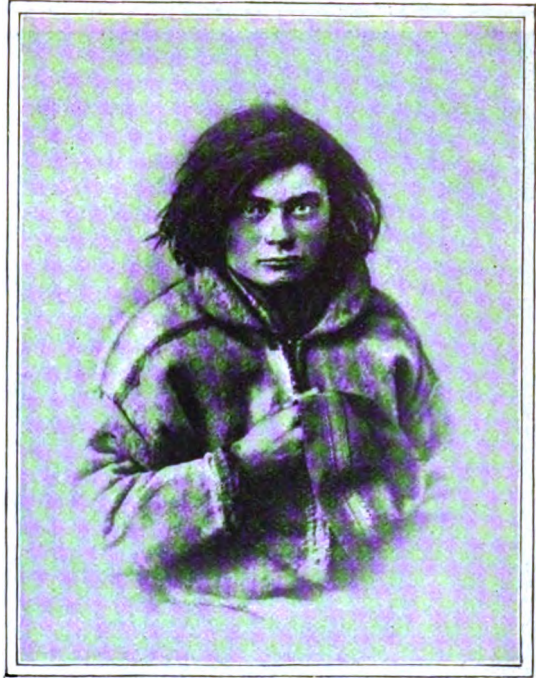
result would be that the Polar basin would not yet know much about this mysterious force. The greatest lack in our knowledge

about it is, however, that we have not sufficient magnetic observations from the Polar regions. We need continuous observations carried on for years there. On board the "Fram" we got a continuous series for three years; other expeditions have also brought back valuable material; but this is not sufficient. We should also have it from every part of the unknown North, and we cannot possibly get too much. It is not necessary to point out the importance of knowledge of this kind. It is not only that the magnetic needle points to the sailor his way from land to land and from harbor to harbor: but the knowledge of the terrestrial magnetism has in many other ways been of great benefit to mankind; it has been one of the stepping-stones for our evolution.

That meteorology is a branch of science which is becoming of importance to humanity, certainly no one will doubt in this country; but meteorology is still in its childhood. In order to explain the circulation of the air in our atmosphere, to explain the changes in temperature and air pressure, explain the winds, storms, and cyclones, it is quite necessary for us to know the physical conditions of the atmosphere at the different seasons of the year in all parts of the surface of the earth. Our knowledge in this respect is being constantly enlarged in recent years, and we now have meteorological stations almost over the whole world where men are living; but there is a great and badly felt gap in the knowledge, and that is the Polar regions; and this is unfortunate, as these regions are of special importance in this respect, because the physical conditions there differ from those in all other regions. We have not yet sufficient material to know what influence those extended snow and ice covered tracts, with the long Polar day and the long Polar night, have on the atmosphere, and we shall not be able to explain the atmospheric changes in our own latitudes before we know more about this.

I shall not go any further into this matter. What I have said is perhaps sufficient to show the value of Polar exploration, to prove to the disbelievers that it is necessary for the progress of science.

Before I close, only one question more. Is it of any special use to reach the North Pole itself? I think it is. Not because



LAPLAND REINDEER DRIVER.

this mathematical point has any special interest, or has any special scientific value different from all other points in the unknown North, but because it has for centuries been the ambition of sea-faring nations to reach this point and there plant their flag; and before this is done the race for the Pole will never cease. It also certainly is below the dignity of man to erect a goal and then give in before it is reached. I believe it can be reached without too great difficulties, not only by a ship drifting with the ice across the Polar sea, as mentioned above, but also by help of dogs and sledges from the Greenland side.

It is to be hoped that it will not be long before this point is gained. As long as we have this Holy Grail beckoning us in the North we are all of us apt to forget that it is scientific research which ought to be the sole object of all explorations. Still an expedition which shall attain this goal of centuries must yield scientific results of great importance; but the greatest result without comparison will be that the North Pole will have been trodden by human foot, and that we will forever get the quest for this mathematical point out of existence. Then the time for pure scientific exploration in the North will have to come.

"Good evenin', ladies all," says Hannah marchin' in wi' some kind of a .alico affair.



THE WEE TAY TABLE.

A STORY FROM THE IRISH FIELDS.

BY SHAN F. BULLOCK,

Author of "Ring o' Rushes," "The Charmers," etc.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER NEWELL.

I SLID down the side of the hay-cock, came thud upon the ground; then turned to view my handiwork. It was pitiable. This side bulged out like the belly of a slack jib, that side was flat as a wall; here was a great hollow spot, there an overhanging bump; already had the neck gone awry, and the top stood bobbing like the knob on a night-cap. It was woeful.

The master came up, snorted in his sarcastic way, and walked off. Wee James came spying, sent a te-he between his teeth, and slouched away. "Good man, Jan," came from Hal across the meadow, "it's the very image of yourself, my son, only the bump on it's not big enough." "Lie down under it," shouted

Ted, "an' when it falls it'll rid the world of ye." "Och, niver heed their pranks," said James Daly, and came up sucking at his pipe; "sure it's not—sure it might ha' been worse." Without a word, I turned away, picked up a rake, and set out across the meadow.

Somewhere near the hill hedge, with their arms bare, their skirts tucked up, and their faces away back in the depths of big sunbonnets, Anne Daly and Judy Brady were gathering the hay into long, narrow rows, one raking this side of a row, the other that, and both sweetening toil with laughter and talk. Sometimes Anne leaned on her rake and chattered for a while. Now Judy said a word or two and ended with a titter; again both

bobbed heads and broke into merriment. I came nearer to them, put down my rake, and began on a fresh row.

The talk was of a woman, of her and her failings and absurdities. Anne was of opinion that it was she (Hannah, she called her) and the likes of her who brought men to drink and children to early graves.

"The lazy trollop," said Anne; and "Ay, ay, indeed," assented Judy.

"Wasn't it wonderful to the world the figure she cut?" asked Anne, "she and her airs and fooleries and make-believes?" "Aw, but did Judy mind the last time they saw her in Bunn fair—all decked out like a draper's window with flowers and ribbons, and a wee bonnet cocked on her skull, and high-heeled boots, and the sorrow knows what? Aw, did Judy mind that?" asked Anne, and laughed over her shoulder. Ah, faith, but Judy did mind it; the laugh-in'-stock o' the town she was. And did Judy mind the tay party she gave one time, and the wee tablecloth?

Aw, heavenly hour, did Judy mind that affair? Aw, now, tittered Judy; aw, now, was it likely she'd ever forget it?

"A tablecloth wi' a fringe to it, an' it not the size of an apron!" cried Anne.

"A calfskin spread on the flure, an' John's ould hat stuffed wi' flowers!" cried Judy.

"'Wid ye like three lumps or four, Mrs. Flaherty?' says she," cried Anne. "Aw, dear heart alive!"

"Then in comes big John!" cried Judy. "In he comes—an'—an'—aw, Lord, Lord!"

And Judy bowed her head and laughed, and Anne bowed hers and laughed; and I, standing watching them and taken with

the infection, must needs also lift up my voice in a great guffaw.

Anne turned and looked at me.

"Aw, it's you, Mr. Jan?" said she. "Sure, I thought"—and she glanced toward the river—"that when we left ye, ye were buildin' some kind of a ruck?"

Overlooking the sly allusion, I shouldered my rake and walked up between the rows.

"I've come to help you to laugh, Anne," said I.

"What friend is this of yours and Judy's that you are stripping of her character?"

"Ah, no friend is it," said Anne, and went on raking; "an' no one ye iver heard of."

"How do you know that? Come out with it."

"Ah, what's the use? Sure it's only foolishness."

"Well, tell me, then, about the calfskin an' the wee tablecloth."

"Aw, that," said Anne. "An' did ye hear us bletherin' about that? Aw, now." She laughed a little; protested a little; after a while started on a fresh row, and with oneself facing her and

Judy treading on her heels, went on with the story.

"The lassie," said Anne, "we were talkin' about is a marrit woman, one Hannah Breen, an' she lives in a big house on the side o' the hill over there towards the mountain. The husband's a farmer, an easy-goin', bull-voiced, good-hearted lump of a man, wi' a good word for ould Satan himself, an' a laugh always ready for iverythin'. But the wife, Hannah, isn't that kind. Aw, 'deed she isn't. 'Tisn't much good-speakin' or laughin' Hannah'll be doin'; 'tisn't herself 'd get many cars to follow her funeral in these parts. Aw, no. 'Tisn't milkin' the cows, an' makin' the butter, an' washin' John's



I slid down the side of the hay-rock.

shirts, an' darnin' his socks, an' mendin' her own tatters, an' huntin' the chickens from the porridge pot, Hannah was made for. Aw, no. It's a lady Hannah must be; a real live lady. It's step out o' bed at eight o'clock in the mornin' Hannah must do, an' slither down to her tay, an' have it all in grandeur in the parlor; it's sittin' half the day she must be, readin' about the doin's o' the quality an' the goin's on o' the world, an' squintin' at fashion pictures, an' fillin' her mind wi' the height o' nonsense an' foolery; it's rise from the table in a tantrum she must do because John smacks his lips an' aches his cabbage wi' his knife; it's worry the poor man out o' his wits she'd be after because he lies an' snores on the kitchen table, an' smokes up to bed, an' won't shave more'n once a week, an' says he'd rather be hanged at once nor be choked up in a white shirt an' collar o' Sundays. An' for herself: aw, now, it'd take me from this till sunset to tell ye about all her fooleries. If ye'd only see her, Mr. Jan, stalkin' in through the chapel gates, wi' her skirts tucked up high enough to show the frillin' on her white petticoat an' low enough to hide the big tear in it; an' black kid gloves on her fists; an' a bonnet on her wi'out a string to it; an' light shoes on her; an' a big hole in the heel o' her stockin'; an' her nose in the air; an' her sniffin' at us all jist as if we were the tenants at the butter show an' herself me lady come to prance before us all an' make herself agreeable for five minutes or so. Aw,

Lord, Lord," laughed Anne, "if ye could only see her, Mr. Jan. Ho, ho, childer. Ho, ho!"

"Te-he," tittered Judy Brady. "Aw, te-he!"

"Haw, haw," went I. "Haw, haw!"

"An' to see her steppin' down Bunn Street," Anne went on, as we turned at the hedge and set our faces once more toward the river, "as if the town belonged to her—a ribbon flutterin' here, an' a buckle shinin' there, an' a feather danglin' another place—steppin' along wi' her butter basket on her arm, an' big John draggin' at her heels, an' that look on her face ye'd expect to see on the face o' the Queen o' France walkin' on a goold carpet, in goold slippers, to a goold throne. An' to see the airs of her when some one'd spake; an' to see the murderin' look on her when some one'd hint at a drop o' whisky for the good of her health; an' to hear the beautiful talk of her to the butter-buyers, that soft an' po-lite; an' to see her sittin' in the ould ramshackle of a cart goin' home, as straight in the back an' as stiff as a ramrod, an' her face set like a plaster image, an' her niver lettin' her eye fall on John sittin' beside her, an' him as drunk an' merry as a houseful o' fiddlers. Aw, sure," cried Anne, and threw up a hand, "aw, sure, it's past the power o' mortal tongue to tell about her."

"Yours, Anne, makes a good offer at the tellin', for all that," said I.

"Ach, I'm only bletherin'," said Anne, "if ye only knew her—if ye only did."

"Well, tell me about the wee tablecloth," said I, "before your tongue gets tired."

"Ah, sure an' I will," replied she, "sure an' I'll try me hand at it."

The sun was dropping fast behind the back of Emo hill; from the river a gentle breeze began to sport with the crackling hay; across the meadow came the rasp of the master's file on the knife of the mowing-machine, and the snorts of Hal's horses and the shouts of Hal himself; back near the haystack I had so laboriously builded, Ted and Johnny Brady had discovered a bee's nest, and Ted was valorously circling round it with



"I've come to help ye to laugh, Anne," said I.

a rake, and Johnny crowing with delight and clapping his hands; clear out against the eastern sky, the figure of wee James stood straight on top of a ruck, his hands on his hips, his feet as close together as those of a drill sergeant; there was a great hum, a babblement, a noise of work and summer in the air; wherever one looked the hills were golden, and the fields smiling within their hedges, and the houses shining out in their gleaming whiteness.



Because he lies an' smores on the kitchen table.

"Ye'll be mindin'," said Anne, when she had loosened her bonnet strings and got her rake swinging once more, "that what I'm goin' to tell ye is hearsay, an' was told to meself, one day last year, be Jane Flaherty as we were comin' along the road from Bunn market. Mebbe I'll be tellin' ye lies; mebbe I'll not—if I do may the Lord forgive me and Jane; an' if I don't, ye may thank Jane, for it's her own words I'm goin' to tell ye.

"One day, then, some time last summer, Hannah—beggin' her ladyship's pardon," said Anne, with a fine note of scorn in her voice, "but I mean Mrs. Breen—decks herself out, ties on her bonnet, pulls on her kid gloves, an' steps out through the hall dure. Down she goes over the ruts an' stones along the lane, turns down the main road, after a while comes to the house of Mrs. Flaherty (herself that told me), crosses the street, and knocks po-lite on the dure.

"Aw, is Mrs. Flaherty at home this fine day?" axes Hannah when the dure opens an' wee Nancy puts her tattered head between it an' the post. 'Is Mrs. Flaherty at home?' says she.

"She is so," answers Nancy; 'but she'd be out at the well,' says the wee crature.

"I see," says Hannah, 'I see. Then, if you please, when she comes back,' says

she, 'would ye be kindly handin' her that, wi' Mrs. Breen's compliments?'—an' out of her pocket Hannah pulls a letter, gives it to Nancy, says good evenin' to

the wee mortal, gathers up her skirt, an' steps off in her grandeur through the hens and ducks back to the road. Well, on she goes another piece, an' comes to the house of Mary Dolan; an' there, too, faith, she does the genteel an' laves another letter, an' turns her feet for the house of Mrs.

Hogan; an' at Sally's she smiles an' bobs her head, an' pulls another letter from her pocket, an' laves it at the dure; then twists on her heel, turns back home, an' begins dustin' the parlor, an' arrangin' her trumpery an' readin' bleather from the fashion papers.

"Very well, childer. Home Jane comes from the well, an' there's Nancy wi' the letter in her fist. 'What the would's this?' says Jane, an' tears it open; an' there, lo an' behold ye, is a bit of a card—Jane swears 'twas a piece of a bandbox, but I'd not be disbelievin' her—an' on it an invite to come an' have tay with me bould Hannah, on the next Wednesday evenin', at five

o'clock, P.M.—whativer in glory P.M. may be after meanin'; an' when Mary Dolan opens hers there's the same invite; an' when Sally Hogan opens hers out drops the same bit of a card on the flure; an' Sally laughs, an' Mary laughs, an' Jane laughs; an' the three o' them, what wi' the quareness o' the business, an' the curiosity of them to see Hannah at her capers, puts their heads together, an' laughs again, an' settles it that, sorrow take them, but go they'll go. An'

go they did. Aw, yis. Aw, Lord, Lord," laughed Anne, and turned up her eyes. "Lord, Lord."

"Aw, childer dear," giggled Judy, and



An' won't shave more'n once a week.

gathered up her narrow shoulders. "Aw, go they did."

"Good girl, Anne," said I, and slapped my leg; "my roarin' girl. Aw, an' go they did, Judy; go they did."



"Would ye be kindly handin' her that, wi' Mrs. Breen's compliments!"

"Well, hearts alive," Anne went on, "Wednesday evenin' comes at last, an' sharp to five o'clock up me brave Jane Flaherty steps along the lane, crosses the yard, an' mindin' her manners, knocks twice on Hannah's back dure, then turns, an', wi' the dog yelpin' at her, an' the gander hissin' like a wet stick on a fire, waits like a beggar-woman on the step. But divil a one comes to the dure; aw, not a one. An' sorrow a soul buded inside; aw, not a soul. So round turns Jane, lifts her fists again, hits the dure three thunderin' bangs, an' looks another while at the gander. Not a budge in the dure, not a move inside; so Jane, not to be done out of her tay, lifts the latch—an', sure as the sun was shinin', but the bolt was shot inside. 'Well, dang me,' says Jane, an' hits the dure a kick, 'but this is a fine

way to treat company,' says she, an' rattles the latch, an' shakes it; at last, in the divil of a temper, spits on the step, whips up her skirt, an', cursin' Hannah high up an' low down, starts for home.

"She got as far as the bend in the lane, an' there meets Mary Dolan.

"'What's up?' axes Mary. 'What's floostered ye, Jane Flaherty? Aren't ye goin' to have your tay, me dear?' says Mary.

"'Aw, may the first sup she swalleys choke the breath in her,' shouts Jane, an' goes on to tell her story, an' before she'd said ten words up comes Sally Hogan.

"'Am I too late?' says Sally. 'Or am I too early?' says she. 'Or what in glory ails the two o' ye?'

"'Ails?' shouts Jane. 'Ye may well say that, Sally Hogan. Ye may turn on your heel,' says she; an' begins her story again; an' before she was half way through it Sally laughs out, and takes Jane by the arm, an' starts back to the house.

"'Come away,' says she; 'come away an' have your tay, Jane. Sure, ye don't know Hannah yet.'

"So back the three goes then; but not through the yard. Aw, no. 'Twas through the wee green gate, an' down the walk, an' slap up to the hall dure Sally takes them; an' sure enough the first dab on

the knocker brings a fut on the flags inside, an' there's Kitty, the servant-girl, in her boots an' her stockin's and her Sunday dress, an' a white apron on her, standin' before them.

"'Aw, an' is that you, Kitty Malone?' says Sally. 'An' how's yourself, Kitty, me dear? An' wid Mrs. Breen be inside?' says she.

"'She is so, Mrs. Hogan,' answers Kitty, an' bobs a kind of a courtesy. 'Wid ye all be steppin' in, please?'

"'Aw, the Lord's sake,' gasps Sally, on the durestep, at all this grandeur; 'the Lord's sake,' says she, an' steps into the hall; an' in steps Mary Dolan; an' in steps Jane Flaherty; an' away the three o' them goes at Kitty's heels up to the parlor. Aw, heavenly hour," cried Anne, and turned up her eyes. "Aw, childer, dear!"

"Te-he!" giggled Judy, and hoisted her shoulders. "Aw, te-he!"

"Haw, haw," laughed I. "Aw, Judy, dear. Haw, haw."

"Well, dears," Anne went on, "in the three walks, bonnets an' all, an' sits them down along the wall on three chairs, an' watches Kitty close the dure; then looks at each other in a puzzled kind o' way, an' after that, without openin' a lip, casts their eyes about the room. 'Twas the funniest kind of a place, Jane allowed, that iver she dropped eyes on. There was a sheepskin, lyin' woolly side up, in front o' the fire-place, an' a calfskin near the windy——"

"Ay, a calfskin," said Judy Brady; "aw, te-he!"

"An' a dog's skin over by the table, an' the flure was painted brown about three fut all round the walls. There was pieces o' windy curtain over the backs o' the chairs; there was a big fern growin' in an ould drain-pipe in the corner; there was an ould straw hat o' John's stuffed full o' flowers, hangin' on the wall, an' here an' there, all round it an' beside it, were picters cut from the papers an' them tacked on the plaster. Ye could hardly see the mantel-shelf, Jane allowed, for all the trumpery was piled on it—dinglumdanglums of glass an' chany, an' shells from the say, an' a sampler stuck in a frame, an' in the middle of all a picter of Hannah herself got up in all her finery. An' there was books an' papers an' fal-lals, an' the sorrow knows what, lyin' about; an' standin' against the wall, facin' the windy, was a wee table wi' a cloth on it about the size of an apron, an' it wi' a fringe on it, no less, an' it spread skew-wise on it, an' lookin' for all the world like a white ace o' diamonds; an' on the cloth was a tray wi' cups an' saucers an' sugar an' milk, an' as much bread an' butter, cut as thin as glass, as ye'd give a sick child for its supper. Aw, heavenly hour," cried Anne, "heavenly hour!"

"Aw, childer dear," cried Judy; "aw, te-he!"

"Aw, women alive," said I; "aw, Judy, dear, haw, haw!"

"Well, childer, the three looks at it all, an' looks at each other, an' shifts on their chairs, an' looks at each other again; an' says Mary Dolan, at last:

"'We're in clover, me dears,' says she; 'judgin' be the spread beyant'—an' she nods at the wee table.

"'Aw, that'll do for a start,' says Sally Hogan; 'but how in glory are we all to put



An' hits the dure a kick

our legs under that wee table? Sure it'll be an ojus squeeze."

"'It will so,' says Jane Flaherty, 'it will so. But isn't it powerful quare of Hannah to keep us sittin' so long in our bonnets an' shawls, an' us dreepin' wi' the heat?'

"'It's the quarest hole I iver was put in,' says Mary Dolan; 'an' if this is grandeur give me the ould kitchen at home wi' me feet on the hearth an' me tay on a chair. Phew,' says Mary, and squints round at the windy, 'phew, but it's flamin' hot. Aw,' says she, an' makes a dart from her chair; 'dang me, but I'll burst if I don't get a mouthful o' fresh air.' An' jist as she had her hand on the sash to lift it, the dure opens, an' in steps me darlint Hannah.

"'Good evenin', ladies all,' says Hannah, marchin' in wi' some kind of a calico affair, made like a shroud, an' frills on it, hangin' on her. 'Good evenin', ladies,' says she, an' wi' her elbow cocked up in the air as if she was strivin' to scrape it against the ceilin', goes from one to another an' shakes hands. 'It's a very pleasant afternoon' (them was the words),

says she, makin' for a chair beside the wee table; 'an' I'm very pleased to see ye all,' says she.

"'Aw, an' the same here,' says Mary Dolan, in her free way; 'the same here, an' ojus nice ye look in that sack of a calico dress, so ye do,' says Mary, wi' a wink at Jane Flaherty. 'But it's meself 'd feel obliged to ye if so be ye'd open the windy an' give us a mouthful o' fresh air,' says Mary.

"An' Hannah sits down in her shroud wi' the frills on it, an' smiles, an' says she: 'I'm rather delicate' (them were the words) 'this afternoon, Mrs. Dolan, an' afeerd o' catchin' cowl'd; an', forby that,' says she, 'the dust is so injurious for the parlor.'

"'Aw, just so,' answers Mary; 'just so. Sure I wouldn't for worlds have ye spoil your parlor for the likes of us. But I'll ax your leave, Mrs. Breen, seein' ye don't ax me yourself, to give me own health a chance,' says she, 'be throwin' this big shawl off me shoulders.'

"'But it's afternoon tay, Mrs. Dolan,' answers Hannah, in her cool way; 'an' it's not fashionable at afternoon tay for ladies to remove—'

"'Then afternoon tay be danged,' says Mary, an' throws her shawl off her across the back of her chair; 'an' it's meself'll not swelter for all the fashions in the world,' says she, an' pushes her bonnet back and lets it hang be the strings down her back. 'Aw, that's great,' says she, wi' a big sigh; an' at that off goes Jane's shawl an' bonnet; an' off goes Sally's; an' there the three o' them sits wi' Hannah lookin' at them as disgusted as an ass at a field of thistles over a gate. Aw, glory be," cried Anne; "aw, ho ho!"

"Aw, me bould Anne," cried Judy; "me brave girl. Te-he!"

"Good for you, Anne," said I. "Aw, me brave Judy, haw, haw!"

"Well, dears, Hannah sits her down, puts her elbow on a corner o' the ace of diamonds, rests her cheek on her hand, an' goes on talkin' about this an' that. She hoped Mrs. Flaherty an' Mrs. Dolan an' Mrs. Hogan were well an' prosperous; she hoped the crops were turnin' out well; she hoped all the childer were in the best o' good health—aw, like the Queen o' Connaught, Hannah talked, an' smiled, an' aired herself an' her beautiful English, but sorrow a move did she make to shift



"Aw, an' is that you, Kitty Malone!" says Sally.

her elbow off the wee tablecloth, an' not a sign or smell o' tay was there to be seen. Aw, not a one. Ten minutes went, an' twenty, an' half an hour; an' at that, up Mary Dolan stretches her arms, gives a powerful big yawn, an' says she: 'Och, dear Lord,' says she, 'dear Lord, but the throat's dry in me. Och, och!' says she; an' with the hint up gets Hannah in her frilled shroud, crosses the calfskin, opens the dure, an' calls for Kitty. 'Yis, Mrs. Breen,' answers Kitty from the kitchen. 'Serve tay,' calls Hannah; then closes the dure an' steps back to her chair by the wee table.

"In about ten minutes here comes me darlint Kitty, boots an' stockin's an' all; carries the tay-pot on a plate over to the table, an' plants it down slap in the middle o' the ace o' diamonds. Up jumps Hannah wi' a bounce.

"'What are ye doin', Kitty?' says she, with a snap of her jaw, an' lifts the tay-pot an' glares at the black ring it had made on her brand new cloth. 'D'ye see what ye've done?' says she, lookin' as black in the eyes as the bottom o' the tay-pot. 'Stand back,' says she, pointin' her finger; 'stand back an' mend your manners, ye ignerent little baggage ye!'

"'Yis, ma'am,' answers Kitty, an' stands back; then turns her head, when she got to the calfskin, an' winks at the three sittin' by the wall; an' out Mary Dolan bursts into a splutter of a laugh.

"'Aw, Lord,' says Mary, an' holds her ribs; 'aw, dear Lord,' says she. But Hannah, standin' pourin' the tay into the wee cups, jist kept her face as straight as if Mary was a dummy; an' in a minute she turns round to Kitty.

"'Hand the cups to the ladies,' says she, an' sits her down.

"Well, childer dear, Kitty steps from the calfskin, lifts two cups an' saucers from the tray, carries them across the flure, an' offers one to Jane Flaherty wi' this hand, an' t'other to Sally Hogan wi' that hand. An' Sally looks at the cup an' then at Kitty, an' Jane looks at Kitty an' then at the cup; an' says Sally:

"'Is it take it from ye ye'd have me do, Kitty Malone?' says she.

"'It is so,' answers Kitty, wi' a grin.

"'An' where in glory wid ye have me put it, Kitty Malone?' asks Sally, an' looks here an' there. 'Sure—sure there's no table next or near me,' says she.

"'It's afternoon tay, Mrs. Hogan,' says Hannah across the flure, 'an' at afternoon tay tables aren't fashionable,' says she, an' grins to herself.

"'Well, thank God, Hannah Breen,' says Mary Dolan, 'that afternoon tay, as ye call it, has only come my way once in me life. Take the cup in your fist, Sally Hogan,' says Mary, 'an' if ye break it bad luck go with it, an' if ye don't ye've been a lady for once in your life; an' when you're done stick it there on the flure. I'm obliged to ye, Kitty Malone,'



An' John was standin' like as if he was shot in the middle o' the flure, an' lyin' at his feet was the wee tay table.

says Mary again, an' takes a cup; 'an' if so be I choke meself wi' the full o' that thimble-wi'-a-handle-on-'t,' says Mary, an' squints at the cup, 'ye'll do me the favor to tell Pat I died a fool. An' if such things go well wi' afternoon tay, Kitty agra, I'd trouble ye for a look at a spoon.' Aw, me bould Mary!" cried Anne, and laughed in her glee. "Ye were the girl for Hannah, so ye were. Aw, ho, ho!"

"Aw, 'deed ay," cried Judy, and tittered most boisterously. "Aw, me brave Hannah. Te-he!"

"Good for you, Mary Dolan," cried I, "and good for you, Anne, my girl. Ah, haw, haw!"

"Then begins the fun, me dears. First of all, Sally Hogan, in trying to lift a bit o' bread an' butter from a plate that Kitty held before her, must spill her tay over her lap an' start screechin' that she was kilt. Then, Mary Dolan must finish her cup at a gulp, an' forgettin' it was in Hannah's parlor she was at afternoon tay, an' not at home in the kitchen, must give the dregs a swirl an' sling them over her shoulder against the wall. Then, Sally Hogan, again, in tryin' to keep back a laugh at the tay leaves on the wall an' the glare of Hannah across at them, must get a crumb in her throat an' bring the whole room to thump her on the back. Then, Jane Flaherty gets a second cup wi'

no sugar in it, an' makes a face like a monkey's an' gives a big splutter, an' sets Kitty Malone off into a fit o' laughin'; an' Kitty sets Jane off, an' Jane sets Mary off, an' Mary sets Sally off; an' there sits Hannah in her calico shroud, beside the ace o' diamonds, wi' a face on her like a child cuttin' its teeth, an' her arm out, an' her shoutin' for Kitty to take herself out o' the room. An' in the middle o' the whole hubbub the dure opens, an' in tramps big John in his dirty boots, wi' his shirt-sleeves turned up, an' hay ropes around his legs, an' his hat on the back of his head, an' his pipe in his mouth—in steps John, an' stands lookin' at them all.

"'Ho, ho,' roars John, an' marches across the calfskin; 'what have we here? A tay party,' says he, 'as I'm a livin' sinner! An' me not to know a thing about it! Well, better late nor never,' says he, then turns an' looks at Hannah. 'Aw, how d'ye do, Mrs. Breen?' says he, wi' a laugh. 'I hope I see ye well in your regimentals. An' how the blazes are the rest o' ye, me girls?' says he to the three along the wall. 'I'm glad to see ye all so hearty an' merry, so I am. But what, in glory, are ye all doin' over there away from the table? Why don't ye sit over an' have your tay like Christians?' says he. 'Come over, girls; come over this mortal minute,' says John; 'an' I'll have a cup wi' ye meself, so I will.'

Then Hannah rises in her calico shroud. 'John,' says she, 'it's afternoon tay it'll be; an' tables—'

"'Ah, sit ye down, Hannah,' says John; 'sit ye down, woman, an' be like an' other for once in a way.'

"'John,' says Hannah again, 'ye can't sit at this table. It's too small,' says she.

"'Ah, manners be danged,' roars John, an' throws his hat into the corner; 'give us a cup o' tay, an' quit your nonsense. Come on, girls,' says he to the women; 'come over an' have a cup in comfort wi' me here at the table.'

"'John,' says Hannah again, 'ye can't sit at this table. It's too small,' says she.

"'Then pull it out from the wall,' roars John; 'pull it out and let us get round it. Come on,' says he, an' grips an end o' the table, 'give it a lift across the flure!'

"'No, no, John,' shouts Hannah, an' grips t'other end to keep it from goin'. 'Ye mustn't, John.'

"'Out wi' it,' roars John again.

"'No, no,' shouts Hannah, 'ye can't—aw, ye can't—aw, ye mustn't—no, no, John!'

"'Ah, to glory wi' you an' it,' shouts John. 'Here, let me at it meself.' An' the next minute Hannah was screechin' in her shroud; an' there was a clatter o' crockery as if a bull had gone slap at a dresser, an' John was standin' like as if he was shot in the middle o' the flure, an' lyin' at his feet was the wee table, an' the ace o' diamonds, an' the whole o' Hannah's cups an' saucers, an' the tay pot, an' all, in a thousand pieces. Aw, hearts alive; hearts alive!"

"What had happened, Anne?" said I.

"Happened? Sure the table was only an' ould dressin' table, an' had only three legs, an' was propped wi' the lame side against the wall; an' when John put it down in the middle o' the flure—Aw, now," cried Anne, "that's enough—that's enough! Aw, childer, dear! Aw, me sides, me sides! Aw, ho, ho!"

"Aw, me sides, me sides," cried Judy, and shook below her big sunbonnet. "Aw, te-he!"

"Aw, women alive," cried I, and sank back on the hay. "Aw, haw, haw!"

From the bank of the river came a mighty shout; then a skirl from Hal; then a burst of laughter from the men, and a

cry from Ted: "Look, Jan, look, quick!"

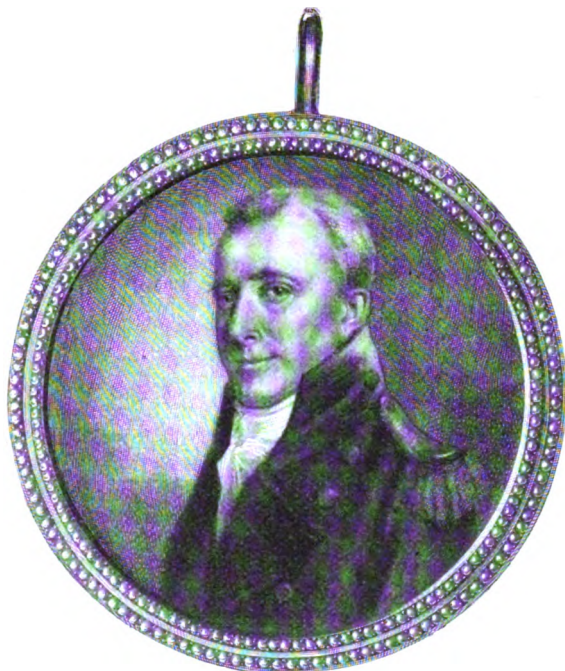
I turned and looked; and there along the meadow lay spread the haycock which at such a cost I had laboriously builded.

"Good man, Jan," shouted Hal from the mowing-machine, "is that the way they build rucks in London?"

I refrained from answering, but Anne Daly, taking pity upon me, stooped and said softly: "It jist wanted one thing, Mr. Jan, jist one thing. Like Hannah's tay table, 'twas lame of a leg."



Puts their heads together, an' laughs again, an' settles it that, sorrow take them, but go they'll go.



TOBIAS LEAR, PRIVATE SECRETARY TO WASHINGTON.

From the original miniature owned by his granddaughter, Mrs. Susan Lear Eyre, of Philadelphia.

THE LAST DAYS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

FROM THE MANUSCRIPT DIARY OF HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY,
COLONEL TOBIAS LEAR.

Saturday, December 14, 1799.

THIS day being marked by an event which will be memorable in the history of America, and perhaps of the world, I shall give a particular statement of it, to which I was an eyewitness.

THE LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH OF GENERAL WASHINGTON.

ON Thursday, December 12th, the General rode out to his farms about ten o'clock, and did not return home till past three.

Soon after he went out the weather be-

came very bad, rain, hail, and snow falling alternately, with a cold wind.

When he came in I carried some letters to him to frank, intending to send them to the post-office in the evening. He franked the letters; but said the weather was too bad to send a servant to the office that evening.

I observed to him that I was afraid he had got wet; he said no, his great coat had kept him dry; but his neck appeared to be wet, and the snow was hanging upon his hair. He came to dinner (which had been waiting for him) without changing his dress. In the evening he appeared as well as usual.

A heavy fall of snow took place on Friday, which prevented the General from riding out as usual. He had taken cold

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Tobias Lear was born at Portsmouth, N. H., September 19, 1762, and died at Washington, D. C., October 11, 1816. He graduated at Harvard University in 1783, and in 1785 became private secretary to General Washington. In 1802 he was appointed consul general at Santo Domingo, and in 1804 consul general at Algiers. In 1805 he negotiated a treaty of peace with Tripoli. Colonel Lear was greatly trusted by Washington, and his account of Washington's last days is the one on which all of the important biographers have depended; but it has rarely, if ever, been published in full. It is printed here from the original manuscript, now in the possession of a near relative of Mrs. Lear. This manuscript has been generally supposed to be lost.

(undoubtedly from being so much exposed the day before), and complained of a sore throat. He however went out in the afternoon into the ground between the house and the river to mark some trees which were to be cut down in the improvement of that spot. He had a hoarseness, which increased in the evening, but he made light of it. In the evening the papers were brought from the post-office, and he sat in the parlor, with Mrs. Washington and myself, reading them till about nine o'clock, when Mrs. Washington went up into Mrs. Lewis's room, who was confined in childbed, and left the General and myself reading the papers. He was very cheerful, and whenever he met with anything interesting or entertaining, he read it aloud as well as his hoarseness would permit him.

He requested me to read to him the debates of the Virginia Assembly on the election of a Senator and a Governor; and, on hearing Mr. Madison's observations respecting Mr. Monroe, he appeared much affected, and spoke with some degree of asperity on the subject; which I endeavored to moderate, as I always did on such occasions. On his retiring I observed to him that he had better take something to remove his cold. He answered: "No; you know I never take anything for a cold. Let it go as it came."

Between two and three o'clock on Saturday morning, he awoke Mrs. Washington and told her he was very unwell and had had an ague. She observed that he could scarcely speak and breathed with difficulty; and would have got up to call a servant, but he would not permit her, lest she should take cold.

As soon as the day appeared, the woman (Caroline) went into the room to make a fire, and Mrs. Washington sent her immediately to call me. I got up, put on my clothes as quickly as possible, and went to his chamber. Mrs. Washington was then up, and related to me his being taken ill, as before stated.

I found the General breathing with difficulty and hardly able to utter a word intelligibly. He desired that Mr. Rawlins (one of the overseers) might be sent for to bleed him before the doctors could arrive. I despatched a servant instantly for Rawlins and another for Dr. Craik, and returned again to the General's chamber, where I found him in the same situation as I had left him.

A mixture of molasses, vinegar, and butter was prepared to try its effect in the

throat, but he could not swallow a drop. Whenever he attempted it, he appeared to be distressed, convulsed, and almost suffocated. Rawlins came in soon after sunrise, and prepared to bleed him. When the arm was ready the General, observing that Rawlins appeared to be agitated, said, as well as he could speak, "Don't be afraid," and, after the incision was made, he observed, "The orifice is not large enough."

However, the blood ran pretty freely. Mrs. Washington, not knowing whether bleeding was proper or not in the General's situation, begged that much might not be taken from him, lest it should be injurious, and desired me to stop it. But when I was about to untie the string, the General put up his hand to prevent it, and, as soon as he could speak, said: "More, more." Mrs. Washington, being still very uneasy lest too much blood should be taken, it was stopped after taking about half a pint.

Finding that no relief was obtained from bleeding and that nothing would go down the throat, I proposed bathing it externally with "*salvi latila*," which was done; and in the operation, which was with the hand and in the gentlest manner, he observed, "'Tis very sore." A piece of flannel dipped in "*salvi latila*" was put around his neck and his feet bathed in warm water; but without affording any relief.

In the meantime, before Dr. Craik arrived, Mrs. Washington desired me to send for Dr. Brown of Port Tobacco, whom Dr. Craik had recommended to be called, if any case should ever occur that was seriously alarming.

I despatched a messenger (Cyrus) immediately for Dr. Brown (between eight and nine o'clock). Dr. Craik came in soon after, and, upon examining the General, he put a blister of cantharides on the throat, took some more blood from him, and had a gargle of vinegar and sage tea ordered, and some vinegar and hot water for him to inhale the steam, which he did; but in attempting to use the gargle he was almost suffocated.

When the gargle came from his throat some phlegm followed it, and he attempted to cough, which the doctor encouraged him to do as much as possible, but he could only attempt it.

About eleven o'clock Dr. Craik requested that Dr. Dick might be sent for, as he feared Dr. Brown would not come in time. A messenger was accordingly despatched for him. About this time the



THE LAST PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON. 1798. AGE 66.

Drawn from life by St. Memin in 1798. From the original drawing when in the possession of the late J. Carson Brevoort of Brooklyn, New York. The present location and ownership of the drawing are unknown. (See *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* for February, 1897, page 308.)

General was bled again; no effect was, however, produced by it, and he remained in the same state, unable to swallow anything.

A blister was administered about twelve o'clock, which . . . caused no alteration in his complaint.

Dr. Dick came in about three o'clock, and Dr. Brown arrived soon after. Upon

Dr. Dick's seeing the General, and consulting a few minutes with Dr. Craik, he was bled again; the blood came very slow, was thick, and did not produce any symptoms of fainting. Dr. Brown came into the chamber soon after, and upon feeling the General's pulse, etc., the physicians went out together. Dr. Craik returned soon

after. The General could now swallow a little. Calomel and tartar emetic were administered; but without any effect.

About half-past four o'clock, he desired me to call Mrs. Washington to his bedside, when he requested her to go down into his room and take from his desk two wills which she would find there and bring them to him, which she did. Upon looking at them he gave her one, which he observed was useless, as being superseded by the other, and desired her to burn it, which she did, and took the other and put it into her closet.

After this was done I returned to his bedside and took his hand. He said to me:

"I find I am going; my breath can not last long. I believed from the first that this disorder would prove fatal. Do you arrange and record all my late military letters and papers, arrange my accounts, and settle my books, as you know more about them than any one else, and let Mr. Rawlins finish recording my other letters, which he has begun."

I told him this should be done. He then asked if I recollected anything which it was essential for him to do, as he had but a very short time to continue among us. I told him I could recollect nothing, but that I hoped he was not so near his end. He observed, smiling, that he certainly was, and that as it was a debt which all must pay, he looked to the event with perfect resignation.

In the course of the afternoon he appeared to be in great pain and distress from the difficulty of breathing, and frequently changed his posture in the bed. On these occasions I lay upon the bed and endeavored to raise him and turn him with as much care as possible. He appeared penetrated with gratitude for my attentions, and often said, "I am afraid I shall fatigue you too much;" and upon my assuring him that I could feel nothing but a wish to give him care, he replied: "Well, it is a debt we must pay to each other, and I hope when you want aid of this kind you will find it."

He asked me when Mr. Lewis and Washington Custis would return (they were in New Kent). I told him about the 20th of the month.

About five o'clock Dr. Craik came again into the room, and, upon going to the bedside, the General said to him:

"Doctor, I die hard; but I am not afraid to go. I believed from my first attack that I should not survive it; my breath can not last long."

The doctor pressed his hand, but could not utter a word. He retired from the bedside, and sat by the fire absorbed in grief.

Between five and six o'clock, Dr. Dick and Dr. Brown came into the room, and with Dr. Craik went to the bed, when Dr. Craik asked him if he could sit up in the bed. He held out his hand, and I raised him up. He then said to the physicians: "I feel myself going. I thank you for your attentions; but I pray you to take no more trouble about me; let me go off quietly; I can not last long."

They found that all which had been done was without effect; he lay down again, and all retired except Dr. Craik. He continued in the same situation, uneasy and restless, but without complaining, frequently asking what hour it was. When I helped him to move at this time, he did not speak, but looked at me with strong expressions of gratitude.

About eight o'clock the physicians came again into the room, and applied blisters and cataplasms of wheat bran to his legs and feet, after which they went out (except Dr. Craik) without a ray of hope.

I went out about this time and wrote a line to Mr. Law and Mr. Peter, requesting them to come with their wives (Mrs. Washington's granddaughters), as soon as possible, to Mount Vernon.

About ten o'clock he made several attempts to speak to me before he could effect it. At length he said: "I am just going; have me decently buried, and do not let my body be put into the vault in less than three days after I am dead."

I bowed assent, for I could not speak. He then looked at me again and said: "Do you understand me?"

I replied, "Yes."

"'Tis well," said he.

About ten minutes before he expired (which was between ten and eleven o'clock) his breathing became easier; he lay quietly; he withdrew his hand from mine, and felt his own pulse. I saw his countenance change. I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire. He came to the bedside. The General's hand fell from his wrist. I took it in mine, and put it into my bosom. Dr. Craik put his hands over his eyes. And he expired without a struggle or a sigh.

While we were fixed in silent grief, Mrs. Washington (who was sitting at the foot of the bed) asked, with a firm and collected voice, "Is he gone?"

I could not speak, but held up my hand as a signal that he was no more.

"'Tis well," said she, in the same voice; "all is now over, and I shall soon follow him. I have no more trials to pass through."

Occurrences not noted in the preceding narrative:

The General's servant, Christopher, was in the room through the day, and in the afternoon the General directed him to sit down, as he had been standing almost the whole day. He did so.

About eight o'clock in the morning he expressed a desire to get up; his clothes were put on, and he was led to a chair by the fire; he found no relief from that position, and lay down again about ten o'clock.

About five P.M. he was helped up again, and after sitting about half an hour, desired to be undressed and put in bed, which was done.

During his whole illness he spoke but seldom, and with great difficulty and distress, and in so low and broken a voice as at times hardly to be understood. His patience, fortitude, and resignation never forsook him for a moment. In all his distress he uttered not a sigh nor a complaint, always endeavoring (from a sense of duty, as it appeared) to take what was offered him and to do as he was desired by his physicians.

At the time of his decease, Dr. Craik and myself were in the situation before-mentioned; Mrs. Washington was sitting near the foot of the bed; Christopher was standing by the bedside; Caroline, Molly, and Charlotte were in the room, standing near the door; Mrs. Forbes, the house-keeper, was frequently in the room during the day and evening.

As soon as Dr. Craik could speak, after the distressing scene was closed, he desired one of the servants to ask the gentlemen below to come up stairs. When they came to the bedside I kissed the cold hand which I had held to my bosom, laid it down, and went to the other end of the room, where I was for some time lost in profound grief, until aroused by Christopher desiring me to take care of the Gen-

eral's keys and other things which were taken out of his pockets and which Mrs. Washington directed him to give me. I wrapped them in the General's handkerchief, and took them with me to my room.

About twelve o'clock the corpse was brought down stairs and laid out in the large room.

*Sunday, December 15, 1799.**

The foregoing statement, so far as I can recollect, is correct.

JAS. CRAIK.

Sunday, December 15, 1799.

Fair weather. Mrs. Washington sent for me in the morning, and de-

sired I would send up to Alexandria and have a coffin made, which I did. Dr. Dick measured the body, the dimensions of which were as follows:

In length, six feet three and one-half inches, exact.

Across the shoulders, one foot nine inches, exact.

Across the elbows, two feet, exact.

After breakfast I gave to Dr. Dick and Dr. Brown forty dollars each, which sum Dr. Craik advised as very proper, and they left us after breakfast.

I wrote letters to the following persons, informing them of the late melancholy event: The President of the United States,

* The original reads "1800"; but this seems to be an error.—EDITOR.



MARTHA WASHINGTON. 1801. AGE 69.

From the original miniature painted by Robert Field in 1801. Owned by Mrs. Kate Upshur Moorhead of Washington, D. C., sixth in lineal descent from Mrs. Washington.

General Hamilton, General Pinckney, Bushrod Washington, Colonel W. A. Washington, Lawrence Lewis, G. W. P. Custis, George S. Washington, Samuel Washington, Colonel Ball, Captain Hammond; also to John Lewis, desiring him to inform his brothers George, Robert, and Howell. The letters were sent by the following conveyances: to the President, General Hamilton, and John Lewis, by the mail; to Colonel W. A. Washington and to B. Washington, by express to Colonel Blackburn, requesting him to forward them by same conveyance; to L. Lewis, G. W. P. Custis, by express; to General Pinckney, Colonel Ball, Samuel Washington, G. S. Washington, and Captain Hammond, by my own servant Charles, with my riding horse.

Mrs. Stuart was sent for. In the morning about ten o'clock, Mr. Thomas Peter came down, and about two o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Law, to whom I had written on Saturday evening. Dr. Thornton came down with Mr. Law. Dr. Craik tarried all day and all night.

In the evening I consulted with Mr. Law, Mr. Peter, and Dr. Craik, on fixing a day for depositing the body in the vault. I wished the ceremony to be postponed until the last of the week, to give time to some of the General's relations to be here; but Dr. Craik and Dr. Thornton gave it decidedly as their opinion that considering the disorder of which the General died, being of an inflammatory nature, it would not be proper nor perhaps safe to keep the body so long; and, therefore, Wednesday was fixed upon for the funeral, to allow a day (Thursday) in case the weather should be unfavorable on Wednesday.

Monday, December 16, 1799.

I directed the people to open the family vault, clean away the rubbish from about it, and make everything decent; ordered a door to be made to the vault, instead of closing it again with brick, as had been the custom; engaged Mr. Inglis and Mr. McMunn to have a mahogany coffin made, lined with lead, in which the body was to be deposited.

Dr. Craik, Mr. Peter, and Dr. Thornton left us after breakfast, and Mrs. Stuart and her daughters came in the afternoon. Mr. Anderson went to Alexandria to get a number of things preparatory to the funeral; the mourning was ordered for the family domestics and overseers. Having received information from

Alexandria that the militia, Free Masons, etc., were determined to show their respect to the General's memory by attending his body to the grave, I directed provision to be prepared for a large number of people, as some refreshment would be expected by them. Mr. Robert Hamilton wrote me a letter informing that a schooner of his would be off Mount Vernon to fire minute-guns when the body was carrying to the grave.

Gave notice of the time fixed for the funeral to the following persons, by Mrs. Washington's desire, viz., Mr. Mason and family, Mr. Peake and family, Mr. Nickols and family, Mr. McCarty and family, Miss McCarty, Mr. and Mrs. McClanahan, Lord Fairfax and family, Mr. Triplet and family, Mr. Anderson and family, Mr. Diggs, Mr. Cockburn and family, Mr. Massay and family, Mr. R. West. I wrote also to the Rev. Mr. Davis to read the service.

Tuesday, December 17, 1799.

Every preparation for the mournful ceremony was making. Mr. Diggs came here in the forenoon, also Mr. Stewart, adjutant to the Alexandria Regiment, to view the ground for the procession. About one o'clock the coffin was brought from Alexandria in a stage. Mr. Inglis and Mr. McMunn accompanied it; also Mr. Grater, with a shroud. The body was laid in the coffin, at which time I cut off some of the hair.

The mahogany coffin was lined with lead, soldered at the joints, and a cover of lead to be soldered on after the body should be in the vault; the whole was put in a case lined and covered with black cloth.

Wednesday, December 18, 1799.

About eleven o'clock numbers of people began to assemble, to attend the funeral, which was intended to have been at twelve; but as a great part of the troop expected could not get down in time, it did not take place till three. Eleven pieces of artillery were brought from Alexandria, and a schooner belonging to Mr. R. Hamilton came down and lay off Mount Vernon to fire minute-guns.

About three o'clock the procession began to move. The arrangements of the procession were made by Colonels Little, Simms, and Dencale, and Dr. Dick. The pall-holders were Colonels Little, Simms, Payne, Gilpin, Ramsey, and Marsteller. Colonel Blackburn preceded the corpse.

Colonel Dencale marched with the military. The procession moved out of the gate at the left wing of the house, and proceeded round in front of the lawn, and down to the vault on the right wing of the house—the procession as follows:

The troops, horse and foot; music play-

Law, Mr. Peter, Mr. Lear, Dr. Craik, Lord Fairfax, Ferdo Fairfax.

Lodge No. 23, Corporation of Alexandria, all other persons, preceded by Mr. Anderson and the overseers.

When the body arrived at the vault the Rev. Mr. Davis read the service and pro-

nounced a short extempore speech; the Masons performed their ceremonies, and the body was deposited in the vault.

After the ceremony the company returned to the house, where they took some refreshment and retired in good order. The remains of the provisions were distributed among the blacks.

Mr. Peter, Dr. Craik, and Dr. Thornton tarried here all night.

When the ceremony was over I retired to my room (leaving to Mr. Law and Mr. Diggs the care of the company), to give a loose to those feelings which I had been able to keep under control while I found it necessary for me to give a personal attention to the preparations for interring the body of my deceased friend. What those feelings were is not to be told, if it were even possible to describe them. . . .

Wednesday, December
25, 1799.

ing a solemn dirge; the clergy, viz., the Reverends Mr. Davis, Mr. Muir, Mr. Moffatt, Mr. Addison.

The General's horse with his saddle, holster, pistols, etc., led by his two grooms, Cyrus and Wilson, in black.

The body borne by the Free Masons and officers.

Principal mourners, viz., Mr. Stuart and Mr. Law, Misses Nancy and Sally Stuart, Miss Fairfax, Miss Dennison, Mr.

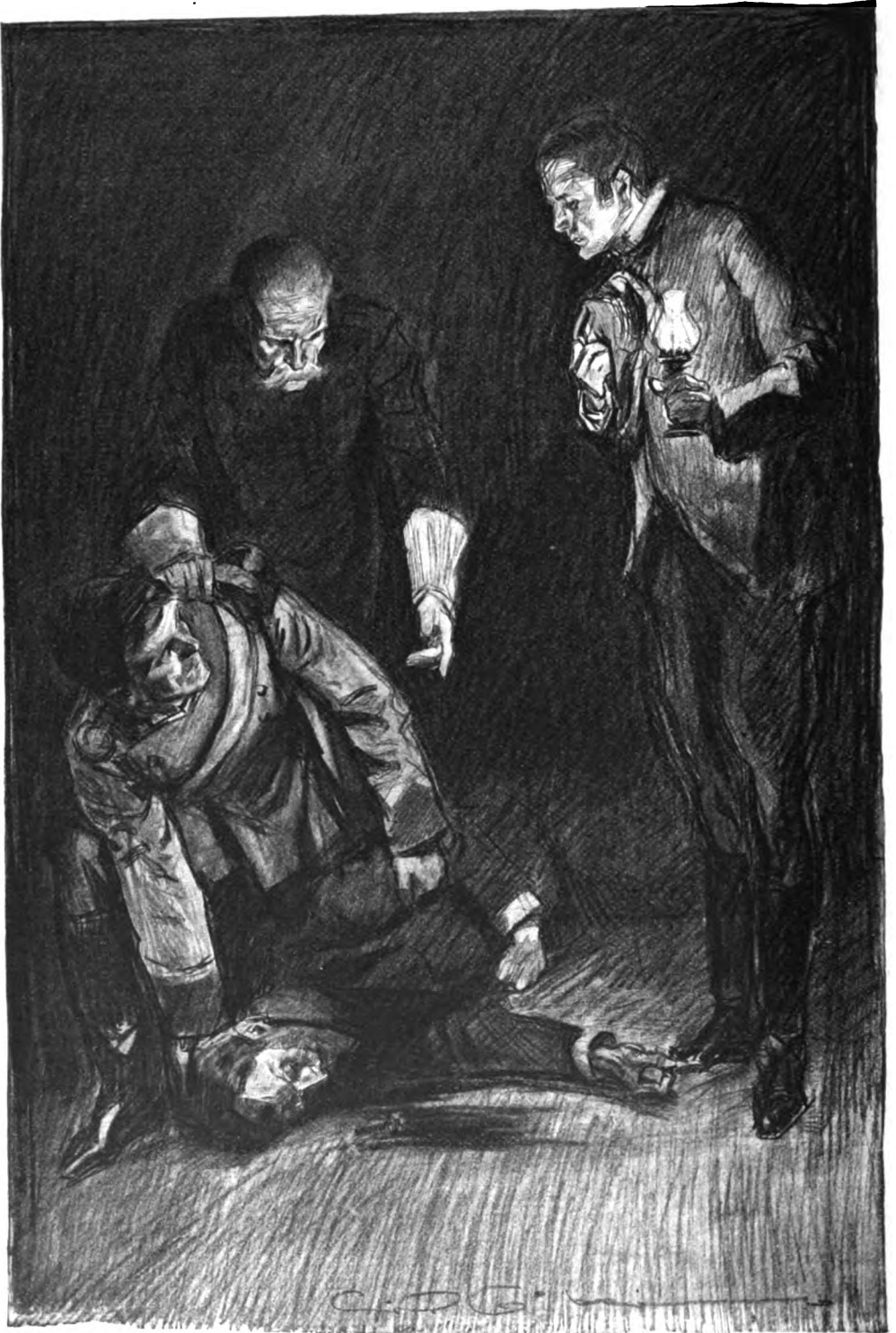
andria for the plumber to come down and close the leaden coffin containing the General's body, as Judge Washington had arrived and did not incline to see the remains. The plumbers came; I went with them to the tomb. I took a last look—a last farewell of that face, which still appeared unaltered. I attended the closing of the coffin, and beheld for the last time that face which I shall see no more here, but which I hope to meet in heaven.

*He withdrew his hand from mine, and felt
His own pulse. — I saw his countenance change.
— I spoke to Dr. Craik, who sat by the fire; —
He came to the bed side. — The General's hand
fell from his wrist. — I took it in mine and
put it into my bosom. — Dr. Craik put
his hands over his eyes [and he expired
without a struggle or a sigh.]*

*While we were fixed in silent grief,
M^{rs} Washington (who was sitting at the
foot of the bed) asked, with a firm & collected
voice, Is he gone? — I could not speak;
but held up my hand as a signal that
he was no more. — "His will," said she
in the same voice, All is now over, I
shall soon follow him! I have no more
trials to pass through!*

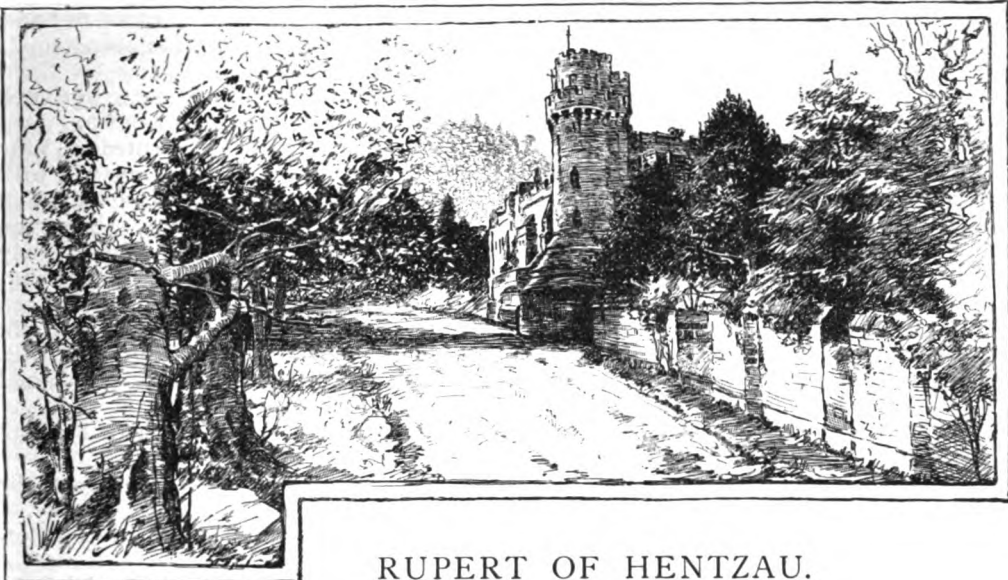
FACSIMILE OF A PAGE FROM THE DIARY OF TOBIAS LEAR.

DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.



"He was dead." See page 138.

RUPERT OF HENTZAU, CHAPTER VIII.



RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

Being the sequel to a story by the same writer entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda."

WITH FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

INTRODUCTION AND SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Rudolf Rassendyll, as an act of friendship to Rudolf, King of Ruritania, his distant relative, takes advantage of a close resemblance between them and impersonates the king through a grave crisis in the latter's affairs. He even plays the king's part as the prospective husband of the Princess Flavia. But in so doing he loses his heart, while the princess suddenly discovers in her lover a fervor and fascination she had not found in him before. In the end, the princess dutifully marries the real king; but thereafter, once a year, she sends a gift and a verbal message to Rassendyll in token of her remembrance of him. All this is told in the story of "The Prisoner of Zenda." The present history opens with the Princess (now Queen) Flavia come to such a pass that she dare not longer trust herself in sending the yearly mes-

sage to Rassendyll. She therefore writes a letter that is to be her last word to him. The bearer, Fritz von Tarlenheim, is betrayed by his servant Bauer, and assaulted and robbed of the letter by Rupert of Hentzau. Rupert's tool, the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim, hurries to Zenda with a copy of it, to lay before the king. But he is met there by Rassendyll, is deceived for the moment into thinking him the king, and yields him the copy. He soon realizes his mistake, but is prevented by Colonel Sapt and Bernenstein from coming into private communication with the king. He is also made to discover the hiding-place of Rupert,—in Königstrasse, Strelsau. Von Tarlenheim, the meanwhile, lies at Wintenberg, recovering from his beating, under the care of Rassendyll's servant James.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TASK OF THE QUEEN'S SERVANTS.

THE doctor who attended me at Wintenberg was not only discreet, but also indulgent; perhaps he had the sense to see that little benefit would come to a sick man from fretting in helplessness on his back, when he was on fire to be afoot. I fear he thought the baker's rolling-pin was in my mind, but at any rate I extorted a consent from him, and was on my way home from Wintenberg not much more than twelve hours after Rudolf Rassendyll left me. Thus I arrived at my own house

in Strelsau on the same Friday morning that witnessed the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim's twofold interview with the king at the Castle of Zenda. The moment I had arrived, I sent James, whose assistance had been, and continued to be, in all respects most valuable, to despatch a message to the constable, acquainting him with my whereabouts, and putting myself entirely at his disposal. Sapt received this message while a council of war was being held, and the information it gave aided not a little in the arrangements that the constable and Rudolf Rassendyll made. What these were I must now relate, although, I fear, at the risk of some tediousness. Yet that council of war in Zenda was

held under no common circumstances. Cowed as Rischenheim appeared, they dared not let him out of their sight. Rudolf could not leave the room into which Sapt had locked him; the king's absence was to be short, and before he came again Rudolf must be gone, Rischenheim safely disposed of, and measures taken against the original letter reaching the hands for which the intercepted copy had been destined. The room was a large one. In the corner farthest from the door sat Rischenheim, disarmed, dispirited, to all seeming ready to throw up his dangerous game and acquiesce in any terms presented to him. Just inside the door, guarding it, if need should be, with their lives, were the other three, Bernenstein merry and triumphant, Sapt blunt and cool, Rudolf calm and clear-headed. The queen awaited the result of their deliberations in her apartments, ready to act as they directed, but determined to see Rudolf before he left the castle. They conversed together in low tones. Presently Sapt took paper and wrote. This first message was to me, and it bade me come to Zenda that afternoon; another head and another pair of hands were sadly needed. Then followed more deliberation; Rudolf took up the talking now, for his was the bold plan on which they consulted. Sapt twirled his moustache, smiling doubtfully.

"Yes, yes," murmured young Bernenstein, his eyes alight with excitement.

"It's dangerous, but the best thing," said Rudolf, carefully sinking his voice yet lower, lest the prisoner should catch the lightest word of what he said. "It involves my staying here till the evening. Is that possible?"

"No; but you can leave here and hide in the forest till I join you," said Sapt.

"Till we join you," corrected Bernenstein eagerly.

"No," said the constable, "you must look after our friend here. Come, Lieutenant, it's all in the queen's service."

"Besides," added Rudolf with a smile, "neither the colonel nor I would let you have a chance at Rupert. He's our game, isn't he, Sapt?"

The colonel nodded. Rudolf in his turn took paper, and here is the message that he wrote:

"Holf, 19, Königstrasse, Strelsau.—All well. He has what I had, but wishes to see what you have. He and I will be at the hunting-lodge at ten this evening. Bring it and meet us. The business is unsuspected.—R."

Rudolf threw the paper across to Sapt; Bernenstein leant over the constable's shoulder and read it eagerly.

"I doubt if it would bring me," grinned old Sapt, throwing the paper down.

"It'll bring Rupert of Hentzau. Why not? He'll know that the king will wish to meet him unknown to the queen, and also unknown to you, Sapt, since you were my friend: what place more likely for the king to choose than his hunting-lodge, where he is accustomed to go when he wishes to be alone? The message will bring him, depend on it. Why, man, Rupert would come even if he suspected; and why should he suspect?"

"They may have a cipher, he and Rischenheim," objected Sapt.

"No, or Rupert would have sent the address in it," retorted Rudolf quickly.

"Then—when he comes?" asked Bernenstein.

"He finds such a king as Rischenheim found, and Sapt, here, at his elbow."

"But he'll know you," objected Bernenstein.

"Aye, I think he'll know me," said Rudolf with a smile. "Meanwhile we send for Fritz to come here and look after the king."

"And Rischenheim?"

"That's your share, Lieutenant. Sapt, is any one at Tarlenheim?"

"No. Count Stanislas has put it at Fritz's disposal."

"Good; then Fritz's two friends, the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim and Lieutenant von Bernenstein, will ride over there to-day. The constable of Zenda will give the lieutenant twenty-four hours' leave of absence, and the two gentlemen will pass the day and sleep at the *château*. They will pass the day side by side, Bernenstein, not losing sight of one another for an instant, and they will pass the night in the same room. And one of them will not close his eyes nor take his hand off the butt of his revolver."

"Very good, sir," said young Bernenstein.

"If he tries to escape or give any alarm, shoot him through the head, ride to the frontier, get to safe hiding, and, if you can, let us know."

"Yes," said Bernenstein simply. Sapt had chosen well, and the young officer made nothing of the peril and ruin that Her Majesty's service might ask of him.

A restless movement and a weary sigh from Rischenheim attracted their attention. He had strained his ears to listen

till his head ached, but the talkers had been careful, and he had heard nothing that threw light on their deliberations. He had now given up his vain attempt, and sat in listless inattention, sunk in an apathy.

"I don't think he'll give you much trouble," whispered Sapt to Bernenstein, with a jerk of his thumb towards the captive.

"Act as if he were likely to give you much," urged Rudolf, laying his hand on the lieutenant's arm.

"Yes, that's a wise man's advice," nodded the constable approvingly. "We were well governed, Lieutenant, when this Rudolf was king."

"Wasn't I also his loyal subject?" asked young Bernenstein.

"Yes, wounded in my service," added Rudolf; for he remembered how the boy—he was little more than—had been fired upon in the park of Tarlenheim, being taken for Mr. Rassendyll himself.

Thus their plans were laid. If they could defeat Rupert, they would have Rischenheim at their mercy. If they could keep Rischenheim out of the way while they used his name in their trick, they had a strong chance of deluding and killing Rupert. Yes, of killing him; for that and nothing less was their purpose, as the constable of Zenda himself has told me.

"We would have stood on no ceremony," he said. "The queen's honor was at stake, and the fellow himself an assassin."

Bernenstein rose and went out. He was gone about half an hour, being employed in despatching the telegrams to Strelsau. Rudolf and Sapt used the interval to explain to Rischenheim what they proposed to do with him. They asked no pledge, and he offered none. He heard what they said with a dull uninterested air. When asked if he would go without resistance, he laughed a bitter laugh. "How can I resist?" he asked. "I should have a bullet through my head."

"Why, without doubt," said Colonel Sapt. "My lord, you are very sensible."

"Let me advise you, my lord," said Rudolf, looking down on him kindly enough, "if you come safe through this affair, to add honor to your prudence, and chivalry to your honor. There is still time for you to become a gentleman."

He turned away, followed by a glance of anger from the count and a grating chuckle from old Sapt.

A few moments later Bernenstein returned. His errand was done, and horses for himself and Rischenheim were at the gate of the castle. After a few final words and a clasp of the hand from Rudolf, the lieutenant motioned to his prisoner to accompany him, and they two walked out together, being to all appearance willing companions and in perfect friendliness with one another. The queen herself watched them go from the windows of her apartment, and noticed that Bernenstein rode half a pace behind, and that his free hand rested on the revolver by his side.

It was now well on in the morning, and the risk of Rudolf's sojourn in the castle grew greater with every moment. Yet he was resolved to see the queen before he went. This interview presented no great difficulties, since Her Majesty was in the habit of coming to the constable's room to take his advice or to consult with him. The hardest task was to contrive afterwards a free and unnoticed escape for Mr. Rassendyll. To meet this necessity, the constable issued orders that the company of guards which garrisoned the castle should parade at one o'clock in the park, and that the servants should all, after their dinner, be granted permission to watch the manœuvres. By this means he counted on drawing off any curious eyes and allowing Rudolf to reach the forest unobserved. They appointed a rendezvous in a handy and sheltered spot; the one thing which they were compelled to trust to fortune was Rudolf's success in evading chance encounters while he waited. Mr. Rassendyll himself was confident of his ability to conceal his presence, or, if need were, so to hide his face that no strange tale of the king being seen wandering, alone and beardless, should reach the ears of the castle or the town.

While Sapt was making his arrangements, Queen Flavia came to the room where Rudolf Rassendyll was. It was then nearing twelve, and young Bernenstein had been gone half an hour. Sapt attended her to the door, set a sentry at the end of the passage with orders that Her Majesty should on no pretence be disturbed, promised her very audibly to return as soon as he possibly could, and respectfully closed the door after she had entered. The constable was well aware of the value in a secret business of doing openly all that can safely be done with openness.

All of what passed at that interview I do not know, but a part Queen Flavia

herself told to me, or rather to Helga, my wife; for although it was meant to reach my ear, yet to me, a man, she would not disclose it directly. First she learnt from Mr. Rassendyll the plans that had been made, and, although she trembled at the danger that he must run in meeting Rupert of Hentzau, she had such love of him and such a trust in his powers that she seemed to doubt little of his success. But she began to reproach herself for having brought him into this peril by writing her letter. At this he took from his pocket the copy that Rischenheim had carried. He had found time to read it, and now before her eyes he kissed it.

"Had I as many lives as there are words, my queen," he said softly, "for each word I would gladly give a life."

"Ah, Rudolf, but you've only one life, and that more mine than yours. Did you think we should ever meet again?"

"I didn't know," said he; and now they were standing opposite one another.

"But I knew," she said, her eyes shining brightly; "I knew always that we should meet once more. Not how, nor where, but just that we should. So I lived, Rudolf."

"God bless you!" he said.

"Yes, I lived through it all."

He pressed her hand, knowing what that phrase meant and must mean for her.

"Will it last forever?" she asked, suddenly gripping his hand tightly. But a moment later she went on: "No, no, I mustn't make you unhappy, Rudolf. I'm half glad I wrote the letter, and half glad they stole it. It's so sweet to have you fighting for me, for me only this time, Rudolf—not for the king, for me!"

"Sweet indeed, my dearest lady. Don't be afraid; we shall win."

"You will win, yes. And then you'll go?" And, dropping his hand, she covered her face with hers.

"I mustn't kiss your face," said he, "but your hands I may kiss," and he kissed her hands as they were pressed against her face.

"You wear my ring," she murmured through her fingers, "always?"

"Why, yes," he said, with a little laugh of wonder at her question.

"And there is—no one else?"

"My queen!" said he, laughing again.

"No, I knew really, Rudolf, I knew really," and now her hands flew out towards him, imploring his pardon. Then she began to speak quickly: "Rudolf, last night I had a dream about you, a

strange dream. I seemed to be in Strelsau, and all the people were talking about the king. It was you they meant; you were the king. At last you were the king, and I was your queen. But I could see you only very dimly; you were somewhere, but I could not make out where; just sometimes your face came. Then I tried to tell you that you were king—yes, and Colonel Sapt and Fritz tried to tell you; the people, too, called out that you were king. What did it mean? But your face, when I saw it, was unmoved, and very pale, and you seemed not to hear what we said, not even what I said. It almost seemed as if you were dead, and yet king. Ah, you mustn't die, even to be king," and she laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Sweetheart," said he gently, "in dreams desires and fears blend in strange visions, so I seemed to you to be both a king and a dead man; but I'm not a king, and I am a very healthy fellow. Yet a thousand thanks to my dearest queen for dreaming of me."

"No, but what could it mean?" she asked again.

"What does it mean when I dream always of you, except that I always love you?"

"Was it only that?" she said, still unconvinced.

What more passed between them I do not know. I think that the queen told my wife more, but women will sometimes keep women's secrets even from their husbands; though they love us, yet we are always in some sort the common enemy, against whom they join hands. Well, I would not look too far into such secrets, for to know must be, I suppose, to blame, and who is himself so blameless that in such a case he would be free with his censures?

Yet much cannot have passed, for almost close on their talk about the dream came Colonel Sapt, saying that the guards were in line, and all the women streamed out to watch them, while the men followed, lest the gay uniforms should make them forgotten. Certainly a quiet fell over the old castle, that only the constable's curt tones broke, as he bade Rudolf come by the back way to the stables and mount his horse.

"There's no time to lose," said Sapt, and his eye seemed to grudge the queen even one more word with the man she loved.

But Rudolf was not to be hurried into leaving her in such a fashion. He clapped

the constable on the shoulder, laughing, and bidding him think of what he would for a moment; then he went again to the queen and would have knelt before her, but that she would not suffer, and they stood with hands locked. Then suddenly she drew him to her and kissed his forehead, saying: "God go with you, Rudolf my knight."

Thus she turned away, letting him go. He walked towards the door; but a sound arrested his steps, and he waited in the middle of the room, his eyes on the door. Old Sapt flew to the threshold, his sword half-way out of its sheath. There was a step coming down the passage, and the feet stopped outside the door.

"Is it the king?" whispered Rudolf.

"I don't know," said Sapt.

"No, it's not the king," came in unhesitating certainty from Queen Flavia.

They waited: a low knock sounded on the door. Still for a moment they waited. The knock was repeated urgently.

"We must open," said Sapt. "Behind the curtain with you, Rudolf."

The queen sat down, and Sapt piled a heap of papers before her, that it might seem as though he and she transacted business. But his precautions were interrupted by a hoarse, eager, low cry from outside, "Quick! in God's name, quick!"

They knew the voice for Bernenstein's. The queen sprang up, Rudolf came out, Sapt turned the key. The lieutenant entered, hurried, breathless, pale.

"Well?" asked Sapt.

"He has got away?" cried Rudolf, guessing in a moment the misfortune that had brought Bernenstein back.

"Yes, he's got away. Just as we left the town and reached the open road towards Tarlenheim, he said, 'Are we going to walk all the way?' I was not loath to go quicker, and we broke into a trot. But I—ah, what a pestilent fool I am!"

"Never mind that—go on."

"Why, I was thinking of him and my task, and having a bullet ready for him, and—"

"Of everything except your horse?" guessed Sapt, with a grim smile.

"Yes; and the horse pecked and stumbled, and I fell forward on his neck. I put out my arm to recover myself, and—I jerked my revolver on to the ground."

"And he saw?"

"He saw, curse him. For a second he waited; then he smiled, and turned, and dug his spurs in and was off, straight across country towards Strelsau. Well, I

was off my horse in a moment, and I fired three times after him."

"You hit?" asked Rudolf.

"I think so. He shifted the reins from one hand to the other and wrung his arm. I mounted and made after him, but his horse was better than mine and he gained ground. We began to meet people, too, and I didn't dare to fire again. So I left him and rode here to tell you. Never employ me again, Constable, so long as you live," and the young man's face was twisted with misery and shame, as, forgetting the queen's presence, he sank despondently into a chair.

Sapt took no notice of his self-reproaches. But Rudolf went and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"It was an accident," he said. "No blame to you."

The queen rose and walked towards him; Bernenstein sprang to his feet.

"Sir," said she, "it is not success but effort that should gain thanks," and she held out her hand.

Well, he was young; I do not laugh at the sob that escaped his lips as he turned his head.

"Let me try something else!" he implored.

"Mr. Rassendyll," said the queen, "you'll do my pleasure by employing this gentleman in my further service. I am already deep in his debt, and would be deeper."

There was a moment's silence.

"Well, but what's to be done?" asked Colonel Sapt. "He's gone to Strelsau."

"He'll stop Rupert," mused Mr. Rassendyll.

"He may or he mayn't."

"It's odds that he will."

"We must provide for both."

Sapt and Rudolf looked at one another.

"You must be here?" asked Rudolf of the constable. "Well, I'll go to Strelsau." His smile broke out. "That is, if Bernenstein 'll lend me a hat."

The queen made no sound; but she came and laid her hand on his arm. He looked at her, smiling still.

"Yes, I'll go to Strelsau," said he, "and I'll find Rupert, aye, and Rischenheim too, if they're in the city."

"Take me with you," cried Bernenstein eagerly.

Rudolf glanced at Sapt. The constable shook his head. Bernenstein's face fell.

"It's not that, boy," said old Sapt, half in kindness, half in impatience. "We

want you here. Suppose Rupert comes here with Rischenheim!"

The idea was new, but the event was by no means unlikely.

"But you'll be here, Constable," urged Bernenstein, "and Fritz von Tarlenheim will arrive in an hour."

"Aye, young man," said Sapt, nodding his head; "but when I fight Rupert of Hentzau, I like to have a man to spare," and he grinned broadly, being no whit afraid of what Bernenstein might think of his courage. "Now go and get him a hat," he added, and the lieutenant ran off on the errand.

But the queen cried:

"Are you sending Rudolf alone, then—alone against two?"

"Yes, madam, if I may command the campaign," said Sapt. "I take it he should be equal to the task."

He could not know the feelings of the queen's heart. She dashed her hand across her eyes, and turned in mute entreaty to Rudolf Rassendyll.

"I must go," he said softly. "We can't spare Bernenstein, and I mustn't stay here."

She said no more. Rudolf walked across to Sapt.

"Take me to the stables. Is the horse good? I daren't take the train. Ah, here's the lieutenant and the hat."

"The horse 'll get you there to-night," said Sapt. "Come along. Bernenstein, stay with the queen."

At the threshold Rudolf paused, and, turning his head, glanced once at Queen Flavia, who stood still as a statue, watching him go. Then he followed the constable, who brought him where the horse was. Sapt's devices for securing freedom from observation had served well, and Rudolf mounted unmolested.

"The hat doesn't fit very well," said Rudolf.

"Like a crown better, eh?" suggested the colonel.

Rudolf laughed as he asked, "Well, what are my orders?"

"Ride round by the moat to the road at the back; then through the forest to Hofbau; you know your way after that. You mustn't reach Strelsau till it's dark. Then, if you want a shelter——"

"To Fritz von Tarlenheim's, yes! From there I shall go straight to the address."

"Aye. And——Rudolf!"

"Yes?"

"Make an end of him this time."

"Please God. But if he goes to the

lodge? He will, unless Rischenheim stops him."

"I'll be there in case, but I think Rischenheim will stop him."

"If he comes here?"

"Young Bernenstein will die before he suffers him to reach the king."

"Sapt!"

"Aye?"

"Be kind to her."

"Bless the man, yes!"

"Good-by."

"And good luck."

At a swift canter Rudolf darted round the drive that led from the stables, by the moat, to the old forest road behind; five minutes brought him within the shelter of the trees, and he rode on confidently, meeting nobody, save here and there a yokel, who, seeing a man ride hard with his head averted, took no more notice of him than to wish that he himself could ride abroad instead of being bound to work. Thus Rudolf Rassendyll set out again for the walls of Strelsau, through the forest of Zenda. And ahead of him, with an hour's start, galloped the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim, again a man, and a man with resolution, resentment, and revenge in his heart.

The game was afoot now; who could tell the issue of it?

CHAPTER VII.

THE MESSAGE OF SIMON THE HUNTSMAN.

I RECEIVED the telegram sent to me by the Constable of Zenda at my own house in Strelsau about one o'clock. It is needless to say that I made immediate preparations to obey his summons. My wife indeed protested—and I must admit with some show of reason—that I was unfit to endure further fatigues, and that my bed was the only proper place for me. I could not listen; and James, Mr. Rassendyll's servant, being informed of the summons, was at my elbow with a card of the trains from Strelsau to Zenda, without waiting for any order from me. I had talked to this man in the course of our journey, and discovered that he had been in the service of Lord Topham, formerly British Ambassador to the Court of Ruritania. How far he was acquainted with the secrets of his present master, I did not know, but his familiarity with the city and the country made him of great use to me. We discovered, to our annoyance, that no train left

till four o'clock, and then only a slow one; the result was that we could not arrive at the castle till past six o'clock. This hour was not absolutely too late, but I was of course eager to be on the scene of action as early as possible.

"You'd better see if you can get a special, my lord," James suggested; "I'll run on to the station and arrange about it."

I agreed. Since I was known to be often employed in the king's service, I could take a special train without exciting remark. James set out, and about a quarter of an hour later I got into my carriage to drive to the station. Just as the horses were about to start, however, the butler approached me.

"I beg your pardon, my lord," said he, "but Bauer didn't return with your lordship. Is he coming back?"

"No," said I. "Bauer was grossly impertinent on the journey, and I dismissed him."

"Those foreign men are never to be trusted, my lord. And your lordship's bag?"

"What, hasn't it come?" I cried. "I told him to send it."

"It's not arrived, my lord."

"Can the rogue have stolen it?" I exclaimed indignantly.

"If your lordship wishes it, I will mention the matter to the police."

I appeared to consider this proposal.

"Wait till I come back," I ended by saying. "The bag may come, and I have no reason to doubt the fellow's honesty."

This, I thought, would be the end of my connection with Master Bauer. He had served Rupert's turn, and would now disappear from the scene. Indeed it may be that Rupert would have liked to dispense with further aid from him; but he had few whom he could trust, and was compelled to employ those few more than once. At any rate he had not done with Bauer, and I very soon received proof of the fact. My house is a couple of miles from the station, and we had to pass through a considerable part of the old town, where the streets are narrow and tortuous and progress necessarily slow. We had just entered the Königstrasse (and it must be remembered that I had at that time no reason for attaching any special significance to this locality), and were waiting impatiently for a heavy dray to move out of our path, when my coachman, who had overheard the butler's conversation with me, leant down from his box with an air of lively excitement.

"My lord," he cried, "there's Bauer—there, passing the butcher's shop!"

I sprang up in the carriage; the man's back was towards me, and he was threading his way through the people with a quick, stealthy tread. I believe he must have seen me, and was slinking away as fast as he could. I was not sure of him, but the coachman banished my doubt by saying, "It's Bauer—it's certainly Bauer, my lord."

I hardly stayed to form a resolution. If I could catch this fellow or even see where he went, a most important clue as to Rupert's doings and whereabouts might be put into my hand. I leapt out of the carriage, bidding the man wait, and at once started in pursuit of my former servant. I heard the coachman laugh: he thought, no doubt, that anxiety for the missing bag inspired such eager haste.

The numbers of the houses in the Königstrasse begin, as anybody familiar with Strelsau will remember, at the end adjoining the station. The street being a long one, intersecting almost the entire length of the old town, I was, when I set out after Bauer, opposite number 300 or thereabouts, and distant nearly three-quarters of a mile from that important number nineteen, towards which Bauer was hurrying like a rabbit to its burrow. I knew nothing and thought nothing of where he was going; to me nineteen was no more than eighteen or twenty; my only desire was to overtake him. I had no clear idea of what I meant to do when I caught him, but I had some hazy notion of intimidating him into giving up his secret by the threat of an accusation of theft. In fact, he had stolen my bag. After him I went; and he knew that I was after him. I saw him turn his face over his shoulder, and then bustle on faster. Neither of us, pursued or pursuer, dared quite to run; as it was, our eager strides and our carelessness of collisions created more than enough attention. But I had one advantage. Most folk in Strelsau knew me, and many got out of my way who were by no means inclined to pay a like civility to Bauer. Thus I began to gain on him, in spite of his haste; I had started fifty yards behind, but as we neared the end of the street and saw the station ahead of us, not more than twenty separated me from him. Then an annoying thing happened. I ran full into a stout old gentleman; Bauer had run into him before, and he was standing, as people will, staring in resentful astonishment at his first assailant's retreating figure. The

second collision immensely increased his vexation; for me it had yet worse consequences; for when I disentangled myself, Bauer was gone! There was not a sign of him; I looked up: the number of the house above me was twenty-three; but the door was shut. I walked on a few paces, past twenty-two, past twenty-one—and up to nineteen. Nineteen was an old house, with a dirty, dilapidated front and an air almost dissipated. It was a shop where provisions of the cheaper sort were on view in the window, things that one has never eaten but has heard of people eating. The shop-door stood open, but there was nothing to connect Bauer with the house. Muttering an oath in my exasperation, I was about to pass on, when an old woman put her head out of the door and looked round. I was full in front of her. I am sure that the old woman started slightly, and I think that I did. For I knew her and she knew me. She was old Mother Holf, one of whose sons, Johann, had betrayed to us the secret of the dungeon at Zenda, while the other had died by Mr. Rassendyll's hand by the side of the great pipe that masked the king's window. Her presence might mean nothing, yet it seemed at once to connect the house with the secret of the past and the crisis of the present.

She recovered herself in a moment, and curtsied to me.

"Ah, Mother Holf," said I, "how long is it since you set up shop in Strelsau?"

"About six months, my lord," she answered, with a composed air and arms akimbo.

"I have not come across you before," said I, looking keenly at her.

"Such a poor little shop as mine would not be likely to secure your lordship's patronage," she answered, in a humility that seemed only half genuine.

I looked up at the windows. They were all closed and had their wooden lattices shut. The house was devoid of any signs of life.

"You've a good house here, mother, though it wants a splash of paint," said I. "Do you live all alone in it with your daughter?" For Max was dead and Johann abroad, and the old woman had, as far as I knew, no other children.

"Sometimes; sometimes not," said she. "I let lodgings to single men when I can."

"Full now?"

"Not a soul, worse luck, my lord."

Then I shot an arrow at a venture.

"The man who came in just now, then, was he only a customer?"

"I wish a customer had come in, but there has been nobody," she replied in surprised tones.

I looked full in her eyes; she met mine with a blinking imperturbability. There is no face so inscrutable as a clever old woman's when she is on her guard. And her fat body barred the entrance; I could not so much as see inside, while the window, choked full with pigs' trotters and such-like dainties, helped me very little. If the fox were there, he had got to earth and I could not dig him out.

At this moment I saw James approaching hurriedly. He was looking up the street, no doubt seeking my carriage and chafing at its delay. An instant later he saw me.

"My lord," he said, "your train will be ready in five minutes; if it doesn't start then, the line must be closed for another half-hour."

I perceived a faint smile on the old woman's face. I was sure then that I was on the track of Bauer, and probably of more than Bauer. But my first duty was to obey orders and get to Zenda. Besides, I could not force my way in, there in open daylight, without a scandal that would have set all the long ears in Strelsau aprick. I turned away reluctantly. I did not even know for certain that Bauer was within, and thus had no information of value to carry with me.

"If your lordship would kindly recommend me—" said the old hag.

"Yes, I'll recommend you," said I. "I'll recommend you to be careful whom you take for lodgers. There are queer fish about, mother."

"I take the money beforehand," she retorted with a grin; and I was as sure that she was in the plot as of my own existence.

There was nothing to be done; James's face urged me towards the station. I turned away. But at this instant a loud, merry laugh sounded from inside the house. I started, and this time violently. The old woman's brow contracted in a frown, and her lips twitched for a moment; then her face regained its composure; but I knew the laugh, and she must have guessed that I knew it. Instantly I tried to appear as though I had noticed nothing. I nodded to her carelessly, and bidding James follow me, set out for the station. But as we reached the platform, I laid my hand on his shoulder, saying:

"The Count of Hentzau is in that house, James."

He looked at me without surprise; he was as hard to stir to wonder as old Sapt himself.

"Indeed, sir. Shall I stay and watch?"

"No, come with me," I answered. To tell the truth, I thought that to leave him alone in Strelsau to watch that house was in all likelihood to sign his death warrant, and I shrank from imposing the duty on him. Rudolf might send him if he would; I dared not. So we got into our train, and I suppose that my coachman, when he had looked long enough for me, went home. I forgot to ask him afterwards. Very likely he thought it a fine joke to see his master hunting a truant servant and a truant bag through the streets in broad daylight. Had he known the truth, he would have been as interested, though, maybe, less amused.

I arrived at the town of Zenda at half-past three, and was in the castle before four. I may pass over the most kind and gracious words with which the queen received me. Every sight of her face and every sound of her voice bound a man closer to her service, and now she made me feel that I was a poor fellow to have lost her letter and yet to be alive. But she would hear nothing of such talk, choosing rather to praise the little I had done than to blame the great thing in which I had failed. Dismissed from her presence, I flew open-mouthed to Sapt. I found him in his room with Bernenstein, and had the satisfaction of learning that my news of Rupert's whereabouts was confirmed by his information. I was also made acquainted with all that had been done, even as I have already related it, from the first successful trick played on Rischenheim to the moment of his unfortunate escape. But my face grew long and apprehensive when I heard that Rudolf Rassendyll had gone alone to Strelsau to put his head in that lion's mouth in the Königstrasse.

"There will be three of them there—Rupert, Rischenheim, and my rascal Bauer," said I.

"As to Rupert, we don't know," Sapt reminded me. "He'll be there if Rischenheim arrives in time to tell him the truth. But we have also to be ready for him here, and at the hunting-lodge. Well, we're ready for him wherever he is: Rudolf will be in Strelsau, you and I will ride to the lodge, and Bernenstein will be here with the queen."

"Only one here?" I asked.

"Ay, but a good one," said the constable, clapping Bernenstein on the shoulder. "We shan't be gone above four hours, and those while the king is safe in his bed. Bernenstein has only to refuse access to him, and stand to that with his life till we come back. You're equal to that, eh, Lieutenant?"

I am, by nature, a cautious man, and prone to look at the dark side of every prospect and the risks of every enterprise; but I could not see what better dispositions were possible against the attack that threatened us. Yet I was sorely uneasy concerning Mr. Rassendyll.

Now, after all our stir and runnings to and fro, came an hour or two of peace. We employed the time in having a good meal, and it was past five when, our repast finished, we sat back in our chairs enjoying cigars. James had waited on us, quietly usurping the office of the constable's own servant, and thus we had been able to talk freely. The man's calm confidence in his master and his master's fortune also went far to comfort me.

"The king should be back soon," said Sapt at last, with a glance at his big, old-fashioned silver watch. "Thank God, he'll be too tired to sit up long. We shall be free by nine o'clock, Fritz. I wish young Rupert would come to the lodge!" And the colonel's face expressed a lively pleasure at the idea.

Six o'clock struck, and the king did not appear. A few moments later, a message came from the queen, requesting our presence on the terrace in front of the *château*. The place commanded a view of the road by which the king would ride back, and we found the queen walking restlessly up and down, considerably disquieted by the lateness of his return. In such a position as ours, every unusual or unforeseen incident magnifies its possible meaning, and invests itself with a sinister importance which would at ordinary times seem absurd. We three shared the queen's feelings, and forgetting the many chances of the chase, any one of which would amply account for the king's delay, fell to speculating on remote possibilities of disaster. He might have met Rischenheim—though they had ridden in opposite directions; Rupert might have intercepted him—though no means could have brought Rupert to the forest so early. Our fears defeated common sense, and our conjectures outran possibility. Sapt was the first to recover from this foolish

mood, and he rated us soundly, not sparing even the queen herself. With a laugh we regained some of our equanimity, and felt rather ashamed of our weakness.

"Still it's strange that he doesn't come," murmured the queen, shading her eyes with her hand, and looking along the road to where the dark masses of the forest trees bounded our view. It was already dusk, but not so dark but that we could have seen the king's party as soon as it came into the open.

If the king's delay seemed strange at six, it was stranger at seven, and by eight most strange. We had long since ceased to talk lightly; by now we had lapsed into silence. Sapt's scoldings had died away. The queen, wrapped in her furs (for it was very cold), sat sometimes on a seat, but oftener paced restlessly to and fro. Evening had fallen. We did not know what to do, nor even whether we ought to do anything. Sapt would not own to sharing our worst apprehensions, but his gloomy silence in face of our surmises witnessed that he was in his heart as disturbed as we were. For my part I had come to the end of my endurance, and I cried, "For God's sake, let's act! Shall I go and seek him?"

"A needle in a bundle of hay," said Sapt with a shrug.

But at this instant my ear caught the sound of horses cantering on the road from the forest; at the same moment Bernenstein cried, "Here they come!" The queen paused, and we gathered round her. The horse-hoofs came nearer. Now we made out the figures of three men: they were the king's huntsmen, and they rode along merrily, singing a hunting chorus. The sound of it brought relief to us; so far at least there was no disaster. But why was not the king with them?

"The king is probably tired, and is following more slowly, madam," suggested Bernenstein.

This explanation seemed very probable, and the lieutenant and I, as ready to be hopeful on slight grounds as fearful on small provocation, joyfully accepted it. Sapt, less easily turned to either mood, said, "Aye, but let us hear," and raising his voice, called to the huntsmen, who had now arrived in the avenue. One of them, the king's chief huntsman Simon, gorgeous in his uniform of green and gold, came swaggering along, and bowed low to the queen.

"Well, Simon, where is the king?" she asked, trying to smile.

"The king, madam, has sent a message by me to your majesty."

"Pray, deliver it to me, Simon."

"I will, madam. The king has enjoyed fine sport; and, indeed, madam, if I may say so for myself, a better run——"

"You may say, friend Simon," interrupted the constable, tapping him on the shoulder, "anything you like for yourself, but, as a matter of etiquette, the king's message should come first."

"Oh, aye, Constable," said Simon. "You're always so down on a man, aren't you? Well, then, madam, the king has enjoyed fine sport. For we started a boar at eleven, and——"

"Is this the king's message, Simon?" asked the queen, smiling in genuine amusement, but impatiently.

"Why, no, madam, not precisely his majesty's message."

"Then get to it, man, in heaven's name," growled Sapt testily. For here were we four (the queen, too, one of us!) on tenterhooks, while the fool boasted about the sport that he had shown the king. For every boar in the forest Simon took as much credit as though he, and not Almighty God, had made the animal. It is the way with such fellows.

Simon became a little confused under the combined influence of his own seductive memories and Sapt's brusque exhortations.

"As I was saying, madam," he resumed, "the boar led us a long way, but at last the hounds pulled him down, and his majesty himself gave the *coup de grâce*. Well, then it was very late——"

"It's no earlier now," grumbled the constable.

"And the king, although indeed, madam, his majesty was so gracious as to say that no huntsman whom his majesty had ever had, had given his majesty——"

"God help us!" groaned the constable.

Simon shot an apprehensive apologetic glance at Colonel Sapt. The constable was frowning ferociously. In spite of the serious matters in hand I could not forbear a smile, while young Bernenstein broke into an audible laugh, which he tried to smother with his hand.

"Yes, the king was very tired, Simon?" said the queen, at once encouraging him and bringing him back to the point with a woman's skill.

"Yes, madam, the king was very tired; and as we chanced to kill near the hunting-lodge——"

I do not know whether Simon noticed

any change in the manner of his audience. But the queen looked up with parted lips, and I believe that we three all drew a step nearer him. Sapt did not interrupt this time.

"Yes, madam, the king was very tired, and as we chanced to kill near the hunting-lodge, the king bade us carry our quarry there, and come back to dress it to-morrow; so we obeyed, and here we are—that is, except Herbert, my brother, who stayed with the king by his majesty's orders. Because, madam, Herbert is a handy fellow, and my good mother taught him to cook a steak and——"

"Stayed where with the king?" roared Sapt.

"Why, at the hunting-lodge, Constable. The king stays there to-night, and will ride back to-morrow morning with Herbert. That, madam, is the king's message."

We had come to it at last, and it was something to come to. Simon gazed from face to face. I saw him, and I understood at once that our feelings must be speaking too plainly. So I took on myself to dismiss him, saying:

"Thanks, Simon, thanks: we understand."

He bowed to the queen; she roused herself, and added her thanks to mine. Simon withdrew, looking still a little puzzled.

After we were left alone, there was a moment's silence. Then I said:

"Suppose Rupert——"

The Constable of Zenda broke in with a short laugh.

"On my life," said he, "how things fall out! We say he will go to the hunting-lodge, and—he goes!"

"If Rupert goes—if Rischenheim doesn't stop him!" I urged again.

The queen rose from her seat and stretched out her hands towards us.

"Gentlemen, my letter!" said she.

Sapt wasted no time.

"Bernenstein," said he, "you stay here as we arranged. Nothing is altered. Horses for Fritz and myself in five minutes."

Bernenstein turned and shot like an arrow along the terrace towards the stables.

"Nothing is altered, madam," said Sapt, "except that we must be there before Count Rupert."

I looked at my watch. It was twenty minutes past nine. Simon's cursed chatter had lost a quarter of an hour. I opened my lips to speak. A glance from

Sapt's eyes told me that he discerned what I was about to say. I was silent.

"You'll be in time?" asked the queen, with clasped hands and frightened eyes.

"Assuredly, madam," returned Sapt with a bow.

"You won't let him reach the king?"

"Why, no, madam," said Sapt with a smile.

"From my heart, gentlemen," she said in a trembling voice, "from my heart——"

"Here are the horses," cried Sapt. He snatched her hand, brushed it with his grizzly moustache, and—well, I am not sure I heard, and I can hardly believe what I think I heard. But I will set it down for what it is worth. I think he said, "Bless your sweet face, we'll do it." At any rate she drew back with a little cry of surprise, and I saw the tears standing in her eyes. I kissed her hand also; then we mounted, and we started, and we rode, as if the devil were behind us, for the hunting-lodge.

But I turned once to watch her standing on the terrace, with young Bernenstein's tall figure beside her.

"Can we be in time?" said I. It was what I had meant to say before.

"I think not, but, by God, we'll try," said Colonel Sapt.

And I knew why he had not let me speak.

Suddenly there was a sound behind us of a horse at the gallop. Our heads flew round in the ready apprehension of men on a perilous errand. The hoofs drew near, for the unknown rode with reckless haste.

"We had best see what it is," said the constable, pulling up.

A second more, and the horseman was beside us. Sapt swore an oath, half in amusement, half in vexation.

"Why, is it you, James?" I cried.

"Yes, sir," answered Rudolf Rassendyll's servant.

"What the devil do you want?" asked Sapt.

"I came to attend on the Count von Tarlenheim, sir."

"I did not give you any orders, James."

"No, sir. But Mr. Rassendyll told me not to leave you, unless you sent me away. So I made haste to follow you."

Then Sapt cried: "Deuce take it, what horse is that?"

"The best in the stables, so far as I could see, sir. I was afraid of not overtaking you."

Sapt tugged his moustaches, scowled, but finally laughed.

"Much obliged for your compliment," said he. "The horse is mine."

"Indeed, sir?" said James with respectful interest.

For a moment we were all silent. Then Sapt laughed again.

"Forward!" said he, and the three of us dashed into the forest.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE TEMPER OF BORIS THE HOUND.

LOOKING back now, in the light of the information I have gathered, I am able to trace very clearly, and almost hour by hour, the events of this day, and to understand how chance, laying hold of our cunning plan and mocking our wiliness, twisted and turned our device to a predetermined but undreamt-of issue, of which we were most guiltless in thought or intent. Had the king not gone to the hunting-lodge, our design would have found the fulfilment we looked for; had Rischenheim succeeded in warning Rupert of Hentzau, we should have stood where we were. Fate or fortune would have it otherwise. The king, being weary, went to the lodge, and Rischenheim failed in warning his cousin. It was a narrow failure, for Rupert, as his laugh told me, was in the house in the Königstrasse when I set out from Strelsau, and Rischenheim arrived there at half-past four. He had taken the train at a roadside station, and thus easily outstripped Mr. Rassendyll, who, not daring to show his face, was forced to ride all the way and enter the city under cover of night. But Rischenheim had not dared to send a warning, for he knew that we were in possession of the address and did not know what steps we might have taken to intercept messages. Therefore he was obliged to carry the news himself; when he came his man was gone. Indeed Rupert must have left the house almost immediately after I was safe away from the city. He was determined to be in good time for his appointment; his only enemies were not in Strelsau; there was no warrant on which he could be apprehended; and, although his connection with Black Michael was a matter of popular gossip, he felt himself safe from arrest by virtue of the secret that protected him. Accordingly he walked out of the house, went to the station, took his ticket

to Hofbau, and, traveling by the four o'clock train, reached his destination about half-past five. He must have passed the train in which Rischenheim traveled; the first news the latter had of his departure was from a porter at the station, who, having recognized the Count of Hentzau, ventured to congratulate Rischenheim on his cousin's return. Rischenheim made no answer, but hurried in great agitation to the house in the Königstrasse, where the old woman Holf confirmed the tidings. Then he passed through a period of great irresolution. Loyalty to Rupert urged that he should follow him and share the perils into which his cousin was hastening. But caution whispered that he was not irrevocably committed, that nothing overt yet connected him with Rupert's schemes, and that we who knew the truth should be well content to purchase his silence as to the trick we had played by granting him immunity. His fears won the day, and, like the irresolute man he was, he determined to wait in Strelsau till he heard the issue of the meeting at the lodge. If Rupert were disposed of there, he had something to offer us in return for peace; if his cousin escaped, he would be in the Königstrasse, prepared to second the further plans of the desperate adventurer. In any event his skin was safe, and I presume to think that this weighed a little with him; for excuse he had the wound which Bernenstein had given him, and which rendered his right arm entirely useless; had he gone then, he would have been a most inefficient ally.

Of all this we, as we rode through the forest, knew nothing. We might guess, conjecture, hope, or fear; but our certain knowledge stopped with Rischenheim's start for the capital and Rupert's presence there at three o'clock. The pair might have met or might have missed. We had to act as though they had missed and Rupert were gone to meet the king. But we were late. The consciousness of that pressed upon us, although we evaded further mention of it; it made us spur and drive our horses as quickly, aye, and a little more quickly, than safety allowed. Once James's horse stumbled in the darkness and its rider was thrown; more than once a low bough hanging over the path nearly swept me, dead or stunned, from my seat. Sapt paid no attention to these mishaps or threatened mishaps. He had taken the lead, and, sitting well down in his saddle, rode ahead, turning neither to right nor left, never slackening his pace,

sparing neither himself nor his beast. James and I were side by side behind him. We rode in silence, finding nothing to say to one another. My mind was full of a picture—the picture of Rupert with his easy smile handing to the king the queen's letter. For the hour of the rendezvous was past. If that image had been translated into reality, what must we do? To kill Rupert would satisfy revenge, but of what other avail would it be when the king had read the letter? I am ashamed to say that I found myself girding at Mr. Rassendyll for happening on a plan which the course of events had turned into a trap for ourselves and not for Rupert of Hentzau.

Suddenly Sapt, turning his head for the first time, pointed in front of him. The lodge was before us; we saw it looming dimly a quarter of a mile off. Sapt reined in his horse, and we followed his example. All dismounted, we tied our horses to trees and went forward at a quick, silent walk. Our idea was that Sapt should enter on pretext of having been sent by the queen to attend to her husband's comfort and arrange for his return without further fatigue next day. If Rupert had come and gone, the king's demeanor would probably betray the fact; if he had not yet come, I and James, patrolling outside, would bar his passage. There was a third possibility; he might be even now with the king. Our course in such a case we left unsettled; so far as I had any plan, it was to kill Rupert and try to convince the king that the letter was a forgery—a desperate hope, so desperate that we turned our eyes away from the possibility which would make it our only resource.

We were now very near the hunting-lodge, being about forty yards from the front of it. All at once Sapt threw himself on his stomach on the ground.

"Give me a match," he whispered.

James struck a light, and, the night being still, the flame burnt brightly: it showed us the mark of a horse's hoof, apparently quite fresh, and leading away from the lodge. We rose and went on, following the tracks by the aid of more matches till we reached a tree twenty yards from the door. Here the hoof-marks ceased; but beyond there was a double track of human feet in the soft black earth; a man had gone thence to the house and returned from the house thither. On the right of the tree were more hoof-marks, leading up to it and then ceasing. A man had ridden up from the right, dismounted,

gone on foot to the house, returned to the tree, remounted, and ridden away along the track by which we had approached.

"It may be somebody else," said I; but I do not think that we any of us doubted in our hearts that the tracks were made by the coming of Hentzau. Then the king had the letter; the mischief was done. We were too late.

Yet we did not hesitate. Since disaster had come, it must be faced. Mr. Rassendyll's servant and I followed the constable of Zenda up to the door, or within a few feet of it. Here Sapt, who was in uniform, loosened his sword in its sheath; James and I looked to our revolvers. There were no lights visible in the lodge; the door was shut; everything was still. Sapt knocked softly with his knuckles, but there was no answer from within. He laid hold of the handle and turned it; the door opened, and the passage lay dark and apparently empty before us.

"You stay here, as we arranged," whispered the colonel. "Give me the matches, and I'll go in."

James handed him the box of matches, and he crossed the threshold. For a yard or two we saw him plainly, then his figure grew dim and indistinct. I heard nothing except my own hard breathing. But in a moment there was another sound—a muffled exclamation, and the noise of a man stumbling; a sword, too, clattered on the stones of the passage. We looked at one another; the noise did not produce any answering stir in the house; then came the sharp little explosion of a match struck on its box; next we heard Sapt raising himself, his scabbard scraping along the stones; his footsteps came towards us, and in a second he appeared at the door.

"What was it?" I whispered.

"I fell," said Sapt.

"Over what?"

"Come and see. James, stay here."

I followed the constable for the distance of eight or ten feet along the passage.

"Isn't there a lamp anywhere?" I asked.

"We can see enough with a match," he answered. "Here, this is what I fell over."

Even before the match was struck I saw a dark body lying across the passage.

"A dead man!" I guessed instantly.

"Why, no," said Sapt, striking a light: "a dead dog, Fritz."

An exclamation of wonder escaped me as I fell on my knees. At the same in-

stant Sapt muttered, "Aye, there's a lamp," and, stretching up his hand to a little oil lamp that stood on a bracket, he lit it, took it down, and held it over the body. It served to give a fair, though unsteady, light, and enabled us to see what lay in the passage.

"It's Boris, the boar-hound," said I, still in a whisper, although there was no sign of any listeners.

I knew the dog well; he was the king's favorite, and always accompanied him when he went hunting. He was obedient to every word of the king's, but of a rather uncertain temper towards the rest of the world. However, *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*; there he lay dead in the passage. Sapt put his hand on the beast's head. There was a bullet-hole right through his forehead. I nodded, and in my turn pointed to the dog's right shoulder, which was shattered by another ball.

"And see here," said the constable. "Have a pull at this."

I looked where his hand now was. In the dog's mouth was a piece of gray cloth, and on the piece of gray cloth was a horn coat-button. I took hold of the cloth and pulled. Boris held on even in death. Sapt drew his sword, and, inserting the point of it between the dog's teeth, parted them enough for me to draw out the piece of cloth.

"You'd better put it in your pocket," said the constable. "Now come along;" and, holding the lamp in one hand and his sword (which he did not resheathe) in the other, he stepped over the body of the boar-hound, and I followed him.

We were now in front of the door of the room where Rudolf Rassendyll had supped with us on the day of his first coming to Ruritania, and whence he had set out to be crowned in Strelsau. On the right of it was the room where the king slept, and farther along in the same direction the kitchen and the cellars. The officer or officers in attendance on the king used to sleep on the other side of the dining-room.

"We must explore, I suppose," said Sapt. In spite of his outward calmness, I caught in his voice the ring of excitement rising and ill-repressed. But at this moment we heard from the passage on our left (as we faced the door) a low moan, and then a dragging sound, as if a man were crawling along the floor, painfully trailing his limbs after him. Sapt held the lamp in that direction, and we saw Herbert the forester, pale-faced and wide-

eyed, raised from the ground on his two hands, while his legs stretched behind him and his stomach rested on the flags.

"Who is it?" he said in a faint voice.

"Why, man, you know us," said the constable, stepping up to him. "What's happened here?"

The poor fellow was very faint, and, I think, wandered a little in his brain.

"I've got it, sir," he murmured; "I've got it, fair and straight. No more hunting for me, sir. I've got it here in the stomach. Oh, my God!" He let his head fall with a thud on the floor.

I ran and raised him. Kneeling on one knee, I propped his head against my leg.

"Tell us about it," commanded Sapt in a curt, crisp voice, while I got the man into the easiest position that I could contrive.

In slow, struggling tones he began his story, repeating here, omitting there, often confusing the order of his narrative, oftener still arresting it while he waited for fresh strength. Yet we were not impatient, but heard without a thought of time. I looked round once at a sound, and found that James, anxious about us, had stolen along the passage and joined us. Sapt took no notice of him, nor of anything save the words that dropped in irregular utterance from the stricken man's lips. Here is the story, a strange instance of the turning of a great event on a small cause.

The king had eaten a little supper, and, having gone to his bedroom, had stretched himself on the bed and fallen asleep without undressing. Herbert was clearing the dining-table and performing similar duties, when suddenly (thus he told it) he found a man standing beside him. He did not know (he was new to the king's service) who the unexpected visitor was, but he was of middle height, dark, handsome, and "looked a gentleman all over." He was dressed in a shooting-tunic, and a revolver was thrust through the belt of it. One hand rested on the belt, while the other held a small square box.

"Tell the king I am here. He expects me," said the stranger.

Herbert, alarmed at the suddenness and silence of the stranger's approach, and guiltily conscious of having left the door unbolted, drew back. He was unarmed, but, being a stout fellow, was prepared to defend his master as best he could. Rupert—beyond doubt it was Rupert—laughed lightly, saying again, "Man, he expects me. Go and tell him," and sat

himself on the table, swinging his leg. Herbert, influenced by the visitor's air of command, began to retreat towards the bedroom, keeping his face towards Rupert. "If the king asks more, tell him I have the packet and the letter," said Rupert. The man bowed and passed into the bedroom. The king was asleep; when roused he seemed to know nothing of letter or packet, and to expect no visitor. Herbert's ready fears revived; he whispered that the stranger carried a revolver. Whatever the king's faults might be—and God forbid that I should speak hardly of him whom fate used so hardly—he was no coward. He sprang from his bed; at the same moment the great boar-hound uncoiled himself and came from beneath, yawning and fawning. But in an instant the beast caught the scent of a stranger: his ears pricked and he gave a low growl, as he looked up in his master's face. Then Rupert of Hentzau, weary perhaps of waiting, perhaps only doubtful whether his message would be properly delivered, appeared in the doorway.

The king was unarmed, and Herbert in no better plight; their hunting weapons were in the adjoining room, and Rupert seemed to bar the way. I have said that the king was no coward, yet I think that the sight of Rupert, bringing back the memory of his torments in the dungeon, half cowed him; for he shrank back crying, "You!" The hound, in subtle understanding of his master's movement, growled angrily.

"You expected me, sire?" said Rupert with a bow; but he smiled. I know that the sight of the king's alarm pleased him. To inspire terror was his delight, and it does not come to every man to strike fear into the heart of a king and an Elphberg. It had come more than once to Rupert of Hentzau.

"No," muttered the king. Then, recovering his composure a little, he said angrily, "How dare you come here?"

"You didn't expect me?" cried Rupert, and in an instant the thought of a trap seemed to flash across his alert mind. He drew the revolver half-way from his belt, probably in a scarcely conscious movement, born of the desire to assure himself of its presence. With a cry of alarm Herbert flung himself before the king, who sank back on the bed. Rupert, puzzled, vexed, yet half-amused (for he smiled still, the man said), took a step forward, crying out something about Rischenheim—what, Herbert could not tell us.

"Keep back," exclaimed the king. "Keep back." Rupert paused; then, as though with a sudden thought, he held up the box that was in his left hand, saying:

"Well, look at this, sire, and we'll talk afterwards," and he stretched out his hand with the box in it.

Now the thing stood on a razor's edge, for the king whispered to Herbert, "What is it? Go and take it."

But Herbert hesitated, fearing to leave the king, whom his body now protected as though with a shield. Rupert's impatience overcame him: if there were a trap, every moment's delay doubled his danger. With a scornful laugh he exclaimed, "Catch it, then, if you're afraid to come for it," and he flung the packet to Herbert or the king, or which of them might chance to catch it.

This insolence had a strange result. In an instant, with a fierce growl and a mighty bound, Boris was at the stranger's throat. Rupert had not seen or had not heeded the dog. A startled oath rang out from him. He snatched the revolver from his belt and fired at his assailant. This shot must have broken the beast's shoulder, but it only half arrested his spring. His great weight was still hurled on Rupert's chest, and bore him back on his knee. The packet that he had flung lay unheeded. The king, wild with alarm and furious with anger at his favorite's fate, jumped up and ran past Rupert into the next room. Herbert followed; even as they went Rupert flung the wounded, weakened beast from him and darted to the doorway. He found himself facing Herbert, who held a boar-spear, and the king, who had a double-barreled hunting-gun. He raised his left hand, Herbert said—no doubt he still asked a hearing—but the king leveled his weapon. With a spring Rupert gained the shelter of the door, the bullet sped by him, and buried itself in the wall of the room. Then Herbert was at him with the boar-spear. Explanations must wait now: it was life or death; without hesitation Rupert fired at Herbert, bringing him to the ground with a mortal wound. The king's gun was at his shoulder again.

"You damned fool!" roared Rupert, "if you must have it, take it," and gun and revolver rang out at the same moment. But Rupert—never did his nerve fail him—hit, the king missed; Herbert saw the count stand for an instant with his smoking barrel in his hand, looking at the king, who lay on the ground. Then Ru-

pert walked towards the door. I wish I had seen his face then! Did he frown or smile? Was triumph or chagrin uppermost? Remorse? Not he!

He reached the door and passed through. That was the last Herbert saw of him; but the fourth actor in the drama, the wordless player whose part had been so momentous, took the stage. Limping along, now whining in sharp agony, now growling in fierce anger, with blood flowing but hair bristling, the hound Boris dragged himself across the room, through the door, after Rupert of Hentzau. Herbert listened, raising his head from the ground. There was a growl, an oath, the sound of the scuffle. Rupert must have turned in time to receive the dog's spring. The beast, maimed and crippled by his shattered shoulder, did not reach his enemy's face, but his teeth tore away the bit of cloth that we had found held in the vise of his jaws. Then came another shot, a laugh, retreating steps, and a door slammed. With that last sound Herbert woke to the fact of the count's escape; with weary efforts he dragged himself into the passage. The idea that he could go on if he got a drink of brandy turned him in the direction of the cellar. But his strength failed, and he sank down where we found him, not knowing whether the king were dead or still alive, and unable even to make his way back to the room where his master lay stretched on the ground.

I had listened to the story, bound as though by a spell. Half-way through, James's hand had crept to my arm and rested there; when Herbert finished I heard the little man licking his lips, again and again slapping his tongue against them. Then I looked at Sapt. He was as pale as a ghost, and the lines on his face seemed to have grown deeper. He glanced up, and met my regard. Neither of us spoke; we exchanged thoughts with our eyes. "This is our work," we said to one another. "It was our trap, these are our victims." I cannot even now think of that hour, for by our act the king lay dead.

But was he dead? I seized Sapt by the arm. His glance questioned me. "The king," I whispered hoarsely. "Yes, the

king," he returned. Facing round, we walked to the door of the dining-room. Here I turned suddenly faint, and clutched at the constable. He held me up, and pushed the door wide open. The smell of powder was in the room; it seemed as if the smoke hung about, curling in dim coils round the chandelier which gave a subdued light. James had the lamp now, and followed us with it. But the king was not there. A sudden hope filled me. He had not been killed then! I regained strength, and darted across towards the inside room. Here too the light was dim, and I turned to beckon for the lamp. Sapt and James came together, and stood peering over my shoulder in the doorway.

The king lay prone on the floor, face downwards, near the bed. He had crawled there, seeking for some place to rest, as we supposed. He did not move. We watched him for a moment; the silence seemed deeper than silence could be. At last, moved by a common impulse, we stepped forward, but timidly, as though we approached the throne of Death himself. I was the first to kneel by the king and raise his head. Blood had flown from his lips, but it had ceased to flow now. He was dead.

I felt Sapt's hand on my shoulder. Looking up, I saw his other hand stretched out towards the ground. I turned my eyes where he pointed. There, in the king's hand, stained with the king's blood, was the box that I had carried to Wintenberg and Rupert of Hentzau had brought to the lodge that night. It was not rest, but the box that the dying king had sought in his last moment. I bent, and lifting his hand unclasped the fingers, still limp and warm.

Sapt bent down with sudden eagerness.

"Is it open?" he whispered.

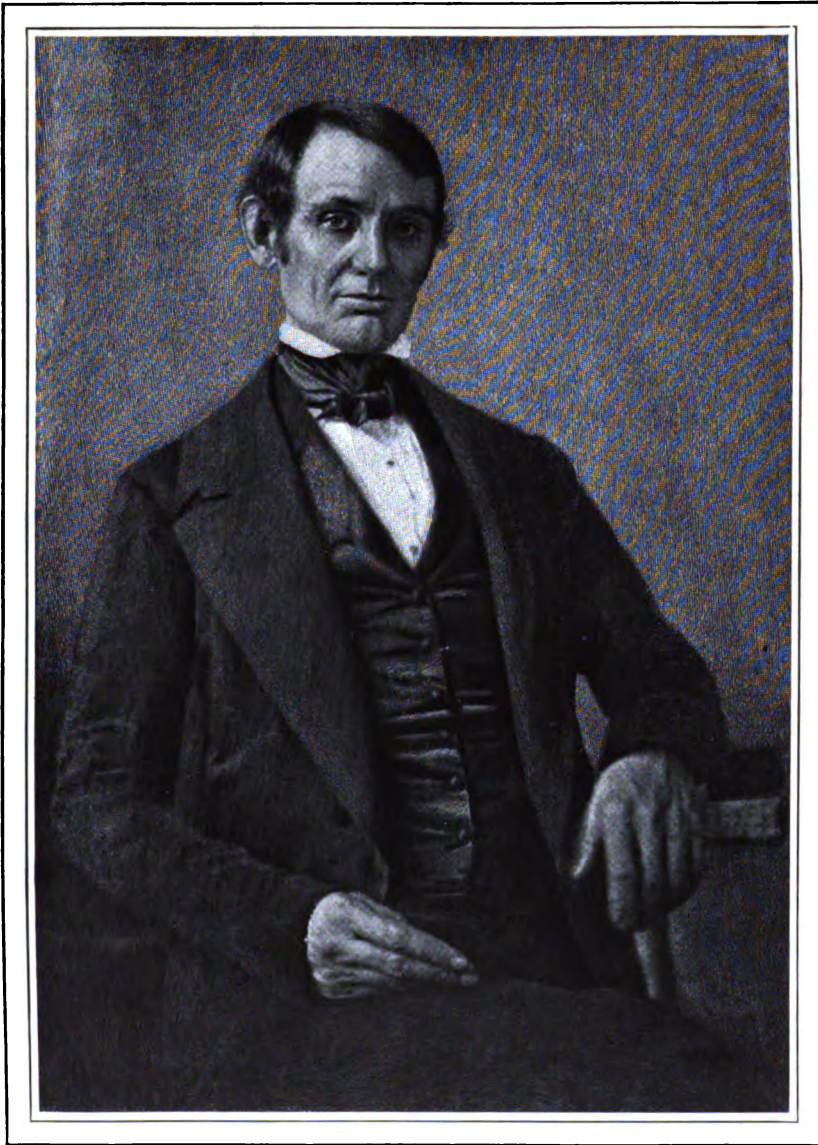
The string was round it; the sealing-wax was unbroken. The secret had outlived the king, and he had gone to his death unknowing. All at once—I cannot tell why—I put my hand over my eyes; I found my eyelashes were wet.

"Is it open?" asked Sapt again, for in the dim light he could not see.

"No," I answered.

"Thank God!" said he. And, for Sapt's, the voice was soft.

(*To be continued.*)



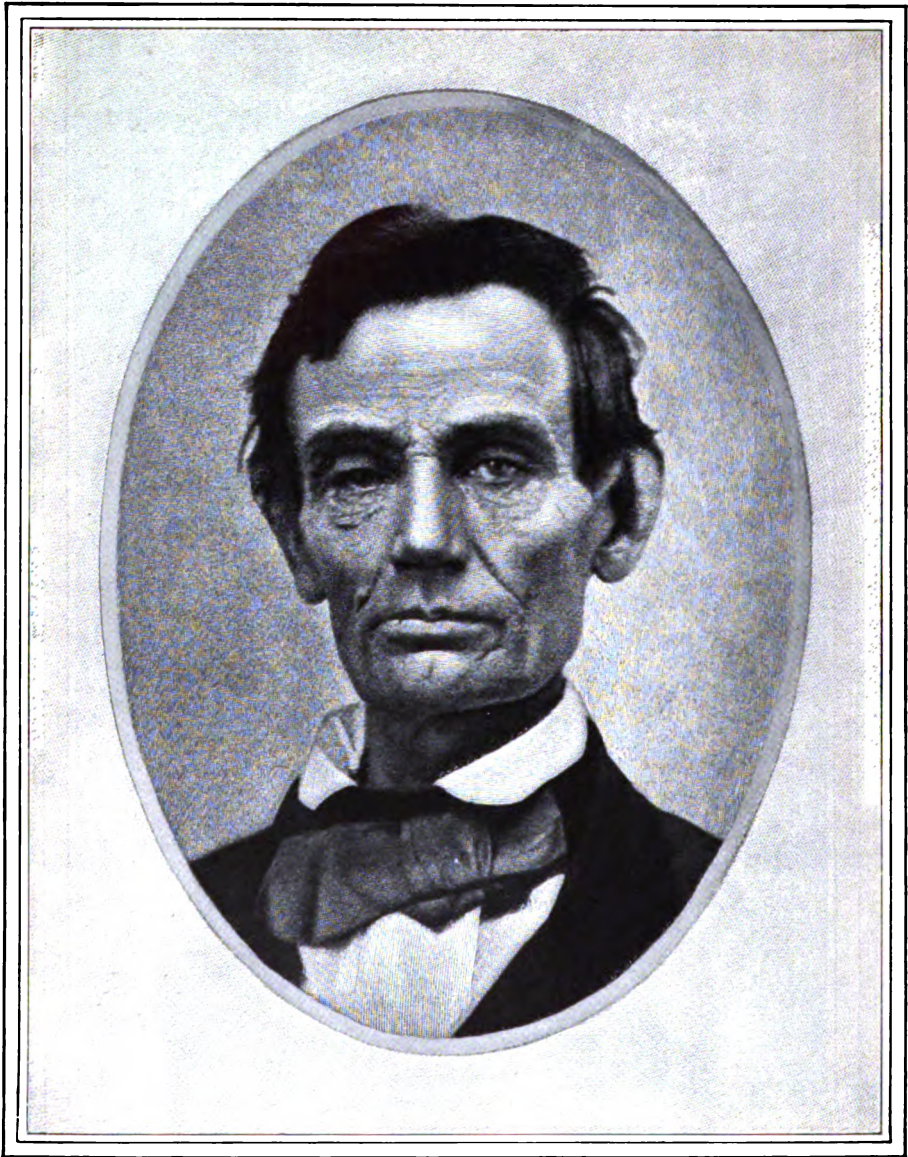
THE EARLIEST PORTRAIT OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. ABOUT 1848. AGE 39.

From the original daguerreotype, owned by Mr. Lincoln's son, the Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, through whose courtesy it was first published in *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* for November, 1895. It was afterwards republished in the McClure "Life of Lincoln," and in the "Century Magazine" for February, 1897.

SOME GREAT PORTRAITS OF LINCOLN.

THE known portraits of Abraham Lincoln cover a period of seventeen years, the earliest being a daguerreotype supposed to have been taken in 1848. No picture of him exists which can be said with certainty to have been produced in the first half of the fifties; but in the latter half of that decade many were

taken, particularly after his debates with Douglas made him so prominent a figure. After Mr. Lincoln's election to the Presidency the number of his portraits multiplied rapidly, for he seems to have yielded with great good-nature to the applications for sittings made by photographers and artists. From the large number of por-



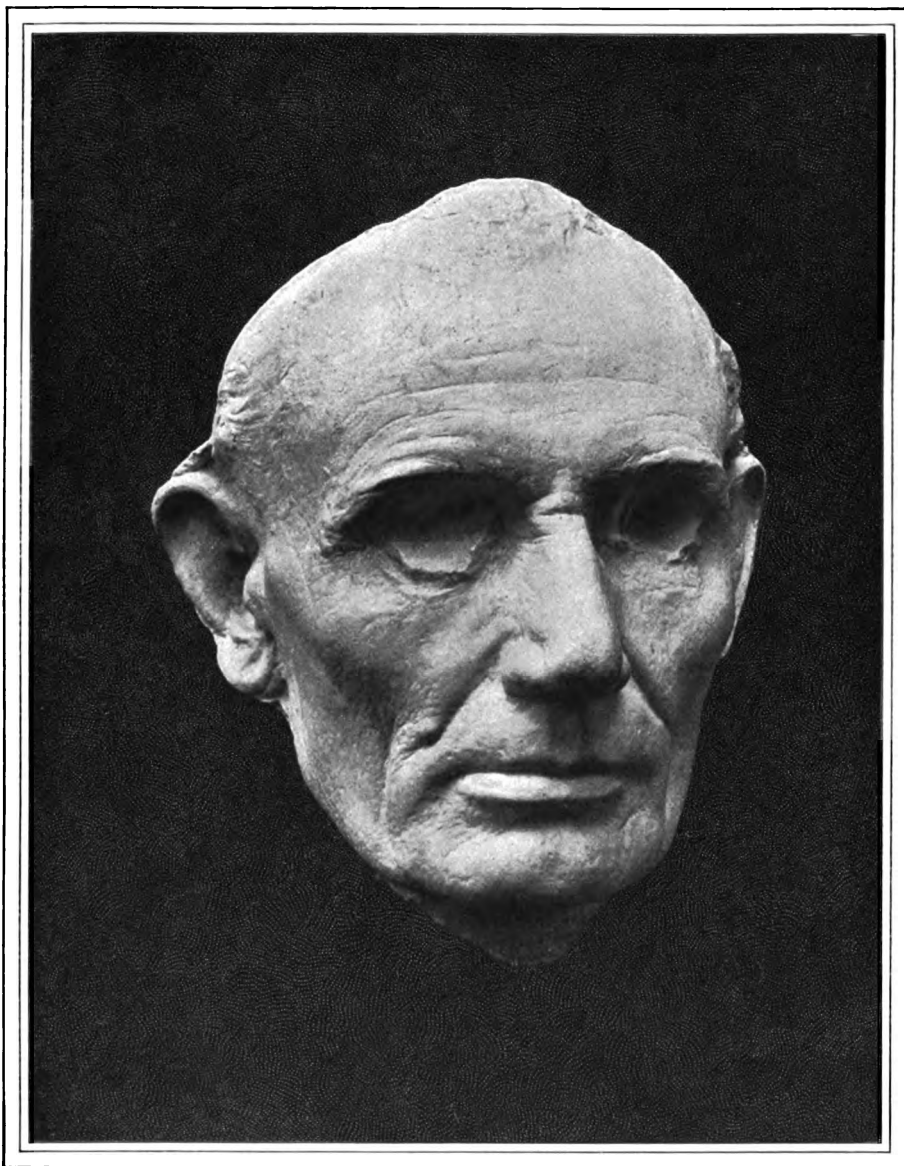
LINCOLN IN 1858. AGE 49.

From a photograph loaned by W. J. Franklin of Macomb, Illinois, and taken in 1866 from an ambrotype made in 1858 at Macomb, Illinois.

traits gathered by this magazine a series of eight are published herewith. Representing Mr. Lincoln at intervals in the seventeen last and most fruitful years of his life, they give trustworthy and interesting data for a study both of the man's appearance and of his character.

I.—The earliest portrait (page 339) was taken when Lincoln was about forty years old; that is, when he was serving his only term in Congress. Indeed, it is not

impossible that this daguerreotype was made in Washington, since at that time one of the rooms of the capitol was set aside for a daguerreotypy, and most of the members of Congress had their portraits made by what was still a new process and one regarded with curiosity. The Lincoln of this daguerreotype is a curious contradiction to the Lincoln in the popular mind. His dress, instead of being "uncouth," as tradition represents it,



LIFE MASK OF LINCOLN. 1860. AGE 51.

Made in 1860 by Leonard W. Volk of Chicago. From a photograph taken expressly for McClure's Magazine.

is almost elegant; his form, if stiff and evidently braced by the archaic head-rest, is neither ungainly nor awkward, while his face is interesting and winning. You would call it the face of a poet rather than that of a statesman, and more than one person, on first examining it, has pronounced it the face of Emerson.

II.—The second portrait in the series (page 340) was taken ten years later—in 1858. The contrast is almost violent. The gentleness of the expression has given way to cold intelligence; the almost diffi-

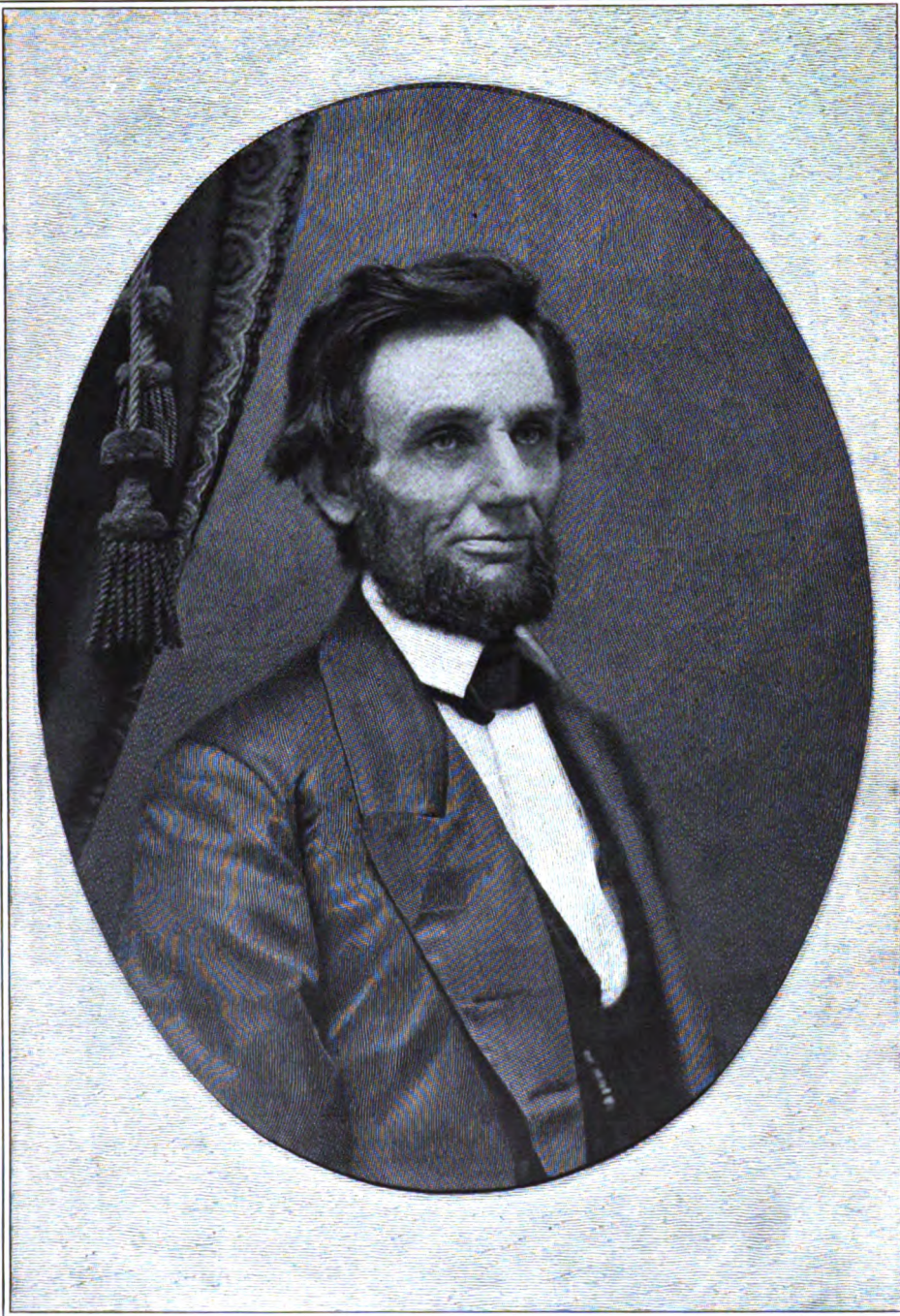
dent pose of the head is replaced by one of positively regal determination. Instead of careful brushing and dressing, we see the hair bristling, the necktie awry. When the history of the portrait is known, the contrast is explained. It was taken at one of the most difficult and daring moments of Lincoln's career; at an hour when he had decided to take a course in his debates with Douglas against which all his friends and political associates advised him, and which he himself knew would probably cost him the



LINCOLN IN 1860. AGE 51. HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

From a photograph found in the collection of the late J. Henry Brown of Philadelphia, who painted a portrait of Lincoln in 1860.

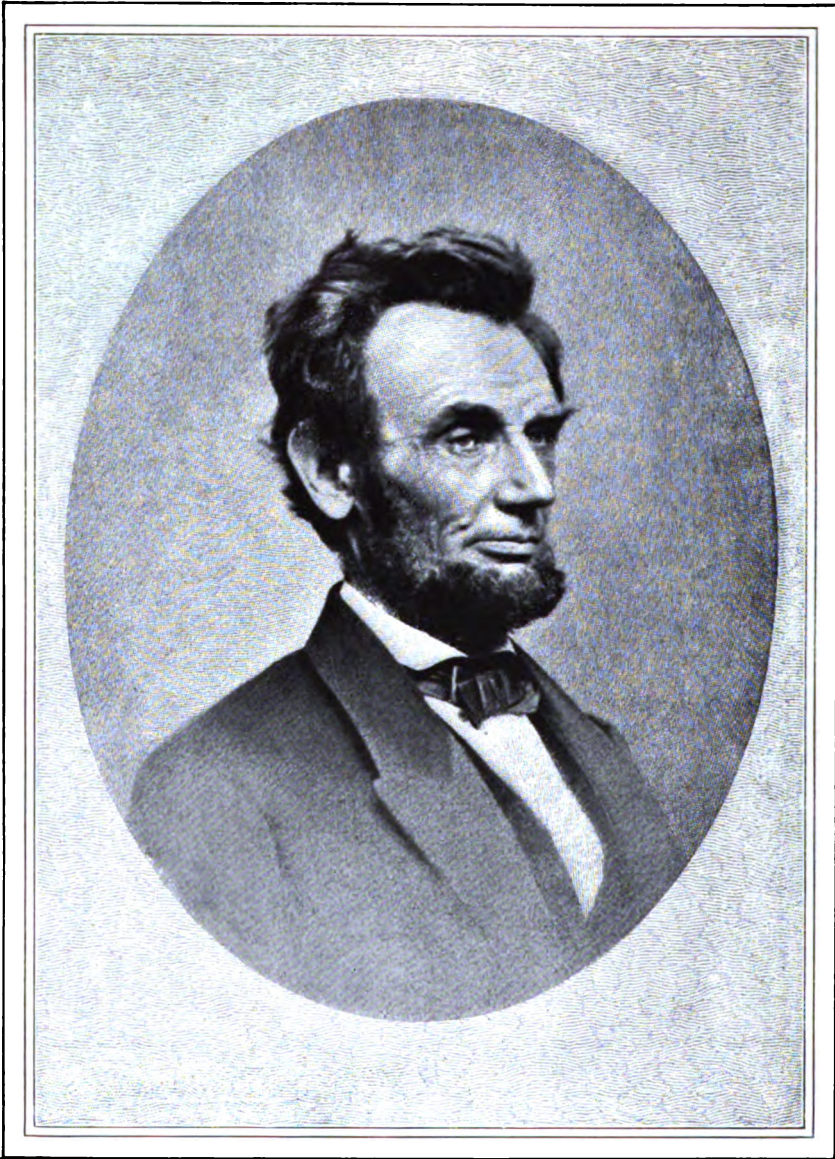
election to the senatorship of the United States, for which he was striving. His reason for following this course was that he believed it would expose the essential



LINCOLN IN 1861. AGE 52. FIRST PUBLISHED IN MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY, 1896.

From a photograph taken at Springfield, Illinois, early in 1861, by C. S. German, and owned by Allen Jasper Conant.

weakness of Douglas's position, and in the long run would help the general cause. Two days before the debate in which he was to take this bold step, he was at Macomb, Illinois, and there the portrait was made. It reflects, as no other por-



LINCOLN IN 1864. AGE 55. HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.

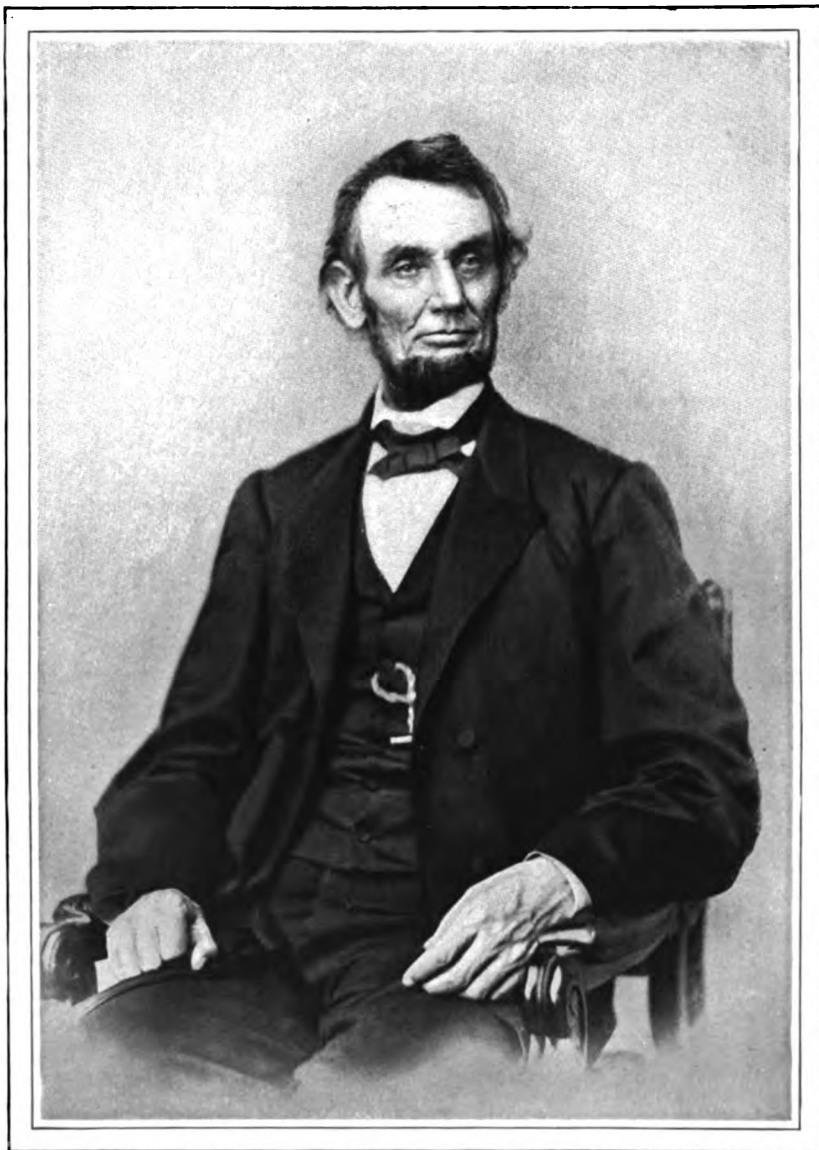
From "Hannibal Hamlin: Life and Times of the War Vice-President and a Senator from Maine for a Quarter of a Century," by Charles Eugene Hamlin—not yet published.

trait we have of Lincoln, the unbending determination of which he was capable, the force he had for doing that which seemed to him right, though he had to do it alone and in the face of his strongest supporters.

Whatever suggestion of the unkempt there is in Lincoln's appearance in this picture is explained if we remember the difficulty of the life he lead during his debates with Douglas. For weeks he was traveling from place to place, now on

horseback or in carriage, now by rail. He was exposed to heat and cold, rain and dust. Even a man fastidious as to his appearance would have found it difficult to keep himself trim under these circumstances. It is worth noting, that in all of the other portraits here given there is not a hint of that uncouthness of dress so often charged upon Lincoln.

III.—The Volk life mask (reproduced in profile as the frontispiece of the magazine, and in full-view on page 341) is



LINCOLN IN 1864. AGE 55.

From a photograph by Brady, in the War Department Collection.

the only portrait we have of Lincoln which compares in the loftiness and resolution of its expression with the Macomb picture. This mask Mr. Volk made in Chicago in 1860, only a short time before Mr. Lincoln's nomination to the Presidency, and it must be considered the most perfectly characteristic portrait we have of Lincoln when first elected President of the United States. Although it gives with perfect truthfulness the rugged features which, when considered separately, led people to pronounce his face "ugly," these

features are not what strike one in the mask. We see rather the kindness of its lines, the splendid thoughtfulness of the brow, the firm yet sweet curve of the lips, and, particularly, the fine expression of dignity and power. It is, in fact, a face of the truest distinction and the profoundest interest.

IV.—The portrait which follows the mask (page 342) was taken in August, 1860, for Mr. J. Henry Brown, a miniature painter of Philadelphia, who had gone to Springfield to paint a portrait of Mr. Lin-



MR. LINCOLN AND HIS SON THOMAS, FAMILIARLY KNOWN AS "TAD," ABOUT 1864. BY BRADY.

coln. It has never been reproduced before. It is particularly interesting because it shows an expression not common in Lincoln's portraits, although one frequent in his face—a look of patient melancholy which overtook him when weary, discouraged, or even uninterested. The expression vanished at once when his thoughts or emotions were aroused.

V.—The portrait on page 343 was probably taken early in February, 1861. It is one of the first portraits in which Lincoln wears a beard. The beard certainly softened the ruggedness of his face somewhat,

and hid slightly the deep hollow of his cheeks; but it is not this which gives the charm to this particular portrait; it is, instead, the gentleness of the expression and the steady kindness of the deep-set eyes. There is not in existence, perhaps, another portrait of Mr. Lincoln in which the tenderness of his nature is so perfectly expressed.

VI.—One of the finest of the many photographs of the Presidential period is that on page 344, which is now first published. General Charles Hamlin of Bangor, Maine, to whom Lincoln gave the picture, says of the incident:

"Mr. Lincoln gave me this photograph one day in the spring of 1864. The picture, with several others, stood on his desk, in the room at the White House where he received visitors, apparently for the purpose of examination and comparison. During the conversation over our business matters, my eye was resting continually on these pictures, struck with the differences that existed between them. As I was about to retire, I remarked to Mr. Lincoln that of all the portraits of him that I had seen this one gave me the best impression—was the best likeness. Without making any direct reply he handed it to me, saying, 'You are welcome to it.'"

VII. and VIII.—The last two portraits in the series (pages 345 and 346) were made by Brady in Washington, probably in 1864. They are especially interesting as showing

that the popular notion of Lincoln's ungainliness is exaggerated. Indeed these two pictures confirm entirely what Mr. T. H. Bartlett, the sculptor, says of Lincoln's person: "Lincoln sat down with great dignity, and sitting down is a very extreme test of the character of physical construction. Lincoln sat well, superbly. . . . He stood well, and, above all, unassumingly and naturally. In nearly all of his full-length portraits there is seen a physical and mental concentration very rare; that is, his body, hips, and arms kept together. Whenever there is an articulation in action, like the bend of the wrist, ankle, or arm, there is inevitably grace and strength, effects never produced by mean joints or uncouth physical construction. Lincoln's joints were elastic, easy, and strong in make and movements."

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY CHARLES A. DANA,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

IV.

IN COUNCIL AND IN BATTLE WITH ROSECRANS AND THOMAS.—A VISIT TO BURNSIDE AT KNOXVILLE.

FROM Vicksburg I went early in July to Washington to report to the Secretary of War. I was the first man to reach the capital from Vicksburg, and everybody wanted to hear the story and to ask questions. I was anxious to get home and see my family, however, and left for New York as soon as I could get away. A few days after I arrived in New York, I received an invitation to go into business there with Mr. Ketchum, a banker, and with George Opdyke, the merchant. I wrote Mr. Stanton of the opening, but he urged me to remain in the War Department as one of his assistants, which I consented to do.*

The first commission with which Mr.

* Although appointed some months before, Mr. Dana was not nominated in the Senate as Second Assistant Secretary of War until January 20, 1864; the nomination was confirmed January 26th.—EDITOR.

Stanton charged me after my appointment as his assistant was one similar to that which I had just finished—to go to Tennessee to observe and report the movements of Rosecrans against Bragg. My orders were to report directly to Rosecrans's headquarters. I carried the following letter of introduction to that general:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY, August 30, 1863.

MAJOR-GENERAL ROSECRANS,
COMMANDING, ETC.

General: This will introduce to you Charles A. Dana, Esq., one of my assistants, who visits your command for the purpose of conferring with you upon any subject which you may desire to have brought to the notice of the department. Mr. Dana is a gentleman of distinguished character, patriotism, and ability, and possesses the entire confidence of the department. You will please afford to him the courtesy and

consideration which he merits, and explain to him fully any matters which you may desire, through him, to bring to the notice of the department.

Yours truly,

EDWIN M. STANTON.

As soon as my papers arrived, I left for my post, going by Cincinnati and Louisville to Nashville, where I found General Robert S. Granger in command. As he and Governor Johnson were going to the front in a day or two, I waited to go with them. The morning after my arrival at Nashville, I went to call on Johnson. I had never met him before. He was a short and stocky man, of dark complexion, smooth face, dark hair, and dark eyes, and of great determination of appearance. When I went to see him in his office, the first thing he said was:

"Will you have a drink?"

"Yes, I will," I answered. So he brought out a jug of whisky, and poured out as much as he wanted in a tumbler, and then made it about half and half water. The theoretical, philosophical drinker pours out a little whisky and puts in almost no water at all—drinks it pretty nearly pure; but when a man gets to taking a good deal of water in his whisky, it shows he is in the habit of drinking a good deal. I noticed that the Governor took more whisky than most gentlemen would have done, and I concluded that he took it pretty often.

I had a prolonged conversation that

morning with Governor Johnson, who expressed himself in cheering terms in regard to the general condition of Tennessee. He regarded the occupation of Knoxville by Burnside as completing the permanent expulsion of Confederate power, and said he should order a general election for the first week in October. He declared that slavery was destroyed in fact, but must be abolished legally. Johnson was thoroughly in favor of immediate emancipation, both as a matter of moral right and as an indispensable condition of the large immigration of industrious freemen which he thought necessary to repeople and regenerate the State.

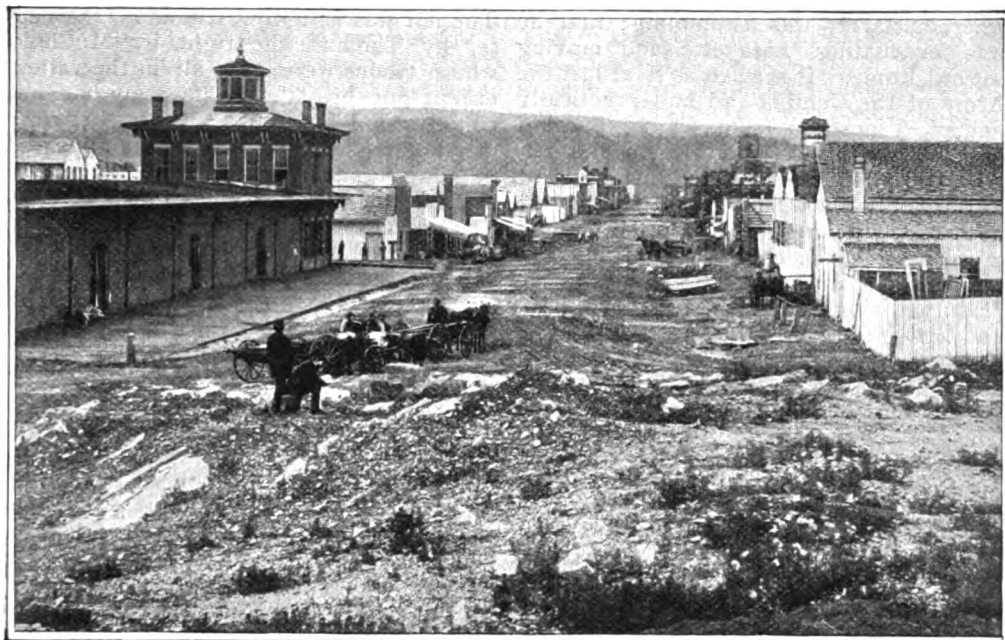
On the 10th of September we started for the front, going by rail to Bridgeport, on the Tennessee River. On reaching the town, we heard that Chattanooga had been occupied by Crittenden's Corps of Rosecrans's army the day before, September 9th; so the next day, September 11th, I pushed on there by horseback, past Shellmound and Wauhatchie. The country through which I passed is a magnificent region of rocks and valleys, and I don't believe there is anywhere a finer view than that I had from Lookout Mountain as I approached Chattanooga.

AT CHATTANOOGA WITH ROSECRANS.

When I reached Chattanooga, I at once went to General Rosecrans's headquarters



CHATTANOOGA, TENN. FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN. THE RIVER IN THE FOREGROUND IS THE GREAT COLUMBIAN RIVER. THE TOWN OF CHATTANOOGA IS VISIBLE IN THE DISTANCE. THE MOUNTAIN IN THE BACKGROUND IS LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.



A STREET IN CHATTANOOGA IN 1864.

and presented my letter. He read it, and then burst out in angry abuse of the Government at Washington. He had not been sustained, he said; his requests had been ignored, his plans thwarted. Both Stanton and Halleck had done all they could, he declared, to prevent his success.

"General Rosecrans," I said, "I have no authority to listen to complaints against the Government. I was sent here for the purpose of finding out what the Government could do to aid you, and have no right to confer with you on other matters."

He at once quieted down and explained his situation to me. He had reached Chattanooga, he said, on the 10th, with the last of Crittenden's (the Twenty-first) Corps, the town having been evacuated the day before by the Confederates. As all the reports brought in seemed to indicate that the Confederates under Bragg were in full retreat towards Rome, Georgia, Crittenden had immediately started in pursuit, and had gone as far as Ringgold. On the night before (September 11th), it had seemed evident that Bragg had abandoned his retreat on Rome, and behind the curtain of the woods and hills had returned.

This was a serious matter for Rosecrans, if true, for at that moment his army was scattered over a line about fifty

miles long, extending from Chattanooga on the north to Alpine on the south. This wide separation of the corps had been necessary, Rosecrans told me, because of the character of the country, there being no way for an army to get through but by the gaps in the mountain, and these were far apart. He pointed out to me the positions on the map: Crittenden, with the Twenty-first Corps, was in the valley of the West Chickamauga, near a place known as Lee and Gordon's Mills; Thomas, who commanded the Fourteenth Corps, was perhaps twenty-five miles south of Chattanooga, at Stevens's Gap, having crossed his troops over Lookout Mountain; while McCook, with the Twentieth Corps, was at Alpine, fully thirty-five miles south of Crittenden. The reserve, under Gordon Granger, was still north of the Tennessee, but rapidly coming up.

AT GENERAL THOMAS'S HEADQUARTERS.

The next day (the 13th) I left Chattanooga with Rosecrans and his staff for Thomas's headquarters at Stevens's Gap. We found everything progressing favorably there. The movements for the concentration of the three corps were going forward with energy. Scouts were coming in constantly, who reported that the enemy had withdrawn from the basin

where our army was assembling; that he was evacuating Lafayette and moving toward Rome. It seemed as if at last the Army of the Cumberland had practically gained a position from which it could effectually advance upon Rome and Atlanta, and deliver there the finishing blow of the war. The difficulties of gaining this position, of crossing the Cumberland Mountains, passing the Tennessee, turning and occupying Chattanooga, traversing the mountain ridges of northern Georgia, and seizing the passes which led southward, had been enormous. It was only when I came personally to examine the region that I appreciated what had been done. These difficulties were all substantially overcome. The army was in the best possible condition, and was advancing with all the rapidity which the nature of the country allowed. Our left flank, toward East Tennessee, was covered by Burnside, and the only disadvantage which I could see was that a sudden movement of the enemy to our right might endanger our long and precarious line of communications and compel us to retreat again beyond the Tennessee. I felt this so keenly that I urged Mr. Stanton, in a despatch sent to him on the 14th from Thomas's headquarters, to push as strong a column as possible eastward from Corinth in northeastern Mississippi. It seemed to me that it would be better to recall the troops from the West rather than to risk a check here, where the heart of the rebellion was within reach and the final blow all prepared. But after all there was something of a mystery about the real location of Bragg's army, its strength, and the designs of its chief. At any rate it was soon manifest that Bragg was not withdrawing to the southward, as at first supposed. Some queer developments down the Chickamauga on the 16th and 17th caused Rosecrans considerable anxiety for Chattanooga. The impression began to grow, too, that Bragg had been playing 'possum, and had not retreated at all. Rosecrans at once abandoned all idea of operations against the Confederate line of retreat and supply, drew his army in rapidly, and began to look sharply after his own communications with Chattanooga, which had now become his base.

By noon of September 18th this concentration of the army at and above Crawfish Spring, on the creek, was practically complete. The troops then lay up and down the valley, with West Chickamauga Creek in front of the greater part of our lines.

The left was held by Crittenden, the center by Thomas, the right by McCook, whose troops were now all in the valley, except one brigade. The army had not concentrated any too soon, for that very afternoon (the 18th) the enemy appeared on our left, and a considerable engagement occurred. It was said at headquarters that a battle was certain the next day, and the only point Rosecrans had not determined at five o'clock on the afternoon of the 18th was whether to make a night march and fall on Bragg at daylight, or to await his onset.

SEPTEMBER 19TH AT CHICKAMAUGA.

But that night it became pretty clear to all that Bragg's plan was to push by our left into Chattanooga. This compelled another rapid movement by the left down the Chickamauga. By a tiresome night march Thomas moved down past Crittenden and below Lee and Gordon's Mills, taking position in the vicinity of a little house known as the Widow Glenn's and below, covering the Rossville road, and now forming the left of the Union army. Crittenden followed, connecting with Thomas's right, thus taking position in the center. McCook's corps also extended down stream to the left, but still covered the creek as high up as Crawfish Spring, while part of his troops acted as a reserve. These movements were hurriedly made, and the troops, especially those of Thomas, were very much exhausted by their efforts to get into position.

Rosecrans had not been mistaken in Bragg's intention. About nine o'clock the next morning, at Crawfish Spring, where the general headquarters were, we heard firing on our left, and reports at once came in that the battle had begun there. Thomas had barely headed the Confederates off from Chattanooga. We remained at Crawfish Spring on this day until after one o'clock, waiting for the full proportions of the conflict to develop. When it became evident that the battle was being fought entirely on our left, Rosecrans removed his headquarters to the Widow Glenn's house. Although closer to the battle, we could see no more of it here than at Crawfish Spring, the conflict being fought altogether in a thick forest and being invisible to outsiders. The nature of the firing and the reports from the commanders alone enabled us to follow its progress. That we were able to keep as thoroughly informed as we were was due

to our excellent telegraphic communications. By this time the military telegraph had been so thoroughly developed that it was one of the most useful accessories of an army, even on a battlefield. For instance, after Rosecrans had taken Crawfish Spring as his headquarters, he had given orders, on September 17th, to connect the place with Chattanooga, thirteen miles to the northwest. The line was completed

This excellent arrangement enabled me also to keep the Government at Washington informed of the progress of the battle. I sent eleven despatches that day to Mr. Stanton. They were very brief, but they reported all that I, near as I was to the scene, knew of the battle of September 19th at Chickamauga.

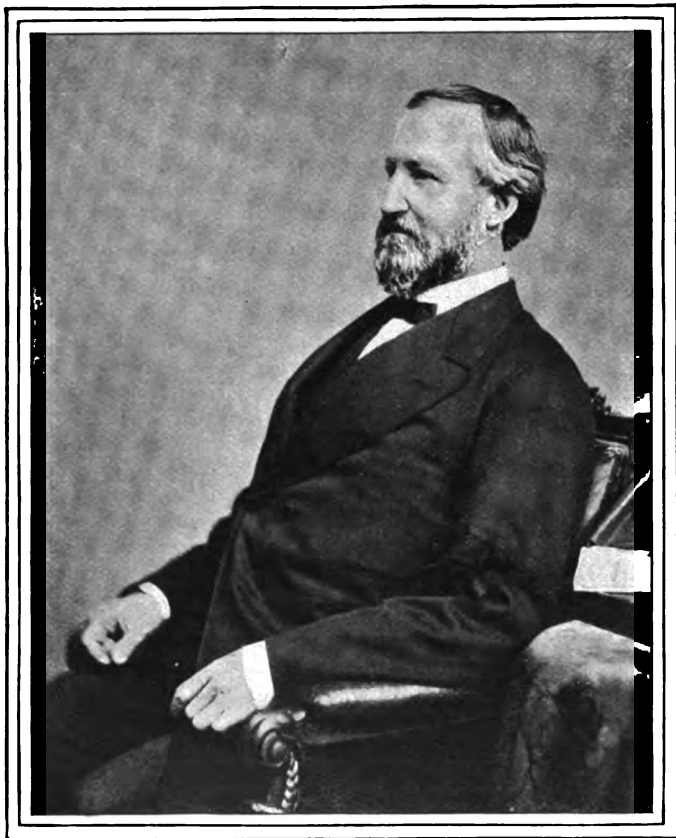
It was not until after dark that firing ceased and final reports began to come in.

From these we found that the enemy had been defeated in his attempt to turn and crush our left flank and secure possession of the Chattanooga roads; but that he was not wholly defeated, for he still held his ground in several places, and was preparing; it was believed, to renew the battle the next day.

A COUNCIL OF WAR.

That evening Rosecrans decided that, if Bragg did not retreat, he would renew the fight at daylight, and a council of war was held at our headquarters at the Widow Glenn's, to which all the corps and division commanders were summoned. There must have been ten or twelve general officers present. Rosecrans began by asking each of the corps commanders for a report of the condition of his troops and of the positions they occupied, and also for his opinion of what was to be done. Each proposition was discussed by the entire council as it was made.

General Thomas was so tired—he had not slept at all the night before, and he had been in battle all day—that he kept falling asleep. Every time Rosecrans spoke to him, he would straighten up and answer, but he always said the same thing: "I would strengthen the left;" and then he would be asleep, sitting up in his chair. General Rosecrans, to the proposition to strengthen the left, made always the same reply: "Where are we going to take it from?"



GENERAL WILLIAM STARKE ROSECRANS. BORN IN 1819.

He was a native of Ohio, graduated at West Point in 1842, but resigned from the army in 1854. He entered the war as a volunteer aide to General McClellan, and served to the close. His most decisive victory was Corinth, October 3 and 4, 1862, which caused his elevation to the command of the Army of the Cumberland, with which he fought the battles of Stone's River and Chickamauga. Since the war he has been Minister to Mexico, four years a Congressman from California, and Register of the Treasury. He is now a resident of California.

after the battle began on the 19th, and we were in communication, not only with Chattanooga, but with Granger at Ross-ville and with Thomas at his headquarters. When Rosecrans removed to the Widow Glenn's, the telegraphers went along, and in an hour had connections made and an instrument clicking away in Mrs. Glenn's house. We thus had constant information of the way the battle was going, not only from the orderlies, but from the wires.

After the discussion was ended, Rosecrans gave his orders for the disposition of the troops on the following day. Thomas's corps was to remain on the left, with his line somewhat drawn in and refused, but substantially as he was at the close of the day; McCook was to close on Thomas, and cover the position at Widow Glenn's; and Crittenden was to have two divisions in reserve near the junction of McCook's and Thomas's lines, to be able to succor either. These orders were written for each corps commander. They were also read in the presence of all, and the plans fully explained. Finally, after everything had been said, hot coffee was brought in, and then McCook was called upon by Rosecrans to sing "The Hebrew Maiden." McCook sang the song, and then the council broke up, and the generals went away. This was about midnight; and as I was very tired, I lay down on the floor to sleep beside Captain Horace Porter, who was at that time Rosecrans's Chief of Ordnance. But we would hardly be asleep before the wind would blow up so cold through the cracks in the floor of the Widow Glenn's house that it would wake us up, and we would have to turn over together to keep warm.

SEPTEMBER 20TH AT CHICKAMAUGA.

At daybreak we at headquarters were all up and on our horses ready to go with the commanding general to inspect our lines. We rode past McCook, Crittenden, and Thomas to the extreme left, Rosecrans giving, as he went, the orders he thought necessary to strengthen the several positions. The general intention of these orders was to close up on the left, where it was evident the attack would begin. We then rode back to the extreme right, Rosecrans stopping at each point to see if his orders had been obeyed. In several cases they had not been, and he made them more peremptory. When we found that McCook's line had been elongated so that it was a mere thread, Rosecrans was very angry, and sent for the general, rebuking him severely; although, as a matter of fact, General McCook's position had been taken under the written orders of the commander-in-chief, given the night before.

About half-past eight or nine o'clock the battle began again on the left, where Thomas was. At that time Rosecrans, with whom I always remained, was on the right, directing the movements of the troops there. I had not slept much for two nights,

and as it was warm, I dismounted about noon, and giving my horse to my orderly, lay down on the grass and went to sleep. I was awakened by the most infernal noise I ever heard. Never in any battle I had witnessed was there such a discharge of cannon and musketry. I sat up on the grass, and the first thing I saw was General Rosecrans crossing himself—he was a very pious Catholic. "Hello," I said to myself, "if the general is crossing himself, we are in a desperate situation."

I was on my horse in a moment. I had no sooner collected my thoughts and looked around toward the front, where all this din came from, than I saw our lines break and melt away like leaves before the wind. Then the headquarters around me disappeared. The gray-backs came through with a rush, and soon the musket balls and the cannon shot began to reach the place where we stood. The whole right of the army had apparently been routed. My orderly stuck to me like a veteran, and we drew back for greater safety into the woods a little way. There I came upon General Porter (Captain Porter it was then) and Captain Drouillard—an aide-de-camp infantry officer attached to General Rosecrans's staff—halting fugitives. They would halt a few of them, get them into some sort of a line, and make a beginning of order among them; and then there would come a few rounds of cannon shot through the treetops over their heads, and the men would break and run. I saw Porter and Drouillard plant themselves in front of a body of these stampeding men and command them to halt. One man charged with his bayonet, menacing Porter, but Porter held his ground, and the man gave in. That was the only case of real mutiny that I ever saw in the army, and it was under such circumstances that the man was excusable. The cause of all this disaster was the charge of the Confederates though a hiatus in our line, caused by the withdrawal of Wood's division, under a misapprehension of orders, before its place could be filled.

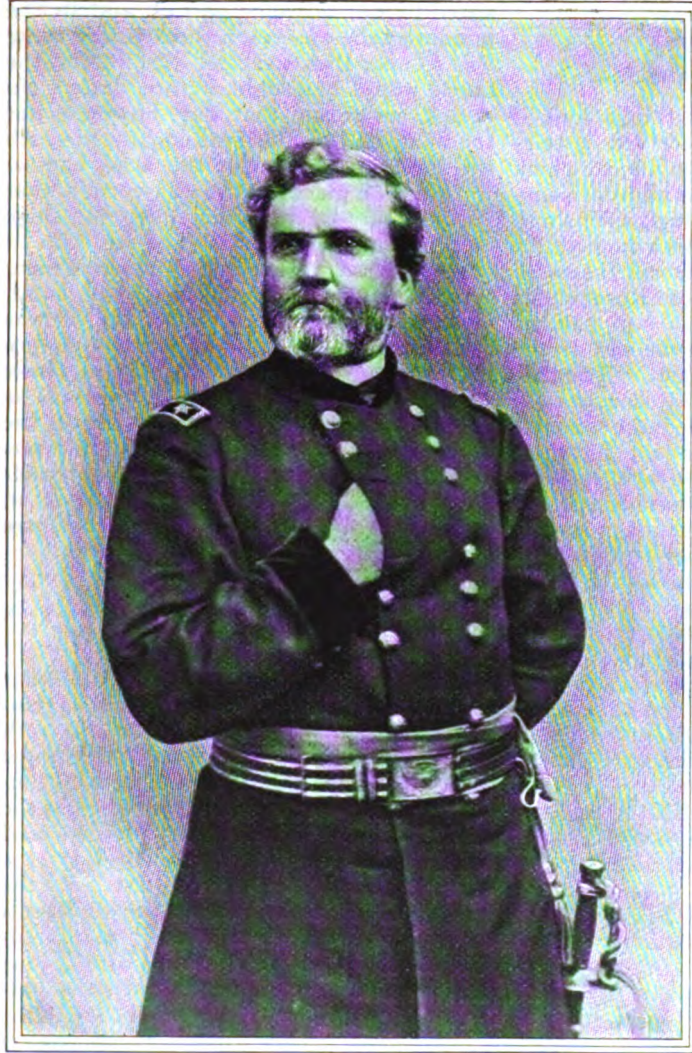
I attempted to make my way from this point in the woods to Sheridan's division, but when I reached the position where I knew it had been placed a little time before, I found it had been swept from the field. Not far away, however, I stumbled on a body of organized troops. This was a brigade of mounted riflemen under Colonel John T. Wilder, of Indiana. "Mr. Dana," asked Colonel Wilder, "what is the situation?"

"I do not know," I said, "except that this end of the army has been routed. There is still heavy fighting on the left front, and our troops seem to be holding their ground there yet."

tanooga, twelve or fifteen miles away. Everything on the route was in the greatest disorder. The whole road was filled with flying soldiers, and here and there were piled up pieces of artillery, caissons,

and baggage wagons. When I reached Chattanooga, a little before four o'clock, I found Rosecrans there. In the helter-skelter to the rear, he had escaped by the Rossville road. He was expecting every moment that the enemy would arrive before the town, and was doing all he could to prepare to resist his entrance. Soon after I arrived, the two corps commanders, McCook and Crittenden, both came into Chattanooga.

The first thing I did on reaching the town was to telegraph to Mr. Stanton. I had not sent him any telegrams in the morning, for I had been in the field with Rosecrans, and part of the time at some distance from the Widow Glenn's, where the operators were at work. The boys kept at their post there until the Confederates swept them out of the house. When they had to run, they went instruments and tools in hand, and as soon as out of reach of the enemy set up shop on a stump. It was not long before they were driven out of this. They next attempted to establish an office on the Rossville road, but before they had succeeded in making connections,



GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS. BORN IN 1816; DIED IN 1870.

From a photograph taken at Nashville in 1865, and now owned by William H. Lambert. General Thomas, a native of Virginia, graduated at West Point in 1840; served through the Seminole and Mexican wars and the Civil War, and remained in the army until his death. He distinguished himself especially in the battles of Mill Springs, Murfreesborough, Chickamauga, and Nashville. He commanded the Army of the Cumberland from the retirement of Rosecrans, October, 1863, to the close of the war.

"Will you give me any orders?" he asked.

"I have no authority to give orders," I replied; "but if I were in your situation, I should go to the left, where Thomas is."

Then I turned my horse, and making my way over Missionary Ridge, struck the Chattanooga valley and rode to Chat-

a battle was raging around them, and they had to retreat to Granger's headquarters at Rossville.

Having been swept bodily off the battlefield, and having made my way into Chattanooga through a panic-stricken rabble, the first telegram I sent to Mr. Stanton was naturally colored by what I had

seen and experienced. I remember that I began the despatch by saying, "My report to-day is of deplorable importance. Chickamauga is as fatal a name in our history as Bull Run." By eight o'clock that evening, however, I found I had given too dark a view of the disaster.

THE ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA.

Early the next morning things looked still better. Rosecrans received a telegram from Thomas at Rossville, to which point he had withdrawn after nightfall, saying that his troops were in high spirits and that he had brought off all his wounded. A little while before noon, General James A. Garfield, who was chief of Rosecrans's staff, arrived in Chattanooga and gave us the first connected account we had of the battle on the left after the rout. Thomas, finding himself cut off from Rosecrans and the right, at once marshaled the remaining divisions for independent fighting. Refusing both his right and left, his line assumed the form of a horseshoe, posted along the slope and crest of a partly wooded ridge. He was soon joined by Gordon Granger from Rossville, with Steedman and most of the reserve, and with these forces, more than two-thirds of the army, he firmly maintained the fight till after dark. Our troops were as immovable as the rocks they stood on. Longstreet hurled against them repeatedly the dense columns which had routed Davis and Sheridan in the early afternoon, but every onset was repulsed with dreadful slaughter. Falling first on one and then another point of our lines, for hours the rebels vainly sought to break them. Thomas seemed to have filled every soldier with his own unconquerable firmness; and Granger, his hat torn by bullets, raged like a lion, wherever the combat was hottest, with the electrical courage of a Ney. When night fell this body of heroes stood on the same ground they had occupied at the outset, their spirit unbroken, but their numbers greatly diminished.

PREPARING TO DEFEND CHATTANOOGA.

All the news we could get of the enemy's movements on the 21st seemed to show that the Confederates were concentrating on Chattanooga. Accordingly Rosecrans gave orders for all our troops to gather in the town at once and prepare for the attack which would probably take place within a day or two. By midnight the

army was in Chattanooga. The troops were in wonderful spirits, considering their excessive fatigues and heavy losses, and the next morning went to work with energy on the fortifications. All the morning of the 22d the enemy were approaching, resisted by our advance parties, and by the middle of the afternoon the artillery firing was so near that it seemed certain that the battle would be fought before dark. No attack was made that day, however, nor the next, and by the morning of the 24th the herculean labors of the army had so fortified the place that it was certain that it could only be taken by a regular siege or a turning movement. The strength of our forces was about 45,000 effective men, and we had ten days' full rations on hand. Chattanooga could hold out, but it was apparent that no offensive operations were possible until reinforcements came. These we knew had been hurried towards us as soon as the news of the disaster of the 20th reached Washington. Burnside was coming from Knoxville, we supposed; Hooker had been ordered from Washington by rail, Sherman from Vicksburg, and some of Hurlbut's troops from Memphis.

EFFECT ON THE ARMY OF THE DISASTER OF SEPTEMBER 20TH.

As soon as we felt reasonably sure that Chattanooga could hold out until reinforcements came, the disaster of the 20th of September became the absorbing topic of conversation in the Army of the Cumberland. At headquarters, in camp, in the street, on the fortifications, officers and soldiers and citizens wrangled over the reasons for the loss of the day. By the end of the first week after the disaster a serious fermentation reigned in the Twentieth and Twenty-first Army Corps, growing out of events connected with the battle.

There was at once a manifest disposition to hold McCook and Crittenden, the commanders of the two corps, responsible because they had left the field of battle amid the rout of the right wing and made their way to Chattanooga.* It was not

* The feeling of the army towards McCook and Crittenden was afterwards greatly modified. A court of inquiry examined their cases, and in February, 1864, gave its final finding and opinion. McCook it relieved entirely from responsibility for the reverse of September 20th, declaring that the small force at his disposal was inadequate to defend against greatly superior numbers, the long line he had taken under instructions, and adding that, after the line was broken, he had done everything he could to rally and hold his troops, giving the necessary orders to his subordinates. General Crittenden's conduct, the court likewise declared, showed no cause for censure, and he was in no way responsible for the disaster to the right wing.

generally understood or appreciated at that time that because of Thomas's repeated calls for aid, and Rosecrans's consequent alarm for his left, Crittenden had been stripped of all his troops and had no in-

of brigade felt the situation deeply, and said that they could no longer serve under such superiors, and that, if this was required of them, they must resign. This feeling was universal among them, including men

like Major-Generals Palmer and Sheridan and Brigadier-Generals Wood, Johnson, and Hazen.

The feeling of these officers did not seem in the least to partake of a mutinous or disorderly character; it was rather conscientious unwillingness to risk their men and the country's cause in hands which they thought to be unsafe. No formal representation of this unwillingness was made to Rosecrans, but he was made aware of the state of things by private conversations with several of the parties. The defects of his character complicated the difficulty. He abounded in friendliness and approbateness, and was greatly lacking in firmness and steadiness of will. In short, he was a temporizing man; he dreaded so heavy an alternative as was now presented, and



GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD. BORN IN 1831; DIED IN 1881.

Entering the army as a lieutenant-colonel of volunteers in 1861, Garfield was promoted to brigadier-general in 1862 and to major-general in 1863. He served as chief of staff to General Rosecrans from February, 1863, to October, 1863. Meanwhile he had been elected to Congress. He served there until March 4, 1880, when he went to the Senate. March 4, 1881, he became President. He was shot July 2, 1881, by Guiteau, and died September 19.

fantry whatever left to command, and that McCook's lines also had been reduced to a fragment by similar orders from Rosecrans and by fighting. A strong opposition to both sprang up, which my telegrams to Mr. Stanton immediately after the battle fully reflect. The generals of division and

hated to break with McCook and Crittenden.

It was the same in regard to Negley. Rosecrans claimed that Negley had withdrawn his division from the battle on Sunday without orders and with his ranks undisturbed. When this was stated to me

by Rosecrans as a fact, I said then Negley ought to be shot; and he answered, "That is my opinion." He added that he should have him punished; yet he determined to do nothing more than apply to have him relieved and ordered elsewhere.

Besides, there was a more serious obstacle to Rosecrans's acting decisively in the fact that, if Crittenden and McCook had gone to Chattanooga, he had gone also. It might be said in his excuse, that, under the circumstances of the sudden rout, it was perfectly proper for the commanding general to go to the rear to prepare the next line of defence; still Rosecrans felt that that excuse could not entirely clear him either in his own eyes or in those of the army. In fact, it was perfectly plain that, while the subordinate commanders would not resign if he was retained in the chief command, as I believe they certainly would have done if McCook and Crittenden had not been relieved, their respect for him as a general had received an irreparable blow.

The dissatisfaction with Rosecrans seemed to me to put the army into a very dangerous condition; and, in writing to Mr. Stanton on September 27th, I said that, if it was decided to change the chief commander, I would suggest that some Western commander of high rank and great prestige, like Grant, would be preferable as Rosecrans's successor to one who had hitherto commanded in the East alone.

POPULARITY OF GENERAL THOMAS.

The army, however, had its own candidate for Rosecrans's position. General Thomas had risen to the highest point in their esteem, as he had in that of everyone cognizant of his conduct on that unfortunate and glorious day; and I saw that, should there be a change in the chief command, there was no other man whose appointment would be so welcome. I earnestly recommended Mr. Stanton that, in event of a change, Thomas's merits be considered. He was certainly an officer of the very highest qualities, soldierly and personally. He was a man of the greatest dignity of character. He had more the character of George Washington than any other man I ever knew. At the same time, he was a delightful man to be with; there was no artificial dignity about Thomas. He was a West Point graduate and very well educated. He was very set in his opinions, yet he was not impatient with anybody—a noble character.

In reply to my recommendation of Thomas, I received a telegram from the Secretary of War, saying: "I wish you to go directly to see General Thomas, and say to him that his services, his abilities, his character, his unselfishness, have always been most cordially appreciated by me, and that it is not my fault that he has not long since had command of an independent army."

I went at once over to General Thomas's headquarters with the message. I remember that I got there just after they had finished dinner; the table was not cleared off, but there was nobody in the dining-room. When General Thomas came in, I read to him the telegram from the Secretary. He was too much affected by it to reply immediately. After a moment he said:

"Mr. Dana, I wish you would say to the Secretary of War that I am greatly affected by this expression of his confidence; that I should have long since liked to have an independent command; but what I should have desired would have been the command of an army that I could myself have organized, disciplined, distributed, and combined. I wish you would add also that I would not like to take the command of an army where I should be exposed to the imputation of having intrigued or of having exercised any effort to supplant my previous commander."

This was on October 4th. Four days later General Thomas sent a confidential friend to me, saying rumors had come to him that he was to be put in Rosecrans's place; that, while he would gladly accept any other command to which Mr. Stanton should see fit to assign him, he could not consent to become the successor of General Rosecrans. He would not do anything to give countenance to the suspicion that he had intrigued against his commander's interest. He declared that he had perfect confidence in the fidelity and capacity of General Rosecrans.

A CHANGE IN THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ARMY.

The first change in the Army of the Cumberland was an order from Washington consolidating the Twentieth and Twenty-first Corps, and placing the heroic Granger in command. The news reached Chattanooga on October 5th, in the Nashville newspaper, and, not having been previously promulgated, it caused a sensation. The consolidation of the two



GENERAL A. E. BURNSIDE. BORN IN 1824; DIED IN 1881.

Burnside, a native of Indiana, graduated at West Point in 1847, and served throughout the Civil War. He commanded the Army of the Potomac at the battle of Fredericksburg; was besieged at Knoxville in 1863, while in command of the Army of the Ohio; and in 1864 joined Grant in Virginia. He was Governor of Rhode Island from 1867 to 1869, and United States Senator from 1875 to 1881. Died September 13, 1881.

corps was generally well received, and as it was to be followed by a general reorganization of the army it seemed as if the most happy consequences would be produced. The only serious difficulty which followed the change was that the men in the consolidated corps were troubled by letters from home showing that their friends regarded the consolidation as a token of disgrace and punishment.

THREATENED WITH STARVATION.

Although the reorganization of the army was going on, there was no real change in our situation, and by the middle of October it began to look as if we were in a helpless and precarious position. No reinforcements had yet reached us; the enemy was growing stronger every day; and, worse still, we were threatened with star-

vation. On September 24th, in spite of the protest of Granger and Garfield, Rosecrans had abandoned Lookout Mountain to the enemy. His error was now apparent. Our supplies came by rail from Nashville to Bridgeport; but the enemy controlled the south shore of the Tennessee between us and Bridgeport, and thus prevented us rebuilding the railroad from Bridgeport to Chattanooga, and with their shore batteries stopped the using of our steamboats. They even made the road on the north shore impassable, the sharpshooters on the south bank being able to pick off our men on the north. The forage and supplies which we had drawn from the country within our reach were now exhausted, and we were dependent upon what could be gotten us over the roads north of the river. These were not only disturbed by the enemy, but were so bad in places that

gineer. We reached Nashville about ten o'clock on the night of October 20th, and there were halted. Directly there came in an officer, I think it was Lieutenant-Colonel Bowers of General Grant's staff, who said: "General Grant wants to see you."

This was the first that I knew Grant was in Tennessee. I got out of my train, and went over to his. I hadn't seen him since we parted at Vicksburg.

"Mr. Dana," he said, as soon as I came in, "I am going to interfere with your journey. I have got the Secretary's permission to take you back with me to Chattanooga. I want you to dismiss your train and get into mine; we will give you comfortable quarters."

"General," I said, "did you ask the Secretary to let me go back with you?"

"I did," he said. "I wanted to have you."

So, of course, I went. On the way down he told me that he had been appointed to the command of the Military Division of the Mississippi, with permission to leave Rosecrans in command of the Department of the Cumberland, or to assign Thomas in his place. He had done the latter, he said, and had telegraphed Thomas to take charge of the army the night after Stanton, at Louisville, had received my despatch of the 19th saying Rosecrans would retreat from Chattanooga unless ordered to remain. Rosecrans was assigned to the Department of the Missouri, with headquarters at St. Louis.

GRANT REACHES CHATTANOOGA.

We left Nashville on the morning of the 21st, and arrived safe in Bridgeport in the evening. The next morning, October 22d, we left on horseback for Chattanooga by way of Jasper and Walden's Ridge. The roads were in such a condition that it was impossible for Grant, who was on crutches from an injury to his leg received by the fall of a horse in New Orleans some time before, to make the whole distance of fifty-five miles in one day; so I pushed on ahead, running the rebel picket lines and reaching Chattanooga in the evening in company with Colonel Wilson, Grant's inspector-general.

The next morning I went to see General Thomas; it was not an official visit, but a friendly one—visits which I very often made on the generals. When we had shaken hands he said:

"Mr. Dana, you have got me this time. There is nothing for a man to do in such a case as this but to obey orders."

This was in allusion to his assignment to the command of the Army of the Cumberland. The change in command was received with satisfaction by all intelligent officers, so far as I could ascertain; though, of course, Rosecrans had many friends who were unable to conceive why he was relieved. They reported that he was to be put in command of the Army of the Potomac. The change at headquarters was already strikingly perceptible, order prevailing instead of universal chaos.

On the evening of the 23d Grant arrived, as I stated in my despatch to Mr. Stanton, "wet, dirty, and well." The next morning he was out with the leading officers of the army, reconnoitering. He took hold of the situation with such energy and decision, and he received such hearty coöperation from the army, that within a week we again held Lookout valley, controlled the Tennessee from Bridgeport to Chattanooga, and were receiving supplies daily. There was no further danger—which had been the only one—of the Army of the Cumberland being starved out of Chattanooga. The Confederates themselves at once recognized this, for a copy of the Atlanta "Appeal" of November 3d which reached me said, that if we were not dislodged from Lookout valley, our possession of Chattanooga was secure for the winter.

A VISIT TO BURNSIDE.

It was now certain that we could hold Chattanooga; but until Sherman, who had been ordered to join us from Vicksburg, reached us, we could do nothing against the enemy and nothing to relieve Burnside, who had been ordered to unite with Rosecrans in August, but had never gotten beyond Knoxville. He was shut up there much in the same way that we were in Chattanooga, and it was certain that the Confederates were sending forces against him.

Grant was so anxious to know the real condition of Burnside that he asked me to go to Knoxville and find out. So, on November 9th, I started, accompanied by Colonel Wilson of Grant's staff. The way in which such a trip as this of Wilson and mine was managed in those days is told in this letter to my little daughter, written just before we left Chattanooga for Knoxville:

I expect to go all the way on horseback, and it will take about five days. About seventy horsemen will go along, with their sabers and carbines, to keep

off the guerrillas. Our baggage we shall have carried on pack-mules. These are funny little rats of creatures, with the big panniers fastened to their sides, to carry their burdens in. I will put my bed in one pannier and my carpet-bag and India rubber things in the other. Colonel Wilson, who is to go with me, will have another mule for his traps, and a third will carry the bread and meat and coffee that we are to live on. At night we will halt in some nice shady nook where there is a spring, build a big roaring fire, cook our supper, spread our blankets on the ground, and sleep with our feet toward the fire, while half a dozen of the soldiers, with their guns ready loaded, watch all about, to keep the rebels at a safe distance. Then in the morning we will first wake up, then wash our faces, get our breakfasts, and march on, like John Brown's soul, toward our destination. How long I shall stay at Knoxville is uncertain, but I hope not very long—though it must be very charming in that country of mountains and rivers—and then I shall pray for orders that will take me home again.

We were not obliged to camp out every night on this trip. One evening, just about supper time, we reached a large white frame house, the home of a farmer. The man, we found, was a strong Unionist, and he gave us a hearty invitation to occupy his premises. Our escort took possession of the barn for sleeping, and we cooked our supper in the yard, the family lending us a table and sending us out fresh bread. After supper Wilson and I were invited into the house, where the farmer listened eagerly to the news of the Union army. There were two or three young and very pretty girls in the farmer's family, and while we talked they "dipped" snuff, a peculiar custom that I had never seen but once or twice before.

We reached Knoxville on the 13th, and I at once went to headquarters to talk over the situation with Burnside. This was the first time I had met that general. He was rather a large man physically, about six feet tall, with a large face and a small head, and heavy side-whiskers.

He was an energetic, decided man—frank, manly, and well-educated. He was a very showy officer—not that he *made* any show, he was naturally that. When he first talked with you, you would think he had a great deal more intelligence than he really had. You had to know him some time before you took his measure.

After a detailed conversation with Burnside, I concluded that there was no reason to believe that any force had been sent from Lee's army to attack him on the northeast, as we had heard in Chattanooga, but that it was certain that Longstreet was approaching from Chattanooga with 30,000 troops. Burnside said that he would be unable long to resist such an attack, and that if Grant did not succeed in making a demonstration which would compel Longstreet to return, he must retreat.

After getting as clear an idea of Burnside's position as I could, I left about six o'clock on the morning of the 14th. We found later that our departure from Knoxville had been none too soon; so completely were the Confederates taking possession of the country between Knoxville and Chattanooga that had we delayed a single day we could only have got out through Cumberland Gap or that of Big Creek. We were four days returning, and Mr. Stanton became very uneasy, as I learned from this despatch received soon after my return:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 19, 1863.

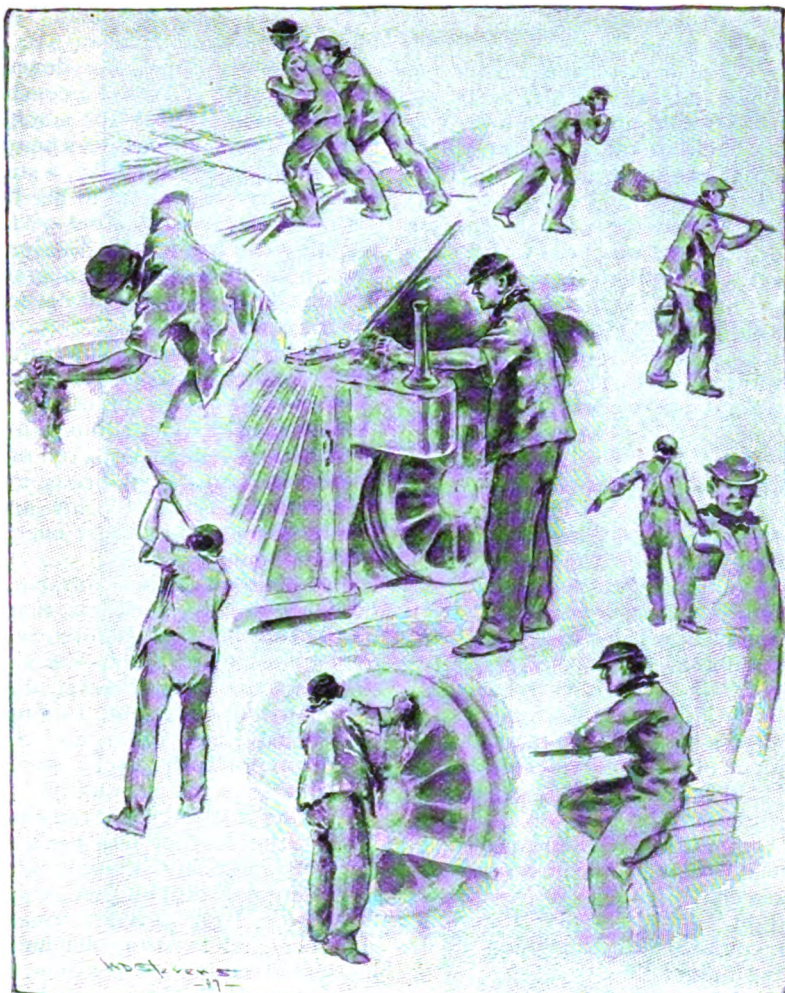
HON. C. A. DANA,
Chattanooga.

Your despatches of yesterday are received. I am rejoiced that you have got safely back. My anxiety about you for several days had been very great. Make your arrangements to remain in the field during the winter. Continue your reports as frequently as possible, always noting the hour.

EDWIN M. STANTON.



"For fifteen months I wiped engines, turned the table, . . . and in fact did all manner of the dirtiest and hardest work that was to be done about a railroad roundhouse."



[THE GENERAL MANAGER'S STORY.]

FIRING A LOCOMOTIVE.

BY HERBERT E. HAMBLÉN ("FRED. B. WILLIAMS"),

Author of "On Many Seas."

HARD AND EASY ENGINEERS.—AN APPEAL TO THE GENERAL MANAGER.—
STOPPING AN EXPRESS WITH A YARD ENGINE.—A RUNAWAY LOCOMOTIVE.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS FROM LIFE BY W. D. STEVENS.

ONE day, as I was strolling rather listlessly through a certain roundhouse, I overheard a conversation between the foreman and caller which told me that there was a fireman wanted in a hurry. As I was now at that stage in the game where any job was a good job, I stepped up to the man and asked if he was the roundhouse foreman. He said he was. "I'm looking for a job, sir," said I. "Can you fire?" "Yes, sir."

Copyright, 1897, by Herbert E. Hamblén.

"Where have you fired?"

"On the — road."

"All right; go over to the master mechanic's office and ask for Mr. Seely, tell him Phelps sent you, and, if he hires you, come right back to me. I want you to go out on that engine right away. Hurry up, now!"

My business with the head of the mechanical department was briefly and satisfactorily settled, and he told me to report to Phelps at once.

Phelps told me to "git right on to 227; there's the oil-room," pointing to a low, dingy structure. "Hurry up, now; git yer supplies, an' git out o' here!" So I was hired.

FIRST RUN AS A FIREMAN.

As I stepped up on the tender and opened the oil-box to get the cans, the most disagreeable-looking face that I ever saw presented itself at the opposite gangway, and a thin, squeaky voice called out:

"Hey! what are ye up to? What ye doin' there?"

I asked him if he was the engineer.

"Who d'ye s'pose I be, ye blamed fool? The president of the road?"

"No," said I; "I thought you was the board of directors."

"Oh, you *did*! Well, now, you git down out o' there, and direct yourself somewheres else."

"Say, Pop," said I, "I don't know nor care who you are; but I'm going to fire this engine to-night."

He shoved his oil-can and wrench up into the tender, and away he went across the yard, shouting, "Hey, Phelps!" But Phelps kept out of his way. When I got back from the oil-room, he was in the cab waiting for me, and the instant I set the cans upon the footboard he rang the bell and gave her a vicious jerk back; but I had climbed too many flying freight cars to be disturbed by that. I swung myself lightly aboard, and gave him a black look, which didn't mend matters any.

Well, at last we got our train and got out on the road. We didn't have a very heavy train, and I was satisfied that I could keep her hot without any trouble; and so I could, if he hadn't worked against me in every way. He would let her blow all her steam and water away, until he struck a heavy grade, and then put on his pump full head, and drown her, running the steam down so that we stalled and had to "double" up every little hill, and thereby

"laid out" the "fast mail" fifteen minutes—an unpardonable sin.

He also "dropped her down a notch" for me, so that she threw a constant stream of sky-rockets out of her stack, and, as I told the master mechanic when he had me on the carpet the next day, a steam-shovel couldn't have kept coal in her that night.

Consequently we ran out of fuel before reaching the end of the division, and had to stop at the freight coaling-station and coal up—a thing that had never happened to that train before.

That was a tough run for me, and I found out the reason for it afterwards. Old Joe had powerful influence in high quarters, which made him, to a certain extent, independent of the master mechanic, so that he did pretty much as he pleased, and, being of a low, mean disposition, he pleased to abuse everybody who came in his way.

The first time she "dropped her bundle,"—which occurred less than half way up the first hill, and before we had gone five miles on our way,—he shut her off, slammed the reverse lever down in the corner with a bang, and, folding his arms, leaned back in his seat, and ripped out a string of profanity, every word of which was a curse at me personally.

I, being a stranger on the road, and not having the fear of old Joe's displeasure properly engrafted on my mind, waited until he got through; then, stepping over to his side, I grabbed him roughly by the shoulder, and twisting him half round on his seat, I said:

"See here, I've got something to say to *you* now. In the first place, it's your fault and not mine that we're stalled here, because you don't know your business a little bit; and now one thing more, if you open your head to me again while I am on this engine, I'll split you wide open with this shovel."

He didn't say another word to me; but, as I said before, the trip was a record-breaker. We got to the end of the division nine hours late, had four hours lay over, and returned, doing even worse than on the up trip; for, as part of this run occurred during the forenoon, when the inward-bound passenger trains were thick on the road, he managed to lay out three of them.

Before we started on the return trip, the conductor came up to the engine while I was taking water, and said:

"Say, young feller, the head 'brakey' tells me that you set old Joe's packin'

out for him in mighty good shape last night. Is that so?"

"Oh, I don't know," said I. "Why?"

"Why? Well, I'll tell you why: because if you did, you've made a friend of every man on the division except Joe himself; and as you couldn't make a friend of him anyway, that's no loss. But, of course, I s'pose you know you're discharged; no man could lay the whole road out the way you did and go out again. But don't you be in any hurry to leave town; for maybe some of us can do something for you."

When we got back we both got off the engine and found the roundhouse foreman waiting for us. He said the master mechanic wanted to see us both in the office at once, so in we went and reported ourselves.

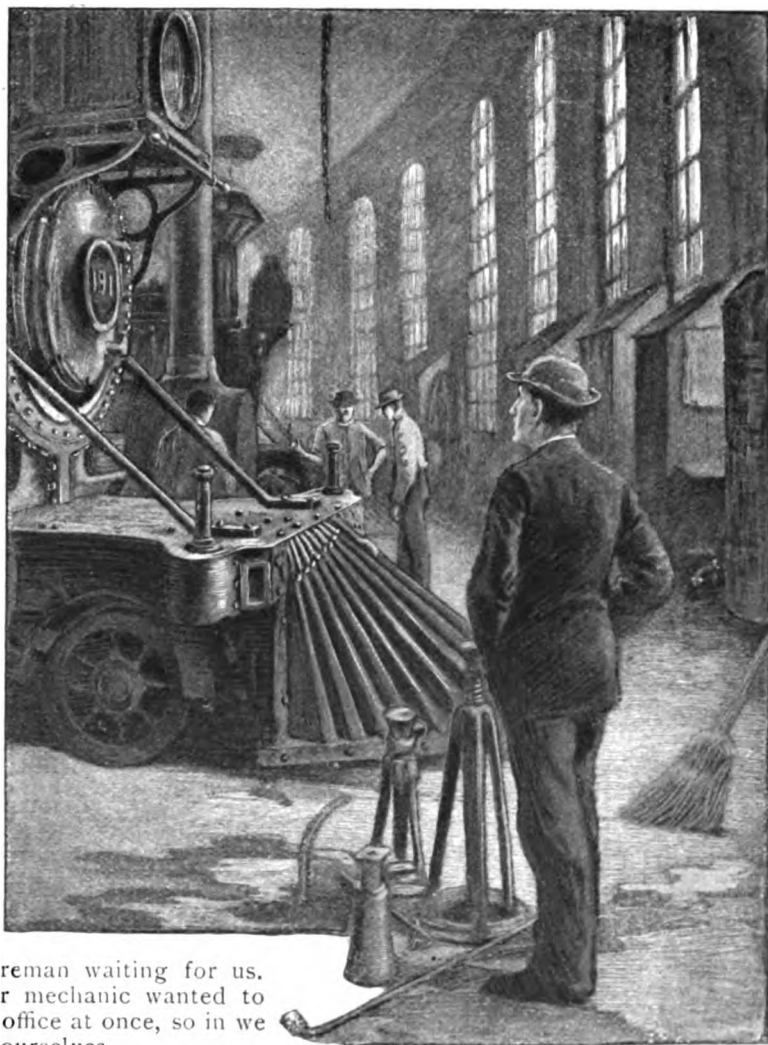
"Well, Mr. Grinnell," said the master mechanic, "I have a report here from the division superintendent in which he informs me that the road wasn't big enough for the 227 last trip. What was the matter with her?"

"Nawthin'," said Grinnell.

"Nothing? What do you mean by that? Something must have been the matter."

"Yes, somethin' was the matter, an' a sight the matter, too. Look here, Mr. Seely, I want you to understand that the 227 is a first-class engine in every respect, an' that I'm a first-class engineer; but Phelps has got a notion of fishin' up all sorts of canallers, an' truck-drivers, an' sendin' 'em out to fire for me, an' I'm jist about sick of it, 'n' don't want no more."

"Do you mean to tell me, then, that you



"ONE DAY, AS I WAS STROLLING RATHER LISTLESSLY THROUGH A CERTAIN ROUNDHOUSE. . . ."

laid out the whole road just because the fireman didn't suit you?"

"No, I don't. What I mean to say is, that I didn't hev no fireman; only a cow-boy that never fired an engine before, an' threatened to split me wide open with the scoop jest because I told him he'd hev to keep her hot, or we'd never git there."

"Did you threaten Mr. Grinnell?" said Mr. Seely to me.

"Yes, sir," said I.

"Oho! you did, hey? Is that the way firemen talk to their engineers where you came from?"

"No, sir," said I. "But our engineers were men, while this old brute is a——"

"There! there! that will do. I don't

want any quarreling in my office; you can call in to-morrow and get your time."

RELATIONS BETWEEN FIREMEN AND ENGINEERS.

No fireman can keep an engine "hot," except with the strictest coöperation on the part of the engineer. In order that the engine shall steam, it is imperative that the engineer shall cut his steam off as short as possible and run his pump according to certain rules well known to the fraternity. In other words, it is no trouble at all to the engineer to "knock out" the best fireman that ever handled a shovel.

Not only do all engineers invariably depend on him to perform many of the duties properly belonging to themselves, but he it is who bends his back and hustles to make steam to get the train in on time, frequently with miserable fuel and an engine that ought to be in the scrap-heap. When time is lost for the want of steam, it is on the fireman's devoted head that the wrath of the engineer, master mechanic, and superintendent falls; no excuse being accepted, even though it be evident to anybody that the coal is seventy per cent. slate and the valves and pistons blow like sieves.

Though all the train-despatchers, brass-bound conductors, and engineers do their level best, no train can make time or break a record unless the grimy, unheard-of, and unthought-about fireman, down there in his black hole, knows his business and *does* it.

I went to the roundhouse, washed up, and then went to get something to eat. I ran across the conductor, who was bound on the same errand, and told him what had occurred in the master mechanic's office, and also gave him a short account of myself. He was quite friendly, and invited me to sleep in his caboose during its stay at that end of the division and get acquainted with the boys. "For," said he, "railroad men when looking for a job are not apt to be very rich, and there's no use of paying for lodgings while the yard is half full of cabooses."

I accepted his invitation thankfully, and found that I was quite a hero. The men took delight in introducing me as the fellow who had bearded old Joe in his cab and yet survived to tell the tale.

The result of their hospitality was, that three days passed before I returned to the master mechanic's office for the bill of my time. On leaving the office I ran across Mr. Phelps, who asked me to accompany

him to the roundhouse. He took me away round out of sight and hearing, behind a big freight engine, and asked what was the trouble between Grinnell and me.

I told him all that happened on the trip, but before I got through he said, "Never mind all that; I want to know what it was that you said to him."

When I told him, a broad smile spread over his face. "I'd have been willin' to lose a month's pay to have seen ole Joe then," said he. "Say, young feller, I can't give you a job firin' just yet; Joe's queered you for a bit; but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll set you to wipin', an' give you the first chance. What do you say?"

I didn't care to wipe engines, as that is the very lowest rung in the ladder, besides being extremely dirty and disagreeable work.

He assured me, however, that both the master mechanic and himself, as well as nearly all the engineers on the road, had begun as wipers. He said that was the proper way for a man to learn any trade, to begin at the bottom; and, in fine, he said so much, and seemed so anxious to have me take the job, that I accepted, and have never regretted it to this day.

FIFTEEN MONTHS AS A WIPER.

For fifteen months I wiped engines, turned the table, shoveled ashes, washed out boilers and tanks, helped the machinists to lug and lift, and in fact did all manner of the dirtiest and hardest work that has to be done about a railroad roundhouse. For the wipers are everybody's helpers. Is a particularly hard job to be done, get one of the wipers to do it; if a sewer gets clogged, send a wiper in to clear it; and who ever heard of a wiper complaining? They seem to glory in and thrive on dirt.

During those fifteen months I became, from constant association, perfectly familiar with all the outward and visible parts of the locomotive, as I saw them taken to pieces by the mechanics; and as I was blessed with a good-sized bump of inquisitiveness, I also learned enough of the mysterious properties of the slide valve to enable me to take part in the deeply erudite discussions which frequently took place among the firemen.

The wipers are severe critics of the engineers; they know whose engine is always in first-class order, nuts and bolts all in place and tight, wedges never down, and everything where it ought to be.

It seemed as if some engineers depended on the wipers to look out for broken spring leaves and hangers, cracked equalizers and eccentric straps, and nearly everything else; but there were some who looked their engines over with the greatest care,

What was my surprise, then, as the time drew near for her to leave the house, to see that no attempt was made to repair the damage, until at last the hostler took her out across the table. I had been long enough in the roundhouse now to get the

hang of things pretty well, so I hunted up Mr. Phelps and told him what I had discovered on the 227.

"Is that so?" said he; "are you sure?"

"Yes, sir," said I; "there's no doubt about it."

We walked rapidly round the house, and came to the hook on which the machinists hang the engineers' work reports after finishing the job and marking them O. K.

He hunted the hook over until he found the 227's report signed, Grinnell, O. K'd., and signed by the man who had done the work. There were several petty jobs reported, but not a word appeared about the center casting.

Mr. Phelps's eyes sparkled with pleasure, as he saw that old Joe had tripped at last.

From where we stood we could see Joe oiling around. No time was to be lost, for we didn't want him to discover it; though, even if he did, it would be too late now to save himself from censure—still we desired to catch him as foul as possible.

Turning to me, Mr. Phelps said, "I'll get the old man out, an' walk him past the engine, an' you be close by, an' just as we get to Joe, you

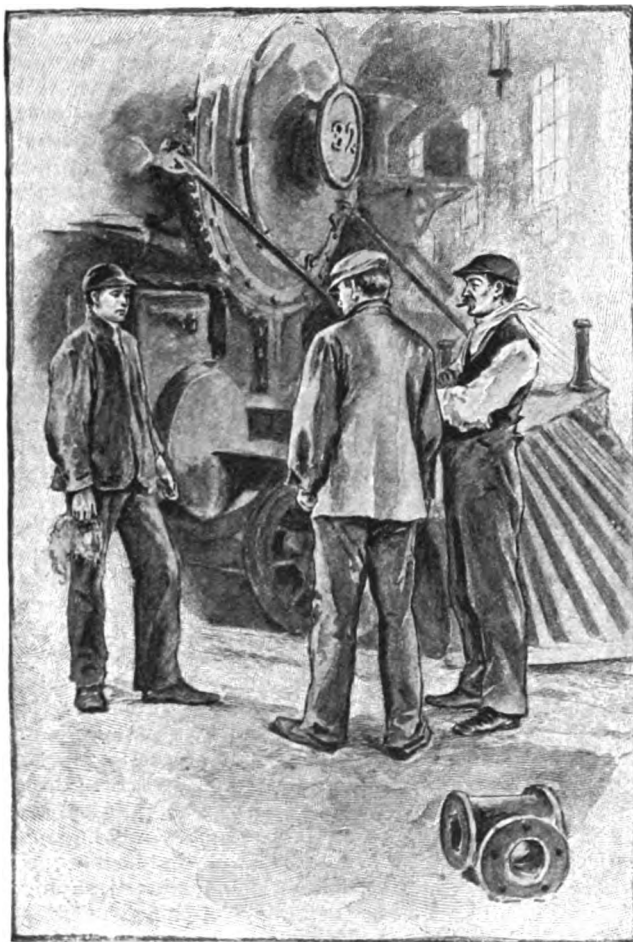
tell him his center castin's broke."

"All right, sir," said I, and away he went post-haste after the master mechanic, while I sauntered out in the direction of the 227.

Directly I saw Mr. Seely and Mr. Phelps coming rapidly in our direction from the office, I got within about ten feet of old Joe, and just as they were passing, called out loud enough for everybody to hear:

"Mr. Grinnell, your engine truck center casting is broken all to pieces, and just about ready to fall off."

Joe's face was like a thunder-cloud as



"MR. GRINNELL, YOUR ENGINE TRUCK CENTER CASTING IS BROKEN ALL TO PIECES."

and one of these was old Joe Grinnell. He didn't want any help from anybody, and was quite free in saying so, too; but one day I noticed that the male center casting was broken in such a way that but one bolt held it at all, and that very slightly. I supposed, of course, that he had reported it, and expected every minute to see the men come along with the jacks and jack her up to put in a new one; for though there is a king-pin down through both castings, still no man would ever trust to that alone, for she would be apt, in rounding some curve, to shear it off, and, shooting off at a tangent, leave the track.

he told me to mind my own business, if I had any.

The officials had heard my report, and stopping short, Mr. Seely asked Joe what was the matter with his center casting.

"Nawthin'," said Joe; "only this wiper's found a mare's nest. I guess I'm competent to look after my own engine without any help from the wipers."

Mr. Seely, however, looked under the engine himself, and seeing that I was right, ordered her back into the house, and a spare engine got ready in a hurry, and then he read the riot act to Mr. Joseph H. Grinnell in a manner that the oldest "plug-puller" on the road had never heard equalled.

At first Joe answered back pretty stiffly, but as he knew he was dead wrong, he couldn't say much.

The engineers, firemen, wipers, and, in fact, everybody about the place, came running from all directions to hear. As a grand finale, the old man, after calling him everything but a "first-class engineer," sent him home for ten days, charged with *incompetency*.

FIRING A SWITCH ENGINE.—A FATAL "DOUBLE CUT."

The next morning when I came to work, Mr. Phelps told me to go home again and return at six P.M. to relieve a fireman on one of the switch engines. My wiping days were now over, and once more I found myself on the left side of a locomotive. On the second day, the engineer asked me if I thought I could handle her. I said I guessed so; and stepping out from alongside the boiler, he said, "All right, then; get hold o' this bat, an' let's see ye shape yerself."

I was somewhat nervous at first. It startled me to feel her go the instant that I touched the throttle, and though I knew perfectly *how* she ought to be handled, yet I found it confusing when I came to do it myself. The throttle, reverse lever, and brake seemed to be in each other's way, and I couldn't find them with my hands without looking for them—an act that is rankly unprofessional. Then again, I would catch myself just in the act of giving her steam when I should have reversed her first, calling forth profane and jeering remarks from the engineer, which were extremely mortifying. The engineer stayed with me about an hour, watching me sharply, and giving me lots of advice. I soon gained confidence, and as I kept

a sharp lookout for signals, and obeyed them promptly, the engineer—satisfied that I could do the work—stepped off and went into the yard-master's office to "chin."

He had not been off the engine ten minutes when the conductor undertook to make a "double cut," that is, to cut off two sections of the moving train and send each into its proper switch without stopping. When properly done, it is a neat manœuvre, and a great time-saver. There should be a man at each switch, one to pull the pin, and one to watch the performance and give signals to the engineer. The pin may be pulled on the first section before commencing to back; then the pin-puller stands by to make the second cut. The engine starts back until there is way enough on the first cut to carry it into its switch; then at a signal the engineer shuts off, and the dead engine, acting as a drag, holds back the main part of the train, while the cut-off cars roll on ahead to their switch, which the man who is stationed there opens, allowing them to run in, and closes it after them. The engineer, on signal, now gives her another jerk back, the pin-puller pulls the pin, and when there is way enough on the second cut to carry it to its destination, the same performance is gone through with again, this time the whole of the remaining train and engine passing over the closed switch to its destination further up the yard.

With men enough—provided there is no grade to stop the cars from rolling—cars could be sent into all the switches along the line, without the engine stopping at all; but in this case the conductor only had one man, and when he told him what he intended to do, the "brakey" remonstrated, saying, "Ye'll have them all over the carpet."

The conductor, however, told him to mind his own business, and ordered him to open the first switch, and then run to the next, saying that he would close it himself after pulling the pin. But when he ran in a hurry to close it, he stumbled over the end of a tie, so that before he got it closed, the forward truck of the leading car had entered the siding, and the switch being closed, the cars went off the track. Seeing them going in all directions, he desired to set a brake to hold them, when, in jumping up between two flat cars, one corner rose above the other, and shearing across it clipped him in two, as a lady snips a thread with her scissors.

The engineer was discharged for allowing me to handle the engine, and for many

a night after that I saw the poor conductor in my dreams. He had been looking straight in my eyes, when his light went out.

THE DIFFERENCES IN ENGINEERS.

I fired nearly four years; and though firing is the hardest kind of work, I look back to those four years as the happiest of my life.

I never came across quite such another crank as old Joe Grinnell, for, as a rule, the engineers were fine fellows. Every man jack of them, having served his apprenticeship at the scoop-shovel, realized the drawbacks and discomforts of the fireman's position, and tried to make it as endurable as possible.

Some, while meaning well, had failed during their apprenticeship to learn from their engineers how to run and feed (pump) the machine to the best advantage, so they made it hard work for the firemen to keep steam. Those we called "pounders," and as a rule they were the very ones who would take no hints from their firemen, but instantly became dignified and talked loftily about how I pump and run my engine.

Shortly after I was appointed, I was sent to fire for old Pop Fickett. He was a jolly old soul, easy-going as an old shoe, and would often on a cold night get down and fire himself for a dozen or twenty miles to get warm, while I sat on his seat and played engineer, blowing for crossings and watching the water.

Old Pop was a hard man to fire for, because he was a pounder; but I hadn't been long enough at the business to know that, so I shoveled away for dear life and was ignorant and happy.

One trip Pop reported sick, and an extra engineer took her out. As a rule, firemen hate to see an extra man get on the engine, as he has different ways from

the man you are used to, and railroad men of all degrees get set in their ways and don't like to have them disturbed.

This extra man, however, was a genuine and pleasant surprise to me. With old Pop at the throttle I always had to bend my back as soon as he pulled her out and keep the shovel and the firebox door on the swing as regular as the pendulum of a clock.

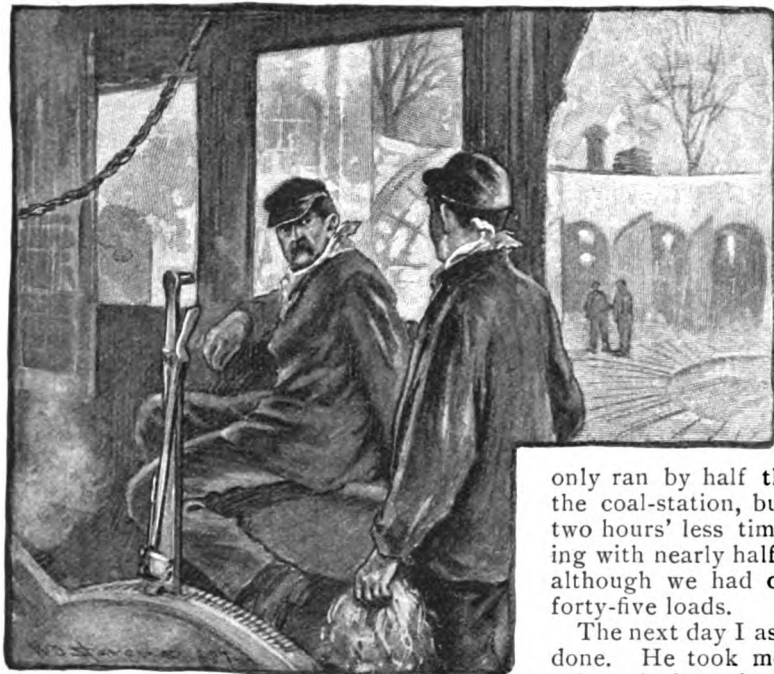
No need to hook the fire; for, as Pop said, he'd keep it from freezing up on me, and so he did, too; for I wouldn't have a chance to stop shoveling until he shut

her off. No need to worry myself by looking at the steam gauge; for, as Pop said again, he could take care of all the steam I could make.

There were two coaling stations on the division, each about twenty miles from either terminus, for the convenience of engines that needed more coal to take them in. We never passed them,—indeed, we sometimes had trouble to reach them,—although Pop had sideboards put on the tender, saying he liked to have plenty of coal; and when other engineers bragged about how many water-plugs they passed and how many cars they hauled without



"AND I ASKED, IN A VOICE WHICH I FEAR WAS SLIGHTLY TREMULOUS, IF WE COULD SPEAK TO HIM."



"I'LL MAKE NO REPORTS TO ANYBODY; BUT I'LL LICK YOU EVERY DAY FOR A YEAR, AS BIG AS YOU ARE."

taking coal, Pop would remark sagely that he "allus liked to have coal an' water enough,"—and he did too.

Well, when the extra man started I began as usual to "ladle in the lampblack" until we were about five miles out, when he called me up to him and asked me if there was a hole through the front end of the fire-box.

"No," said I. "Why?"

"What is the trouble, then? Is there somebody buried back there, an' you're trying to dig him out?"

I stared at him, wondering what he was talking about. Seeing that I didn't understand, he said: "For heaven's sake, man, get up there on your seat an' sit down! I never saw anybody shovel coal like you do; you've got enough in there to run to the next water-plug now. I can't put any more water into her till we get there; so crack your door an' let's have a smoke."

I did as he told me to; and yet, though I saw by the gauge that we had, as the boys say, "a hundred an' enough," I was worried; and, at last, when I could stand it no longer, fearing that my fire would go entirely out, I stepped down and picked up my scoop again.

"Say," said he, "hand me that scoop a minute."

I did so, wondering what he wanted of it.

He threw it on the footboard in front of him, and told me if I didn't sit down and rest myself until we got to the water-plug, he would report me for wasting the company's fuel.

That trip was a revelation to me. We not

only ran by half the water-plugs and the coal-station, but made the run in two hours' less time than usual, arriving with nearly half a tank of coal left, although we had our regular train of forty-five loads.

The next day I asked him how it was done. He took me to his side of the cab and showed me a notch in the quadrant that was worn smooth and bright.

"That," said he, "is the notch Pop runs her in." Then he showed me where he ran her, and gave me the most lucid explanation of early cutting off and running expansively, and of its effect on the coal-pile and water-tank, that I had ever heard.

Pop was laid up a week with rheumatism, and during that week I gained several pounds in weight. I had such an easy time of it that, although I was very fond of the old man, I dreaded to see him come back, and said as much to the engineer.

"Why don't you tell him how to run her?" said he. "Pop's a good old feller. He won't get mad; and even if he does, you'd be a blamed fool to keep heaving coal in there for him to throw out the stack. I wouldn't do it, an' don't you."

Well, at last the day came when the old man returned to work. He looked poorly, and I could hardly find it in my heart to speak to him on a subject which I knew to be a delicate one, for he was a very old engineer, and had been running just that way probably long before I ever thought of railroading.

Still, I had lots of sympathy for my own back. So at last I broached the subject, before we started—I would have no chance afterward—and made up my mind to fight it out with him if necessary.

I spoke rather diffidently, but told him the whole story, to which he listened very patiently, and when I got through, he said:

"My boy, I don't want to break your back. I know there's something in what you say, for I've had firemen kick before, but none of them in such a decent way as you have; now I'll tell you something that no man on this road knows but me. I am a machinist by trade, and never fired but six months in my life. When this road opened, I had a little influence and got a job; all I asked for was a job, but as I had a letter from a big man and applied to the mechanical department, I was presumed to be an engineer and given an engine at once. Of course, I wasn't fool enough to decline, and I've been running here ever since. That's twenty years ago, and you're the first fireman I ever had that I would trust enough to tell that to. Now, show me how Laws ran her, and, by gum, I'll do the same; then we'll see if we can't run by water-plugs and coal stations as well as some others."

I showed him, and away we went. At first he was afraid she wouldn't make time cut back so fine, but when he saw how she was going past the stations, he was as pleased as a child with a new toy. When we neared the first water-plug, he sent me back to measure the water. We had nearly half a tank, and he wanted to stop; but I assured him that it was perfectly safe to go on, and so it proved.

He was as pleased as Punch when we wheeled into the end of the division after the fastest trip he had ever made in all those twenty years; and he never relapsed into his old style of running, and for the remainder of my time with him no fireman on the road had an easier time of it than I.

A CONTEST WITH A BRUTAL SUPERIOR.

About this time, an engineer who had left the road a couple of years before returned, and was appointed traveling engineer by the master mechanic. We soon found that he had full authority to hire engineers to fill vacancies, and that he improved his opportunities. A new branch connecting with an important mining and manufacturing locality was opened, calling for half a dozen more engineers. The firemen had been longing for the opening, and figuring for the past three years on who would be promoted; but when the time drew near, it was observed that sev-

eral new engineers were riding on the engines, learning the road. The firemen became alarmed at once, and discussed the matter quite freely.

I became intensely interested in the controversy; and though I could not expect to be promoted at this time, yet I saw that if the engineers were all to be hired, our chances of ever running on that road were slim indeed. As no one seemed to have any idea of demanding better treatment from the company, or to consider that we had any thing that could be termed *rights* in the matter, I made it my business to preach a new doctrine to my companions. I finally got three of the oldest men, three who had felt sure of promotion, to go with me as a committee to the traveling engineer and ask that the firemen's rights to promotion be recognized, provided I would agree to do all the talking.

So one fine day I marshaled my committee in the anteroom of the master mechanic's office, resolved to beard the lion in his den. We were all trembling in our shoes at the audacity of our action, and wished that we hadn't been so valiant; however, it was too late now to turn back, as all the firemen knew what we were about, and a number were waiting in the roundhouse to receive our report. So in we went, our caps in our hands, and asked to see Mr. Hussey. A clerk stepped into his office, and returning directly, bade us enter.

We found the gentleman sitting with his feet cocked up on his desk, smoking; we walked round so as to face him, and I asked, in a voice which I fear was slightly tremulous, if we could speak to him. He gave me a quick, disagreeable glance from his cold, gray eye, and answered in a most discouraging manner, "Ya—as, go on."

After once having broken the ice, I found but little difficulty in talking. I stated the case to him, as I had done to the boys dozens of times already.

When I got through he gave me another one of those wicked leers, and said, "Are you done?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"Got no instructions for the master mechanic or superintendent?"

"No, sir; we've got no instructions for anybody; we are simply asking for what we think we are entitled to."

"Oho! you're mighty mild all of a sudden! Well, now look here, my young agitator, I've had my eye on you for some time, and I've heard a good deal about you, too; going round among the firemen,

talking and criticizing my business. You want what you're entitled to, hey? Well, you shall have it, and that's a bill of your time. Does any of the rest of you want what he's entitled to?"

Glancing hastily at the boys, I saw they were badly rattled; so, thinking it useless to sacrifice any more of them, I told him that I was the only one to blame for the action we had taken, and got them out of the office as quickly as I could.

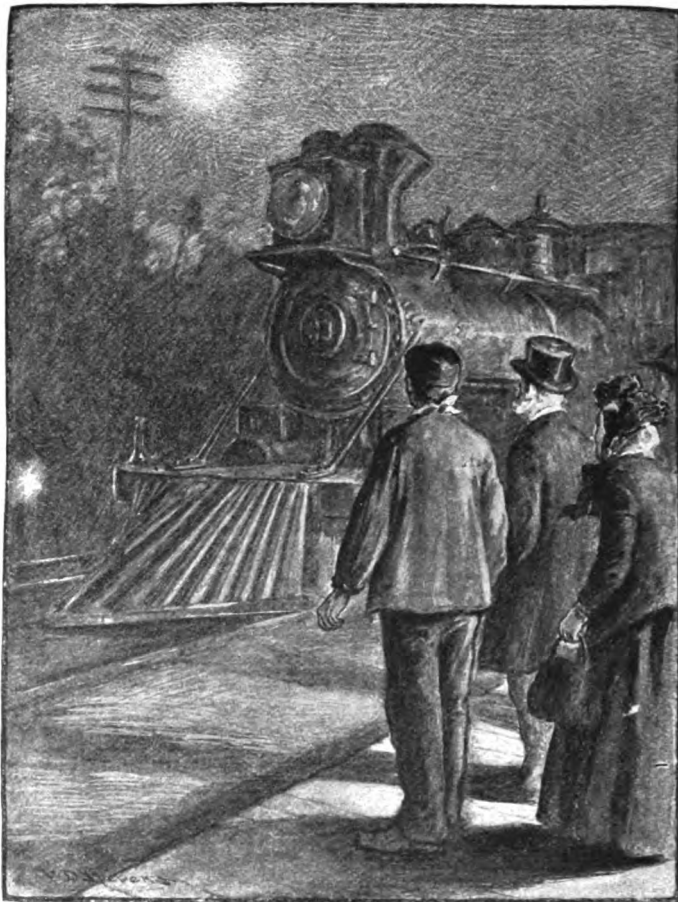
We were no sooner outside than two of my gallant supporters sneaked off to the roundhouse, thankful to have escaped with their lives; but one, Frank Manly, a smart, bright young fellow of about twenty-one, slightly red-headed, tall, and straight as an arrow, Manly by name and manly by nature, brought his right fist down in his left palm with a bang, and swore that it was a shame. "I'll tell you what we'll do," said he; "it wouldn't do any good to go to the master mechanic, because he'd uphold Hussey; and the super's no better. I won't fire on the blamed road any more, as long as that's to be the rule; so let's you and me go straight to the general manager. They say he's a mighty fine old fellow; been all through the mill himself, an' believes in giving the boys a fair show. We've got nothing to lose, anyway, so he can't hurt us. What do you say?"

A SURPRISING INTERVIEW WITH THE GENERAL MANAGER.

I told him I was willing; so the next day we marched into the general manager's office, as large as life. His private secretary, a fussy little fellow, told us to be seated, that the general manager was very busy, but would see us directly.

In about half an hour a man came out,

and we were told to step inside. Neither of us had ever seen the general manager before, so we were pleasantly surprised to find that august person a very mild-mannered and affable gentleman. He welcomed us cordially, asked us to be seated,



"THE CROWD STOOD SILENT AND BREATHLESS AS SHE PASSED."

and read from a slip of paper, "Two of the firemen."

"It should be ex-firemen, sir," said I; "we are no longer employed on your road."

He raised his eyebrows slightly and said: "In that case I hardly see how you can have any business with me. It was on the supposition that you were employees that I granted you this audience."

I asked if he would allow us to state our case.

"Certainly," said he. "Proceed; but be as brief as you can, for my time is valuable."

I told him the whole story, how we had

been disappointed in our promotion, how we had respectfully protested to Mr. Hussey, and I, as spokesman, had been peremptorily discharged. He seemed interested, and heard me through without interruption, and when I had finished, he asked, "Who is Mr. Hussey?" I told him.

"And he discharged you both?"

"No, sir," said Frank. "I wasn't discharged; but as I don't intend to fire all my life, I have quit."

"And quite right, too. If I knew that I had a man on my road that hadn't ambition enough to aspire to the highest position on it, I'd discharge him myself. Now, you boys understand that you have made a grave charge to me against your superior officer. If I bring him here, will you repeat the charge in his presence?"

"Yes, sir, we will."

"Have you any witnesses?"

"We have the other two firemen who were on the committee; but perhaps they wouldn't care to testify."

"What are their names?"

We told him their names, and he took them down. He then told us to be in his office again at ten o'clock next morning. Frank asked if we should notify our witnesses to appear. "They will be notified," said he, "and will be here, or I am very much mistaken." I remarked that one of them was to go out at four P.M. "Ah!" said he, "that's well thought of." He then told his clerk to tell the master mechanic's office to relieve fireman Voorhees until further orders; and dismissed us, with a warning to talk to no one about the matter.

The next day we arrived at the office on time, where we found Mr. Hussey, who paid not the slightest attention to us and our two committeemen, who were in what Frank called a "blue funk," wondering what was to be done to them. The general manager arrived shortly after us, bowed comprehensively to the crowd, said, "Good morning, gentlemen; step inside, please," and when we were all in, asked us to be seated.

"Now," said he, "which is Mr. Hussey?"

"I am Mr. Hussey," said that gentleman, disguising as much as possible his naturally surly manner, out of deference to his superior officer.

"I have received a very grave charge, Mr. Hussey, from one, or perhaps I should say two, of our firemen, one of whom you have discharged, as I understand, for having preferred a request on behalf of himself and others. Is that correct?"

"I discharged that feller," said Hussey, indicating me by a jerk of his head, "because he's an agitator: he's been organizing the firemen, an' tryin' ter make trouble on the road. I should have discharged him at the first chance, anyway; so, when he came into my office an' tried to dictate to me who I should hire an' who I should promote, I let 'im go. I don't want no firemen, nor engineers neither, dictatin' to me, an' I won't have it!"

"Be seated a moment, please," said the general manager.

He then called the members of the committee up, one after another, and, after warning them to be careful to state the exact facts, drew from them the conversation that had passed between Hussey and me in the office. He asked Hussey if it was correct, and he admitted that it was. He then said that it was his wish that all employees on the road should be considered as standing in the line of promotion in their several departments; that he had always supposed such to be the case, and was surprised to find it otherwise, as he had certainly made his views known on that subject. He said that promotions should be governed by seniority of service, unless the senior employee could be shown to be unfit for the position; favoritism he would not tolerate under any disguise whatsoever. He gave Mr. Hussey a very plain lecture on the autocratic position which he had assumed toward us, saying that he desired all employees to discuss among themselves matters pertaining to their own interests, and to suggest such changes as they thought would be beneficial to themselves, guaranteeing that all such questions should receive his personal attention, and any concessions that could be made without injury to the interests of the road he would gladly make. He told us that any employee could always obtain an audience with him, and said that the right of appeal from the decisions of inferior officers should be the rule while he remained in the company's employ.

He then told Frank and me to return to work, and was about to dismiss us, when Hussey, who had been getting red in the face and showing signs of increasing uneasiness, rose, and said in a somewhat insolent tone:

"Do you mean to say, Mr. General Manager, that that feller's reinstated over my head?"

"You can call it that, if you choose."

"Well, I'll tell you one thing: I don't

care if you're general manager, or what you are, you can't run no railroad that way——"

"There! there!" said the old gentleman, knocking on his desk with a pencil, "that will do. I think I understand you, and let me give you a little piece of advice,—when talking to a gentleman, be as gentlemanly as you can, and when addressing your superior officer, try and remember that a certain modicum of respect is due to his position——"

"Gentleman be blowed!" roared Hussey. "What are ye? Ye're nothin' but an old ex-freight brakeman, an' ye're so old that whatever little sense ye might have had once is all gone now. To blazes with you an' yer ole streak of rust! I wouldn't work on a road that's got such an old-woman fool for a general manager, if it was the only road on earth!" And he started for the door just as it was opened by a burly attendant, who quietly, but firmly, and with an air of dexterity which proved familiarity with the method, took Mr. Hussey by the wrist and elbow and escorted him, swearing uproariously, to the outer world.

We bade the general manager good day, thanking him for his kindness, and withdrew. Frank and I kept a little in advance of the others on our return, though they tried to fraternize; but we looked upon them coldly, and so discouraged their advances.

FORCING PROMOTION.

The magnitude of our success dazed and almost frightened us. Our visit to the general manager had been undertaken merely as a forlorn hope, and with hardly any expectation of being granted even an interview. We were lionized by the firemen, and looked upon with sincere dislike by the engineers; as it was for their interest to have all railroads hire engineers. Even old Pop told me, with the utmost gravity, that I might as well quit, and go along with Hussey; for he said the master mechanic would now be down on me for having been instrumental in getting Hussey discharged and interfering with the management of his department. He predicted that my stay on the road would be very limited, but I remembered what the general manager had said to us about the right of appeal, and made up my mind that if the master mechanic did me an injustice, I would fight it out as I had in the last instance.

I had occasion several times to remember Pop's words; for though I was not discharged, a system of petty annoyances was started against me in the effort to tire me out, so that I would leave of my own accord. It became a frequent occurrence now for me to be called to the office, to receive reprimands and warnings for all sorts of unimportant matters; and as I knew the method pursued on railroads, I understood the meaning of these actions on the master mechanic's part.

A strict record is kept of the service of every employee. A report is filed with the head of the department of all violations of the rules, and the punishments awarded for the same; so that when at any time a serious offense is committed, the superintendent can call for the man's record, and base his decision to a great extent upon it, and as it is a practical impossibility to obey all orders and at the same time perform one's duty, a prejudiced official can ruin the record of any man.

Hussey having retired before he had succeeded in filling all of the vacancies with hired men, a couple of the old firemen were promoted, and their places on passenger trains filled by promoting firemen from the freight department. Although there were three older men than I on freight, one of those promoted was younger; so I went to the two men older than myself and reminded them of what the general manager had promised us, asking them if they didn't intend to kick for their promotion. At first they said, "Ah, what's the use? The engineer asked for that man; and if we make a fuss, we might get the place, but both the master mechanic and the engineer would be down on us, and it would not do us any good."

Finally they said that if I would go with them, they would request the master mechanic to do the right thing.

"No, sir," said I; "I'll head no more committees for you fellows; but if you are not going to demand your rights, I am mine. I'll not permit a man to be promoted over my head if I can help it."

I marched directly to the master mechanic's office. He was in, and looking up, as I fancied, rather suspiciously—or shall I say guiltily?—demanded to know my business. I told him that I understood that it was the policy of the road to promote men according to their seniority, and as a younger man than I had been promoted, I had come in to see him about it.

"Who is it?" said he.

"Peterson, sir."

"Is Peterson a younger man than you?"

"Yes, sir."

He called for a book, which he looked over, and then said: "Yes, he is; but Whitworth and Collins are both your seniors, so I don't see as you are entitled to anything."

I told him they were the only two ahead of me; but that if he put Peterson ahead, that made three; that I had fired over two years, and didn't see why I should forfeit promotion in favor of another. He closed the book with a bang, asked me if I wanted that train, and when I said I did, he answered: "All right, sir; you can have it."

"Shall I take her next trip, sir?"

"Yes; or you can pay your fare to —, and fire her back to-night if you like"—savagely.

I thanked him as humbly as I could and went out; my heart somewhat misgiving me. Whitworth and Collins asked me how I made out.

"I got the train," said I.

"Bully for you!" said Whitworth.

"You won't keep it a week," said Collins.

"Well, I've got it, anyway, and I'll keep it as long as I can, and I won't be put off it for nothing, either," said I, my courage returning now that I was clear of the office.

SUBDUING AN UNFRIENDLY ENGINEER.

The next day I came down to the roundhouse bright and early, so as to be sure and have my engine ready on time and in good shape, for I knew I would not be apt to get a very cordial reception from the engineer, and I didn't want to give him cause for complaint. I had her shining like a glass bottle full of pitch when he came along. He was a surly, important fellow, very unpopular with the firemen, as he was one of those who believed that a locomotive engineer was little, if any, lower than the gods, and firemen were especially created to be their servants. When he climbed aboard and saw me busily at work, he stopped short, and said:

"What are you doin' on this engine?"

"Getting her ready to go out."

"What's the matter with Billy?"

"Nothing as I know of. This train don't belong to him, so he's been put back on freight."

"Oho! So you've worked him out of his job, hey?"

"No, I have got him out of my job, that's all."

"Your job, hey? You can't fire this train."

"How do you know?"

"Because you never fired a passenger train, an' this is an almighty hard train. I got Billy Peterson put on here because I wanted him, an' now you've got his job away from him. Things are coming to a fine pass when firemen run the road. I'll tell you one thing, my young buck: you've bit off more'n you can chew this time; if I don't give you a belly-full before you see this roundhouse again, you can call me a Quaker!"

"See here, Mr. Simpson," said I; "I don't know of any firemen that are running the road, but I do know that no engineers are running it. The day when firemen had no rights on this road is past, and you may as well admit that fact. This train belongs to me. I can fire it as well as anybody; and if you work against me to knock me out, I'll beat you at your own game and get you discharged."

He sat and stared at me, with his mouth open in amazement, while I uttered this pure bluff; then regaining his senses, he jumped down off the engine in a rage, saying, "Well, I won't take you if I have to go out alone." And off he went to the office, but came back again directly, and without a word pulled out for the trainshed. After we got coupled on, and while waiting for the conductor's signal, he turned to me and said: "You've forced yourself on here where you're not wanted, and now mind what I tell you, you'll keep this engine hot, or I'll do a little reporting to the general manager myself; then we'll see who'll get discharged."

"All right," said I; "I can keep her hot if you run her right; and now let me tell you something: I'm entitled to this job, and I'm going to have it, in spite of you, and if I lose it for any reason, whether it's my fault or not, I'll make no reports to anybody; but I'll lick you every day for a year, as big as you are."

I heard the conductor call out "All aboard," saw Simpson look back, and as he jerked the throttle wide open, I rang the bell with one hand, and opened the fire door with the other, keeping it open until he got through slipping her.

Not another word passed between us during the trip. I kept her good and hot. He ran her correctly, and on the return run he told me he didn't blame me any for the stand I had taken, as a man would be a

fool not to get what belonged to him on a railroad if he could.

I fired for him nearly two years; and though I could never quite forget the attitude he had assumed toward me at first, we became eventually quite good friends. He understood his business thoroughly, and could make time easily with a train that would have kept some of the old runners on the anxious seat. He would insist on having his engine kept in first-class repair, even though he had to have a stand-up row with the master mechanic to get the work done, all of which made my work much easier. The natural consequence was that we made a name for fast runs, and were frequently sent out with specials.

IGNORING THE RULES IN ORDER TO MAKE TIME.

There was a fast express from the East which seldom arrived on time during the winter, being delayed by snow. As it was an early morning train into Chicago, and of a somewhat local nature on our division, business men were continually complaining of the delay and inconvenience caused them by its being late; so one winter, in order to satisfy them, a first section was run over the division, hauled by the regular engine, to do the local work, and we were stationed with our engine at the other end of the division, to take the regular train when it came along, and run it as a second section, making no stops unless there were passengers to get off, which seldom occurred. It was an open secret that this job was given to Simpson on account of his record-breaking proclivities, and the superintendent would usually meet us on the station platform and congratulate him on his lightning run; for we would frequently make up an hour and a half, following the first section right in. Now, of course, the superintendent knew that, in order to make such flying trips as that, it was necessary to disregard yard-limit rules and slow-downs, but he was so pleased with the record the road was making in delivering its Eastern train on time, that he said never a word.

Some eighty miles out from Chicago there was a small city where we had a large freight-yard nearly three miles long. The yard-limit rule required all engines to reduce speed to six miles an hour when running within the limits of any railroad yard—a rule that was never respected by any one, nor enforced; it was merely a

hole for the company to crawl out of in case of a collision in the yard. No train could make time if the engineer observed that rule, for there were miles and miles of yards on the division. It is also a rigid rule that the main track must not be used between sections of a first-class train, for the sections are all regarded as one train; consequently the train has not passed until the last section has gone. But on a certain unfortunate morning a freight crew were doing some switching in the yard I speak of, and before they went to work the conductor had learned from the operator that "Second Four" was an hour and fifteen minutes late; so as it was reasonable to suppose that she would be at least half an hour late at the yard, he instructed his flagman to hold her, unless he was called in before she arrived. This would give him a chance to use that track for a few minutes if he needed it, as he knew that even if the miraculous happened, and Second Four made up more time than it was in human power to do, he would be protected until he could get off her track, close the switch, and call his flag. In fact, he did the unpardonable in railroad-ing,—he "took chances."

It so happened that after First Four passed, he had occasion to cross to the other side of the yard; so he told his engineer of the precautions he had taken and asked him to cross over. The engineer declined, saying he knew better than to cross over between sections of a first-class train. They argued the question awhile, and finally the conductor persuaded him that he would be foolish to lay there half an hour or more waiting for her, when it was only a minute's work to slip across,—and they were protected anyhow. At last, being over-persuaded, the engineer said: "All right; get your switches open, and I'll cross over." During this conversation more minutes than they thought had gone by. Everything having been favorable, we had made a most extraordinary run; and the flagman, knowing that his conductor would not dare hold a first-class train, had not gone out very far, and was listening for the whistle signal which should tell him to let Second Four come, when we came wheeling round the curve sixty-five miles an hour.

He frantically waved his red flag as we flew by. Jack shut off, reversed, applied the air-brake, and blew a blast on his whistle that made that freight crew's hair stand on end. Their engine was squarely out on the track ahead of us, backing over.

The engineer pulled his throttle wide open in the effort to get across, but he hadn't time. We hit her right on the back drive; both engines rolled over on their sides, and both engineers and firemen were thrown out of their cabs and rolled around the yard. Luckily no one was seriously injured, though several passengers were bruised and cut by flying glass, and the tracks were pretty well torn up.

While Jack and I were busy getting the fire out of our engine, the conductor went up to the telegraph office and reported the wreck, and inside of an hour a new train was backed down on one of the yard tracks, our passengers and baggage transferred, and we went on. Next day all hands were called to the office, and from the mass of lies we told the superintendent sifted the truth. The conductor, engineer, and flagman of the freight were discharged at once, and Jack was suspended.

After he had loafed over thirty days and heard nothing from the superintendent, he called on the gentleman, and asked what he was going to do with him. The superintendent blazed out wrathfully: "I don't know what to do with you. If the law allowed me to, I'd hang you; a man who would go through a yard as you did ought to be hung." To which Jack replied in righteous indignation: "Well, I wish you'd do something with me. I can't afford to lay round here all summer waiting for you to make up your mind."

"You needn't lay round one minute. Do you understand that? Not one minute."

Jack wasn't discharged—he was too good a man to let go; but after he got back to work he said that if they wanted any more records broken they might get somebody else to do it; he was going to run according to the rules.

ENCOUNTER WITH A RUNAWAY ENGINE.

One evening, just as the conductor gave the signal and we had started from the water-plug, the operator came flying out of his office, waving an order and shouting like mad. We were four minutes late, and as I shouted "whoa" to Jack, I could see that he was mad. But that same four minutes was our salvation; for if we had got away from that station on time, we would have met with a very large surprise party a little later. The operator handed up an order to the effect that engine 96 had run away from — and was coming

east on the west-bound track. That was all, and enough, too; we knew she was coming, heading for us, but how far away she was, or how fast she was coming, we didn't know. It was a time to think and act quickly. Right behind us was an iron bridge eighty feet above the rocky bed of a mountain stream; an eighth of a mile beyond the bridge was a cross-over switch. As there was no siding on our track, our only way was to back over this. Although we were tolerably sure that there was nothing coming behind us on our track, still it is a grave violation of the rules to back up without first sending a flag back to protect you. There was nothing else for it, however, so Jack, shouting to the operator to hold everything east-bound, as he was going to back over, commenced backing right away, telling me to notify the conductor and get back on the engine as quickly as possible.

When I got back, he told me to watch out ahead, and if I saw her coming, to sing out, so as we could get off if she was coming too fast. It was an anxious moment; the rear brakeman was giving the signal, and when we got near the switch it was necessary to slack up so he could get off, unlock, and open it. I don't suppose that switch had been used much; that was the only time I ever saw it used. And passenger brakemen are proverbially slow at such matters, for they hate to soil their white hands and good clothes. It seemed as if he would never get it open. Jack had to come to a full stop to keep from running over it, and I could hear him muttering curses on the unfortunate brakeman, who, I have no doubt, was doing his level best and at last got the switch open. Then it appeared that the conductor had not had sufficient forethought to send another man to the other one; but the same fellow had to go and fumble with it, calling forth more anathemas from us. At last we got the welcome signal to back up, and he gave her a jerk back that made all the passengers bob their heads. The way we went over those cross-over switches was a flagrant violation of all railroad precedent, but we got across all right, and I jumped off and closed the head switch.

"Now, let her come!" said Jack.

It was getting dark. We got off and walked up to the station to find out as many particulars as we could. All the agent knew was that she had passed the first station, eight miles out, in less than seven minutes after it was discovered that she had gone off on her own hook. As she

should have passed by some time ago at that rate of going, we judged that she had either slowed up or ditched herself, and Jack and I were arguing the advisability of asking permission to cut our engine loose and run down on the opposite track in search of her, when a chorus of "Here she comes!" from the crowd of passengers and countrymen who had gathered at the station called our attention to the track.

It was a strange and weird sight that met our gaze. The crowd stood silent and breathless as she passed. She had slowed down to about twenty miles per hour, and as she was hooked up to within one short notch of the center, the steam had gone down, and her cylinder cocks were open, and there was no perceptible exhaust from the stack, but only a slight phit! phit! from the cylinder cocks, as she loomed up in the dusk. Big, black, and indistinct she crept up to us, all hands drawing back as though she was something uncanny. Not a sound of whistle or bell heralded her approach; not a glimmer of light showed her the way; but like an apparition she appeared to us for an instant, and was gone; swallowed up in the night so quickly and silently that we could hardly believe our own eyes.

For an instant we stood like a lot of dummies, looking at the blackness where she had been; then Jack broke the spell by calling to the conductor to cut our engine off and open the switches, saying that as she was so nearly out of steam we could easily catch her and bring her back. So we crossed over and started after her, and this was a ticklish job. As we were backing, our headlight didn't show, while she had no lights at all, and no man could tell where she might stop or leave the track; so it was a case of guess. If we ran too slow, we might chase her for miles; or we might run into her unexpectedly at any moment, wrecking both tenders.

A brakeman and myself stood on the rear of our tender, holding lanterns aloft, and watching with all our eyes, while the conductor rode in my side of the cab, unconsciously ringing the bell as if to warn her not to get herself run down. We went carefully around the curve and up a slight grade, and—there she stood, spent, her picnicking done. We towed her back to the yard, I dumped what remained of her fire, and we went on.

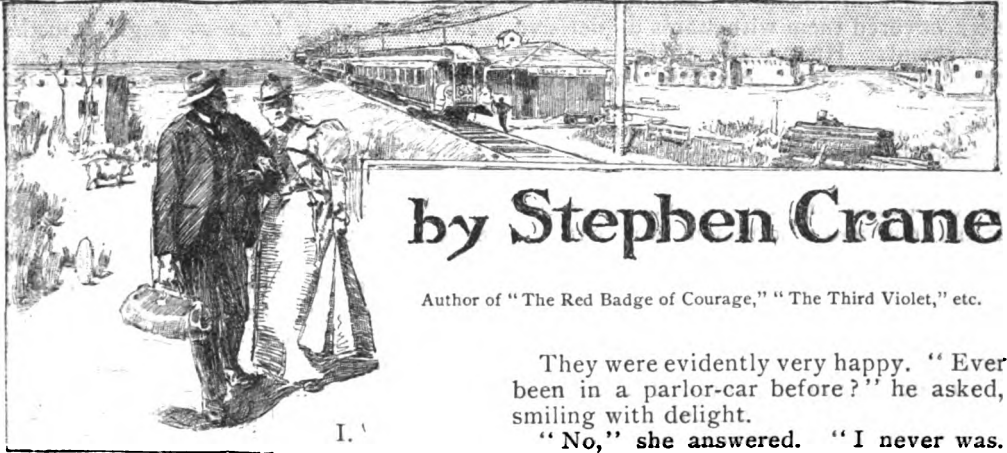
Now what do you suppose caused that engine to run away? A weak throttle

latch-spring, which had been reported over and over again, and which would have cost to replace probably from three to four cents! Of course it was attended to at once after this? Not at all. I ran her a year afterwards with the same flimsy spring, and I had a set of blocks made to chock her wheels, in order to prevent a recurrence of the adventure while she was in my charge. Why didn't I report it? I did, daily, until I got tired of doing so.

On the evening when she headed us, the hostler had cleaned her fire and backed her down into "the hole"; he was in a hurry,—that was his normal condition. He should have had two helpers, but didn't have any; so he shut her off, pulled the lever up on the center (approximately), and opened the cylinder cocks, thereby complying with the rules. Then he jumped off and went after another engine. The weak spring failed to latch the throttle shut, it worked open a little way, and being light, not yet coaled or watered, she crawled up out of "the hole" in spite of her open cylinder cocks, and started off down the yard. In cleaning the fire a spark had ignited the waste on top of the back driving-box. The blaze attracted the attention of my old friend Pop, who was oiling his engine and talking with a couple of firemen as she passed. Thinking that the hostler was taking her out to the coal-pockets, he shouted: "Hey! yer back drivin'-box is afire." As no one answered, they all looked carefully at her and saw that she was alone. A shout went up,—"That engine's runnin' away!" The fireman of a nearby switch engine leaped to the ground and sprinted after her. In the meantime old 96, having passed all the switches, and got upon the main track, was gaining speed with every revolution of her big drivers. The fireman touched the back of her tank with the tips of his outstretched fingers, and then with a derisive wiggle of her drawhead she glided away.

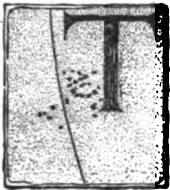
He was directly in front of the telegraph office when he realized that the race was lost, and rushed into the office, told the operator what had happened, and advised him to tell Wilson, eight miles away, to side-track her. Wilson got the message all right, and started on the run. As he opened the door, a meteor shot by, and glancing up the line, a faint glimpse of the back end of a tender with a big yellow 96 on it, disappearing round the curve in a cloud of dust, told him she had gone.

THE BRIDE COMES TO YELLOW SKY.



by Stephen Crane

Author of "The Red Badge of Courage," "The Third Violet," etc.



THE great Pullman was whirling onward with such dignity of motion that a glance from the window seemed simply to prove that the plains of Texas were pouring eastward. Vast flats of green grass, dull-hued spaces of mesquite and cactus, little groups of frame houses, woods of light and tender trees, all were sweeping into the east, sweeping over the horizon, a precipice.

A newly married pair had boarded this coach at San Antonio. The man's face was reddened from many days in the wind and sun, and a direct result of his new black clothes was that his brick-colored hands were constantly performing in a most conscious fashion. From time to time he looked down respectfully at his attire. He sat with a hand on each knee, like a man waiting in a barber's shop. The glances he devoted to other passengers were furtive and shy.

The bride was not pretty, nor was she very young. She wore a dress of blue cashmere, with small reservations of velvet here and there and with steel buttons abounding. She continually twisted her head to regard her puff sleeves, very stiff, straight, and high. They embarrassed her. It was quite apparent that she had cooked, and that she expected to cook, dutifully. The blushes caused by the careless scrutiny of some passengers as she had entered the car were strange to see upon this plain, under-class countenance, which was drawn in placid, almost emotionless lines.

They were evidently very happy. "Ever been in a parlor-car before?" he asked, smiling with delight.

"No," she answered. "I never was. It's fine, ain't it?"

"Great! And then after a while we'll go forward to the diner and get a big lay-out. Finest meal in the world. Charge a dollar."

"Oh, do they?" cried the bride. "Charge a dollar? Why, that's too much—for us—ain't it, Jack?"

"Not this trip, anyhow," he answered bravely. "We're going to go the whole thing."

Later, he explained to her about the trains. "You see, it's a thousand miles from one end of Texas to the other, and this train runs right across it and never stops but four times." He had the pride of an owner. He pointed out to her the dazzling fittings of the coach, and in truth her eyes opened wider as she contemplated the sea-green figured velvet, the shining brass, silver, and glass, the wood that gleamed as darkly brilliant as the surface of a pool of oil. At one end a bronze figure sturdily held a support for a separated chamber, and at convenient places on the ceiling were frescoes in olive and silver.

To the minds of the pair, their surroundings reflected the glory of their marriage that morning in San Antonio. This was the environment of their new estate, and the man's face in particular beamed with an elation that made him appear ridiculous to the negro porter. This individual at times surveyed them from afar with an amused and superior grin. On other occasions he bullied them with skill in ways that did not make it exactly plain to them that they were being bullied. He subtly used all the manners of the most unconquerable kind of snobbery. He op-

pressed them, but of this oppression they had small knowledge, and they speedily forgot that infrequently a number of travelers covered them with stares of derisive enjoyment. Historically there was supposed to be something infinitely humorous in their situation.

"We are due in Yellow Sky at 3.42," he said, looking tenderly into her eyes.

"Oh, are we?" she said, as if she had not been aware of it. To evince surprise at her husband's statement was part of her wifely amiability. She took from a pocket a little silver watch, and as she held it before her and stared at it with a frown of attention, the new husband's face shone.

"I bought it in San Anton' from a friend of mine," he told her gleefully.

"It's seventeen minutes past twelve," she said, looking up at him with a kind of shy and clumsy coquetry. A passenger, noting this play, grew excessively sardonic, and winked at himself in one of the numerous mirrors.

At last they went to the dining-car. Two rows of negro waiters, in glowing white suits, surveyed their entrance with the interest and also the equanimity of men who had been forewarned. The pair fell to the lot of a waiter who happened to feel pleasure in steering them through their meal. He viewed them with the manner of a fatherly pilot, his countenance radiant with benevolence. The patronage, entwined with the ordinary deference, was not plain to them. And yet, as they returned to their coach, they showed in their faces a sense of escape.

To the left, miles down a long purple slope, was a little ribbon of mist where moved the keening Rio Grande. The train was approaching it at an angle, and the apex was Yellow Sky. Presently it was apparent that, as the distance from Yellow Sky grew shorter, the husband became commensurately restless. His brick-red hands were more insistent in their prominence. Occasionally he was even rather absent-minded and far-away when the bride leaned forward and addressed him.

As a matter of truth, Jack Potter was beginning to find the shadow of a deed weigh upon him like a leaden slab. He, the town marshal of Yellow Sky, a man known, liked, and feared in his corner, a prominent person, had gone to San Antonio to meet a girl he believed he loved, and there, after the usual prayers, had actually induced her to marry him, without consulting Yellow Sky for any part of the transaction. He was now bringing his bride before an innocent and unsuspecting community.

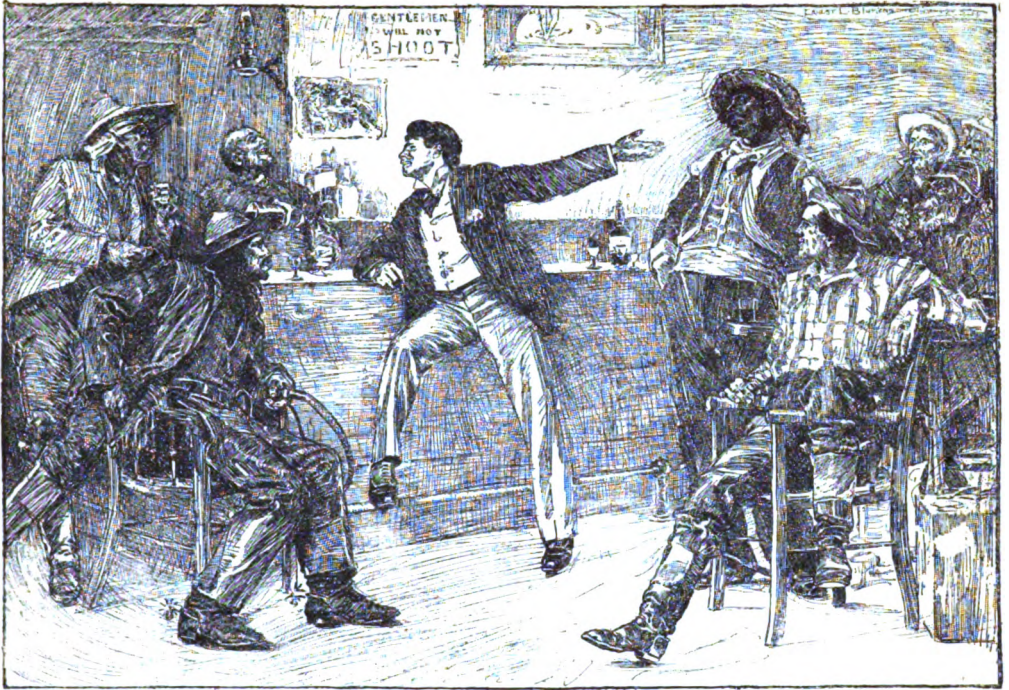
Of course, people in Yellow Sky married as it pleased them, in accordance with a general custom; but such was Potter's thought of his duty to his friends, or of their idea of his duty, or of an unspoken form which does not control men in these matters, that he felt he was heinous. He had committed an extraordinary crime. Face to face with this girl in San Antonio, and spurred by his sharp impulse, he had gone headlong over all the social hedges. At San Antonio he was like a man hidden in the dark. A knife to sever any friendly duty, any form, was easy to his hand in that remote city.

But the hour of Yellow Sky, the hour of daylight, was approaching.

He knew full well that his marriage was an important thing to his town. It could only be exceeded by the burning of the new hotel. His friends could not forgive him. Frequently he had reflected on the advisability of telling them by telegraph, but a new cowardice had been upon him.



"He sat with a hand on each knee, like a man waiting in a barber's shop."



"— and at the moment that the old man fell down stairs with the bureau in his arms, the old woman was coming up with two scuttles of coal, and, of course—"

He feared to do it. And now the train was hurrying him toward a scene of amazement, glee, and reproach. He glanced out of the window at the line of haze swinging slowly in towards the train.

Yellow Sky had a kind of brass band, which played painfully, to the delight of the populace. He laughed without heart as he thought of it. If the citizens could dream of his prospective arrival with his bride, they would parade the band at the station and escort them, amid cheers and laughing congratulations, to his adobe home.

He resolved that he would use all the devices of speed and plains-craft in making the journey from the station to his house. Once within that safe citadel, he could issue some sort of a vocal bulletin, and then not go among the citizens until they had time to wear off a little of their enthusiasm.

The bride looked anxiously at him. "What's worrying you, Jack?"

He laughed again. "I'm not worrying, girl. I'm only thinking of Yellow Sky."

She flushed in comprehension.

A sense of mutual guilt invaded their minds and developed a finer tenderness. They looked at each other with eyes softly aglow. But Potter often laughed the same

nervous laugh. The flush upon the bride's face seemed quite permanent.

The traitor to the feelings of Yellow Sky narrowly watched the speeding landscape. "We're nearly there," he said.

Presently the porter came and announced the proximity of Potter's home. He held a brush in his hand and, with all his airy superiority gone, he brushed Potter's new clothes as the latter slowly turned this way and that way. Potter fumbled out a coin and gave it to the porter, as he had seen others do. It was a heavy and muscle-bound business, as that of a man shoeing his first horse.

The porter took their bag, and as the train began to slow they moved forward to the hooded platform of the car. Presently the two engines and their long string of coaches rushed into the station of Yellow Sky.

"They have to take water here," said Potter, from a constricted throat and in mournful cadence, as one announcing death. Before the train stopped, his eye had swept the length of the platform, and he was glad and astonished to see there was none upon it but the station-agent, who, with a slightly hurried and anxious air, was walking toward the water-tanks. When the train had halted, the porter

alighted first and placed in position a little temporary step.

"Come on, girl," said Potter hoarsely. As he helped her down they each laughed on a false note. He took the bag from the negro, and bade his wife cling to his arm. As they slunk rapidly away, his hang-dog glance perceived that they were unloading the two trunks, and also that the station-agent far ahead near the baggage-car had turned and was running toward him, making gestures. He laughed, and groaned as he laughed, when he noted the first effect of his marital bliss upon Yellow Sky. He gripped his wife's arm firmly to his side, and they fled. Behind them the porter stood chuckling fatuously.



Jack Potter.

II.

THE California Express on the Southern Railway was due at Yellow Sky in twenty-one minutes. There were six men at the bar of the "Weary Gentleman" saloon. One was a drummer who talked a great deal and rapidly; three were Texans who did not care to talk at that time; and two were Mexican sheep-herders who did not talk as a general practice in the "Weary Gentleman" saloon. The barkeeper's dog lay on the board walk that crossed in front of the door. His head was on his paws, and he glanced drowsily here and there with the constant vigilance of a dog that is kicked on occasion. Across the sandy street were some vivid green grass plots, so wonderful in appearance amid the sands that burned near them in a blazing sun that they caused a doubt in the mind. They exactly resembled the grass mats used to represent lawns on the stage. At the cooler end of the railway station a man without a coat sat in a tilted chair and smoked his pipe. The fresh-cut bank of the Rio Grande circled near the town, and there could be seen beyond it a great, plum-colored plain of mesquite.

Save for the busy drummer and his

companions in the saloon, Yellow Sky was dozing. The new-comer leaned gracefully upon the bar, and recited many tales with the confidence of a bard who has come upon a new field.

"—and at the moment that the old man fell down stairs with the bureau in his arms, the old woman was coming up with two scuttles of coal, and, of course—"

The drummer's tale was interrupted by a young man who suddenly appeared in the open door. He cried: "Scratchy Wilson's drunk, and has turned loose with both hands." The two Mexicans at once set down their glasses and faded out of the rear entrance of the saloon.

The drummer, innocent and jocular, answered: "All right, old man. S'pose he

has. Come in and have a drink, anyhow."

But the information had made such an obvious cleft in every skull in the room that the drummer was obliged to see its importance. All had become instantly solemn. "Say," said he, mystified, "what is this?" His three companions made the introductory gesture of eloquent

speech, but the young man at the door forestalled them.

"It means, my friend," he answered, as he came into the saloon, "that for the next two hours this town won't be a health resort."

The barkeeper went to the door and locked and barred it. Reaching out of the window, he pulled in heavy wooden shutters and barred them. Immediately a solemn, chapel-like gloom was upon the place. The drummer was looking

from one to another.

"But, say," he cried, "what is this, anyhow? You don't mean there is going to be a gun-fight?"

"Don't know whether there'll be a fight or not," answered one man grimly. "But there'll be some shootin'—some good shootin'."

The young man who had warned them waved his hand. "Oh, there'll be a fight fast enough, if anyone wants it. Anybody



Scratchy Wilson.

can get a fight out there in the street. There's a fight just waiting."

The drummer seemed to be swayed between the interest of a foreigner and a perception of personal danger.

"What did you say his name was?" he asked.

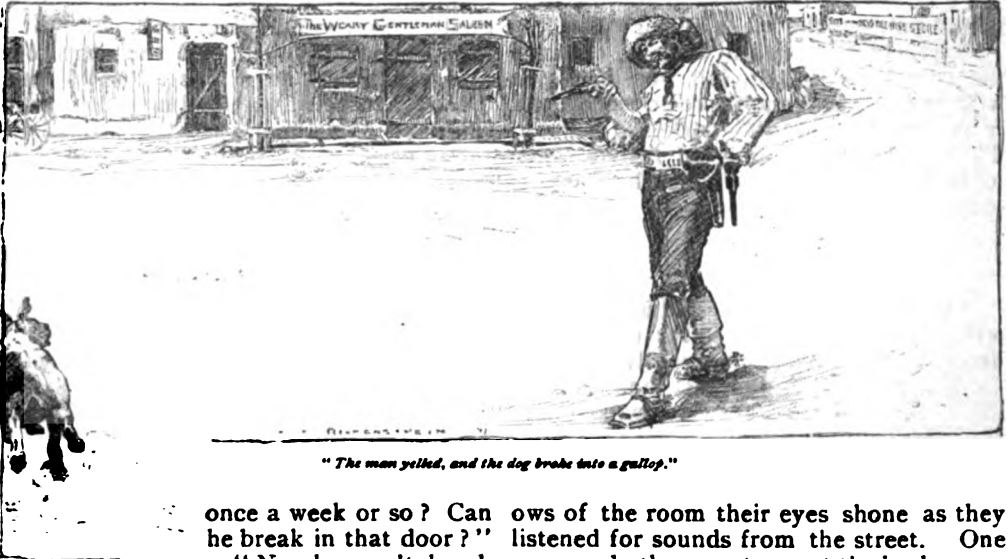
"Scratchy Wilson," they answered in chorus.

"And will he kill anybody? What are you going to do? Does this happen often? Does he rampage around like this

out and fights Scratchy when he gets on one of these tears."

"Wow," said the drummer, mopping his brow. "Nice job he's got."

The voices had toned away to mere whisperings. The drummer wished to ask further questions which were born of an increasing anxiety and bewilderment; but when he attempted them, the men merely looked at him in irritation and motioned him to remain silent. A tense waiting hush was upon them. In the deep shad-



"The man yelled, and the dog broke into a gallop."

once a week or so? Can he break in that door?"

"No, he can't break down that door," replied the barkeeper. "He's tried it three times. But when he comes you'd better lay down on the floor, stranger. He's dead sure to shoot at it, and a bullet may come through."

Thereafter the drummer kept a strict eye upon the door. The time had not yet been called for him to hug the floor, but, as a minor precaution, he sidled near to the wall. "Will he kill anybody?" he said again.

The men laughed low and scornfully at the question.

"He's out to shoot, and he's out for trouble. Don't see any good in experimentin' with him."

"But what do you do in a case like this? What do you do?"

A man responded: "Why, he and Jack Potter——"

"But," in chorus, the other men interrupted, "Jack Potter's in San Anton'."

"Well, who is he? What's he got to do with it?"

"Oh, he's the town marshal. He goes

ows of the room their eyes shone as they listened for sounds from the street. One man made three gestures at the barkeeper, and the latter, moving like a ghost, handed him a glass and a bottle. The man poured a full glass of whisky, and set down the bottle noiselessly. He gulped the whisky in a swallow, and turned again toward the door in immovable silence. The drummer saw that the barkeeper, without a sound, had taken a Winchester from beneath the bar. Later he saw this individual beckoning to him, so he tiptoed across the room.

"You better come with me back of the bar."

"No, thanks," said the drummer, perspiring. "I'd rather be where I can make a break for the back door."

Whereupon the man of bottles made a kindly but peremptory gesture. The drummer obeyed it, and finding himself seated on a box with his head below the level of the bar, balm was laid upon his soul at sight of various zinc and copper fittings that bore a resemblance to armor-plate. The barkeeper took a seat comfortably upon an adjacent box.

"You see," he whispered, "this here Scratchy Wilson is a wonder with a gun—a perfect wonder—and when he goes on the war trail, we hunt our holes—naturally. He's about the last one of the old gang that used to hang out along the river here. He's a terror when he's drunk. When he's sober he's all right—kind of simple—wouldn't hurt a fly—nicest fellow in town. But when he's drunk—whoo!"

There were periods of stillness. "I wish Jack Potter was back from San Anton'," said the barkeeper. "He shot Wilson up once—in the leg—and he would sail in and pull out the kinks in this thing."

Presently they heard from a distance the sound of a shot, followed by three wild yowls. It instantly removed a bond from the men in the darkened saloon. There was a shuffling of feet. They looked at each other. "Here he comes," they said.

III.

A MAN in a maroon-colored flannel shirt, which had been purchased for purposes of decoration and made, principally, by some Jewish women on the east side of New York, rounded a corner and walked into the middle of the main street of Yellow Sky. In either hand the man held a long, heavy, blue-black revolver. Often he yelled, and these cries rang through a semblance of a deserted village, shrilly flying over the roofs in a volume that seemed to have no relation to the ordinary vocal strength of a man. It was as if the surrounding stillness formed the arch of a tomb over him. These cries of ferocious challenge rang against walls of silence. And his boots had red tops with gilded imprints, of the kind beloved in winter by little sledding boys on the hillsides of New England.

The man's face flamed in a rage begot of whisky. His eyes, rolling and yet keen for ambush, hunted the still doorways and windows. He walked with the creeping movement of the midnight cat. As it occurred to him, he roared menacing information. The long revolvers in his hands were as easy as straws; they were moved with an electric swiftness. The little fingers of each hand played sometimes in a musician's way. Plain from the low collar of the shirt, the cords of his neck straightened and sank, straightened and sank, as passion moved him. The only sounds were his terrible invitations. The calm adobes preserved their demeanor

at the passing of this small thing in the middle of the street.

There was no offer of fight; no offer of fight. The man called to the sky. There were no attractions. He bellowed and fumed and swayed his revolvers here and everywhere.

The dog of the barkeeper of the "Weary Gentleman" saloon had not appreciated the advance of events. He yet lay dozing in front of his master's door. At sight of the dog, the man paused and raised his revolver humorously. At sight of the man, the dog sprang up and walked diagonally away, with a sullen head, and growling. The man yelled, and the dog broke into a gallop. As it was about to enter an alley, there was a loud noise, a whistling, and something spat the ground directly before it. The dog screamed, and, wheeling in terror, galloped headlong in a new direction. Again there was a noise, a whistling, and sand was kicked viciously before it. Fear-stricken, the dog turned and flurried like an animal in a pen. The man stood laughing, his weapons at his hips.

Ultimately the man was attracted by the closed door of the "Weary Gentleman" saloon. He went to it, and hammering with a revolver, demanded drink.

The door remaining imperturbable, he picked a bit of paper from the walk and nailed it to the framework with a knife. He then turned his back contemptuously upon this popular resort, and walking to the opposite side of the street, and spinning there on his heel quickly and lithely, fired at the bit of paper. He missed it by a half inch. He swore at himself, and went away. Later, he comfortably fusiladed the windows of his most intimate friend. The man was playing with this town. It was a toy for him.

But still there was no offer of fight. The name of Jack Potter, his ancient antagonist, entered his mind, and he concluded that it would be a glad thing if he should go to Potter's house and by bombardment induce him to come out and fight. He moved in the direction of his desire, chanting Apache scalp-music.

When he arrived at it, Potter's house presented the same still front as had the other adobes. Taking up a strategic position, the man howled a challenge. But this house regarded him as might a great stone god. It gave no sign. After a decent wait, the man howled further challenges, mingling with them wonderful epithets.

Presently there came the spectacle of a man churning himself into deepest rage over the immobility of a house. He fumed at it as the winter wind attacks a prairie cabin in the North. To the distance there should have gone the sound of a tumult like the fighting of 200 Mexi-

another from its holster. The second weapon was aimed at the bridegroom's chest.

There was a silence. Potter's mouth seemed to be merely a grave for his tongue. He exhibited an instinct to at once loosen his arm from the woman's

grip, and he dropped the bag to the sand. As for the bride, her face had gone as yellow as old cloth. She was a slave to hideous rites gazing at the apparitional snake.

The two men faced each other at a distance of three paces. He of the revolver smiled with a new and quiet ferocity.

"Tried to sneak up on me," he said. "Tried to sneak up on me!" His eyes grew more baleful. As Potter made a slight movement, the man thrust his revolver venomously forward. "No, don't you do it, Jack Potter. Don't you move a finger toward a gun just yet. Don't you move



"I ain't got a gun on me, Scratchy, . . . Honest, I ain't."

cans. As necessity bade him, he paused for breath or to reload his revolvers.

IV.

POTTER and his bride walked sheepishly and with speed. Sometimes they laughed together shamefacedly and low.

"Next corner, dear," he said finally.

They put forth the efforts of a pair walking bowed against a strong wind. Potter was about to raise a finger to point the first appearance of the new home when, as they circled the corner, they came face to face with a man in a maroon-colored shirt who was feverishly pushing cartridges into a large revolver. Upon the instant the man dropped his revolver to the ground, and, like lightning, whipped

an eyelash. The time has come for me to settle with you, and I'm goin' to do it my own way and loaf along with no interferin'. So if you don't want a gun bent on you, just mind what I tell you."

Potter looked at his enemy. "I ain't got a gun on me, Scratchy," he said. "Honest, I ain't." He was stiffening and steadying, but yet somewhere at the back of his mind a vision of the Pullman floated, the sea-green figured velvet, the shining brass, silver, and glass, the wood that gleamed as darkly brilliant as the surface of a pool of oil—all the glory of the marriage, the environment of the new estate. "You know I fight when it comes to fighting, Scratchy Wilson, but I ain't got a gun on me. You'll have to do all the shootin' yourself."

His enemy's face went livid. He stepped forward and lashed his weapon to and fro before Potter's chest. "Don't you tell me you ain't got no gun on you, you whelp. Don't tell me no lie like that. There ain't a man in Texas ever seen you without no gun. Don't take me for no kid." His eyes blazed with light, and his throat worked like a pump.

"I ain't takin' you for no kid," answered Potter. His heels had not moved an inch backward. "I'm takin' you for a —— fool. I tell you I ain't got a gun, and I ain't. If you're goin' to shoot me up, you better begin now. You'll never get a chance like this again."

So much enforced reasoning had told on Wilson's rage. He was calmer. "If you ain't got a gun, why ain't you got a gun?" he sneered. "Been to Sunday-school?"

"I ain't got a gun because I've just come from San Anton' with my wife. I'm married," said Potter. "And if I'd thought there was going to be any galloos like you prowling around when I brought my wife home, I'd had a gun, and don't you forget it."

"Married!" said Scratchy, not at all comprehending.

"Yes, married. I'm married," said Potter distinctly.

"Married?" said Scratchy. Seemingly for the first time he saw the drooping, drowning woman at the other man's side. "No!" he said. He was like a creature allowed a glimpse of another world. He moved a pace backward, and his arm with the revolver dropped to his side. "Is this the lady?" he asked.

"Yes, this is the lady," answered Potter.

There was another period of silence.

"Well," said Wilson at last, slowly, "I s'pose it's all off now."

"It's all off if you say so, Scratchy. You know I didn't make the trouble." Potter lifted his valise.

"Well, I 'low it's off, Jack," said Wilson. He was looking at the ground. "Married!" He was not a student of chivalry; it was merely that in the presence of this foreign condition he was a simple child of the earlier plains. He picked up his starboard revolver, and placing both weapons in their holsters, he went away. His feet made funnel-shaped tracks in the heavy sand.



"Married!"

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MR. DANA'S NEW VIEW OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE WAR.

IN the chapter of his "Reminiscences" printed in this number, Mr. Dana changes the field of his activities from Vicksburg to Chattanooga. He is the same keen observer and frank reporter as before. On the way he has a curious meeting with Andrew Johnson, which he describes with full appreciation of its picturesqueness; and at his new post he comes into the closest relations with Rosecrans, Thomas, and Garfield. Again his story proves that but for the publication of these "Reminiscences," which Mr. Dana himself regarded so indifferently, most important and interesting parts of the history of the war would never have been told. Indeed, no such contribution has been made to it since the publication of Grant's "Memoirs." Mr. Dana was, as Lincoln said, "the eyes of the government at the front." Whatever these eyes saw, Mr. Dana's pen at once recorded, without distortion or reservation; and Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton placed the greatest dependence on his reports, often shaping their policy regarding the most important matters in accordance with them. "Your telegrams," wrote Mr. Stanton to him on June 5, 1863, when Mr. Dana was reporting from Vicksburg, "are a great obligation, and are looked for with deep interest. I can not thank you as much as I feel for the service you are now rendering." The following passage from a letter written recently to the editor of the Magazine by General James H. Wilson, Mr. Dana's intimate friend during and since the war, shows how close Mr. Dana's acquaintance always was with the men and matters of which he wrote:

"It was my good fortune to serve with the armies Mr. Dana visited as special commissioner. We told him the worst, but the whole truth, of everybody and everything that could be found out, and then showed him the strength and the virtue of Grant, and the vital importance of strengthening his hands and

of supporting and assisting him in the great work he had undertaken. We rode thousands of miles together. In his own field of work during the great rebellion he rendered the most valuable service to the government, and especially to the meritorious generals of the army. His services to Grant were, in my judgment, decisive as to his career, inasmuch as they secured for him the unhesitating support of the Secretary of War and the President at a time when, if it had gone against him, his career must have ended. He was not merely a commissioner to headquarters, but was willing at every cost and every risk, whether of death in battle or capture by the enemy, to go with me to see and learn for himself. No government was ever more ably or gallantly represented than ours was by Charles A. Dana, and the worthy men of the army never had a better friend or a more earnest advocate than he was. Finally, he enjoyed the absolute respect and confidence of every surviving officer of merit who came in contact with him in the days of the rebellion.

"His reminiscences cannot fail to be a most valuable contribution to the history of the period in which he played such an important part, and I congratulate McClure's MAGAZINE on its good fortune in obtaining them."

Colonel A. K. McClure, editor of the Philadelphia "Times," is another man who was thoroughly acquainted with Mr. Dana and his work during the war. We received from him, on the first announcement of Mr. Dana's papers, the following note:

"I am delighted to notice that you have got from Dana some chapters on his connection with the War Department during the Civil War. He is the one man who knows most about the inside war movements and has said least of all the men connected with the government, and I have many times urged him to write his recollections."

A MEMORIAL EDITION OF THE WORKS OF HENRY GEORGE.

THE friends of the late Henry George have felt that the best monument that could be raised to his memory would be a fine and dignified edition of his works, one which would preserve his writings in lasting and fitting form. Such an edition has now been undertaken by Mr. George's publishers, the Doubleday and McClure Co., in cooperation with Mrs. George. Besides the books already published and "The Science of Political Economy" (the last work

written by Mr. George), the edition will include a volume of hitherto uncollected miscellaneous writings and the authorized biography, the latter to be written by Mr. George's son, Mr. Henry George, Jr. There will be ten volumes in all (printed by the DeVinne Press), with several photogravure portraits, etc., including a fine reproduction of the bust by Richard F. George. Only 1,000 sets will be issued, each one numbered.

"THE POET NANSEN."

A RECENT article in the Chicago "Inter-Ocean" bearing the above title says: "Certain words and phrases will cling tenaciously in the memory of thousands who have heard Dr. Nansen recount the thrilling story of his expedition as evidence of the poetic strain in the hardy scientific explorer.

"The inspiring ring with which he pronounced 'Forward' as the English translation of the name of his ship gave an uplift to his auditors. Then, when the company feared lest the ice pressure would

crush the good ship's sides and so slept upon the ice, there was a wealth of suggestion in the simple statement: 'But the ship was stronger than our faith in her.' No picture of the solemn white stillness of the North could be more vivid than the words, 'The peace of a thousand years rests there.'

"A climax to the stirring story was the motto, fit for all humanity, or to be graven in stone at the base of a statue to the son of the vikings: 'To struggle and seek, to find, and never to yield.'"



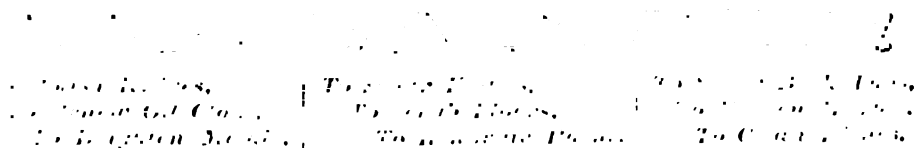
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HENRY GEORGE'S LAST BOOK.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

IT is unfortunate that the necessary title of this last great book by a great teacher of justice and humanity in the world should sound so like the names of the books which it will supersede. "The Science of Political Economy" is not a taking title; but let no one mistake. As "Progress and Poverty" delighted men with its clearness, eloquence, and lofty spirit, so will this final work affect its readers.

It has great elements. It is, first of all, a profoundly religious book—religious in the broadest and purest sense, and the first part is taken up with a discussion of man in the universe, of civilization, its cause and what it should be. This section has the noblest quality. The second element of greatness in the work is its fearlessness. It shows no evasions. Nothing is miscalled out of respect to conventions. It is forthright, searching, and utterly candid. If all the world loves a fight, here is the basis of a keen controversy. Mr. George levels his lance at every confident economist, but is never ill-humored, and his opponents will do well if they emulate him in the manner of his joust.

A third element of strength lies in the perfect clarity of his statement. He pierces quite to the fundamental simplicity of things. Having no master to serve and only the true God to worship, he finds the world less complicate than certain professors of political economy who are component parts of some institution held it to be. He points out, kindly, how a man is too often warped in his judgment by surroundings; how, indeed, the whole "science" of social economics has been rendered false or evasive at the most vital points by the pressure of institutionalism. A science of political economy was not possible so long as writers apologized for human slavery; so now it is impossible so long as the injustice of private ownership of public values is ignored or openly condoned.

It is a great book by reason also of its research. It shows the most conscientious and catholic reading. Mr. George pored faithfully over the huge tomes of most evasive and apologetic "masters." He sets their confused and confusing terms over against each other, and if he smiles at the end, we can hardly help smiling

with him. If schoolmen cannot agree on the three words, *wealth*, *capital*, and *value*, how shall they agree on theories? No wonder the world wanders darkling while its leaders grope.

Henry George is the natural reasoner. He starts with the world of natural things and man. He moves from the simple to the complex, naturally. He appeals to the common sense of his readers. He is not engaged in showing his learning, his orthodoxy; he is seeking the simple solution which lies at the bottom of the problem. He wishes to enlighten, to convince, to do justice, and so a mighty power goes out from his writings. His aim is truth; his standard, justice. The ranked power of the world could not daunt him when he walked the earth, and all the powers visible and invisible cannot prevail against the spirit of his message of light.

The book is less of a fragment than has been supposed. Taken in connection with "Progress and Poverty," the omissions will scarcely be observable to the reader. It is a noble book. As I read it I seem to hear his voice once more and see his face glow and lighten as in the days when his presence on the platform was a menace to every wrong, a terror to every tyranny, and the hope of every robbed and cheated man who faced him. He made the world better. He fought unremittingly till his slight material self gave way. Now here are his books—including the last and greatest of them all. They and the men he inspired must carry forward his work.

"If political economy is a science—and if not, it is hardly worth the while of earnest men to bother themselves with it—it must follow the rules of science, and seek in natural law the causes of the phenomena which it investigates. It is concerned with the permanent, not the transient; with the laws of nature, not with the laws of man."

"Injustice cannot live where justice rules. If there can be no poor in the kingdom of heaven, clearly there can be no rich."

"And so it is utterly impossible in this or in any other conceivable world to abolish unjust poverty, without at the same time abolishing unjust possessions. This is a hard word to those who would like to get on the good side of God without angering the devil, but it is a true word nevertheless."

Injustice will find a most formidable force in Henry George's "Science of Political Economy."



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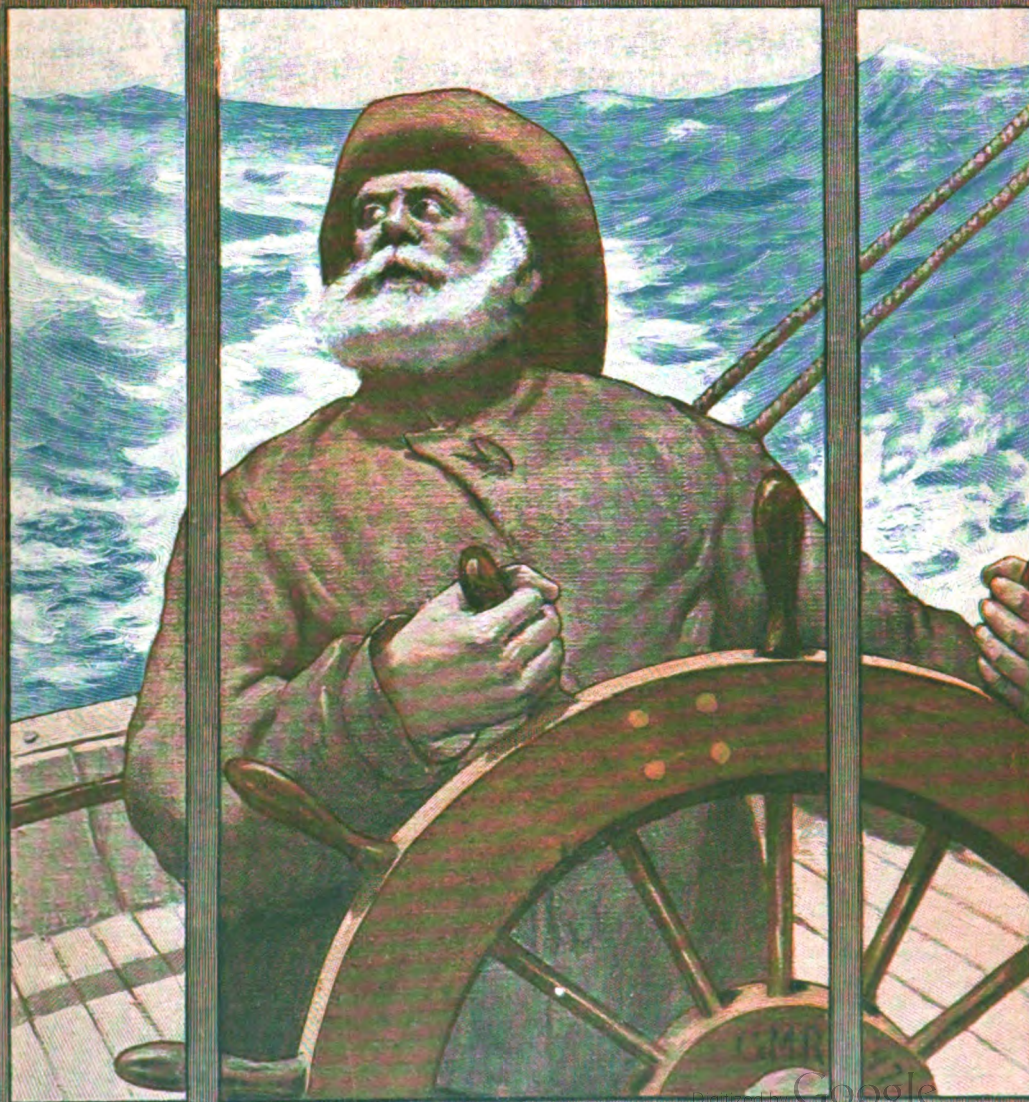
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DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.



"Diving into his pocket, I got the letter." See page 458.

"RUPERT OF HENTZAU," CHAPTER IX.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. X.

MARCH, 1898.

No. 5.

[THE GENERAL MANAGER'S STORY.]

ADVENTURES OF A FREIGHT ENGINEER.

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

BY HERBERT E. HAMBLÉN ("FRED. B. WILLIAMS"), Author of "On Many Seas."

WEARING OUT A NEW ENGINE IN ONE TRIP.—A MIRACULOUS RUN DOWN A MOUNTAIN.—FIFTY-TWO HOURS ON THE ROAD WITHOUT REST.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS FROM LIFE BY W. D. STEVENS.

WE had been having very poor coal; nearly all trains were losing some time, and the master mechanic had firemen "on the carpet" daily, jacking them up for a week or ten days, on account of their inability to make steam with material which, however suitable for roadbed ballast, was never intended by the Almighty for fuel. Owing to the expert skill of my engineer, I had not yet been put through that ordeal; we had managed to crawl in on time every day. But it was all we could do; an extra car or a hard-hauling train would surely have dumped us. Finally we made our first break, and it was a bad one. I couldn't keep her hot to save my soul. Jack favored her, and helped me all he could, but it was no use; she would lag in spite of all that I could do. I was ashamed and mad clean through, for we dropped twenty minutes.

Twenty minutes on the limited, and every minute of it for the want of steam! I foresaw a very interesting interview with the master mechanic when I should get back; my pride was hurt. I had been the only fireman so far who had not "dropped his bundle," and now I had done worse than any of them. I feared that I should be taken off the train altogether; suspended I knew I should be, possibly for thirty days. So it was with a heavy heart that I fired the old engine back, for

I knew that excuses, however valid, didn't go with the "old man," his invariable reply to all such being, "That don't make any difference." I believe he would have said that if you had told him that the reason you didn't make time was because you lost all the wheels off the engine, and the way he said it was extremely aggravating; for he was boss, and it would do no good to talk back.

When we got to the round-house, my heart sank as I saw the foreman approaching me, looking grave, as though he didn't half like the errand he was on; for I had always been rather a favorite with him, and an example to be held up to the other firemen.

"The old man wants to see you in the office," said he.

"All right."

He was standing with his back to me, looking out the window, when I entered, but turned at once, and said:

"Well, sir?"

I told him I had been ordered to report to him.

"Oh, yes," said he; "freight is picking up now, and since Mr. Kimball's death we are rather short-handed; do you think you can run an engine?"

Heavens and earth, promotion! This was an agreeable surprise, with a vengeance. I knew the stereotyped question,

"Do you think you can run an engine?" I had heard so many of the boys tell of it as part of their experience when they were promoted, and I knew, too, the stereotyped answer: "I dunno, sir; I never tried." I had always promised myself that when it came my turn to answer the all-important question I wouldn't say *that* anyhow; so after catching my breath a bit, I answered as bold as brass, "Yes, sir."

"Yes, I have no doubt that you can; I've had my eye on you ever since you came here, and with one or two exceptions your conduct has been very satisfactory."

AN EXAMINATION FOR THE POSITION OF ENGINEER.

He then proceeded to examine me on the locomotive: as to how it was constructed, and what I would do in various emergencies, the idea being to show how in case of a breakdown I would temporarily repair my engine, so as to get the train home with as little delay to the traffic of the road as possible; and although he suggested several mishaps the like of which I had never heard discussed before, I kept my wits about me, and satisfied him that I was to be trusted. He gave me some advice concerning my deportment towards the employees in the other departments of the service, assured me that as long as I was right he would stand by me,—which I am afraid made me open my eyes rather wide, for nobody ever heard of him standing by his men,—and then handing me a note to the train-master, told me to go and pass his examination and hurry back. "For," said he, "I shall want you to go out to-night."

The train-master tangled me up a little once or twice with his conundrums, and I feared I wasn't making a very good showing. He asked, for one question, what I would do if, when running a first-class train on a single-track branch, I had orders to meet and pass another first-class train at the junction of the double-track main line, and on arriving there, found that she had not yet arrived.

I answered that I would wait until she did.

"Suppose she was an hour late?"

"That's none of my business."

"What! would you hold those passengers there an hour with a double track ahead of you?"

I wasn't quite sure, but answered des-

perately, "Certainly, if I had orders to wait there."

He brought down his fist with a bang on the table, and roared out, "That's right; I want you always to remember that when an order is given to you, it's good until fulfilled, and is to be obeyed. I'll run the trains from here—that's what I'm hired for; I won't have conductors and engineers running trains."

"Now suppose you was running a first-class train, and you got a regardless order to run the opposite track to the next station, what would you do when you got there?"

"Cross back again, and proceed on my rights."

"What rights?"

"My time-table rights."

"Good agin! Some o' these fellers would wait there twenty-four hours for an order to put 'em on the time-table."

He kept this kind of thing up for a good hour, sometimes puzzling me considerably, but, on the whole, I didn't make any very bad breaks. At last, looking at his watch, he said, "It's dinner time. You can tell Mr. Seely that I'm satisfied."

At last! I had reached the goal for which I had toiled so long and so hard; and when I went back, reported to Mr. Seely, and got orders to take engine 80 at nine P.M., I was the proudest and happiest young fellow in the State.

STOP WHEN FLAGGED, WHATEVER HAPPENS.

It was the first winter after I was promoted; there had been a heavy fall of snow, and I was ordered to couple in ahead of a west-bound passenger train, to help the regular engine drag her through the big drifts. I had a brand-new engine, right out of the shop. It is desired that a locomotive's driving-wheel tires shall make if possible a hundred thousand miles before they are worn out. They become grooved by the wear on the rails, requiring to be turned off in the lathe twice, and occasionally three times. As this turning-off process is equivalent to many miles of legitimate wear, it is to be avoided as long as possible, and as there is always rivalry between the division master mechanics, the engineer who reduces the life of a set of tires is not to be envied. The division superintendent had the snow-plow out, and as it was working on our track, we got an order to run on the east-bound track to the next station, regardless of all opposing

trains, which means that the track was clear for us. The snow-plow crew had a flag out to protect themselves. The flagman heard me blow for a road crossing, and as

As I could see nothing, I shut off, blew brakes to the other engineer, applied my own, and then, as he had not heard me, and was still using steam, shoving me into I knew not what, I whistled to him again, reversed, and gave her sand, he still shoving me ahead as hard as he could.

My driver-brake being set and engine reversed, the big wheels were held stationary as in a vise, while she skated, grating and grinding along on the sanded rails. I knew I was playing havoc with those new tires; but what could I do? I expected every instant to have the end of a car come smashing into my cab. Again and again I blew the brake signal; the grade was in our favor, so that my partner was able to keep them going in spite of me, and he shoved the whole business clear by the snow-plow. Her crew, hearing my signals and seeing my wheels locked, managed to attract his attention, and at last we got stopped.

The superintendent climbed into my cab, and asked me if that fellow flagged me. I told him he did, and explained the whole affair. He understood, and said, "All right; there's no harm done. Go on." But I told him I believed there had been a good deal of

harm done, and explained what I had done.

"Blow off brakes and turn her over," said he, "and let's see how she goes."

I did so, and you would have sworn that she had square wheels. When she came to the "flat spots" she seemed to drop a foot and come down on the rails like a house falling over; and then, when she went over them, she would raise herself bodily again as she came up on to the round surface.

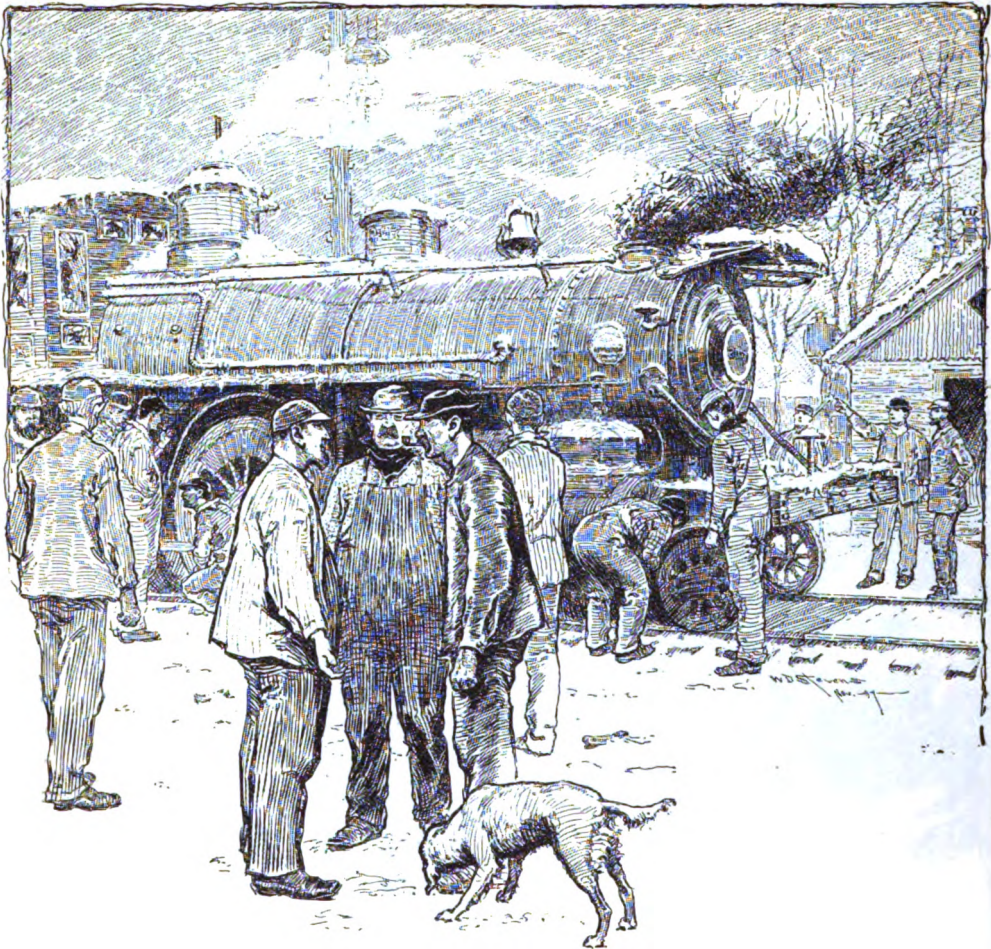
"Stop," said the superintendent, "and let's get down and look at these tires."

We found grooves nearly a quarter of



"WE FOUND GROOVES NEARLY A QUARTER OF AN INCH DEEP . . . IN THEM."

all the landmarks were obliterated by snow, he was unable to say on which track we were coming, so, to be on the safe side, he flagged us anyway. The snow not being so very deep here, we were coming at a pretty good gait, and when he saw that the engines continued to use steam, he realized that the blinding snow made his signal invisible to the engineer, and jumped to the other side of the track, waving his flag frantically, and yelling at the top of his voice. My fireman happening just then to glance ahead, saw his gymnastics, and judging that collision must be imminent, yelled "Whoa!" and jumped off.



"WHEN WE CAME POUNDING AND BANGING INTO THE YARD AT TEN O'CLOCK THE NEXT DAY, A RECEPTION COMMITTEE . . . WAS AWAITING OUR ARRIVAL."

an inch deep and six or seven inches long in them. After a little consultation the superintendent ordered us to go on slowly to a junction ten miles ahead, where another engine could be procured to help the train, while I should ask for orders to dead-head home.

"And don't you run this train over six miles an hour," said he, "or you'll break all the rails and knock down all the bridges between here and M——."

I ventured to remark that I supposed I was done.

"What for?" said he, looking at me in evident surprise.

"For gouging those new tires," said I.

"No, sir; you're not done for that. You got a flag, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, let me tell you one thing. While I'm superintendent of this division,

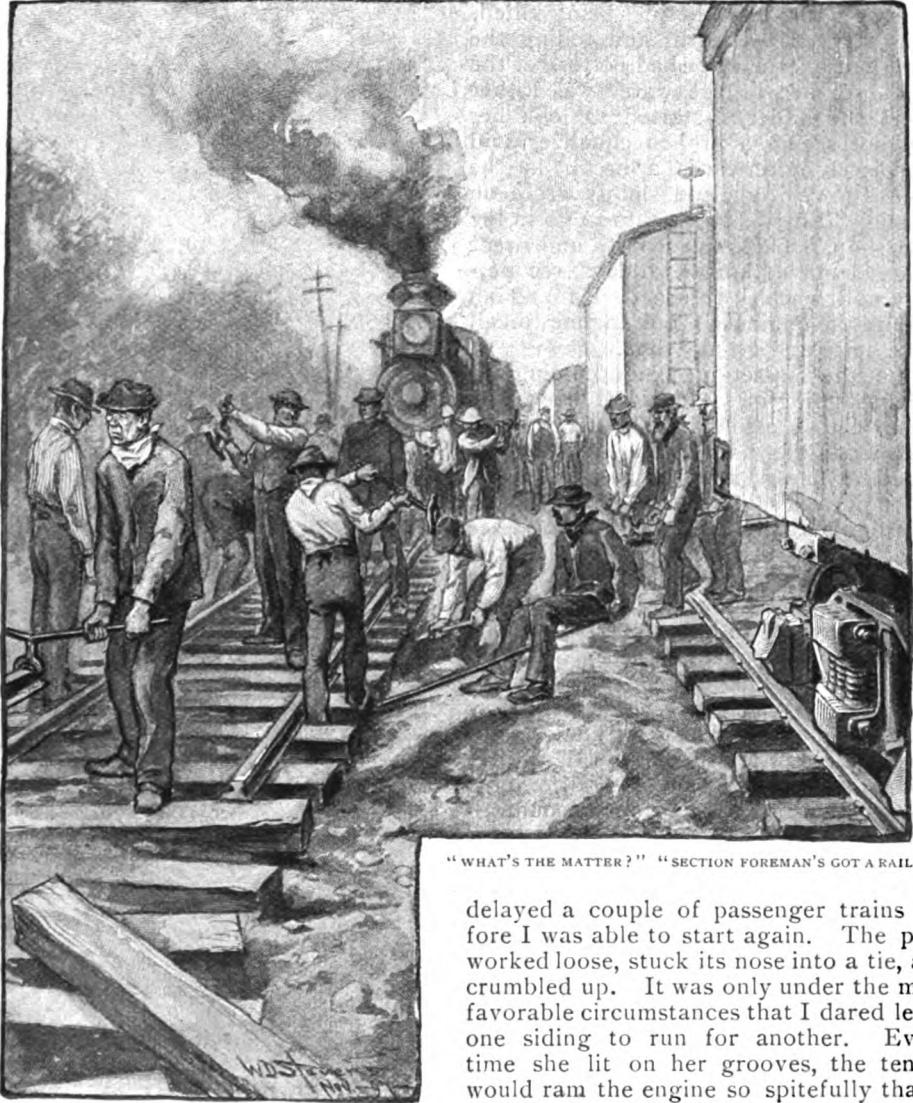
if you ever fail to use every means in your power to stop when you are flagged, I'll discharge you. These engines are to be used in two ways—to haul the trains, and to help stop them when necessary. I wouldn't care if you'd tied a hard knot in her, as long as it was done in an effort to stop when flagged. Go on now, an' get out o' here."

A ROUGH RIDE TO AN UNJUST DISCHARGE.

My fireman having returned, we started again, and of all the tough riding I ever did, the worst was done on that engine before I got her back to the yard. I used all the spare nuts and bolts that we had on both engines, replacing what she shook out and broke off before we got to M——. Then I gathered up all I could find in the round-house, and the fireman and I got

under her and riveted all the bolts down so the nuts couldn't get off; and having received orders to return "wild," we started. It was only thirty miles, but it was the longest and worst ride by all odds that I ever experienced; and I don't be-

back of the tender. The whistle pipe broke short off in the dome, and before I got the hole plugged with a piece of broomstick, she had blown her steam down to thirty pounds; and as the injector would only work when standing still, I



"WHAT'S THE MATTER?" "SECTION FOREMAN'S GOT A RAIL UP."

lieve there are a dozen railroad men in the country that ever went through a similar experience—the antics that she cut up when coupled to the train were not a mark to her actions now.

We tied the bell fast "on the center." Before we had gone a mile, the sand-box cover left us somewhere, and before we had covered half the distance, the stack and head-lamp were both tied fast on the

delayed a couple of passenger trains before I was able to start again. The pilot worked loose, stuck its nose into a tie, and crumbled up. It was only under the most favorable circumstances that I dared leave one siding to run for another. Every time she lit on her grooves, the tender would ram the engine so spitefully that I feared she would shake all the coal out of the gangways before we got home, for the fireman was about as badly used up as I was, and hadn't ambition enough to try to keep it back.

We were all night on the road, and when we came pounding and banging into the yard at ten o'clock the next day, a reception committee, composed of the master mechanic and every man in the department under him who could

possibly get there, was awaiting our arrival.

Within ten feet of where I intended to stop, the coupling-pin of the tender broke, and on her next leap ahead she tore loose from safety-chains and feed-hoses, leaving it behind. I got down the best way I could; for besides being killed, I was starved to death; and telling the round-house foreman he had better get the fire out of her, as the water was rather low in the boiler, I started to look her over, but seeing a broken equalizer, and immediately afterwards a break in the frame, I gave it up, and simply wrote on the slip, "Engine 207 wants to go in the back shop," filed my report, and went home. I stayed home two days, recuperating, and when I returned, I found an order in the engineer's box for me to call at the office and get my time.

I met the master mechanic coming out as I was going in. He didn't even look at me, but I called him by name, and asked why I was discharged. He stopped, looked at me a moment in superlative contempt, and said:

"I don't know, I'm sure. I don't see how this company can afford to dispense with the services of such a valuable man as you are."

I said no more to him, but went at once to the superintendent's office. Fortunately, I found him in, and, for a wonder, unoccupied. When I presented myself, he looked up inquiringly, and without a word I laid the bill of my time on his desk. He looked at it, and said, "Well, what's wrong with this? Isn't your account all right?"

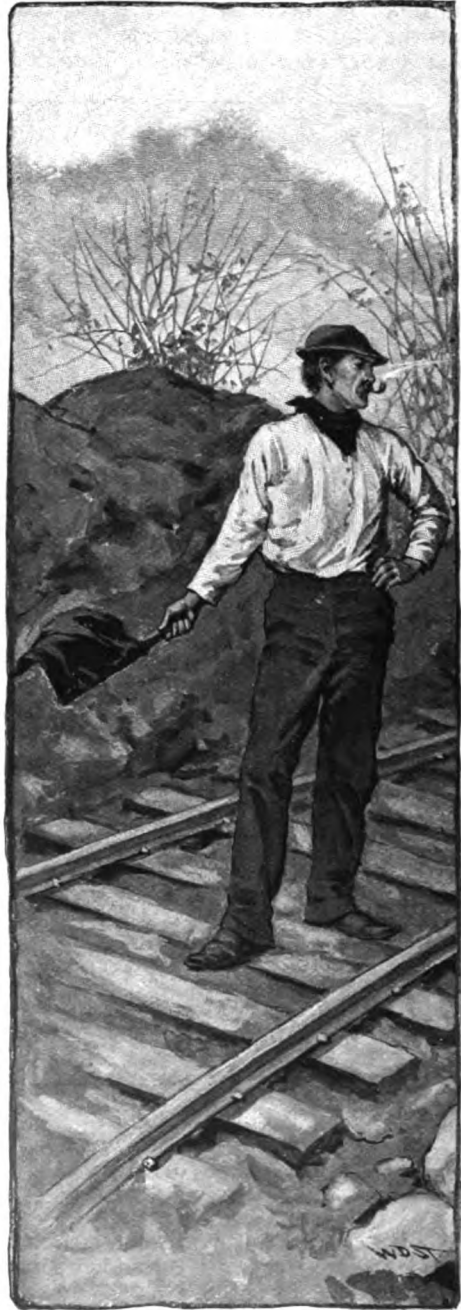
"Oho!" thought I, "he sings a different tune from what he did the other day." So I reminded him that he had promised me that I should not be discharged for what I had done.

"I don't know that you are discharged for that," said he, coldly, as he handed me back my bill; "what did Mr. Seely say he discharged you for?"

I told him the answer Mr. Seely had made to my request for information, and he promised to inquire into it, saying that he would be as good as his word and that I should not be discharged on that account. I asked him when I might expect to hear from him, and he said he couldn't tell, was very busy just now, but as soon as he had time.

I waited in suspense three weeks, and as it would soon be pay-day, I thought I had better find out if I was to sign the

pay-roll for the last time or not. So again I called on the gentleman, and he told



"I SAW AHEAD OF ME A MAN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE TRACK, LANGUIDLY WAVING A RED FLAG."

me, with a surprised look, that he had sanctioned my discharge ten days ago. He said the master mechanic reported that I brought the engine in a total wreck and

absented myself two days without leave, all of which I was obliged to admit; and as he considered that sufficient, I was graciously allowed to depart, with my hopes and aspirations suffering from a severe frost.

MERCY FROM THE GENERAL MANAGER.

As I was walking down the office stairs, I contrasted the superintendent's and master mechanic's manners with those of the general manager. I remembered that he had said to us, "Employees shall certainly have the right of appeal." I had appealed to him once, and got justice; why not try it again? As before, I had all to gain, and nothing to lose, and I would do it. I went to his office at once, and learned that he was out of town. But ten days later I called again. He greeted me with extended hand, and a hearty "Ah! good morning, Mr. M——. Fine morning; what can I do for you?"

I told him as rapidly and clearly as I could the whole story. He listened carefully without once interrupting, and when I had finished, he asked me what I wanted him to do. I was rather nonplussed at that, for I had hoped he would offer to do something himself; so I answered, somewhat sheepishly, that I didn't think I ought to be discharged, as I didn't consider myself to blame for what had happened.

"No," said he, "from your standpoint you certainly are not; but I suppose you know the old saying that one story is good until another is told. Not that I doubt your statement for a moment; but you know your conception of the affair is apt to be colored by your interest. It certainly is a very serious matter for an engineer to take out a brand-new engine and bring her back wrecked; still, it is quite within the bounds of possibility that you are not altogether to blame. I will look over the master mechanic's and superintendent's reports; and if I find that they do not conflict materially with your story, you will hear from me, probably through one or the other of them. Will that be satisfactory?"

Considering that it was all I had hoped to accomplish, I told him that it would indeed; bade him good-by, and withdrew, hope once more springing in my breast.

Two days later, on returning to the boarding-house for dinner, I was informed that the caller had left word that the master mechanic wished to see me in his office;

so down I went, wondering what the verdict would be.

"Well, sir," said he when I entered, "have you got rested?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you think you can manage now to double the division with one engine?"

"Well, yes, sir, except under very extraordinary circumstances."

"Better not have any more extraordinary circumstances for a while; they don't pay. I don't believe you are any richer for the last one, and I know the company isn't. And now a word of advice: when you get in a tight place and have an engine with a power brake, don't reverse after setting your brake; or if you think she will hold more with the lever than with the brake, reverse her, and release your brake. When you have done either, you have done all that you can do, and sliding the wheels don't do any good, but just the reverse."

Being in the freight service, I got into those tight places, and experienced those hair-raising accidents, which are the particular property of freight crews. For the passenger trains run on schedule time; the road is theirs on their time; their engines and cars receive the most careful attention; station agents, switchmen, telegraph operators, track-gangs, and watchmen, and, in fact, all employees know when they are due, and look out for them—for to delay a passenger train for any cause is a serious offense; and then, too, the superintendent is apt to be riding on any train, and each and every employee, no matter how lowly his position, firmly believes that the "super" cannot possibly ride over the road without seeing him and noting just how he is performing his duties; so that the passenger trains are well looked out for, and it is very seldom that anything happens to them.

But the poor fellows on freight,—they are the ones that get all the hard knocks. Obligated to pick their way over the road between trains, they have no rights at all; they must get to their destination as soon as possible, or there is trouble; *but* they must not exceed the regular schedule of freight-train speed, no matter how good a chance they may have to do so; they must not run by slow signals faster than the rules allow, nor through yards, nor go by a passenger train at a station, even on the *off* side; and, over and above all things, they must never get themselves, or allow themselves to be put, in such a position that they will have to flag a passenger

train even for an instant. Track repair men and drawbridge tenders all commence to work as soon as the passenger train has gone, when along comes a poor fellow on a freight who has been twenty-four hours on the road and is trying to get home. He has barely time enough to get to the next siding to clear the following passenger train, and here's a red flag.

"What's the matter?"

"Section foreman's got a rail up," or "Drawbridge is open," or "Construction train is plowing off a load of gravel," or, in fact, anything. Consequently the freight, being unable to go, delays the passenger, the freight engineer is called to the super's office, all his explanations go for naught, and he is lucky if he gets off with a jawing and being told that he had no business there right ahead of a first-class train. And these are by no means a hundredth part of the little pleasantnesses that tend to turn a man's hair gray and make him wish he had been born a king.

A "BROKE IN TWO" ON A MOUNTAIN SIDE.

There was on our division a mountain, and the track down this mountain was about seven miles long, and at the top was a tunnel half a mile long, opening out on the down-hill side on a short curve, handy to look back on and see if your train was all together. The road down the mountain was quite crooked, as such places always are, and so steep that to take a train up its entire length without "doubling" was a feat to brag about. Half-way down, and hidden by a curve from both directions, were a station on one side and a freight-house on the other, and nearly all inward-bound trains had cars for the freight-house, which compelled them to cross over the outward-bound track to get to the freight-house siding. The switch to this siding was a "head-on" switch to the outward or down-hill track; and as that place came under the "yard-limit" rule, all freight trains were obliged to come in there dead slow, which they did. Consequently conductors had become careless, and were in the habit of leaving this head-on switch open after they went in, so as to be handy to get out again, and the flagman would go barely around the curve, so he could show his flag to any on-coming train, and stop them before they ran through the open switch.

On the day of which I speak, I had a heavy mixed train, among them being four cars of railroad iron just about in the middle, and when my engine plunged into the tunnel I shut her off; for she would roll all too fast after that and need a few brakes set. It was early on a summer morning, and I knew the crew were apt to be asleep in the caboose, so I called for brakes to wake them up, but it didn't have the desired effect. I looked back as I came out of the tunnel, and watched the cars following each other out until about half the train was through; then there came no more. I pulled out at once, and blew the "broke in two" signal again and again, all the time watching back for the rear end of my train. They must have parted just on the crest of the mountain, and the rear section must have nearly stopped before it pitched over and concluded to follow us; for I opened out a good train length, and began to think that the crew must have got their end stopped, when they shot out of that tunnel like a comet, the railroad iron in the lead. Again I pulled out for dear life, and blew my signal—not a man was out on the train, and as it all came through, the caboose (a little four-wheeled affair) was flirled off the track by the whip-like motion of the train in straightening out, and flying through the air, dropped into a river more than five hundred feet below. Now I was in a tight box, not a living soul to set a brake on those cars; for the entire crew, head brakeman and all, went down to death in their caboose.

A RIDE NEVER TO BE FORGOTTEN.

I shall never forget that wild ride down the mountain if I live to be a thousand years old. When she struck a reverse curve about two miles from the tunnel, the fireman was thrown clear through the cab window, and literally torn limb from limb as he came in contact with the ground. I thought she had left the track altogether, for she rolled almost over, hurling me across the cab and back again as she struck the reverse end of the curve, and came down on her wheels with a crash that shivered every pane of glass and loosened every bolt and joint in the cab, until it was like an old basket, and rolled around with every roll of the engine—a new source of danger to me, for if it left her, it must surely take me with it.

I grabbed the whistle cord again as soon as I was able to steady myself enough,



" . . . AND THEN I SWEEPED BY LIKE A CYCLONE. HE HAD GOT THE SWITCH CLOSED JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME, . . . "

and frantically blew the "broke in two" signal, hoping that it would warn any one who might be in the switch that I was coming and couldn't stop.

I couldn't see ahead very well; for it seemed as if the wind was blowing a hurricane, and behind me I raised such a cloud of dust that I couldn't even see the rear car of the section I had. So I just hung on desperately, blew my warn-

ing signal, and watched the steam-gauge; and as the steam went down, I pulled the throttle out a notch at a time, until at length I had her wide open, hooked up within a couple of notches of the center, and the exhaust sounded like a continuous roar. And now I saw ahead of me a man in the middle of the track, languidly waving a red flag. Yes; it was all over with me now—the freight-house switch was open.



"THE CONDUCTOR CAME RUNNING OVER THE TRAIN, WAVING HIS HAT, AND YELLING FOR ME TO STOP."

Mechanically I again blew the signal; then realizing that I had not above half a dozen more breaths to draw in this world, a kind of demoniac frenzy seemed to seize me—a desire to do all the damage possible with my dying breath, to annihilate everything from the face of the earth, as it were. Clutching the reverse lever with both hands, I with difficulty unhooked her, and dropped her down a couple of notches, and, as fast as she was going before, I felt her leap ahead under the impetus of the longer point of cut-off, and a fierce joy surged over me to think what a world-beater my wreck would be.

Looking ahead again, I saw that the flagman had dropped his flag and was running at a breakneck speed for the switch. For a wonder they hadn't sent out the biggest dunce on the train to flag. He had sense enough, on seeing me coming and hearing my signal, to comprehend the situation, and wit enough to know the only right thing to do. To spur him on, I again blew what then sounded to me

like the despairing death shriek of the iron devil I rode, and to give him every second of time possible I shut off my throttle, with the immediate result that the cars bumped up against the tender with a shock that nearly threw me over backwards; but I hung on, and watched that man eagerly as he flew with all the speed that was in him for that switch. What if he should stub his toe, as men so often do under like circumstances? It would mean death for me before I could close my eyes; and, even then, I remember thinking how fortunate it was for me, that owing to the proverbial laziness of flagmen, he hadn't gone out as far as the rules required, but had stayed near the switch.

I saw him reach it, and stoop down, clutch the handle, and at the first effort fail to lift it out of the notch in which it lies when the switch is open; and then I swept by like a cyclone. He had got the switch closed just in the nick of time, and the rush of wind

from the passing train hurled him down a fifty-foot embankment, bruising him and tearing his clothes, but fortunately doing him no serious injury.

I saw in the siding the engine that I came so near hitting, and the engine and train crew out in the field, staring with blanched faces; one laggard just tumbling over the fence as I whirled by. I heard a crash, and, looking back, saw that the corner of the head car had rolled over far enough to break off the water-crane that stood alongside the track, resulting in a bad washout before they could get the water shut off. I breathed much easier now, and it was with a light heart that I pulled up the lever again and gradually opened her out. I was running through a yard where the rules required me to reduce speed to six miles an hour, but a train going sixty-six could not have kept up with me.

There was a passenger station at the foot of the mountain, and looking at my watch, I saw that a train was just about

due there; so again I began to blow my signal to warn them to look out for themselves, for the station was on my side of the road, so that passengers and baggage had to cross my track. Yes, there she stood as I came in sight—a little three-car local. Again I blew to them to make sure that they understood what was going on, although I could see that the track ahead of me was clear, for the operator at the preceding station, with rare presence of mind, had telegraphed ahead that I was coming, "broke in two;" and fast as I went, the message beat me, and though I couldn't hear it for the infernal roar and clatter, yet I saw, in answer to my own signal, two short puffs of white steam from the engine's whistle, which meant "All right, come along." And come along I did, I have no doubt of the amazement of those passengers, who certainly never saw a freight train wheeled at that rate before. The agent had a truck-load of baggage ready to take across as soon as I passed, but the suction of the train drew the whole business under the wheels, and it disappeared. He was discharged because the superintendent said he was a fool.

The engineer of the local told me afterwards that all he saw was the front end of the engine, with my face at the window; then there came a big cloud of dust and a roar, followed directly by another roar as the rear section passed him, and that was all he knew about it.

I was now down the mountain, thank heaven, and on level ground, but the rear section wasn't, and I hadn't the least idea how far it was behind me; so I kept the old girl waltzing as fast as

I could—which wasn't very fast, as my steam was down to sixty pounds. I didn't dare get down and look at my fire, for fear of being killed in case the rear section caught me, which was now more imminent than ever; as, while I was losing way on the level ground, their speed would hardly be checked at all.

Suddenly rounding a curve, I saw a man standing by the switch of a long siding, giving me a frantic "go ahead" signal. At that sight my spirits rose about two thousand per cent., for I knew I was saved.

Giving him an answering toot toot, I dropped my reverse lever down in the corner, and pulled her wide open to get as



"THE SUCTION OF THE TRAIN DREW THE WHOLE BUSINESS UNDER THE WHEELS, AND IT DISAPPEARED."

far from the rear section as possible, and give him all the chance I could to throw the switch, after I had passed on the main track, and throw the rear section in on the siding.

This siding itself was on a large curve, and I found before I had gone a quarter of its length that it was partly occupied by a number of loaded coal cars. Now here arose another new combination. There was going to be a wreck on that siding, and I might get caught in it yet; for if I didn't get far enough away from the point of collision, some of the cars would be apt to pile over on top of me; and then again, if, in my haste to get out of the way, I got to the further switch at just the right time, they might be shoved out, and ram me. You see, it frequently happens on the railroad that you have to think of several things at once, and not be very long about it, either; and the result of my rapid thinking on this occasion was that I had done enough towards saving the company's property for one day, and that now was a good time to look out for myself a bit.

I pulled her over and "plugged" her; but as my steam was low, I concluded she would stop herself quicker shut off, so I shut her off; and while I was waiting for her to slow up enough to give me a chance to jump on the left side, the crash came.

There was a great smashing and grinding and piling up round the curve behind me; but where I was, the cars merely ran together with a great ker-bump and rattling of links and pins, which I could hear continuing on round the curve ahead as the lost motion between the cars was violently taken up. After the noise stopped a bit I started to back up, when remembering that in all probability the opposite track was blocked by the wreckage, I ran ahead, instead, to the next station, and notified the agent to hold all trains until further orders.

I then reported to the train-despatcher by wire, and he ordered me to cross over to the other track and run back to the wreck, find out how the tracks were, and report to him from this station, the agent keeping the track open for my return.

The agent, a bright, ambitious young fellow, who is now a division superintendent on the same road, helped me to fire up, and back I went. I found, as I had expected, that both tracks were blocked, the wrecked cars being piled in heaps, mixed and tangled with the railroad iron that had composed part of my train, while coal, flour, agricultural machinery, and all

sorts of merchandise were scattered all over the ground.

FIFTY-TWO HOURS ON DUTY.

Our lives were not, as you may have been led to suppose, all made up of accidents, by any means. They were varied by long spells of semi-idleness when freight was slack, or being worked to death when it was running heavy, for at such times it is not admitted that men need rest or sleep. On one occasion, on arriving at the end of the division, after a particularly tedious trip, I was ordered to return at once sixty miles down the road to bring up thirty cars of coal as fuel for the engines. "And hurry up with it; we want it." I protested that I was tired and unfit to go, but was told there was nobody else; so I coaled, watered, and oiled up, got the caboose, and started.

When I got there, I found four hours' switching (for which you don't get paid) to get my train together; but at last we got started. On my trip back I had a hard hill to climb. No one had ever taken thirty cars of coal up that hill, but I didn't know that; for if I had, I would have allowed for the contingency of doubling the hill, both in my water calculation and in estimating my time ahead of the passenger trains. I knew, of course, that it would be a hard tug up there, so I cautioned the fireman to get a good welding heat on her. I got as much water into her as she would stand, and, after oiling the cylinders, took a run for the hill.

We had just taken the hill nicely when the conductor came running over the train, waving his hat, and yelling for me to stop. Not knowing what might be the matter, I shut off; when he came up and said he had a hot box on the last car. Perhaps I didn't read the riot act to that conductor, to stop me right at the foot of the hill for a hot box, when, if he knew anything, he knew that long before I could get up there he would be able to walk alongside the car and pack it.

The damage was done, though; so I told him to cut the train in two, and I would take my end up while he packed his box. By the time I got my train together again on top of the hill, I had barely water enough to reach the next plug; the fire was in bad shape, and not so very many miles behind us there was a mail train. So the situation resolved itself into this: that with barely water and time enough, and a poor fire, I needed to make an extra

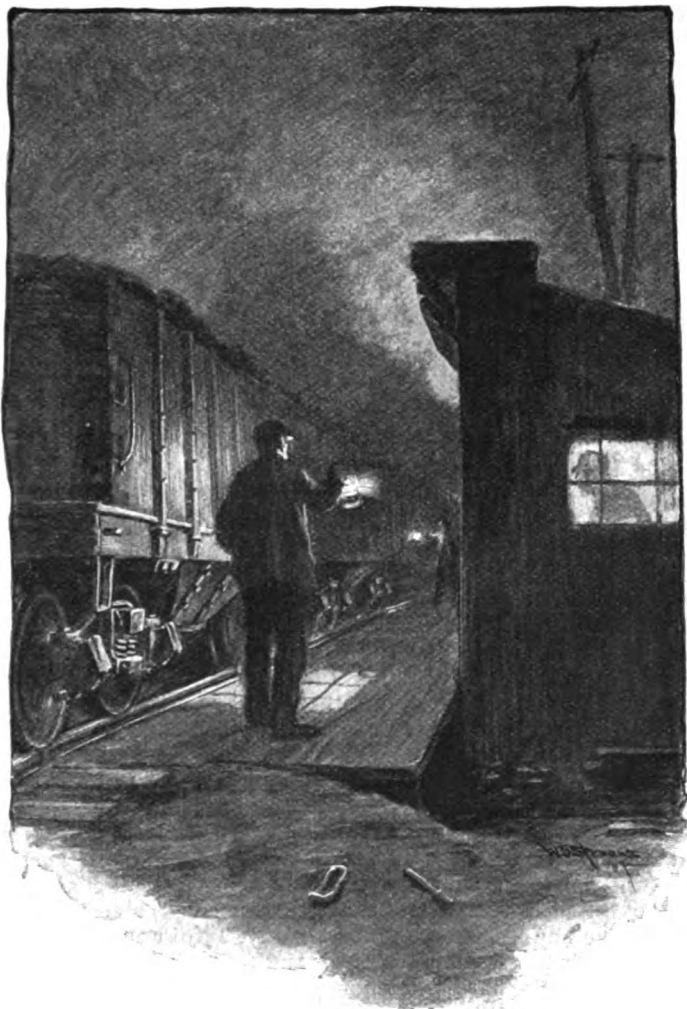
good run of fifteen miles. I was far from happy, especially as I could see the steam dropping with the regularity of clockwork, though the fireman was working like a slave. About half-way to where I had to go was a little station, with a cross-over

minutes apart, the conductor, in obedience to the rule made for just exactly such emergencies, went into the telegraph office to find out if either of the trains was late; for if one was late, we might take advantage of that fact to avoid delaying them both.

They were both on time, and while he was telegraphing both ways to ascertain that fact, the mail came up behind us and stopped.

In a big hurry now the switches were opened, and I was signalled back. As it was slightly down grade, I merely gave them a little kick, and away they rolled. As I went past the conductor, I asked him if he had a man on the rear car to set a brake and stop them after I got across. He said yes; but he lied, and I thought so at the time.

When the engine was over all clear, I called for brakes, but I got no brakes; and they were rolling faster than ever, and, in the meantime, the other passenger train had arrived and stood facing me. It was now dark, so that all I could see was lamp signals; again and again I called for brakes, but there was no one on the train to set them; the mail had gone, and I ought now to be crossing back again out of the other fellow's way. If I stopped them with the engine, the chances were ninety-nine to a hundred that I should break them in two. It was the only



"I WOULD . . . MOVE THE CARS HALF AN INCH TOO FAR, SO I WOULD GET A SIGNAL TO GO AHEAD A BIT."

switch, and a slight grade against me. I humored her all I could to get over that little lump, for then my immediate troubles would be about over. It was not to be, however; she gave one expiring gasp and died before reaching the summit.

The thing to do now was to back across out of the way of the mail, which was nearly due, but there was also a train due on the other track; and as their time of passing this station was only about five

minutes apart, the conductor, in obedience to the rule made for just exactly such emergencies, went into the telegraph office to find out if either of the trains was late; for if one was late, we might take advantage of that fact to avoid delaying them both. They were both on time, and while he was telegraphing both ways to ascertain that fact, the mail came up behind us and stopped. In a big hurry now the switches were opened, and I was signalled back. As it was slightly down grade, I merely gave them a little kick, and away they rolled. As I went past the conductor, I asked him if he had a man on the rear car to set a brake and stop them after I got across. He said yes; but he lied, and I thought so at the time. When the engine was over all clear, I called for brakes, but I got no brakes; and they were rolling faster than ever, and, in the meantime, the other passenger train had arrived and stood facing me. It was now dark, so that all I could see was lamp signals; again and again I called for brakes, but there was no one on the train to set them; the mail had gone, and I ought now to be crossing back again out of the other fellow's way. If I stopped them with the engine, the chances were ninety-nine to a hundred that I should break them in two. It was the only thing to do, though; so as gently as I could I checked them, and, as I fondly hoped, pulled my whole train across out of the way. But, alas! the caboose and two cars had broken off and rolled away down the grade, no one could say how far. So I had to back up again, clear of the switch, cut off the engine, and go back after those cars. There was nobody on them, and the caboose lights had not been lit, consequently it was a hunt in the dark; and as

one of the things you mustn't do is to run into and wreck your rear end when going back after it, I had to go very carefully, while all this time the passenger train stood there waiting. At last I got them, pulled them across in a hurry—although, to be sure, it was hardly worth while to hurry now—and after the passenger train had gone, I shoved them back over the switch again, pulled up the train, shoved it over and coupled them all together, and pulled them back on to my track again.

OUT OF WATER, AND THE LIMITED COMING.

I was now nearly out of water, and in less than an hour the limited would be on top of us. The next water-plug was five miles away; I cut the engine loose and ran for it, took half a tank as quickly as possible, and started back after my train. Though I came back whistling for a signal, the first thing I saw was the station lights. The crew were all in there having a smoke; "didn't expect me back so soon," they said. I tried my best to stop, knowing that I must be close to the train, but I hit it hard enough to break the draw-bar in the car, and by the time they got that fixed up there was no earthly hope of getting to the next siding ahead of the limited. So once more I backed over that cross-over, but not until I saw a man swinging a lantern on the last car.

After the limited got by, we pulled across once more, and by this time it was doubtful if I had water enough to get to the siding; but as we had all night before us now, I let her take it easy, and got there after a while, with the tank dry and the boiler not much better. I got down to oil while the fireman was taking water, and discovered that the link lifting-spring was broken; and while I was looking at it and wondering how that could have happened without my knowing it, the head brakeman came up with an order for me to weigh that coal.

My back was almost broken, and I was more than half dead with fatigue and worry, and now I had to weigh thirty cars of coal without a lifting-spring.

There was a way freight engine lying in a spur back of the station, so I telegraphed to the train-despatcher, telling him how I was fixed, and asking permission to use that engine to weigh the coal with. The answer I got was short, but not sweet: "Use the engine you have." Back I went to the yard and weighed that coal. In order to back her, I had to brace both feet against the front of the

cab, and, pulling with all my might, raise the heavy links; then, perhaps, I would have the misfortune to move the cars half an inch too far, so I would get a signal to go ahead a bit, and on unhooking the lever it would fly forward with such force as nearly to jerk me through the front windows.

I got the coal weighed sometime and somehow, coupled on to them, and the conductor, coming ahead, began to tell how far we could go if we hurried up and got out ahead of train 12; but I cut him short by telling him to go in the office and tell Chicago that I couldn't go another foot until I got five or six hours' sleep. Off he went grumbling, but came back in a few minutes. "Chicago says, 'All right. Go to sleep.'"

I pulled them into a convenient siding, picked as smooth a lump of coal as I could find in the tender, upholstered it with waste, and spreading my coat on the foot-board for a mattress, dropped the curtain, and curled myself in the short, inconvenient, hot, and dirty cab for a few hours' rest (?) to the tune of the fireman's grumbling. After some time I dozed off—as it seemed, for about a minute. Then somebody was shaking my shoulder and calling, "Hey!" I looked up dazed into the face of the fireman. "Seven's just gone, an' if we follow her, we can go right in."

Seven was the midnight train out of Chicago, and if she had gone, there would certainly be ample time for us to get in before the first morning train arrived. I was too dead to look at my watch, so I took the fireman's word for it, and we were soon jouncing along at a fairly good gait. I was still sleepy and dead; had to keep my head out in the sharp morning air to keep awake at all. Arrived at a water-station about half-way, I told the fireman he had better fill the tank, as there could hardly be enough in it to take us through. While I was oiling, the conductor came up and asked if I was going to sidetrack there. I looked at him a full minute before I could get it through my head what he was driving at. Then I told him, "No, certainly not; why should I sidetrack here?"

"How fur ye goin' fer Seven?"

"All the way."

"What time's she due here?"

"Fifty-seven."

"What time ye got now!"

I looked at my watch; it was forty-eight. I asked the conductor if we were clear of the switch.

"Yes."

"Have you got it open?"

"Yes."

"Well, gimme a signal."

I jumped on the engine, and with the conductor giving a back-up signal, I jolted those cars into the siding fully as fast as it is safe to back over a frog, and called the flag just in time to prevent Seven's engineer from getting a sight of it, though he saw the man, and told me afterwards that he "guessed" I hadn't been in the switch "more'n a week."

Then the fireman and I had a little argument as to what it was that he saw when he thought Seven had passed us in the yard. The only passenger train on the road at that time was one going the other way. After I had proved it by the time-table, the fireman finally admitted that I was right. He had been boring the flues while I was asleep, and he had also been figuring in his mind as to what would be the best time for us to leave, and decided that if we followed Seven we would be all right, which was perfectly correct; then, with his mind full of Seven, he got down to put away his flue-rod, and hearing a train go by, thought, of course, it must be Seven.

After Seven got away, we proceeded to our destination without further mishap, shoved the train away, and gave up the engine to the hostler. Having been fifty-two hours on her without rest (for the short term of comparative quiet in the yard could not be so termed), I entered on the register this request: "Have been fifty-two hours on duty. Do not call me until I have had eight hours' sleep,—9.30 A.M."

I had just dropped off when I was rudely shaken by the caller, and saluted with "Hey! hey! are ye awake now? Come, I've been callin' ye fer ten minutes; you're wanted for a stock train. Hurry up now; your engine is all ready; train's standing on main track waiting fer ye." When I got my wits collected so as to realize who I was, and who he was, and what he was talking about, I asked him the time. "Ten-fifteen."

"What! have I only been forty-five minutes off that engine?"

"That's all."

Without another word I tumbled back on the pillow and pulled the bedclothes over my head, but he understood his business; he had been calling unwilling rail-rovers for four years, and wouldn't be denied. For a while he shook and

pleaded with me, and then realizing the seriousness of the case, he snatched off the bedclothes. That was the last straw. I jumped out of bed and made a dive for him; but he had often seen that done before, and was outside the door before I could reach him; and with a parting shot through the crack of the door, "Hurry up now, they're waitin' fer ye," he left.

I gathered up my bedclothes and again crawled uncomfortably into bed, but just as I was beginning to get my ideas into a pleasant state of haziness once more, the door was fired open with a bang, an Indian yell greeted my outraged sense of hearing, and rolling over, I beheld the exultant countenance of mine enemy, safely outside the door this time, and holding up for my inspection a sheet of dirty yellow-colored paper, which I knew was a telegraph form. "Read that, now, an' see if ye'll get up or not."

I took the paper and read: "Engineer M—, don't you delay this stock train. W. S. B."

A combined order and threat from the train-despatcher, signed with the division superintendent's initials, which are always used by the despatcher on duty,—a peremptory order, to be unquestioningly obeyed. I borrowed the caller's pencil and wrote underneath the order: "W. S. B.—I have been fifty-two hours on duty, am unfit to take stock train or any other train. J. B. M." I handed it to the caller, and telling him that if he disturbed me again, even though the house should be afire, I would brain him, I once more retired; and although I had no doubt that I had signed my death-warrant, I slept the sleep of the utterly weary.

In answer to the expected letter, I called on the superintendent when I returned, and got my medicine,—thirty days' suspension for refusing to obey an order. I was lucky to get off so. He told me that all that saved my job was the fact that an engine came in off the branch opportunely and brought the stock train through. The fact that I was physically incapacitated did not justify me in refusing that order *with his initials attached*. I have always had an idea, however, that my troublesome habit of appealing to the general manager had as much to do with preventing my discharge as the arrival of the engine off the branch.

AN EXPERIMENT IN BURGLARY.

BY H. HOBART NICHOLS.



PUT aside my morning paper as the breakfast bell rang.

"Well, dear, what is the news?" inquired my wife when we were seated at table.

"Nothing very startling," I replied,

"My dear, you don't seem to understand how clever these professional burglars are; and as for your hearing them, that's absurd. You have always labored under the delusion that you are a light sleeper, I know; but you are mistaken. Why, I'll wager I could break in and rifle the house myself from top to bottom without your knowing it."



"except that the burglars were at it again last night; the police think they are an organized gang, and not local thieves."

Washington had been the scene, for a fortnight past, of a series of daring robberies. The police were mystified and seemed to be unable to get the slightest clue to their movements.

"I think, my dear," I continued, "that we had better put our silver in a safe deposit until these fellows let up, for it seems that they are too much for the authorities; I should not like to lose it, and the fact that we have quite a tempting lot was well advertised in the society columns at the time of our marriage."

"Nonsense, George," replied my wife, who is not easily alarmed. "Do you suppose those men ever read of what is going on in society? At any rate, no one could enter this house in the night without arousing me; and, if they did, they would never find the silver in that clever little device of yours—how could they?"

STEEL

"I THINK, MY DEAR, . . . THAT WE HAD BETTER PUT OUR SILVER IN A SAFE DEPOSIT."

This last statement naturally piqued my better half.

"I'll wager you a new silk hat that you could not," she retorted positively.

"I accept the challenge," I replied, lightly; "what do you want if I lose?"

"Oh, as far as that goes, the satisfaction of being right will be quite enough for me, George."

"Nevertheless," I laughed, although at the time I had not the slightest intention of trying the experiment, "nevertheless, I agree to add another piece of silver to your collection if I lose the wager."

After breakfast I went to my office as usual, thinking no more of the conversa-

tion just related. Very likely it would not have occurred to me again, preoccupied as I was with work that would keep me until late that night, if my wife had not alluded to it as I was about to leave the house after dinner.

"I have been thinking over our conversation at breakfast," she said, "and I am more positive than ever that we need not worry about our valuables. The slightest sound is heard all over the house, and one of us would be sure to hear if anyone attempted to enter in the night. Good-by, dear. Don't work too late; it isn't good for one with your nervous temperament, you know," she added teasingly.

I smiled at her pleasantry, and went my way.

As I put down my pen that night, with the satisfaction one feels when conscious of having performed a duty well, I glanced at my watch, only to discover that it had stopped at three minutes past midnight. How much later it was I could only infer. It was no unusual thing, however, for me to remain out late, and Alice, being as amiable as she was sensible, never made me feel uncomfortable by sitting up for me, as is the custom of some doting young wives. So I had no misgivings on her account as I started to return home.

It was later than I had supposed, for the cars had stopped, and I had to walk the half mile or so to my house. It was a warm October night, and a fine mist had settled over the city, obscuring the faint light of the stars. The street lamps made great ghostly blurs as they melted in the distance, and the buildings grew more and more vague and shapeless, until they became part of the haze. The silence was profound, the streets almost deserted, and the houses I passed dark and gloomy as so many tombs.

"What a perfect night for a burglar!" I reflected; and with the thought came the recollection of my conversation with Alice at breakfast and her complacent boast. Why not put her to the test?

"By George," I exclaimed, half aloud, as the suggestion materialized into a plan, "I'll do it; and if I succeed, won't I have the laugh on Alice in the morning!"

I had once, having mislaid my keys, managed to effect an entrance through one of the dining-room windows. I would do the same to-night, remove the silver from its hiding-place, conceal it elsewhere, let Alice herself discover its absence, and, after enjoying her discomfiture, tell her the whole story and claim the victory.

To be sure, there was the possibility of failure. I might awaken Alice and frighten her out of her wits, for I had all a man's skepticism as to a woman's courage in the face of danger. Still, I would not admit that it was more than a shadow of a possibility. The more I thought of it, the surer I felt of myself.

As I walked on I found myself entering into my rôle with zest and enthusiasm. As detail after detail presented itself, an unholy delight in my own cleverness possessed me; and as I reached my house and tiptoed around the gravel walk to the side and rear, all my senses were keenly on the alert, and my heart beat with a lawless excitement not felt since the days when robbing corn-fields and watermelon patches formed the chief joys of my innocent boyhood.

Trying the blinds of the dining-room windows, I at last found one that was not merely loose, but unlatched.

"What carelessness!" I reflected; "but so much the easier for me."

Opening it noiselessly, I was further surprised to discover that the window was raised. Plainly, I reflected, the servants must not be trusted to lock up the house hereafter. Glancing into the room, I saw that everything was as



"I'LL WAGER YOU A NEW SILK HAT . . ."

usual; the drop-light burning dimly on the table, as was always the case when I was out late, in view of the nocturnal luncheon with which I endeavored to repair my wasted energies. After listening a moment, I pulled myself up, thrust one leg over the window-sill, and was half way in the room, when I was confronted by a



"WHAT A PERFECT NIGHT FOR A BURGLAR!" I REFLECTED."

man—a burly fellow—who loomed suddenly out of the semi-darkness, and, leveling a revolver at me, brought me to a standstill. To say that I was astonished is putting it mildly; and I have no idea what I should have said or done had not the ruffian inadvertently given me my cue, which I am proud to say I was quick-witted enough to follow.

"Git hout o' this, yer bloat!" he growled, in a deep, low voice, and with a decidedly Cockney accent. "This his my game, hand I don't need hany o' yer hassistance. When I git through yer can 'ave wat's left."

I saw in a flash that the fellow mistook me for one of his own craft. My first impulse was to obey his injunction to "git hout" as speedily as possible, and return promptly with a policeman or two. Then I thought of Alice. Suppose the fellow went up-stairs before I got back and she should see him. With all her boasted nerve the shock would be terrible. No, I must not leave the rascal. He was probably one of the gang who had been operating in Washington lately. If I were only cool enough and clever enough I might be instrumental in lodging him, and possibly his pals, in jail, where I certainly wished him at the moment. To do this I must fall into the rôle of real burglar, to which the fellow had assigned me, and in some way bend circumstances to my purpose. But though I had never in my life thought so rapidly or so much to the point as I did in the ten seconds I was looking into the barrel of that revolver, I confess I could not see my way clear; however, something must be done,

and quickly. So with a wink and a swagger I motioned the revolver aside, and, pulling myself into the room, remarked in a cautious tone:

"Come now, my lad, don't be a fool. I've been watching my chance to crack this crib for some time, and now that I am here I don't mean that you shall stop me."

The fellow glared at me for a moment, then lowered his weapon and hoarsely responded:

"Well, don't 'rouse the 'ouse. I suppose we'd better do the job t'gether than git jugged."

Evidently no doubt of my belonging to his noble profession had yet occurred to him; but I realized perfectly that the smallest mistake on my part might arouse his suspicion. I saw at a glance that he was of a low, brutal type, and that my only chance lay in convincing him that I was the superior cracksman of the two.

"Never mind who I am," I replied to his inquiry as to my identity. "If you weren't a stranger in these parts I think you'd know me. Been taking a nap?" I continued, noting that he had secured nothing so far. "Where's your swag?"

"I jest got hin, but I'm 'anged if I sees hanythink now's I'm 'ere," he replied sullenly.

I glanced about, remarking that there didn't seem to be much in sight, and suggested that perhaps the house contained nothing worth taking, hoping that I might discourage him so that he would leave without further search.

"None o' your Yankee tricks with me," he growled, and his tone was threatening; "yer knows there's a good 'awl to be made, or yer wouldn't be 'ere. Didn't I see in th' papers that these young uns were jest marrit an' they got a 'eap o' silver give 'em?"

Even in my perturbed state of mind I felt a satisfaction in knowing that I was again right—burglars did read the society

column. I made a mental note of the remark for the further humiliation of my wife.

"You're right," I whispered, with a sly grin that cost me a tremendous effort (and I may as well add that my enjoyment of the *rôle* had ceased from the moment when the amateur became the professional), "they've got plenty of stuff, and we've only got to find it."

He began pulling open drawers and closets, tossing the table linen into a heap on the floor and upsetting things generally. For some moments he worked on stealthily, I apparently assisting him, my mind revolving plan after plan for bringing the situation to a desirable end, without, however, arriving at any decision.

I felt perfectly easy as far as our silver was concerned; no one not in the secret could possibly discover its hiding-place. But another anxiety was sending the blood to my brain. Suppose, finding nothing, the fellow should propose going up-stairs? Scarcely had the thought entered my mind when, with an oath, he turned from the open drawers and growled:

"They hain't nothink down 'ere; we'll 'ave to go hup."

For a moment I was staggered; then,



"GIT HOUT 'O THIS, YER BLOAT!"

"I guess you're right," I said. "But you'd better let me go alone; I'm lighter on my feet."

In our upper hall there is a messenger call; it was in the house when we moved in. Regarding it as a disfigurement to the wall, we had meant to have it removed; but how glad I now was that we had procrastinated can be imagined.

Breathlessly I awaited the villain's answer. He fixed his beady eyes on me; then, with a cunning leer:

"I'll go halong too," he said; "yer might need protection, yer see."

He was troubled by no misgivings regarding my knavery, but evidently he did not believe in the adage that there is honor even among thieves; he was fearful lest I cheat him out of what he considered his share of the plunder. It seemed clear that the only way to keep him down-stairs was to give up my cherished plate. Perhaps if I had had more time I might have thought of another plan; but there stood the burglar, eying me suspiciously, and



"HE BEGAN PULLING OPEN DRAWERS . . ."



"HE APPEARED . . . WITH A PIRCE OF PIR IN HIS HAND."

the crisis was at hand. I am a small man, more of a student than an athlete; the burglar was a big fellow, with fists like sledge hammers—and a revolver. So, inwardly cursing, but assuming a patronizing and reckless air, I said:

"Well, I guess I'll have to let you into this, after all. You English chaps are a thousand years behind the times. You're not onto our Yankee notions, I see."

I began moving along the wall, feeling the paneling, until I came to the corner near the door; here I stopped and looked at him; he was watching me intently. I pressed one of the beads in the molding, and instantly two of the panels slid apart, disclosing a tempting array of household silver.

"Well, I be blowed!" ejaculated my colleague aloud, forgetting caution; and without delay he deftly began pulling out piece after piece.

"You har a rum 'un, you har! Was goin' to keep hit all to yerself too. Say! 'owd yer git hon to it?" he asked, with a touch of deference in his manner.

"Oh, I'll divvy the silver, but I'll keep my knowledge to myself," I replied jocosely, for I wanted to keep him in a good humor.

So far so good; but what I was to do next I had not the slightest idea. Ideas came and went confusedly as I watched him stowing away our silver in a sack which he drew from beneath his waistcoat. Again the man unwittingly suggested my course.

"Say, you tap the top o' the crib while I stow haway this swag."

At last, though he had the silver, it was evident that I had his confidence. Perceiving my opportunity, I was quick to seize it.

"All right; but how do I know that you won't skip with the silver while I'm at it?" I replied.

"Do yer take me for a bloomin' innocent in harms?" he grinned. "Dimons an' watches his worth 'avin'."

I felt convinced of his sincerity; so, slipping off my shoes, I pushed aside the portière and went into the hall. At the foot of the stairs I paused; if I



"I'M NOT THE ONE," I GASED."

aroused Alice she would suppose rightly that it was I, and would certainly speak; the fellow would hear her and bolt with the silver. I dared not risk it. Instead, I went through the library into a little room where my telephone is located. Closing both doors behind me, and putting my hand on the bell to muffle the sound, I rang up Central.

"What is it?" came the answer.

"Give me the Sixth Precinct quickly," I whispered.

I waited an interminable time as it seemed to me, then the same voice said:

"Can't get them; the wire's out of order."

My heart sank within me; but I stated the circumstances as briefly as possible to the operator, requesting that he send word to the police. I knew that there was nothing left for me to do but keep the fellow occupied until the officers arrived, but I had small hope of succeeding. Stealing back to the dining-room, I was bewildered to find that the burglar had vanished; but there on the floor lay the bag of silver. Presently, however, I heard him in the pantry, and a moment later he appeared in the doorway with a piece of pie in his hand.

"Where do they keep the liquor?" he grumbled; then, seeing my hands empty, he inquired:

"What luck hup-stairs?"

I shook my head. "Nothing there worth taking."

His brows knitted in a way that expressed plainly that he doubted me. "I——"

"Hist!" I interrupted. "What's that?"

There was certainly a noise outside.

My surprise was genuine, for it did not seem possible that my summons could have been answered so quickly.

The burglar sprang forward and turned out the light, at the same time making a grab for the silver. I was there before him, however, and, bag in hand, made a rush for the hall, threw open the front door, only to find myself seized instantly by two officers of the law.



"IT REQUIRED ONLY A FEW WORDS FROM HER TO CONVINCE THE OFFICERS OF MY IDENTITY."

"What's your hurry?" coolly remarked one of them, snapping a pair of handcuffs on my wrists.

"I'm not the one," I gasped; "he's in the dining-room."

"You'll do," replied the man; "better give over that bag; you won't need it."

"I am the proprietor of this house, and this is my own silver," I protested indignantly. "For heaven's sake, go quick and capture that ruffian in the dining-room."

"Come, we know you, and we don't want any of your old tricks; you can tell us those fairy tales later," said the first officer, going through my pockets with professional ease.

In my agitation I did not hear Alice come down-stairs, and only knew that she was present when I heard her excitedly corroborating my statements. It required only a few words from her to convince the officers of my identity, though evidently against their will; for they continued to eye me with suspicion, and removed the handcuffs with undisguised regret, as Alice subsequently asserted. When one of them finally concluded to investigate my statements regarding the real burglar, and made a rush for the dining-room, it hardly need be added that the bird had flown.

The piece of pie on the table, minus a large semi-circular portion, and the disordered room, were the sole traces of his presence, if one excepts the bag containing his intended plunder.

After partaking of the refreshments which I felt it proper to offer them, the minions of the law departed, still chuckling over the events of the evening and their denouement.

"How perfectly dreadful to find that revolver thrust in your face!" said Alice, sympathetically, as soon as we were alone,



"SHE HAD BEEN AROUSED BY NOISES DOWN-STAIRS."

"and how splendidly you behaved all through, you poor dear old George!"

"Yes," I acknowledged modestly, "it was a trying situation for one of my 'nervous temperament.'"

Alice gave me an affectionate tap on the cheek.

"And if my policemen had not appeared with such amazing alacrity, you might have lost both your husband and your silver, my dear; for that fellow was getting very ugly."

"Your police," replied my wife, smiling.

"The police I telephoned for," I explained.

Alice continued to smile.

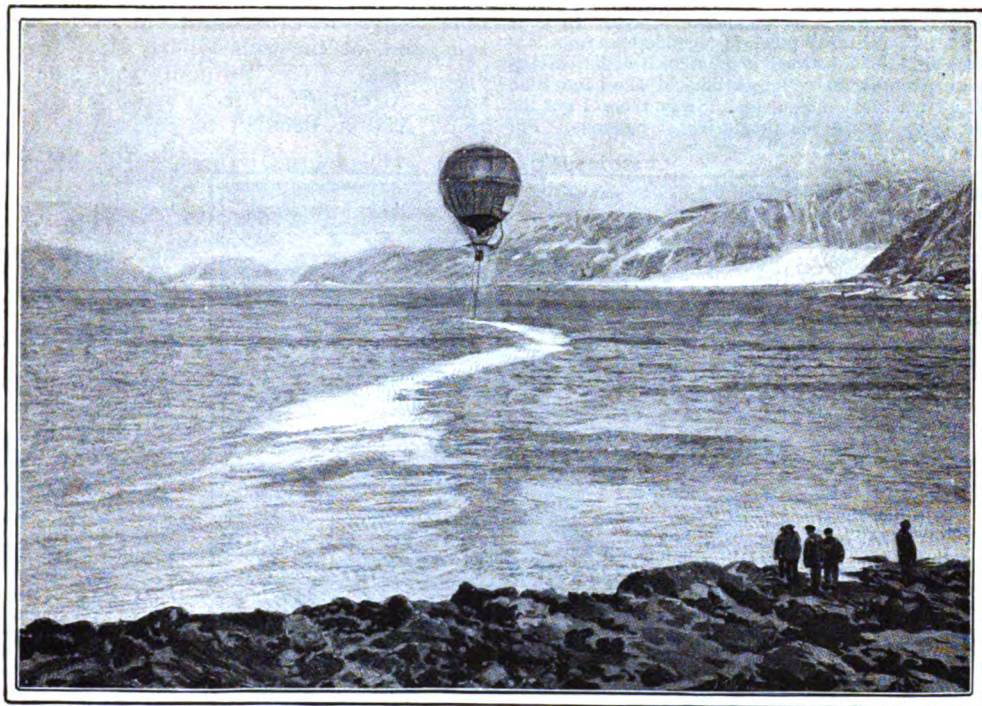
"But they were not your policemen, George; they were mine."

It was now my wife's turn to assume a patronizing tone—and she did it.

It seemed that she had been aroused by noises down-stairs, and, being convinced that there was a burglary in progress, like the brave little woman she is, had gone to the messenger call and summoned the police; then, putting on her wrapper and slippers, quietly, if not calmly, awaited results.

The next day Alice was the happy possessor of a silver tea urn.





THE START.

From a photograph by Mr. A. Machuron, who, as the representative of Mr. Lachambre, the maker of the balloon, accompanied Andrée to Danes' Island and assisted him in making his start. Reproduced from the Paris "Illustration."

LETTERS FROM THE ANDRÉE PARTY.

THE BALLOON EXPEDITION TO THE POLE.—AN ACCOUNT OF THE START BY ANDRÉE'S FELLOW-VOYAGER, NILS STRINDBERG.—LETTERS RELATING TO THE EXPEDITION FROM STRINDBERG'S FATHER.

ON the 11th of last July, one Sunday afternoon, S. A. Andrée, with two companions, Nils Strindberg and Knut Fraenkel, ascended from Danes' Island in the balloon "Ornen" (The Eagle) and sailed away northward, hoping by this untried means to reach the North Pole. Daring even to foolhardiness as Andrée's project may well seem, it had been very coolly and prudently matured and systematically prepared for. Andrée was born in Sweden October 18, 1854, and is now, therefore, forty-three years old. He is a carefully educated mechanical engineer and man of science. From 1886 to 1889 he filled a chair in the leading Swedish school of technology; he passed the winter of 1882-1883 in Spitzbergen, as a member of a Swedish meteorological expedition, directing experiments and observations in atmospheric electricity; and he has held for some years an important engineering post under the Swedish government. In 1876, while on his way to America, to serve the Swedish exhibitors at the Centennial Exhibition, he was impressed with the seeming regularity of the trade winds, and thus was led to consider the possibility of balloon voyages across the Atlantic. His coming to America augmented also in another way his interest in ballooning. In a little speech spoken by him into a gramophone, for use at a Swedish Aid Society's fair holding in Brooklyn while he was preparing for his journey to the Pole, Mr. Andrée said:

"It is a great pleasure for me to be able to contribute to the Swedish Aid Society's Fair. I have been in America myself, and have experienced how hard it is to be without work. I was glad many times

to make my living by wielding a broom. In spite of that, I have many pleasant recollections from that time, because I learned a great deal while staying there. It was there I met the old aéronaut John Wise from Philadelphia, and it was there I got the first lesson in the manufacturing of balloons. For me is America, therefore, indeed memorable, and the Americans can rest assured that I should like very much, if I could, to visit them with my balloon *via* the North Pole."

Early in 1895 Mr. Andrée laid his ideas for a balloon expedition into the Arctic, then pretty well matured, before the Swedish Academy of Science. Later in the same year he presented them in England before the International Geographical Congress. He estimated that he would require for his project a little over \$36,000. In time the money was provided, mainly by the generosity of Mr. Alfred Noble, who died, however, before Andrée could make his start; Baron Oscar Dickson, who died soon after the start; and the King of Sweden. Andrée had now been studying balloons with great care for some years. He had himself made a number of ascensions, and he had had some very thrilling and dangerous adventures. With the money he required made secure, he set about the construction of a balloon especially suited to his purpose.

THE BALLOON.

The "Ornen" was built by M. Lachambre, the well-known balloon-maker of Paris, at an original cost of \$10,000. The balloon proper was originally

ninety-seven feet through from top to bottom; and, at the widest part, sixty-seven and a quarter feet through from side to side. After the failure to make a start in 1896, Andrée decided to enlarge it, and

it was carried back to Paris, cut in two at the middle, and an additional section inserted about three and a quarter feet high. The perpendicular diameter was thus increased by about that much, but the horizontal diameter remained as before. By this enlargement the volume of the balloon was increased 10,600 cubic feet, becoming in all 170,000 cubic feet. It is made

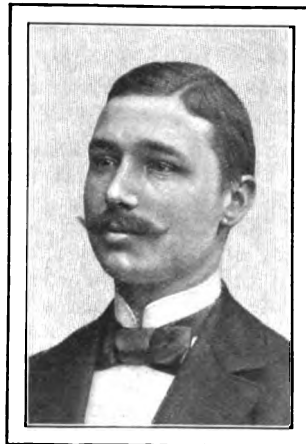
of silk—three thicknesses through the upper two-thirds, and two through the lower third, all varnished twice over, inside and out. Over all the seams are laid protecting strips, and to doubly insure tightness these were varnished at the edges, just before the start, with a varnish especially devised for this use. There are two valves about half way up the balloon, nearly, but not quite, opposite each other; and there is a third at the bottom. The latter works automatically; the others are controlled by ropes attached to them on the inside and coming out of the balloon at the bottom beside the third.

The balloon is encased in a heavy netting of hemp, woven above, with much intricacy, of 384 separate ropes, and ending below in forty-eight "suspension" ropes, to which is attached what is known as the "bearing-ring." This ring is a part



A. S. ANDRÉE.

From a photograph by G. Florman, Stockholm.



NILS STRINDBERG, ONE OF ANDRÉE'S TWO COMPANIONS ON THE VOYAGE.

From a photograph by G. Florman, Stockholm.

of great importance; it is to the balloon much what the keel is to a ship. It is about seven and a half yards in circumference, is made of wood, and is braced with cross-bars.

To the bearing-ring is attached the car, or basket, by six ropes, each about one and a fifth inches in diameter. These ropes are knitted into the wall of the car, and fastened securely at the bottom of it. Above the car they are encircled and braced by five horizontal ropes, equidistant from each other, which thus form a series of guard-rails. Above these, about six and a half feet from the roof of the car, is yet another; it is much shorter, and draws the suspending ropes into a circle of about half the diameter of that made by the lower ones.

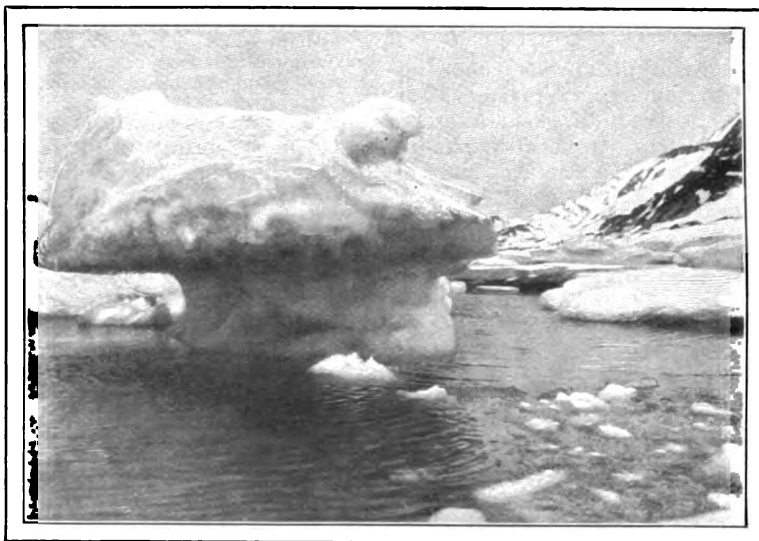
The car is cylindrical in form, about six and a half feet in diameter and five in depth. It is of wicker, woven over a frame of chestnut wood. Iron and steel were avoided in its construction, lest they might disturb the action of the magnetic instruments with which the balloon is equipped. At one side, on the lower edge, the car is sheared, or beveled, away, in order that on landing it may strike more gently and not be over-

turned. Well up in the wall of the car are two small windows closed with glass, and near the bottom are two openings closed with wood, while through the roof is a trap-door. The whole car is covered with tarpaulin.

The interior of the car is chiefly for rest and retirement. The place for work and observation is the roof. Here is erected a sort of swinging gallery, free at the bottom, so that it may remain horizontal under the tip of the balloon, and shielded somewhat from the weather by a curtain of tarpaulin. In this gallery were placed the scientific instruments: thermometers, barometers, cameras, and so on—a full equipment; and here two of the *aéronauts* would keep an outlook and manage the balloon, while the third took his rest in the car below. A sleeping-bag (a hair-mattress encased in reindeer skin) occupied the middle of the car; and all about, in ingenious compartments, were stored books, maps, instruments, toilet articles, kitchen utensils, arms, ammunition, and what not. The main places of storage, however, were the bearing-ring, which with its cross-braces formed a sort of garret floor whereon were stowed various tools and

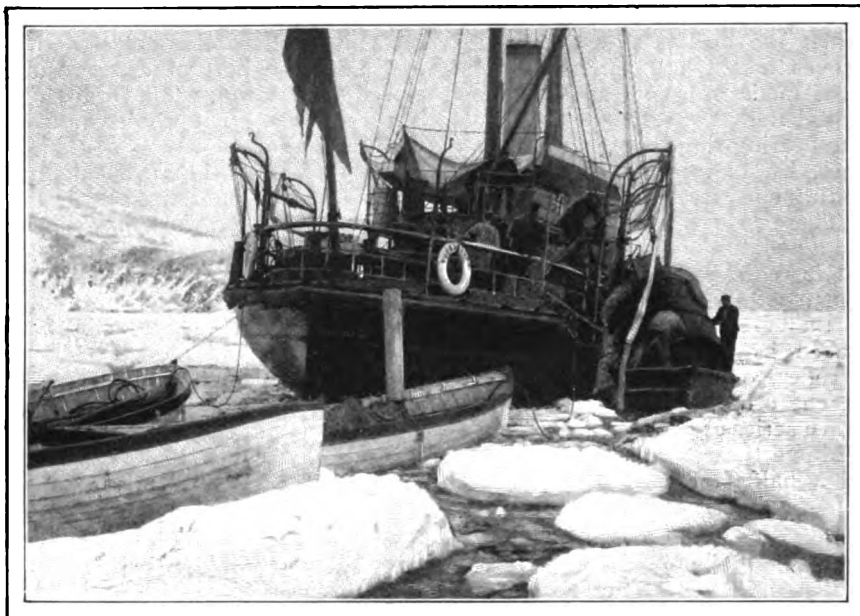


KNUT FRAENKEL, ONE OF ANDRÉE'S
TWO COMPANIONS ON THE VOYAGE.



DANES' GATE, NEAR WHICH THE ASCENSION WAS MADE.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.



UNLOADING THE BALLOON FROM THE SHIP AT DANES' ISLAND.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

implements, such as shovels, anchors, and reserve ropes; and the spaces between the forty-eight suspension ropes above the bearing-ring. Securely hung in these spaces were forty-eight large, strong cloth sacks, divided into numerous compartments. In twelve were stowed sledges, boats, sail-yards, and kindred articles; in thirty-six were stored provisions.

ANDRÉE'S PROVISIONS.

Andrée's store of provisions, since his fate became so much of a mystery, has grown to be a subject of great interest. Thousands of letters, from all parts of the world, have gone to the Academy of Science at Stockholm asking about it; and finally, in order to satisfy public curiosity, King Oscar of Sweden requested Dr. Beauvais of Copenhagen, head of the house that supplied Andrée, to make a report on the amount of provisions he carried. Dr. Beauvais has just reported as follows:

"The Andrée expedition has provisions for nine months. All the boxes in which the conserved food is kept were made of copper, as iron would have had a disastrous effect on the magnetic instruments carried by the expedition. To occupy as little space as possible they were made square instead of round. The food consists of every kind of steaks, sausages, hams, fish, chickens, game, vegetables, and fruit. If these provisions have been saved, together with

the food which the explorers can procure through fishing and hunting, they have sufficient provisions to last them two years.

"The expedition is also furnished with a new kind of lozenges of concentrated lemon juice. This is the first time these have been used by Polar expeditions, and it is expected they will absolutely prevent every attack of scurvy.

"Finally, the expedition is provided with twenty-five kilos [about fifty-five pounds] of thin chocolate cakes, mixed with pulverized pemmican. To preserve this food against dampness it is packed in parchment, covered with stannine, a brittle metal composed of tin, sulphur, and copper, and inclosed in air-tight boxes. Nansen's expedition was also provided with this food, and it was found to be both nourishing and pleasant to the taste."

Even a means of cooking was not lacking from the outfit. A stove about ten by seventeen inches, heated by a spirit lamp, was carried along; and, in order to avoid the danger of using it near the gas of the balloon, it was so devised and placed that it could be lighted and operated hanging twenty-five feet below the roof of the car.

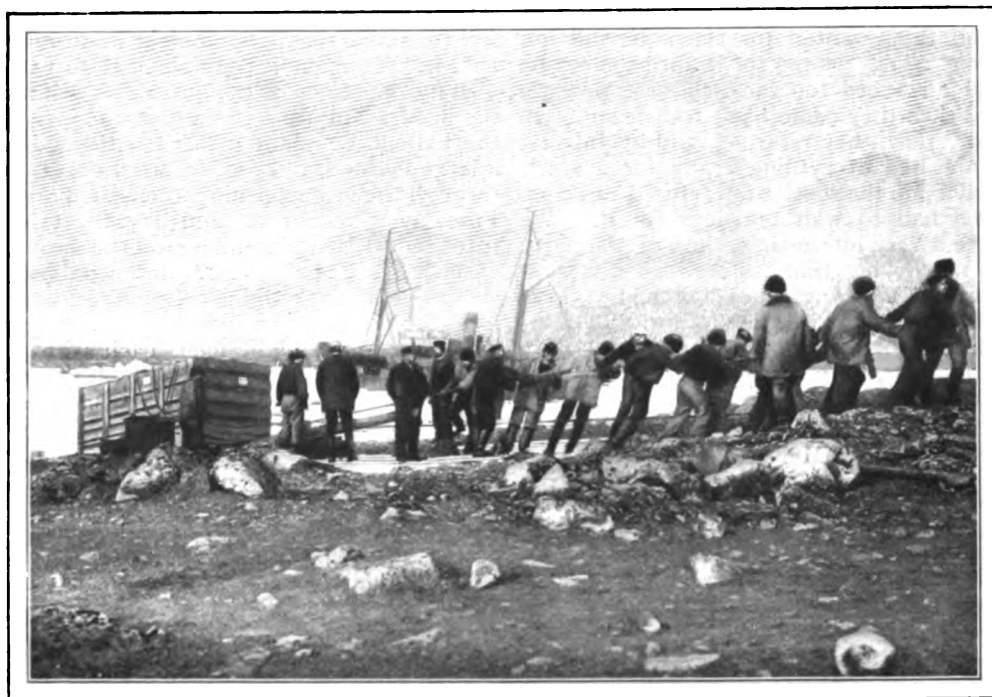
To aid in steering and controlling the balloon, Andrée devised an apparatus of sails and guide-ropes—three sails, presenting to the wind when full-spread a surface of 800 square feet; and three guide-ropes, one about 1,017 feet long, another about 1,042 feet, and the third about 1,205 feet. The ropes trail from the bearing-ring, and are attached to it in such wise that they can be shifted from point to point; and by thus shifting them, the



SLEDDING THE BALLOON FROM THE SHIP TO LAND AT DANKS' ISLAND.

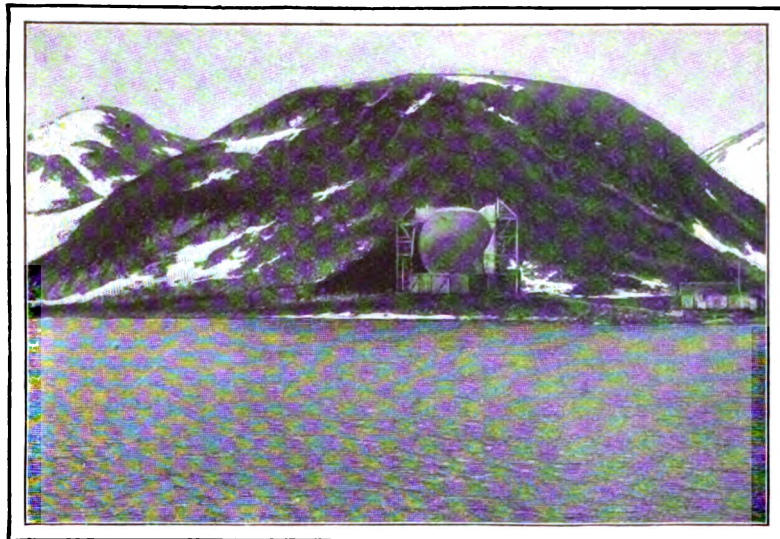
From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

theory at least is that there can be a corresponding shift made in the course of the balloon. The sails are hung two between the suspension-ropes.



LANDING THE BALLOON AT DANKS' ISLAND.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.



VIEW OF THE BALLOON-HOUSE AND THE BALLOON.

Part of the walls of the balloon-house have been torn away, in order to let the balloon out at the ascension. From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

Andrée's first design was to sail in the summer of 1896. The balloon and all stores and appliances were conveyed to Danes' Island; a balloon-house was erected, and engines set up for producing hydrogen gas and inflating the balloon. All, indeed, was made ready; but the south wind they wanted for the start did not come. They waited for it until the season had advanced too far for a safe venture, and then they came back to Sweden. In May, 1897, they returned, and by July 1st again had everything ready for a start. And again the south wind refused to come. They had to wait ten days for it. We have a very interesting view of the party at this trying time, as well as a full account of the work they had had to do in getting ready, in the following letter, written by Andrée's companion, Nils Strindberg, to his brother in New York and not before published:

LETTER FROM NILS STRINDBERG.

"Yes, now the folks at home believe us to be ascended. From Anna I had no letter, and papa was very doubtful about his letter reaching me. But alas! it is true that we have not yet departed. As you have probably heard through the papers or letters from home, we anchored the 30th of May in 'Virgo Harbor,' after having been detained by the ice in Danes' Gate. It seems to have been an excep-

tionally mild winter. There is considerably less snow this year than last, which still was milder than the average winter. The balloon-house stood when we arrived, but was so damaged by the winter storms that it was on the verge of collapsing. But one must remember that it was only calculated to remain for one summer. With the aid of tackle and buttresses

it was soon fixed, and June 14th we brought the balloon from the 'Virgo' to the balloon-house. On the 16th the balloon was stretched out on the floor, which had been covered with thick coarse felt. The 'Virgo' left Danes' Island on the 16th. And now we had our hands full to make the balloon tight and to inflate it. To make it tight we had to varnish all the seams on the outside as well as the inside. In order to varnish the inside the balloon is partly inflated with air by a large bellows, and the workmen crawl in through the lower opening. Svedenborg, Fraenkel, Machuron, and myself take turns in the superintending of the inside varnishing. The interior of the balloon is a very strange sight. It looks like a low vault of stone masonry. . . . There we were, eight men, each with a pot of varnish and a brush, and varnished every seam of the upper half of the balloon. The varnish makes the air very bad, and after some time one begins to feel a pain in one's eyes as of onions.

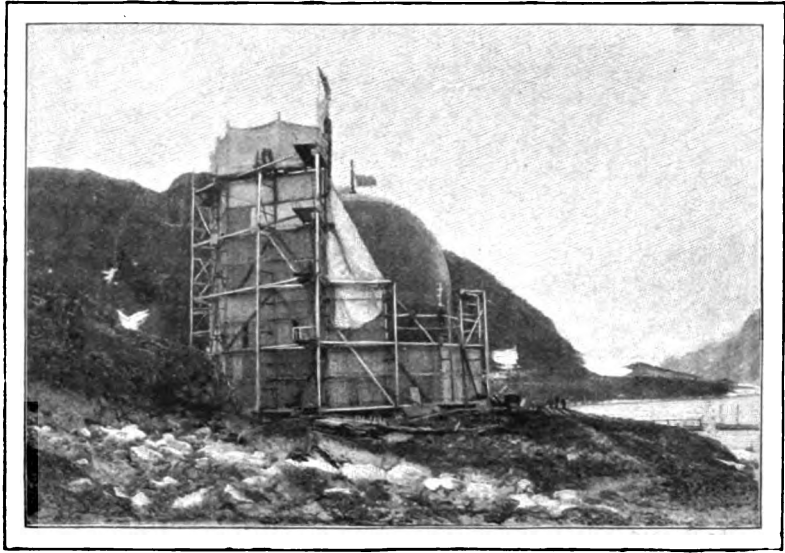
"On Saturday, the 17th, at seven o'clock in the morning, the hydrogen apparatus was started and put in connection with the balloon, and at twelve o'clock, midnight, between the 22d and 23d, it was inflated. Then it had to be tested as to its tightness and the principal holes fixed. This was done by a new method invented by Mr. Stake. It is simply to allow the few particles of hydrogen sulphide, which

are always produced with the hydrogen, to accompany the hydrogen into the balloon. If pieces of muslin saturated with a solution of acetate of lead are put on the balloon, the smallest leakage may be discovered by the escaping hydrogen sulphide, which causes the muslin to turn black. This method proved to be very practical, and we discovered several small holes which could be fixed. During these operations one walks around on top of the balloon, which only yields imperceptibly.

"After these preparations we have succeeded in getting the balloon in pretty good shape; at all events much better than last year. It loses daily about forty-five kilos [a fraction over ninety-nine pounds] in carrying capacity; but as we have possibilities of throwing out 1,700 kilos [about 3,748 pounds] of ballast, we will easily float for more than a month.

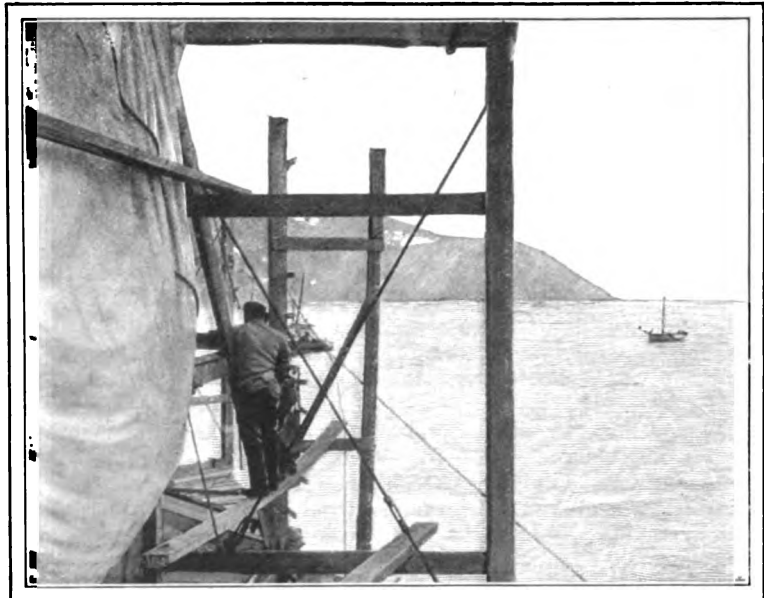
"We do not intend to start until we get favorable wind, to avoid being pushed right back to Spitzbergen by contrary winds. If we get the right wind, we ought to be able to go some distance in these thirty days. With a fairly strong wind we will make from ten to twenty

knots an hour, and will reach the Pole, or a point near to it, in from thirty to sixty hours. Once having reached the northernmost point, we don't care where the wind carries us. Of course we would rather land in Alaska, near the Mackenzie River, where we would very likely meet American whalers, who are favorably disposed toward the



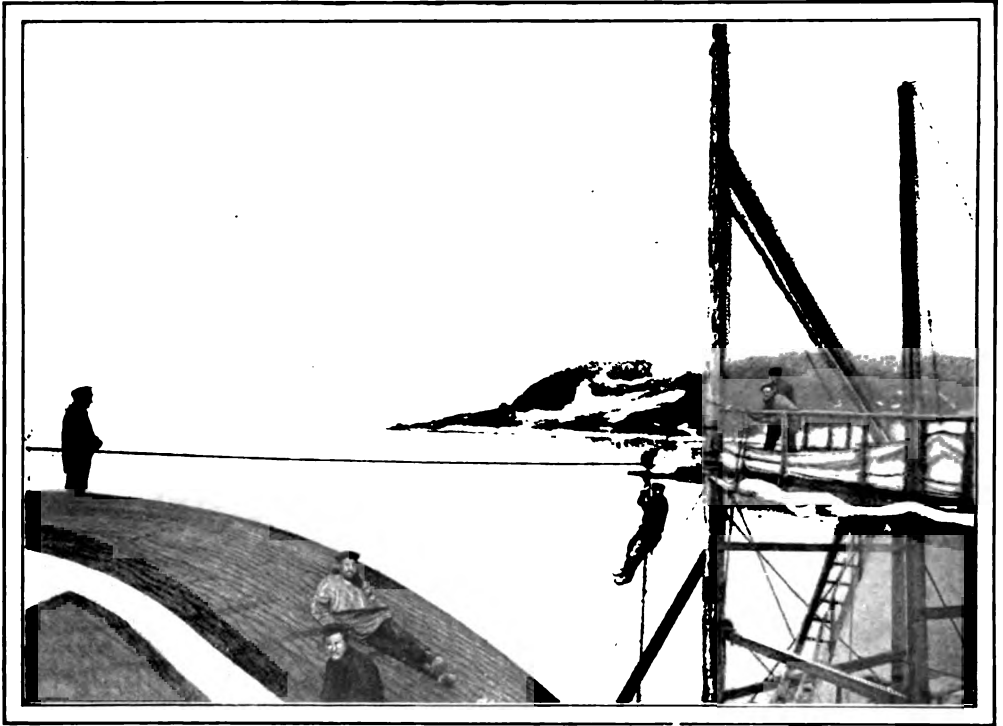
TAKING DOWN THE FRONT WALL OF THE BALLOON-HOUSE.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.



TAKING DOWN THE FRONT WALL OF THE BALLOON-HOUSE.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.



GETTING ON TOP OF THE BALLOON TO LOOK FOR LEAKS.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

expedition. It would really be a glorious thing to succeed so well. But even if we were obliged to leave the balloon and proceed over the ice, we shouldn't consider ourselves lost. We have sledges and provisions for four months, guns and ammunition; hence are just as well equipped as other expeditions as far as that is concerned. I would not object to such a trip. The worst thing is that the folks at home will feel uneasy if we don't appear in the fall, but are obliged to spend the winter in the Arctic regions. My body is now in such good condition, and I have got so accustomed to the Arctic life, that a winter up here don't seem terrible at all. One gets used to everything. But the best thing would be to come home in the fall.

"Well, I hope we shall soon have favorable winds. On the 8th of July we had a strong southerly wind, but then it was too strong. It was almost a gale, and it would have been impossible to ascend without damage to the balloon. Later it shifted over to the west too much. If we don't get a southerly wind before the 15th of July, we intend to try with a southeasterly, to be carried north of Greenland, and there

possibly utilize the south winds which, according to Lieutenant Peary, are prevalent during summer.

"Well, good-by now, brother; just wonder if we will meet next time in New York. Send my love to Uncle and Aunt Outad and the boy, also to the Ellnrod family. Tell them that nowadays I write to nobody but my *fiancée*. Got no time for more.

"Your brother,

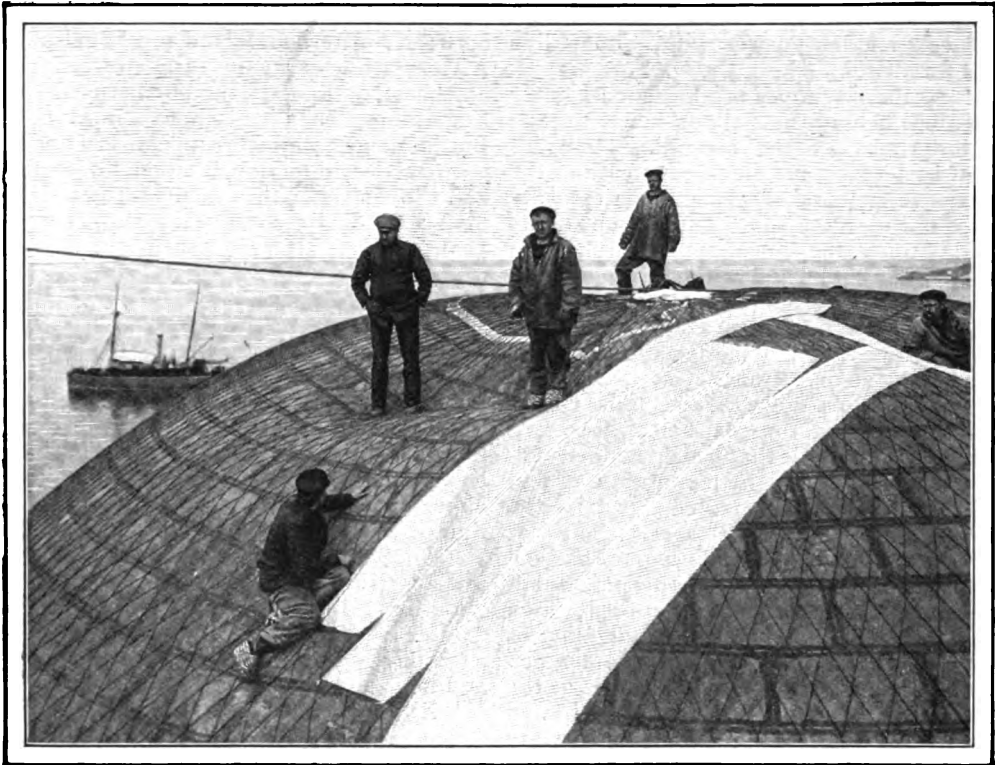
"NILS.

"The 'Lofoten,' which arrived this morning at seven o'clock, has left already at ten; so this will have to go by the next mail."

THE START.

When the members of the party arose on the morning of July 11th, they sent up a joyous cry of "A strong, steady wind from the south!" What followed this bestirring announcement has been very well described by one of the party, and we cannot do better than to quote his account:

"After a short discussion on the morning of the 11th, Mr. Andrée and his com-



EXAMINING THE BALLOON FOR LEAKS.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

panions decided to ascend as soon as possible. Now followed some hours of great activity. Everyone felt perceptibly the importance of the moment, and all demonstrated this in an excellent way. Through the roaring storm, which so powerfully pressed against the balloon-house that it cracked and squeaked in all its joints, Mr. Andrée's powerful voice was heard, now from the outside, now from the inside, and now again from the top of the colossal building, giving orders and superintending the last preparations for this long-planned journey, which had cost so much effort and so much anxiety and for which so much was risked. All that was invested in the undertaking could still be lost at the very start.

"The wind is roaring, and the gigantic balloon pulls and pulls at its anchorage, sometimes with threatening force. Heavy clouds come tearing down from the mountain tops; a sudden gush of wind strikes the house, and it crashes more than ever. One of the poles at the upper balcony, to which canvas is fastened for protection against the wind, yields to the pressure

and falls over the balloon, and might cause the whole expedition to come to naught, did not quick hands check it in its fall. The whole thing seems to hang on a hair. But Andrée does not seem at all excited. He takes in every detail of the preparations, and gives his orders, which are carried out rapidly and carefully.

"In about an hour's time the north wall of the house is torn partly down, and all hands are called to assist in raising and managing the balloon. Finally there is nothing left to do but attach the car—an extremely difficult job, as the raised balloon sways to and fro more than before. But even this is accomplished successfully, and now, about three and one-half hours after the work began, our three daring countrymen are ready to start on their hazardous journey. A few moments for the last farewells, and Andrée with his two companions, Nils Strindberg and Knut Fraenkel, jumps aboard the 'Ornen,' and orders are given to cut the retaining ropes. The captain of the 'Svensksund,' Count Ehrensward, proposes a 'long life' for Mr. Andrée, which is given

with four hearty hurrahs. Andrée and his companions answer with, 'Long live old Sweden!'

"As the last ropes are loosened I hurry up a hill behind the balloon-house to take photographs of the ascending balloon. Just as I reach my elevated position, the immense balloon slowly and majestically rises out of its prison. On account of its undulations the lower part catches on something connected with the house, but slips off again the next moment, and the balloon rises to between 600 and 700 feet, at the same time moving in a northeasterly direction out over Danes' Gate. But suddenly it drops down again, in a course straight toward the sea, being depressed by a current of air that has descended suddenly upon it from the mountain top, and also being somewhat pulled down by the catching of the guide-ropes. The car touches the waves; but like a giant ball the balloon rebounds, and when some sand-bags are thrown out (nine bags, each weighing about forty-two pounds), it rises until it reaches a height of about 3,000 feet. Then flying free, it continues at the height of about 3,000 feet, first in a northeasterly direction over Danes' Gate and toward the southern cape of Amsterdam Island. This it passes, and then turns

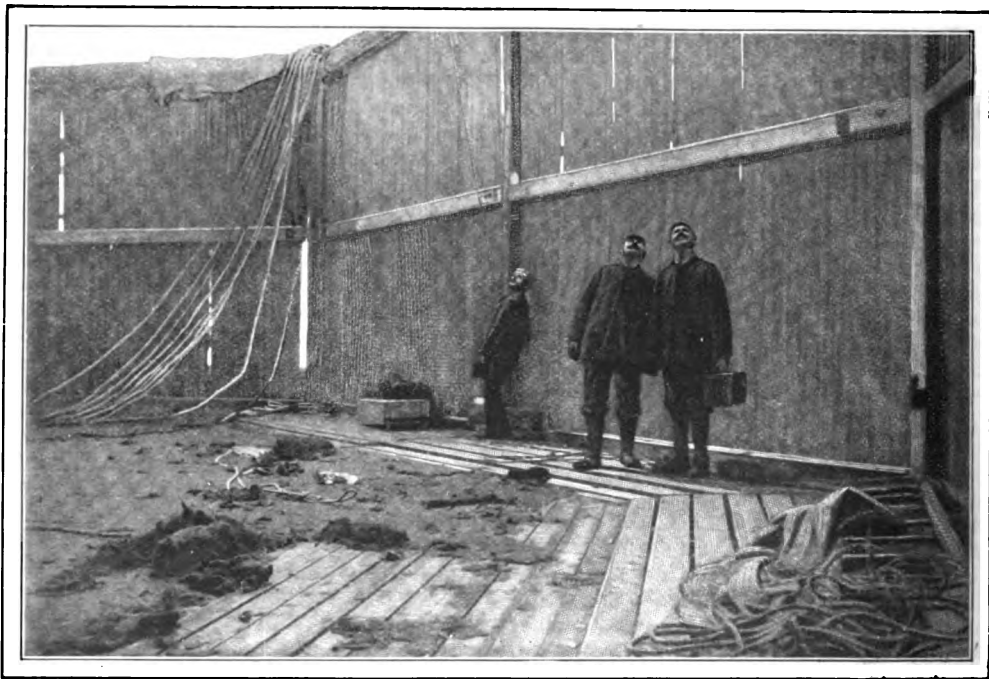
toward the north, keeping over the sound between Amsterdam Island and Fogelsang. After a while it again turns toward the northeast, and passes the northern cape of Fogelsang. Then it disappears in a cloud. But in a short while it reappears in a north-northeasterly direction, between Fogelsang and Cloven Cliff; then changes toward the west, and finally disappears altogether—about an hour after the ascension."

LETTERS FROM STRINDBERG'S FATHER.

Nils Strindberg's brother in New York received from his father, in Sweden, a number of letters written about the time the expedition started and a little after, that give interesting information regarding it and its members. We print here the important parts of these letters, no portion of which has been published before:

"On Saturday [May 8th] we have a few of Nils's friends for dinner to say good-by. But we are not able to have Andrée with us, because his mother died a few days ago from paralysis of the heart, and he is now down to her funeral."

"Nils was calm all the time [May 15th] except when he was leaving the house, when he burst out weeping for a few moments. He is indeed a man, for he left



THE DAY OF THE START. ANDRÉE, STRINDBERG, AND FRAENKEL INSIDE THE BALLOON-HOUSE AFTER THE BALLOON HAS RISEN.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

the dearest he has on earth [his *fiancée*] to carry out a great idea, and therefore I do think we shall see him back again, after a successful trip. Andrée was as calm as a summer sea."

"It was so strange [when a picture of the ascension reached them]; all the time one could imagine the 'Ornen' soaring away over the ice and snow towards the unknown—to land where? and when? and how? And then?"

"The day after Anna [Miss Chaslier, Strindberg's *fiancée*] accompanied me into the city to meet Svedenborg. Of course it was very interesting to hear eye-witnesses relate the story, although not much was told that had not been in the papers. Both Anna and myself had letters from Nils written the morning of the ascension-day: calm and sure as always. It was Nils who called out 'Long live old Sweden' when the balloon rose out of the house. The last words Andrée was heard to utter were 'What was that?' when the balloon caught somewhere for a moment. Svedenborg had saved, and presented to Anna, the sand-bag Nils cut off at the start. I got another. Anna also got the pigeon, in a small cage, with the message.

It was brought out in the country and well cared for; but when we moved to the city, she followed my advice and had it killed and stuffed—and soon she will have it back in flying position as a permanent souvenir from the dearest she has, poor thing."

"And so one has to go on and hope for a year at least; and even after that don't draw too unfavorable conclusions, for they may have long distances to walk before they reach inhabited places."

"At present I read Nansen's book with great interest, and in my thoughts I place 'the three' in the same or similar situations. Since they have rifles and sufficient ammunition and the necessities for a journey over the ice and a stay over the winter, I suppose they can do it, although with difficulties to overcome."

"Andrée and Nils, whom I know best, are such characters that, if possible, they make the impossible possible; and they have surely intelligence enough to figure out the best way of getting out of their emergencies. Andrée's ideas and Nils's Anna are two mighty levers and self-protections, and the love of life will help along too."



ANDRÉE, FRAENKEL, AND OTHERS WATCHING THE BALLOON AS IT SWAYS UNDER THE STRONG BLASTS OF WIND ON THE DAY OF THE START.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

WHERE IS ANDRÉE?

BY WALTER WELLMAN.

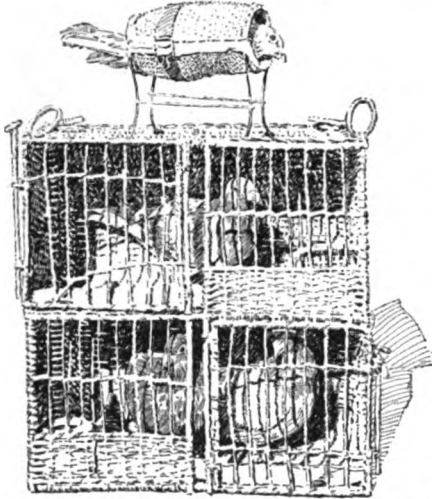
ON the morning of July 15, 1897, four days after Andrée started from Danes' Island in his balloon "Ornen" (The Eagle),

On opening the envelope, no message in shorthand was found, but one in ordinary writing was found, which, translated, reads :

"July 13, 12.30 P.M.

"Latitude 82° 2' ; longitude 15° 5' east. Good progress eastward, 10° south. All well on board. This is the third pigeon despatch.

"ANDRÉE."

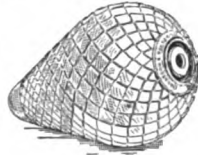


A GROUP OF ANDRÉE'S CARRIER-PIGEONS. HE TOOK THIRTY-TWO.

hoping to reach the North Pole, a carrier-pigeon lighted in the rigging of the sealer "Alken," then cruising in the vicinity of Spitzbergen, and was shot. Attached by threads to a tail-feather of the pigeon was found a small tube, or envelope, sealed at one end with wax. On the envelope was inscribed:

"From Andrée's Polar Expedition to the 'Aftonbladet,' Stockholm. Open the envelope on the side, and take out two messages. Telegraph the one in ordinary writing to the 'Aftonbladet,' and send the one in shorthand, by the first mail, to the same newspaper."

EDITOR'S NOTE. — Mr. Walter Wellman organized in 1894 the Wellman Polar Expedition, and penetrated to latitude 81° 15' north of Spitzbergen. His steamer, the "Ragnvald Jarl," was crushed in the ice at the Seven Islands. On his return to Europe he made a thorough inquiry into the feasibility of employing the balloon in Arctic exploration, and had even prepared, in conjunction with Godard and Surcouf of Paris, the best aeronautic engineers in the world, plans for an expedition similar to Andrée's, when Andrée announced his plans. Mr. Wellman is now preparing a new expedition, but not one by balloon.

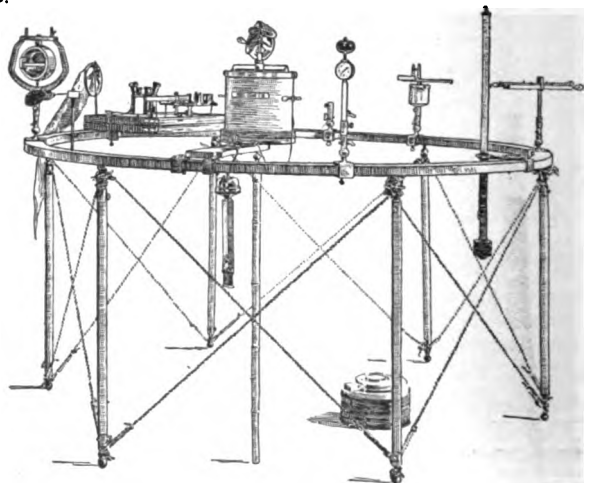


SPECIMENS OF THE BUOYS CARRIED BY ANDRÉE, TO BE DROPPED AT THE PARALLELS OF LATITUDE HE CROSSED.



The handwriting was Andrée's, and the pigeon bore on her wings the identifying marks that had been placed, before the expedition started, on all the pigeons that Andrée took with him. So there can be no doubt of the genuineness of this message. But beyond it, no word or trace of Andrée has been vouchsafed us since he left Danes' Island. Late in the autumn the Swedish government sent the steamer "Victoria" into the North to search for the aéronauts, but the search was fruitless.

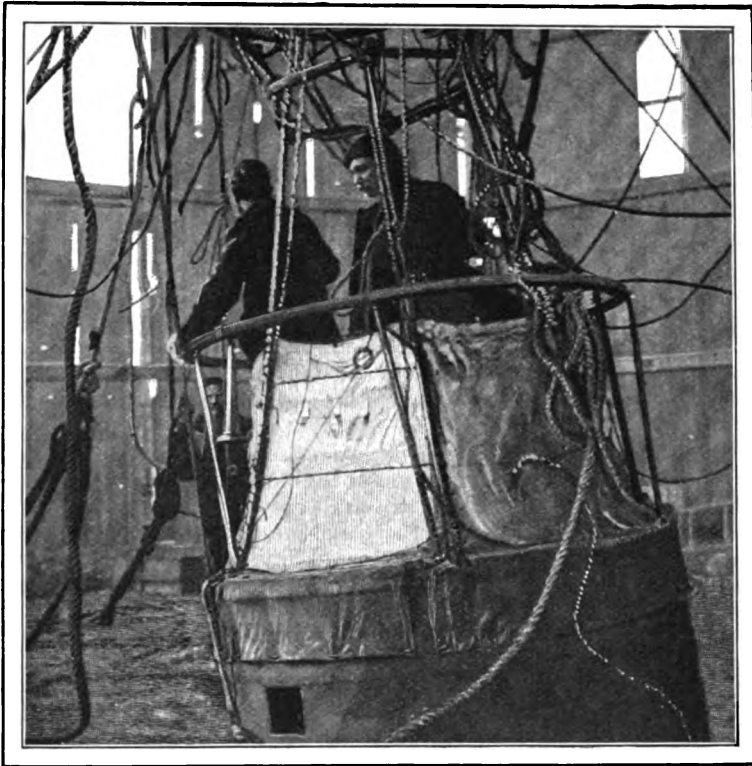
Andrée's balloon made its ascent at Danes' Island, north-west Spitzbergen, 618 geographical or 710 statute miles from the North Pole. According to the reports of eye-witnesses it sailed aloft in a wind which was blowing from



ANDRÉE'S SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS AS SET UP IN THE OBSERVATION GALLERY ON THE ROOF OF THE CAR.

twenty to twenty-five miles an hour in a northerly direction, a little east. Notwithstanding the friction upon the surface of the ice or sea of the trailing guide-ropes with which Andrée hoped to keep his air-ship always in contact with the earth, the balloon must have traveled nearly as fast as the wind. If his voyage had continued a little east of north, at a speed of twenty miles an hour, at noon the second day out

Professor Eckholm, who would have been one of Andrée's fellow-voyagers had the expedition started in 1896, and who is an accomplished meteorologist, has advanced a rational theory to account for Andrée's lack of progress northward during the first two days. Gathering the meager weather reports made by captains of such sealing sloops as were in the vicinity, Professor Eckholm suggests that



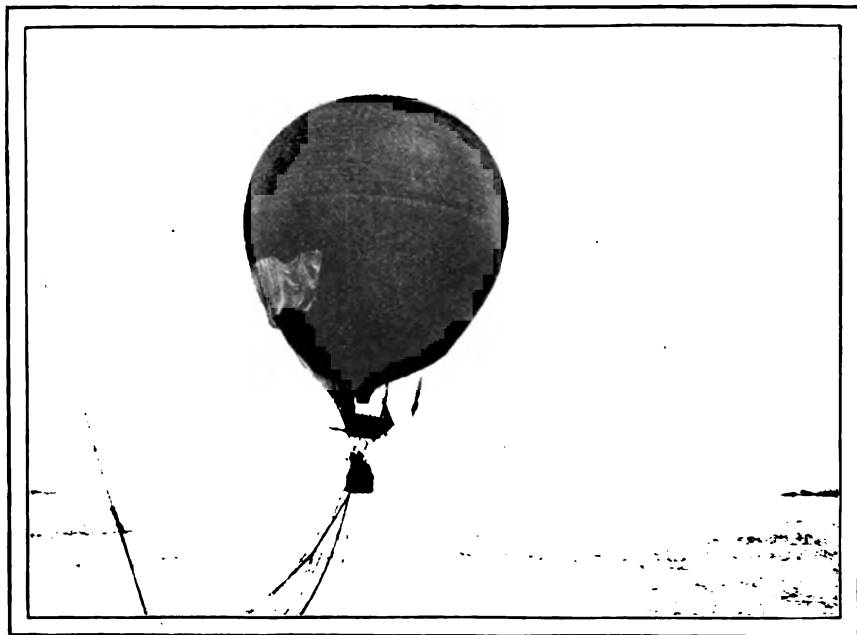
JUST BEFORE THE START: ALL READY TO CUT LOOSE.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

he would have found himself some 250 miles on the other side of the Pole, which he would have passed at a distance of perhaps one hundred miles on his left.

But the pigeon message tells a different story. At noon of the second day out, July 13th, Andrée writes that he had reached latitude $82^{\circ} 2'$ north, and longitude $15^{\circ} 5'$ east. In other words, instead of an aerial voyage 900 miles or more to the northward, passing near the Pole, he was then only 145 geographical miles north and 45 miles east of the point of departure. Moreover, at the hour of writing his message he was making "good progress eastward, ten degrees south," instead of to the north.

the wind in which the "Ornen" ascended was part of a cyclonic or whirling storm, the currents moving inward toward the center of the area of low barometric depression, where comparative calm prevailed. Professor Eckholm assumes that such a center of depression existed northwest of Danes' Island and that therefore the balloon was borne first to the north, then to the northwest and west, and into the area of calms, whence it emerged with the general course of the storm, and began its flight to the eastward. This would explain the movements of the air-ship during the forty-six hours which elapsed between the ascension and the writing of Andrée's message. It would



THE BALLOON JUST AT THE START, SHOWING THE MOMENTARY DEPRESSION CAUSED BY THE STRONG WIND.

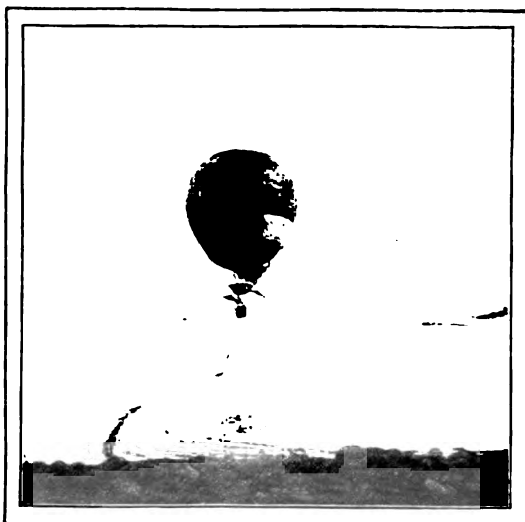
From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

also explain the "good progress eastward, ten degrees south." But there is room for doubt that the storm of July 11th to 13th was severe enough to take on the characteristics of a cyclone. Meteorological authorities agree that only the heaviest storms show this rotary movement.

When Andrée wrote at noon of July 13th, "good progress eastward, ten degrees south," and sent his message by the third pigeon, he must have meant good progress in that direction since his first or second pigeon message was despatched, indicating that either currents revolving about a center of low barometric depression or other adverse wind movement had, shortly after the ascension, carried him far to the westward of

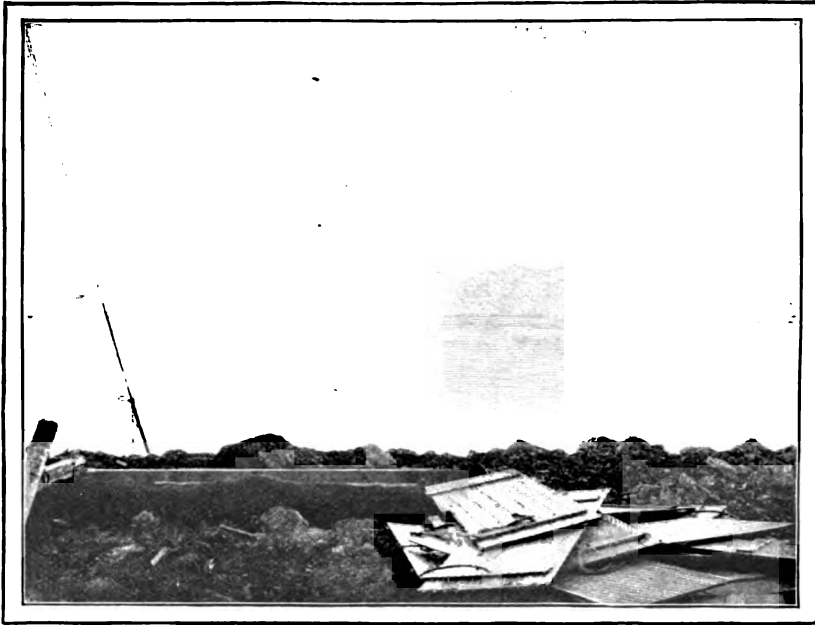
Danes' Island. In any case, the storm then blowing appears to have had a general eastward sweep, and we have a right to assume that the "Ornen" passed eastward fifty or sixty miles to the north of the Seven Islands of Spitzbergen, where the pigeon was secured.

If Professor Eckholm's theory is well based, there was, about July 13th, another center of low pressure in the neighborhood of Franz Josef Land. Into the rotary sweep of this area the "Ornen" may have passed; and in that case it was of vital importance to the aeronauts whether they were able to remain afloat until the movement of the storm had carried them first southward over the open or partly ice-free Barentz Sea and later northward again



SOME SECONDS AFTER THE START.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.



THE LAST SIGHT OF THE BALLOON.

From a photograph by G. and H. Hasselblad, Göteborg, photographers of the Andrée Expedition.

to Franz Josef Land, or whether they found it necessary to make a descent into the ocean or upon the loose pack-ice which is found upon the sea southeast of Spitzbergen. Whether it be assumed that the storm took on the character of a cyclone, or was merely a strong, straight-driving wind, there is an area of something like 200,000 square miles in which it is probable the voyagers made their descent. This region may be said roughly to comprise a part of the Barentz Sea, between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, on the south, Franz Josef Land and the Polar ocean north of it to the eighty-fifth or eighty-sixth parallel of latitude, and perhaps some distance eastward toward Siberia.

It is improbable the aéronauts were driven as far as Siberia or Nova Zembla. Had they reached the former country in July last, they would ere this have been heard from, even from the remotest parts. If they had reached Nova Zembla, their chances of returning to civilization by means of the sealing sloops which leave the west coast of that land as late as September would have been good. It is not likely they were caught in adverse currents and carried back to Spitzbergen or to Greenland, for the general movement of the storm was to the east.

There are three probabilities as to the

approximate point of descent, each strong enough to merit attention. The first of these is that the "Ornen" remained in the air till Franz Josef Land was reached. Once over this land, the aéronauts would be able to distinguish it by the changed appearance of the ice-sheet beneath them and by the black cliffs at the edges of the fiords. Here Herr Andrée may have become convinced of the uselessness of waiting for further advance toward the Pole, and in consequence decided to descend. In such case, and if the descent were made in safety, the voyagers might without great trouble make their way to Cape Flora, about the eightieth parallel, where Jackson left a comfortable house and ample supplies for a wintering. In case their descent were made so far from Cape Flora that they were unable to reach the Jackson camp before the winter closed in upon them, Andrée and his companions might shoot enough bear, walrus, and seal to support them through the winter, and throw up a hut to live in, as did Nansen and Johansen in the same region.

The second probability is that the "Ornen" came down in the ocean to the southeast of Spitzbergen. When Herr Andrée was asked a few days before his start what would happen if they descended in the sea, the adventurer replied, coolly, "Drown."

The third probability is that the air-ship was driven by the winds far to the east or northward of Franz Josef Land. In such case the explorers are probably lost. Assuming that they safely reached the ice-sheet which covers the Polar ocean, saving all their supplies, instruments, and equipment, this was the situation which confronted them: to save their lives they must get to the land within eight weeks. Out upon the Polar pack no game can be had, except by rarest good luck a stray bear comes that way. Andrée and his men had with them provisions for but four months. With this supply they could live till Christmas, but in order to secure food with which to survive the winter they must reach the land by the end of September at the latest, before the bear, seal, and walrus had disappeared. The distance which they could travel between the probable date of the descent and the closing in of winter may be estimated at 250 miles at the greatest. In August and early September the condition of the ice-pack is at its worst for sledging, being soft and slushy, with many pools half filled with sludge through which a boat cannot be rowed and over which a man cannot walk.

But were Andrée and his comrades able to descend to the land or to the frozen surface of the sea without injury to themselves and without loss of their precious food and equipment? It all depends upon the state of the wind. In light airs an aeronaut may descend to earth without much trouble or danger, but a descent in a smart wind is another story. When the car strikes the



THE PIGEON THAT BROUGHT THE ONE MESSAGE
THUS FAR RECEIVED FROM ANDRÉE.

earth and its weight is taken from the balloon, the great ball rebounds mightily and is up and away. As more and more gas escapes through the open valve it comes down again, only to repeat its upward leap, though with diminished force. Hence, often, their safety depends on whether the aeronauts are able to cut their car loose before they are themselves spilled out or severely injured. Unfortunately, instead of storing his food, sledge, boat, instruments, and other equipment in the car, and then arranging a de-

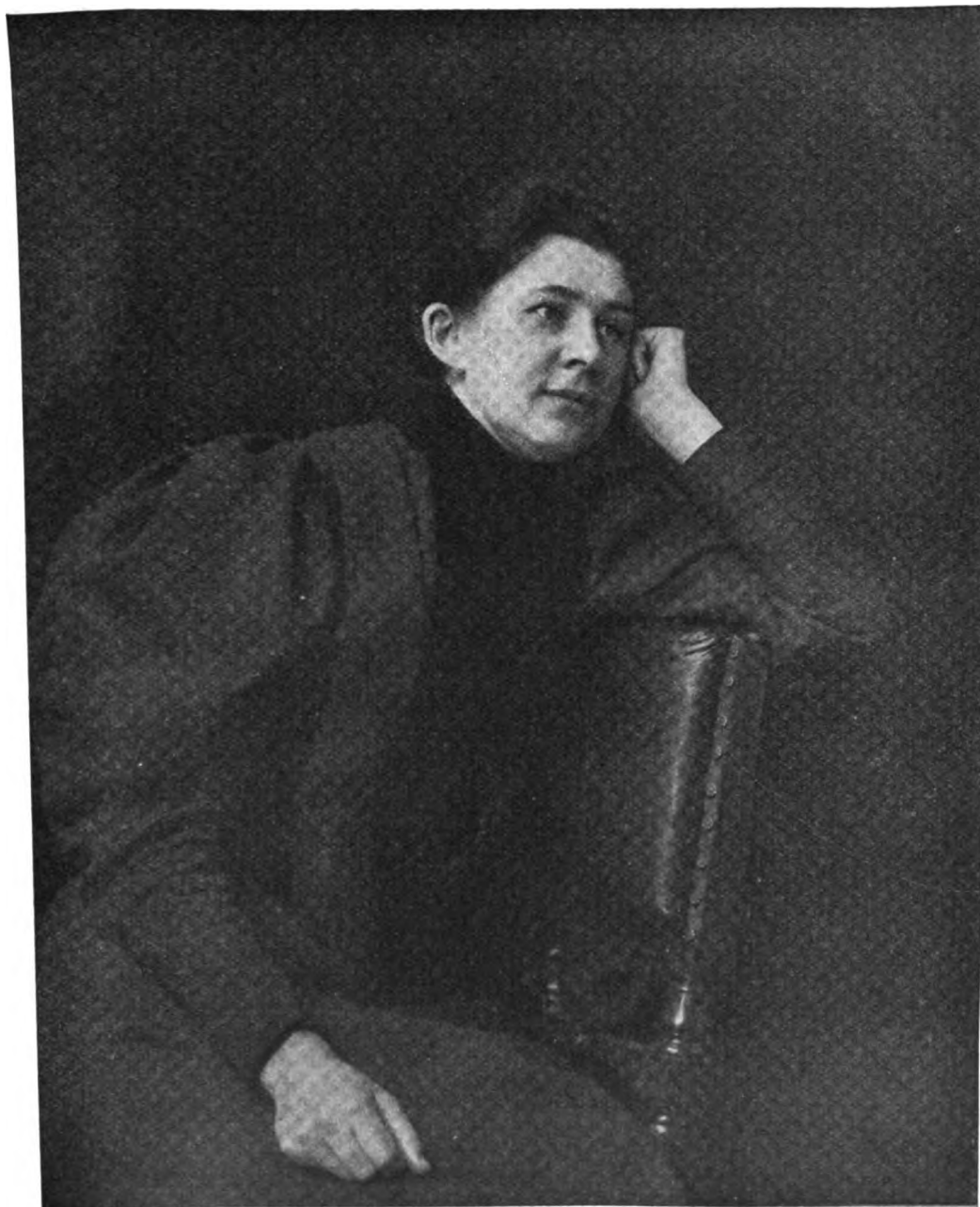
vice by which the car could, in an emergency, be quickly cut loose from the balloon itself, Andrée carried all his provisions and equipment above the suspension-ring of his air-ship, between the forty-eight ropes that attach the suspension-ring to the netting. What may easily have happened, therefore, was the escape of the balloon, carrying with it the precious supplies and outfit, after the occupants had themselves been spilled out upon the land or pack-ice.

If the "Ornen" came down in the sea, the aeronauts were drowned. If it descended in the loose pack-ice southeast of Spitzbergen, they have probably perished, as it would be next to impossible for them to reach land by sledging over such a surface. If it alighted upon Franz Josef Land, or upon the ice near it, without accident, they are almost certainly safe. If the descent was made upon the Polar pack more than 250 miles from Cape Flora, they are lost. If they are now alive, the chances are they will next summer be found in the Jackson house at Cape Flora.



Från Andrees Polarexp.
till Aeronauter Stockholm.
d. 13 juli
kl. 12.30 mitt
Lat. 82° 2'
Long. 15° 3' öst.
god fart åt
öst 10° syd.
Allt väl
ombord.
Betta är
Fredje duf-
posten.
Andree

FACSIMILE OF THE MESSAGE RECEIVED
FROM ANDRÉE BY CARRIER-PIGEON,
JULY 22, 1897, AND OF THE ENVELOPE
IN WHICH IT WAS CONTAINED.
SEE PAGE 422.



IDA M. TARBELL.

No name is more familiar to the readers of *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* than that of Ida M. Tarbell. Miss Tarbell has been a contributor to the Magazine from its foundation. Her "Life of Napoleon," begun in the November number, 1894, and finished in the April number, 1895, was by far the most successful feature the Magazine had had up to that time. Rarely, indeed, in all the course of magazine publication has there been a success equal to it. It was largely surpassed, however, a few months later, by Miss Tarbell's "Early Life of Lincoln," and her history of the later life of Lincoln seems likely to have even a greater popularity. Every day we receive many letters from subscribers asking when this will begin publication. It will begin in the November number, 1908. For two years now Miss Tarbell has been engaged in gathering new material and pictures relating to Lincoln's life from the time of his nomination to the Presidency at Chicago, in 1860, to his death by the hand of Booth, five years later. It is a short period, but the material is immense, and Miss Tarbell will present in the fullest manner the personal, human side of the great War President, and the movements of the War as they centered in or emanated from him.

AN ADVENTURE OF TRUCK SIX.

BY RAY STANNARD BAKER.

THE Wellington Hotel was burned on the tenth of April. On the following morning the papers contained columns of description; but the adventure of Lieutenant Swenson and his men received only a few paragraphs. A somewhat more extended account was given by the "citizen," Harrison, two days later in the hospital. When I asked Swenson about it, he only said: "The marshal told me to go up, an' I went up. She got too hot, an' I came down."

Geiger and Ford, however, finally gave me the details, though piecemeal and somewhat shamefacedly.

It was a few minutes past five o'clock in the afternoon when the cook of the Wellington Hotel rushed up from the basement and pulled the knob of the red fire-alarm box back of the clerk's desk. In the laundry behind the kitchen the flames were spreading along the walls and reaching out of the windows and doors. Five minutes later they had found the wooden elevator shaft, where they leaped with a roar to the top of the building and blazed out over the roof like a smoky, red torch.

The Wellington Hotel stood at the corner of Cass Avenue and Thirty-first Street, in a comfortable residence district of the city. It was of brick, five stories high, and built in the form of a big L, with a roomy, white-washed court in the angle at the rear. Adjoining it in Cass Avenue stood a thin frame building, two stories high, occupied on the first floor by a dealer in hats and gloves, with a photograph gallery overhead.

Fire Marshal Collins saw at a glance that the Thirty-first Street L was doomed. The fire looked from every window in its five stories. There was only one thing to do: save as much as possible of the front L, and prevent the fire from spreading to the other buildings of the block. In half a minute Collins had disposed his forces. Three streams of water drove in the windows of the upper floors near the corner of the hotel; three companies closed in at the rear along the alleyway; and Truck Six, Swenson, lieutenant, wheeled up close to the curbing and ran a Bangor ladder to the roof of the photograph gallery. The

ladder swayed and dipped like a poplar pole, and then rested lightly against the cornice. Swenson and his men scrambled up with their lanterns and axes. Captain Hill of Engine Fourteen and four of his company followed with a lead of hose. From the top of the gallery Swenson raised another ladder until it tipped the fourth-story window. From this point a short scaling-ladder was pushed up, and hooked to the stone ledge of the window on the fifth floor. Swenson drove in the sashes, frame and all, and a moment later they dragged the hose down the carpeted hall and into a room that opened on the court. From the window they could command the other L. Hill signaled for water, and they dropped a hundred-pound stream into the thick of the fire.

After establishing the lead, Swenson, with Kirk, his axman, and two truckmen, Geiger and Ford, went down the hall to find a suitable place for the second hose-line which No. 4 was dragging up the ladders. At a turn of the passageway they heard a voice shouting.

Geiger went ahead with his lighted lantern. Kirk and Ford shouted again and again, but there was no reply. The smoke was fast becoming unendurable, even to a seasoned fireman, and they turned and ran back, opening the doors and peering into the smoky interiors of the rooms as they passed. Presently Swenson stumbled, and all but fell over something in the hallway. Geiger held his lantern. A man on his hands and knees, with a handkerchief over his mouth, was crawling on the floor.

"Where's the stairway?" he mumbled.

Swenson lifted him up, and guided him down the hall. On nearing the window at which they had entered, they were startled to see the hose-line crawling rapidly down the hall floor and wriggling out of the window like some long snake. The brass nozzle-head rang sharply on the stone ledge and was gone. The room where the pipemen had been at work was vacant, and upon looking out of the hall window Swenson saw the flames bursting up from the photograph gallery, the flimsy roof of which curled before them as if it was made of

pasteboard. The ladder reaching to the fourth floor was already down. In the street below, Swenson saw Hill and his men running to safety across the street. They had staid a moment too long. There was no escape from that side of the building.

At Swenson's order, Kirk and Ford drew up the scaling-ladder that hung from the window, and they all groped their way through the smoke which was now driving down the hallway in dense, choking currents. Swenson opened a door leading into one of the rooms which faced the Cass Avenue front of the building. Here he threw up the window and looked out. The street pavement was mapped with the criss-cross of hose-lines. At the corner, No. 8's engine was squealing frantically for coal. A dense knot of firemen was steadying a hose-nozzle on the sidewalk opposite. The crowds had been choked back until they stood wedged deep and dark around the further corner.

Swenson saw Collins wave his hand to the men of Truck Two and point upward. He saw them start with their ladders, and then, of a sudden, the whole building shook, and a dense cloud of smoke belched from the basement below and filled the street. And Swenson knew that the building directly under him was on fire. In four or five minutes at the very most the floors would go down.

To any one but a fireman there would have been no way of escape. But Swenson stood two inches over six feet in his stockings, and he was cool with the experience of fifteen years of fires. His plan was formed instantly.

Kirk drove out the window sashes with a single blow of his axe. Swenson seized the ladder, and ran it outside, hooks up. Then he stood on the stone ledge; Geiger and Ford seized his belt, one on each side; and he leaned far out as if to jump. Carefully the ladder was lifted toward the edge of the roof, the iron cornice of which extended some distance over the street. For a moment he swayed and strained. The hooks rasped on the wall, but they would not reach to the top. The ladder was too heavy; in that cramped position Swenson could not raise it to its full height.

"No use," said Ford, despondently.

After a moment's consultation with the other men, Swenson formed another plan. Placing the foot of the ladder firmly on the outside window ledge, he lifted its top in air. Then he and Geiger each took firm hold of it with one hand, gripping the

other around the inside casing of the window. Kirk, who was the lightest of the number, stepped up on the window sill. He had kicked off his boots, and thrown aside his helmet. He was white to the lips.

"Don't look down," said Swenson.

Kirk climbed up the ladder until he was poised in mid-air, sixty feet sheer above the stone sidewalk. At the end of the ladder he paused and looked around.

"Go on," shouted Swenson.

Kirk went up another step and released his arms, standing on the second round from the top. Slowly Swenson and Geiger drew the ladder closer to the wall. Kirk swayed and swung like a pole-balancer. Then he reached for the top of the building. It was still above him. He stepped from the second round to the bare top of the ladder, and balanced dizzily, with one hand resting lightly on the wall. In that moment he heard the roaring of the fire and the squelching of the water through the windows below him, but he saw only the gray scaled edge of the cornice. He knew that if he did not go up, he would go down sixty feet to the flagging below.

Slowly he raised up. His fingers slipped just over the edge of the cornice and tightened there. He drew himself up, and rolled over on the gravel roof.

"Now, Ford," said Swenson.

Ford had not looked when Kirk climbed. Such things are not good to see. He ran up the ladder rapidly. It was again drawn in, and when Ford reached the top, Kirk, reaching over, seized his wrists and helped him up. As he disappeared from view Harrison, the citizen whom they had saved, rushed wildly forward.

"You're going to leave me," he shouted; "you're going to let me burn up."

"No, we're not," growled Swenson; "it's your turn next."

At that, Harrison, who had thrown off his coat and shoes, sprung up on the window sill. Then he looked down. The smoke from below was now seamed with streaks of fire. It was a long way down to the street. The ladder looked frail and unsteady. He sprang back, and darted half way across the room.

"I can't do it," he said.

"Steady the ladder," Swenson said to Geiger.

Then he seized Harrison by the collar and shook him as if he had been a poodle dog. After that he cuffed him soundly, first on one side of the head and then on the other.

"Get up there or I'll pitch you into the street," he said.

Harrison climbed. At the top of the ladder he looked up. Kirk and Ford were reaching down to him. He went one round higher.

"Straighten up—steady now," said Kirk calmly.

Harrison raised himself slowly, and lifted his hands. Just as he felt Kirk's fingers he gave way and swayed against the wall. Kirk gripped him hard. For a moment he dangled helplessly. Then both men reached his arm and pulled him up.

"Now, Geiger," said Swenson.

"You can't hold the ladder," said Geiger.

"I can," answered the big Swede.

They stood still a moment. They heard the ominous crunching of the fire under them, and they knew that it soon would knock at the door. Geiger climbed. Swenson strained hard with both feet braced under the window sill. He had promised to shout when he could no longer hold the ladder. When Geiger was half way up he shouted. Then he felt the ladder lighten suddenly and he saw Geiger's body swing off into the air. For a moment he went sick at the sight; then he saw Kirk and Ford pulling him up on their belts.

All this had taken place in less than three minutes. The whole building was burning now, and the air was full of cinders. Swenson could not see the street pavement, but he caught glimpses of the white rods of water driving into the windows below him.

Swenson stood on the stone ledge with one hand gripped inside of the window casing. Then he lifted the ladder and threw it up round by round with his right hand, pausing between each hitch to be sure of the balance. So much for the fire drill. When it was nearly up he strained hard, and Kirk and Ford, who had buckled their belts together, dropped the loop around the hooks at the end, drew it up, and fitted it firmly over the cornice edge. Swenson swung out on the lower end of it, scrambled to the top, hand over hand, and rolled out on the roof.

They were just in time to see another section of the roof go down with a terrific crash that sent the flames and cinders leaping a hundred feet in air. The whole building quivered, and for a moment they thought the walls were going down. There was fire on every side of them and under them, and the smoke cut off the sky from

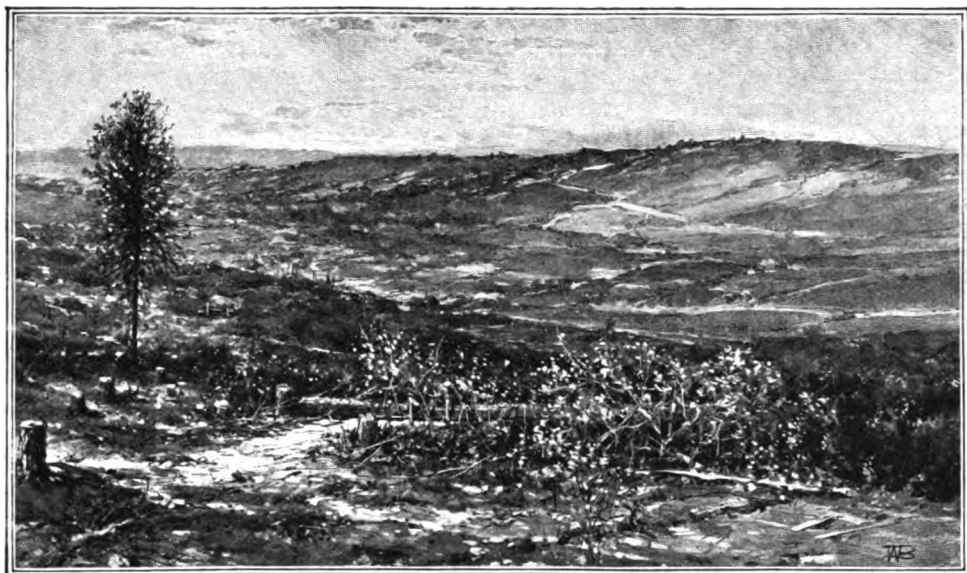
above. Their faces were already scorched with the heat.

Directly across the street from the Wellington Hotel and about sixty feet away there stood a four-story apartment building. A telephone wire cable a little more than an inch in diameter extended from the roof of one to the roof of the other. On the top of the hotel it was fastened to a stout post, and it pitched off over the edge of the roof at a sharp angle downward to the other building. Kirk, being the lightest, was selected to go first. Swenson and the other three men, fearing that the cable had been injured beyond the post, laid firm hold of it and braced their feet. Kirk sat on the edge of the cornice with his feet hanging over. Then he slid off, crossed his legs over the wire as over a life-line, and slipped down. The cable sagged until it seemed about to snap. Hand over hand Kirk slid across the chasm, teetering and swaying from side to side until the men on the roof turned their heads away. When Kirk was over, Ford followed him without a word, and Geiger followed Ford. Each time the cable sagged deeper and the post bent further down. Swenson buckled four belts together and brought them around Harrison's body and over the cable. "Keep hold," he said, "and you can't fall."

But Harrison was now dazed and only half conscious. When he began to slide he grasped feebly at the cable, and then it slipped between his fingers. His body shot down heavily and stopped with a jerk that all but snapped the cable. For a moment he dangled at the end of the belt straps, then he whizzed across the street and drove headlong into the post on the further side.

By this time Kirk and Ford had lost all trace of Swenson. Smoke and flames enveloped the entire building, and from the shouts in the street below, they knew that the wall would soon go down. Suddenly Swenson shot out of the smoke, spun a moment on the cable, and fell at their feet. His hands and ankles were terribly lacerated and burned where they had slipped on the cable. But all four of the firemen managed to hobble down-stairs without assistance. On the first floor they passed through a company of hotel guests talking to reporters about their narrow escapes—three women had fainted, and one man had fallen downstairs.

"One hundred thousand dollars fire damage," said a head-line in one of the papers next morning, "but no lives lost."



PANORAMIC VIEW OF MISSIONARY RIDGE FROM THE VALLEY THAT LIES BETWEEN THE RIDGE AND CHATTANOOGA.

REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY CHARLES A. DANA,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS AND VIEWS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

V.

THE BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA.—IN THE WAR DEPARTMENT WITH STANTON.

COLONEL WILSON and I reached Chattanooga from our visit to Burnside at Knoxville, on November 17th. As soon as I arrived I went to headquarters to find out the news. There was the greatest hopefulness everywhere, and both Grant and Thomas told me that they believed the Confederates would be driven from their position south of Chattanooga in a very few days. In fact, the plans for a general attack on them were complete, and the first move was to be made that very night. There were some hitches, however, in carrying out the operations as speedily as Grant had hoped, for it was not until the 23d that the first encounter in the battle of Chattanooga occurred. It was the beginning of the most spectacular military

operations I ever saw, operations extending over three days and full of the most exciting incidents.

As any one can see from a glance at the map [see page 434], our army lay to the south and east of the town of Chattanooga, the river at our back. Facing us, in a great half circle, and high above us on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, were the Confederates. Our problem was to drive them from these heights. We had got our men well together, all the reinforcements were up, and now we were to strike.

The first thing Grant tried to do was to clear out the rebel lines which were nearest to ours in the plain south of Chattanooga, and to get hold of two knobs, or low hills, where the Confederates had their



PANORAMIC VIEW OF KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.

advance guard. As the entire field where this attack was to be made was distinctly visible from one of our forts, I went there on the 23d, with the generals, to watch the operations. The troops employed for the attack were under the immediate orders of Gordon Granger. There were some capital officers under Granger, among them Sheridan, Hazen, and T. J. Wood. Just before one o'clock the men moved out of their intrenchments, and remained in line for three-quarters of an hour in full view of the enemy. The spectacle was one of singular magnificence.

Usually in a battle one sees only a little corner of what is going on, the movements near where you happen to be; but in the battle of Chattanooga we had the whole scene before us. At last, everything being ready, Granger gave the order to advance, and three brigades of men pushed out simultaneously. The troops advanced rapidly, with all the precision of a review, the flags flying and the bands playing. The first sign of a battle one noticed was the fire spitting out of the rifles of the skirmishers. The lines moved right straight along, not halting at all, the skirmishers all the time advancing in front, firing and receiving fire.

The first shot was fired at two o'clock, and in five minutes Hazen's skirmishers were briskly engaged, while the artillery of Forts Wood and Palmer was opened upon the rebel rifle-pits and camps behind the line of fighting. The practice of our gunners was splendid, but elicited no reply; and it was soon evident that the Confederates had no heavy artillery, in that part of their lines at least. Our troops, rapidly advancing, occupied the knobs upon which they were directed at twenty minutes past two. Ten minutes later Samuel Beatty, who commanded a brigade, driving forward across an open field, carried the rifle-pits in his front, the occu-

pants fleeing as they fired their last volley; and Sheridan, moving through the forest which stretched before him, drove in the enemy's pickets, and halted his advance, in obedience to orders, on reaching the rifle-pits where the rebel force was waiting for his attack. No such attack was made, however, the design being to secure only the heights. The entire movement was carried out in such an incredibly short time that at half-past three I was able to send a telegram to Mr. Stanton describing the victory.

That evening I joined General Sherman, who had his troops north of the river, concealed behind the hills, and was going to attempt to cross the Tennessee above the town that very night, so as to be able to attack the east head of Missionary Ridge on the night of the 24th or morning of the 25th. Sherman had some 25,000 men, and crossing them over a river as wide and rapid as the Tennessee was above Chattanooga seemed to me a serious task, and I watched the operations of the night with great curiosity. The first point was to get a sufficient body of troops on the south bank to hold a position against the enemy (the Confederates had pickets for a long distance up and down the Tennessee above Chattanooga), and then from there commence building the pontoon bridge by which the bulk of the men were to be gotten over. About one o'clock in the morning the pontoon boats, which had been sent up the river some distance, were filled with men and allowed to drop down to the point General Sherman had chosen for the south end of his bridge. They landed about 2.30 in the morning, seized the pickets, and immediately began to fortify their position. The boats in the meantime were sent across the river to bring over fresh loads of men. They kept this up until morning. Then a small

steamer which Sherman had got hold of came up, and began to bring over troops. At daybreak some of the boats were taken from the ferrying and a bridge was begun. It was marvellous with what vigor the work went on. Sherman told me he had never seen anything done so quietly and so well, and he declared later in his report that he did not believe the history of war could show a bridge of that length, about 1,350 feet, laid down so noiselessly and in so short a time. By one o'clock in the afternoon (November 24th) the bridge was done, and the balance of his forces were soon marching briskly across. As soon as Sherman saw that the crossing was insured, he set the head of his column in motion for the head of Missionary Ridge. By four o'clock he had gained the crest of the ridge and was preparing for the next day's battle.

As soon as I saw Sherman in position, I hurried back to Chattanooga. I reached there just in time to see the famous moonlight battle on Lookout Mountain. The way this night battle happened to be fought was that Hooker, who had been holding Lookout valley, had been ordered to gain a foothold on Lookout Mountain if possible, and that day, while I was with Sherman, had really succeeded in scaling the side of the mountain. But his possession of the point he had reached had been so hotly disputed that a brigade had been sent from Chattanooga to aid him. These troops attacked the Confederate lines on the eastern slope of the mountain about eight o'clock that evening. Full moon made their battle-field as plain to us in the valley as if it were day, the blaze of their camp fires and the flashes of their guns displaying brilliantly their position and the progress of their advance.

No report of the result was received that night, but the next morning we knew that Bragg had evacuated Lookout Mountain the night before and that our troops occupied it.

NOVEMBER 25TH AT CHATTANOOGA.



GENERAL GRANT IN 1864.

After the successes of the two days, a decisive battle seemed inevitable, and orders were given that night for a vigorous attack the next morning. I was up early, sending my first despatch to Mr. Stanton at half-past seven in the morning. About nine o'clock the battle was commenced by Sherman on our left, and raged furiously all that forenoon both east of Missionary Ridge and along its crest, the enemy making vigorous efforts to crush Sherman and dislodge him from his position on the ridge. While this battle was going on, I was on Orchard Knob, where Grant, Thomas, Granger, and several other

officers were observing the operations. The enemy kept firing shells at us, I remember, from the ridge opposite. They had got the range so well that the shells burst pretty near the top of the elevation where we were, and when we saw them coming we would duck, that is, everybody did except Grant and Thomas and Gordon Granger. It was not according to their dignity to go down on their marrow bones. While we were there Granger got a gun—a cannon—how he got it I do not know—and he would load it with the help of one soldier, and fire it himself over at the ridge. I recollect that Rawlins was very much disgusted at the guerrilla operations of Granger, and induced Grant to order him to join his troops elsewhere.

As we thought we perceived, soon after noon, that the enemy had sent a great mass



of their troops to crush Sherman, Grant gave orders at two o'clock for an assault upon the left of their lines; but owing to the fault of Granger, who was boyishly intent upon firing his gun, instead of commanding his corps, Grant's order was not transmitted to the division commanders until he repeated it an hour later.

It was fully four o'clock before the line moved out to the attack. It was a bright, sunny afternoon, and as the forces marched across the valley, in front of us, as regularly as if on parade, it was a great spectacle. They took with ease the first rifle-pits at the foot of the ridge, as they had been ordered, and then, to the amazement of all of us who watched on Orchard Knob, they moved out and up the steep ahead of them, and before we realized it, they were at the top of Missionary Ridge. It was just half-past four when I wired Mr. Stanton:

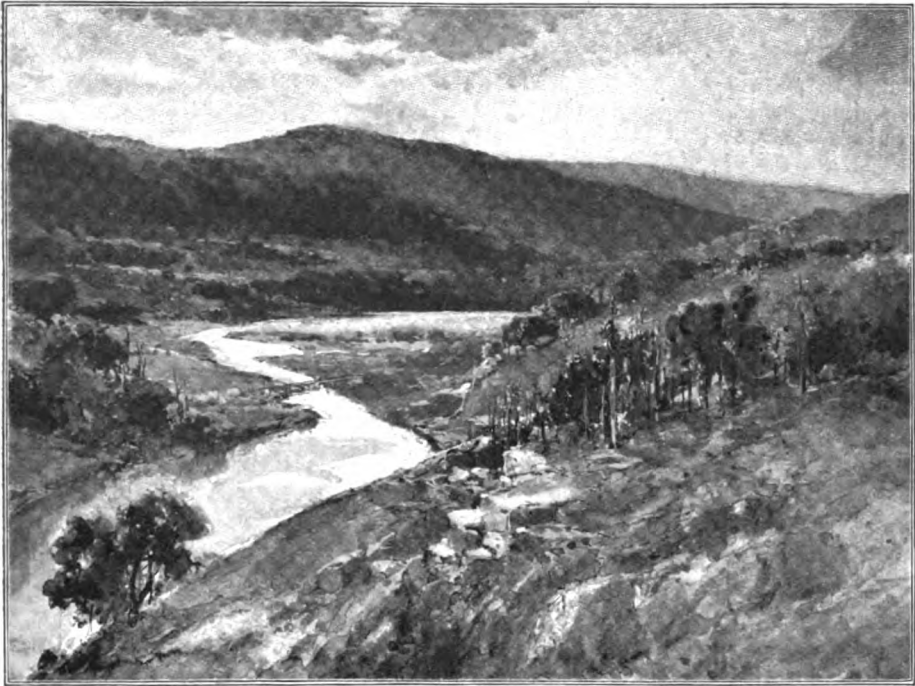
Glory to God! the day is decisively ours. Missionary Ridge has just been carried by the magnificent charge of Thomas's troops, and the rebels routed.

As soon as Grant saw the ridge was ours, he started for the front. As he rode the length of the lines, the men, who were frantic with joy and enthusiasm over the victory, received him with tumultuous shouts. The storming of the ridge by our troops was one of the greatest miracles in military history. No man who climbs the

ascent by any of the roads that wind along its front can believe that 18,000 men were moved in tolerably good order up its broken and crumbling face unless it was his fortune to witness the deed. It seemed as awful as a visible interposition of God. Neither Grant nor Thomas intended it. Their orders were to carry the rifle-pits along the base of the ridge and capture their occupants; but when this was accomplished, the unaccountable spirit of the troops bore them bodily up those impracticable steep, over the bristling rifle-pits on the crest and the numerous cannon enfilading every gully. The order to storm appears to have been given simultaneously by Generals Sheridan and Wood, because the men were not to be held back, dangerous as the attempt appeared to military prudence. Besides, the generals had caught the inspiration of the men, and were ready themselves to undertake impossibilities.

The first time I saw Sheridan after the battle I said to him: "Why did you go up there?"

"When I saw the men were going up," he replied, "I had no idea of stopping them; the rebel rifle-pits had been taken, and nobody had been hurt, and after they had started I ordered them to go on. As I was going up I looked up at the head of the ridge, and there I saw a Confederate general on horseback. I had a silver whisky flask in my pocket, and when I



LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN FROM LOOKOUT VALLEY.

saw this man on the top of the hill, I took it out and waved my hand toward him, holding up the shining, glittering flask, and then I took a drink. He waved back to me, and then the whole division went up."

All the evening of the 25th the excitement of the battle continued. Bragg had retreated up the Chickamauga valley, and was burning what he could not carry away, so that the east was lit by his fires, while Sheridan continued his fight beyond the east slope of Missionary Ridge until nine o'clock in the evening. It was a bright moonlight night, and we could see most of the operations as plain as day. By the next morning Bragg was in full retreat. I went to Missionary Ridge in the morning, and from there I could see for ten miles up Chickamauga valley the fires of the depots and bridges he was burning as he fled.

At intervals throughout the day I sent despatches to Washington, where they were eagerly read, as the following telegram sent me on the 27th shows:

WAR DEPARTMENT,
WASHINGTON CITY, *November 27, 1863.*
HON. C. A. DANA,
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.:

The Secretary of War is absent, and the President is sick; but both receive your despatches regularly and esteem them highly, not merely because they are

reliable, but for their clearness of narrative and their graphic pictures of the stirring events they describe.

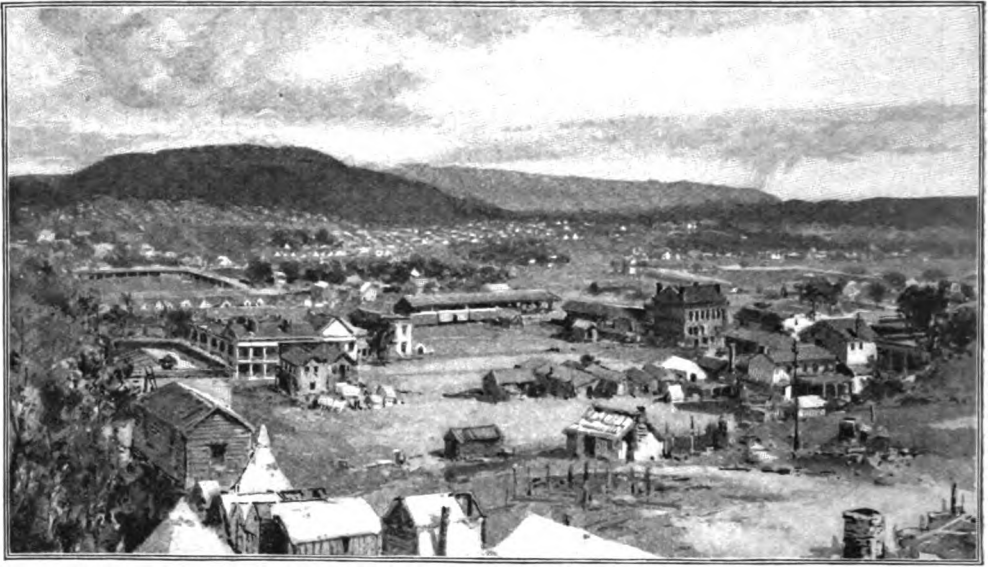
The patient endurance and spirited valor exhibited by commanders and men in the last great feat of arms, which has crowned our cause with such a glorious success, is making all of us hero-worshippers.

P. H. WATSON,
Acting Secretary of War.

GRANT'S PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

The enemy was now divided; Bragg was flying towards Rome and Atlanta, and Longstreet was in East Tennessee besieging Burnside. Our victorious army was between them. The first thought was, of course, to relieve Burnside, and Grant ordered Granger with the Fourth Corps instantly forward to his aid, taking pains to write Granger a personal letter, explaining the exigencies of the case and the imperative need of energy. It had no effect, however, in hastening the movement, and a day or two later Grant ordered Sherman to assume command of all the forces operating from the south to save Knoxville. Grant became imbued with a strong prejudice against Granger from this circumstance.

As any movement against Bragg was impracticable at that season, the only operation possible to Grant, beyond the relief of Burnside, was to hold Chatta-



A VIEW OF CHATTANOOGA IN WAR TIME.

nooga and the line of the Hiwassee, to complete and protect the railroads and the steamboats upon the Tennessee, and to amass food, forage, and ordnance stores for the future. But all this would require only a portion of the forces under his command, and, instead of holding the remainder in winter quarters, he evolved a plan to employ them in an offensive winter campaign against Mobile and the interior of Alabama. He asked me to lay his plan before Mr. Stanton, and urge its approval by the Government, which, of course, I did at once by telegraph.

I did not wait at Chattanooga to learn the decision of the Government on Grant's plan, but left on November 29th, again with Colonel Wilson, to join Sherman, now well on his way to Knoxville, and to observe his campaign.

THE RELIEF OF BURNSIDE.

I fell in with Sherman on November 30th at Charleston, on the Hiwassee. The Confederate guard there fled at his approach, after half destroying the bridges, and we had to stay there until one was repaired. When we reached Loudon, on December 3d, the bridge over the Tennessee was gone, so that the main body of the army marched to a point where it was believed a practicable ford might be found. The ford, however, proved too difficult for the men, the river being 200 yards wide, and the water almost at freezing point.

We had a great deal of fun getting across. I remember my horse went through—swam through, where his feet could not strike the ground—and I got across without any difficulty. I think Wilson got across, too; but when the lieutenant of our squad of cavalymen got in the middle of the river, where it was so deep that as he sat in the saddle the water came up to his knees almost, and a little above the breast of the mule he rode, the animal turned his head upward toward the current, which was very strong, and would not move. This poor fellow sat there in the middle of the stream, and, do his best, he could not move his beast. Finally, they drove in a big wagon, or truck, with two horses, and tied that to the bits of the mule, and dragged him out.

Colonel Wilson at once set about the construction of a trestle bridge, and by working all night had it so advanced that the troops could begin to cross by daylight the next morning.

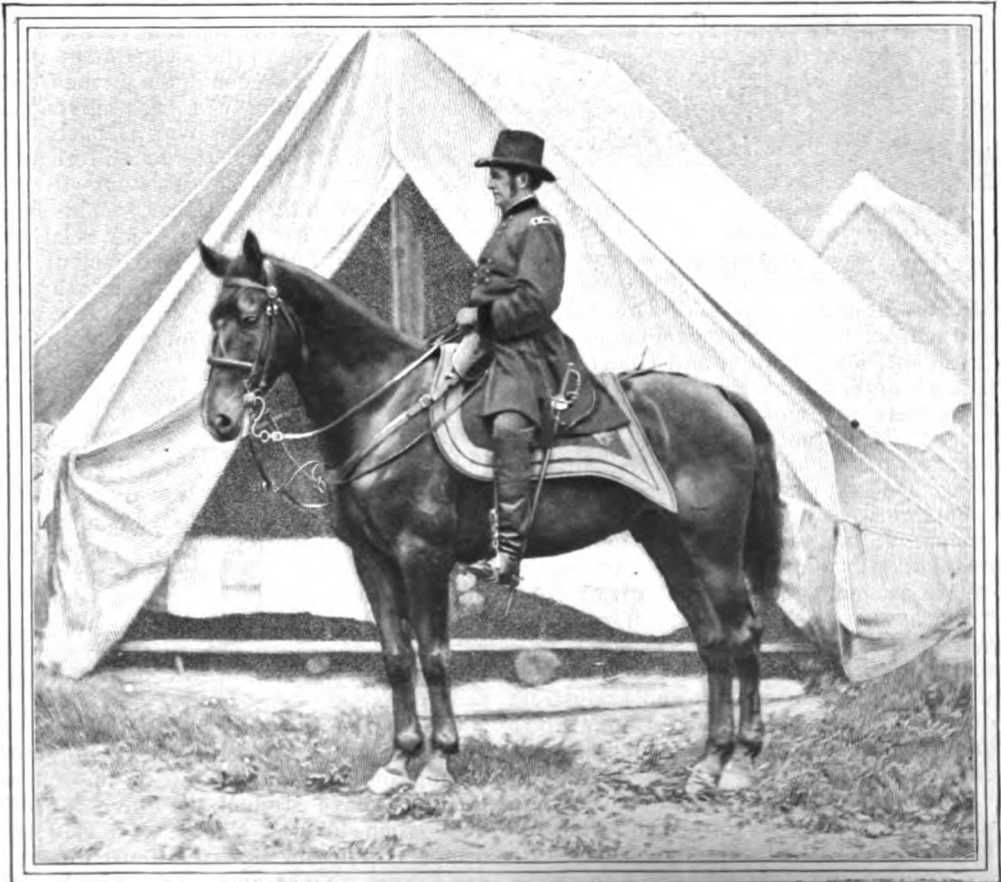
While the crossing was going on, we captured a Confederate mail, and first learned something authentic about Burnside. He had been assaulted by Longstreet on the 29th of November, but had repulsed him. He was still besieged, and all the rebel letter-writers spoke of their condition with great despondency, evidently regarding their chance of extrication, in view of our approach, as very poor. Longstreet, we gathered from the mail, thought that Sherman was bringing up only a small force.

By noon of December 5th we had our army over, and, as we were now only thirty-five miles from Knoxville, we pushed ahead rapidly, the enemy making but little resistance. When Longstreet discovered the strength of our force he retreated, and we entered Knoxville at noon on the 6th. We found here, to our surprise, that Burnside had fully twenty days' provisions, much more, in fact, than at the beginning of the siege. These supplies had been drawn from the French Broad by boats, and by the Sevierville road. The loyal people of East Tennessee had done their utmost through the whole time to send in provisions and forage, and Longstreet left open the very avenues which Burnside most desired. We found ammunition very short, and projectiles for our rifle guns had been made in the town. The utmost constancy and unanimity had prevailed during the whole siege; from Burnside down to the last private no man thought of retreat or surrender.

The next morning after our arrival, December 7th, Sherman started back to Chattanooga with all his force not needed at Knoxville. Colonel Wilson and I returned with him, reaching Chattanooga on December 10th. Everything in the army was now so safe, quiet, and regular that I felt I could be more useful anywhere else, so the day I got back I asked leave of Mr. Stanton to go North. I did not wait for his reply, however. The morning of the 12th Grant sent for me to come to his headquarters, where he asked me to go to Washington to represent more fully to Stanton and Halleck his wishes with regard to the winter campaign. As the matter was important, I started at once, telegraphing Mr. Stanton that, if he thought it unnecessary for me to go, contrary orders would reach me at any point on the railroad.

GRANT PLANS TO MOVE TOWARDS MOBILE.

I reached Washington about the middle of December, and immediately gave to



GENERAL JOSEPH HOOKER, WHO LED THE ASSAULT ON LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.



VIEW OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN, SHOWING THE LADDERS USED BY THE UNION SOLDIERS IN SCALING THE MOUNTAIN DURING "THE BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS," NOVEMBER 24, 1863.

Drawn from a photograph taken the day after the battle.

Mr. Stanton an outline of Grant's plan and reasons for a winter campaign. The President, Mr. Stanton, and General Halleck all agreed that the proposed operations were the most promising in sight; indeed, Mr. Stanton was enthusiastic in favor of the scheme as I presented it to him. He said that the success of Grant's campaign would end the war in the Mississippi Valley, and practically make prisoners of all the rebel forces in the interior of Mississippi and Alabama, without our being at the direct necessity of guarding and feeding them. But Halleck, as a *sine qua non*, insisted that East Tennessee should first be cleared out and Longstreet driven off permanently and things up to date secured, before new campaigns were entered upon.

The result was that no winter campaign was made in 1863-64 toward the Alabama River towns and Mobile. Its success, in my opinion, was certain, and I so represented to Mr. Stanton. Without jeopard-

izing our interests in any other quarter, Grant would have opened the Alabama River and captured Mobile a full year before it finally fell. Success meant permanent security for everything we had already laid hold of, and would at once have freed many thousands of garrison troops for service elsewhere. As long as the rebels held Alabama, they had a base from which to strike Tennessee. I had unbounded confidence in Grant's skill and energy to conduct such a campaign into the interior, cutting loose entirely from his base and subsisting off the enemy's country. At the time he had the troops, and could have finished the job in three months.

After I had explained fully my mission from Grant, I asked the Secretary what he wanted me to do. Mr. Stanton told me he would like to have me remain in the Department until I was needed again at the front. Accordingly I was given an office in the War Department, and began to do the regular work of an assistant to the Secretary of War. This was the first time since my relations with the War Department began that I had been thrown

much with the Secretary, and I was very glad to have an opportunity to observe him.

EDWIN M. STANTON.

Mr. Stanton was a short, thick, dark man, with a very large head and a mass of black hair. His nature was intense, and he was one of the most eloquent men that I ever met. Stanton was entirely absorbed in his duties, and his energy in prosecuting them was something almost superhuman. When he took hold of the War Department the armies seemed to grow, and they certainly gained in force and vim and thoroughness.

One of the first things which struck me in Mr. Stanton was his deep religious feeling and his familiarity with the Bible. He must have studied the Bible a great deal when he was a boy. He had the firmest conviction that the Lord directed our armies. Over and over again have I heard him express the same opinion which

he wrote to the "Tribune" after Donelson: "Much has recently been said of military combinations and organizing victory. I hear such phrases with apprehension. They commenced in infidel France with the Italian campaign, and resulted in Waterloo. Who can organize victory? Who can combine the elements of success on the battle-field? We owe our recent victories to the Spirit of the Lord, that moved our soldiers to rush into battle, and filled the hearts of our enemies with dismay. The inspiration that conquered in battle was in the hearts of the soldiers and from on high; and wherever there is the same inspiration there will be the same results." There was never any cant in Stanton's religious feeling. It was the straightforward expression of what he believed and lived, and was as simple and genuine and real to him as the principles of his business.

Stanton was a serious student of history. He had read many books on the subject—more than on any other, I should say—and he was fond of discussing historical characters with his associates, not that he made a show of his learning. He was fond, too, of discussing legal questions, and would listen with eagerness to the statement of cases in which friends had been interested. He was a man who was devoted to his friends, and he had a good many with whom he liked to sit down and talk. In conversation he was witty and satirical; he told a story well, and was very companionable.

There is a popular impression that Mr. Stanton took a malevolent delight in browbeating his subordinates, and every now and then making a spectacle of some poor officer or soldier who unfortunately fell into his clutches in the Secretary's reception-room for the edification of bystanders. This idea, like many other notions concerning great men, is largely a mistaken one. The stories which are told of Mr. Stanton's impatience and violence are exaggerated. He could speak in a very peremptory tone, but I never heard him say anything that could be called vituperative.

There were certain men in whom he had little faith, and I have heard him speak to



VIEW FROM LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN OVER THE TENNESSEE VALLEY.

some of these in a tone of severity. He was a man of the quickest intelligence, and understood a thing before half of it was told him. His judgment was just as swift, and when he got hold of a man who did not understand, who did not state his case clearly, he was very impatient.

If Stanton liked a man, he was always pleasant. I was with him for several years in the most confidential relations, and I can now recall only one instance of his speaking to me in a harsh tone. It was a curious case.

Among the members of Congress at that period was a Jew named Strouse. One of Strouse's race, who lived in Virginia, had gone down to the mouth of the James River when General Butler was at Fort Monroe, and announced his wish to leave the Confederacy. Now, the orders were that when a man came to a commanding officer with a request to go through the lines, he was to be examined and all the money he had was to be taken from him. General Butler had taken from this Virginia friend of Strouse between \$50,000

and \$75,000. When a general took money in this way, he had to deposit it at once in the Treasury; there a strict account was kept of the amount, whom it was taken by, and whom it was taken from. Butler gave a receipt to this man, and he afterward came to Washington to get his money. He and Strouse came to the War Department, where they bothered Mr. Stanton a good deal. Finally Mr. Stanton sent for me.

"Strouse is after me," he said; "he wants that money, and I want you to settle the matter."

"What shall I do," I asked; "what are the orders?" He took the papers in the case and wrote on the back of them:

"Referred to Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, to be settled as in his judgment shall be best."

"E. M. STANTON."

The man then turned his attention from the Secretary to me. I looked into the matter, and gave him back the money. The next day Mr. Stanton sent for me. I saw he was angry.

"Did you give that Jew back his money?" he asked in a harsh tone.

"Yes, sir."

"Well," he said, "I should like to know by what authority you did it."

"If you will excuse me while I go to my room, I will show my authority to you," I replied.

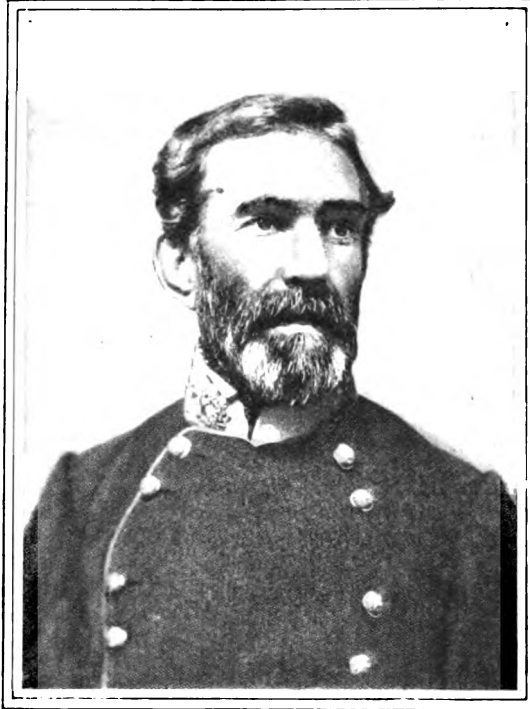
So I went up and brought down the paper he had indorsed, and read to him:

"Referred to Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, to be settled as in his judgment shall be best." I handed it over to him. He looked at it, and then he laughed. "You are right," he said; "you have got me this time." That was the only time he spoke to me in a really harsh tone.

At the time that I entered the War Department for regular duty, it was a very busy place. Mr. Stanton frequently worked late at night, keeping his carriage waiting for him. I never worked at night, as my eyes would not allow it. I got to my office about nine o'clock in the

morning, and I staid there nearly the whole day, for I made it a rule never to go away until my desk was cleared. When I arrived I usually found on my table a big pile of papers which were to be acted on, papers of every sort that had come to me from the different departments of the office. Most of these came from the Ordnance Department; that is, they referred to the supply of arms and ammunition.

The business of the Department was something enormous. Nearly \$285,000,000 were paid out



GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG, COMMANDER OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY
AT THE BATTLE OF CHATTANOOGA.

that year (from June, 1863, to June, 1864) by the Quartermaster's office, and \$221,000,000 stood in accounts at the end of the year awaiting examination before payment was made. We had to buy every conceivable thing that an army of men could need. We bought fuel, forage, furniture, coffins, medicine, horses, mules, telegraph wire, sugar, coffee, flour, cloth, caps, guns, powder, and thousands of other things. Sometimes our supplies came by contract; again by direct purchase; again by manufacture. Of course, by the fall of 1863 the army was pretty well supplied; still that year we bought over 3,000,000 pairs of trousers, nearly 5,000,000 flannel shirts and drawers, some 7,000,000 pairs of stockings, 325,000 mess pans, 207,000 camp kettles, over 13,000 drums, and 14,830 fifes. It was my duty to make contracts for many of these supplies.

In making contracts for supplies of all kinds, we were obliged to take careful precautions against frauds. I had a colleague in the Department, the Hon. Peter H. Watson, the distinguished patent lawyer, who had a great knack at detecting army frauds. One which Watson had spent much time in trying to ferret out came to light soon after I went into office. This was an extensive fraud in forage furnished to the Army of the Potomac. The trick of the fraud consisted in a dishonest mixture of oats and Indian corn for the horses and mules of the army. By changing the proportions of the two sorts of grain, the contractors were able to make a great difference in the cost of the bushel, on account of the difference in the weight and price of the grain, and it was difficult to detect the cheat. However, Watson found it out, and at once arrested the men who were most directly involved.

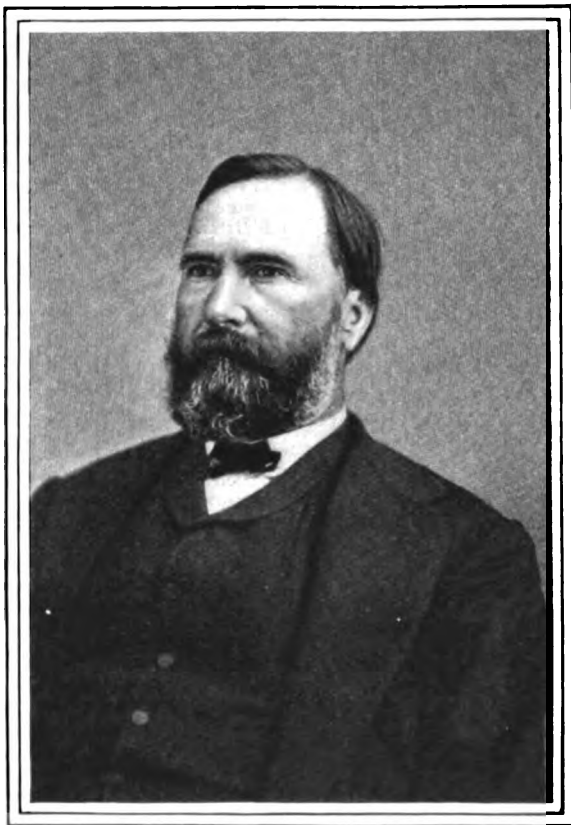
Soon after the arrest Watson went to New York. While he was gone, certain parties from Philadelphia, interested in the swindle, came to me at the War Department. Among them was the president of the Corn Exchange. They paid me \$33,000 to cover the sum which one of the men confessed he had appropriated; \$32,000 was restored by another individual. The morning after this transaction the Philadelphians returned to me, demanding that both the villains should be released, and that the papers and funds belonging to them, taken at the time of their arrest, should be restored. It was my judgment

that, instead of being released, they should be remanded to solitary confinement until they could clear up all the forage frauds and make complete justice possible. Then I would have released them, but not before. So I telegraphed to Watson what had happened, and asked him to return to prevent any false step.

Now it happened that the men arrested were of some political importance in Pennsylvania, and eminent politicians took a hand in getting them out of the scrape. Among others the Hon. David Wilmot, ex-Senator of the United States and author of the famous Wilmot proviso, was very active. He went to Mr. Lincoln, and made such representations and appeals that finally the President consented to go

with him over to the War Department and see Watson in his office. Wilmot remained outside, and Mr. Lincoln went in to labor with the Assistant Secretary. Watson eloquently described the nature of the fraud, and the extent to which it had already been developed by his partial investigation. The President in reply dwelt upon the fact that a large amount of money had been refunded by the guilty men, and urged the greater question of the safety of the cause and the necessity of preserving united the powerful support which Pennsylvania was giving to the administration in suppressing the rebellion. Watson answered:

"Very well, Mr. President, if you wish to have these men released, all that is necessary is to give the order; but I shall ask



GENERAL JAMES LONGSTREET, COMMANDER OF THE CONFEDERATE FORCE OPERATING AGAINST KNOXVILLE IN 1863.

to have it in writing. In such a case as this it would not be safe for me to obey a verbal order; and let me add that, if you do release them, the fact and the reason will necessarily become known to the people."

Finally Mr. Lincoln took up his hat and went out. Wilmot was waiting in the corridor, and came to meet him.

"Wilmot," he said, "I can't do anything with Watson; he won't release them."

The reply that Wilmot made to this remark cannot be printed here, but it did not affect the judgment nor the action of the President.

The men were retained for a long time afterward. The fraud was fully investigated, and future swindles of the kind were rendered impossible. If Watson could have had his way, the guilty parties—and there were some whose names never got to the public—would have been tried by military commission and sternly dealt with. But my own reflections upon the subject led me to the conclusion that the moderation of the President was wiser than the unrelenting justice of the Assistant Secretary would have been.

A LETTER FROM GENERAL SHERMAN.

Not a little of my time at the Department was taken up with people who had missions of some kind within the lines of the army. I remember one of these particularly, because it brought me a characteristic letter from General Sherman. There was much suffering among the loyal citizens and the Quakers of East Tennessee in the winter of 1863-64, and many relief committees came to us seeking transportation and safe conduct for themselves and their supplies into that country. Some of these were granted, to the annoyance of General Sherman, then in command of the Military Division of the Mississippi. The reasons for his objections he gave in the following letter to me, which has never been published before:

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

NASHVILLE, TENN., April 21, 1864.

C. A. DANA, ESQ.,

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR, WASHINGTON.

My dear Friend,—It may be Parliamentary, but is not Military, for me to write you; but I feel assured anything I may write will only have the force of a casual conversation, such as we have indulged in by the camp fire or as we jogged along by the road. The text of my letter is one you gave a Philadelphia gentleman who is going up to East Tennessee to hunt up his brother Quakers and administer the bounties of his own and his fellow citizens' charity. Now who would stand in the way of one so kindly and charitably disposed? Surely not I.

But other questions present themselves. We have been working hard with tens of thousands of men, and at a cost of millions of dollars, to make railroads to carry to the line of the Tennessee enough provisions and material of war to enable us to push in our physical force to the next stop in the war. I have found, on personal inspection, that hitherto the railroads have barely been able to feed our men, that mules have died by the thousand, that arms and ammunition had [have] laid in the depot for two weeks for want of cars, that no accumulation at all of clothing and stores had been or could be moved at Chattanooga, and that it took four sets of cars and locomotives to accommodate the passes given by military commanders; that gradually the wants of citizens and charities were actually consuming the real resources of a road designed exclusively for army purposes. You have been on the spot, and can understand my argument. At least one hundred citizens daily presented good claims to go forward—women to attend sick children, parents in search of the bodies of some slain in battle, Sanitary Committees sent by States and corporations to look after the personal wants of their constituents, ministers and friends to minister to the Christian wants of their flocks; men who had fled, anxious to go back to look after lost families, etc., etc.; and more still, the tons of goods which they all bore on their merciful errands. None but such as you, who have been present and seen the tens, hundreds, and thousands of such cases, can measure them in the aggregate and segregate the exceptions.

I had no time to hesitate, for but a short month was left me to prepare, and I must be ready to put in motion near one hundred thousand men to move when naught remains to save life. I figured up the mathematics, and saw that I must have daily 145 car loads of essentials for thirty days to enable me to fill the requirement. Only seventy-five daily was all the roads were doing. Now I have got it up to 135. Troops march, cattle go by the road, sanitary and sutler's stores limited, and all is done that human energy can accomplish. Yet come these pressing claims of charity, by men and women who cannot grasp the Great Problem. My usual answer is, "Show me that your presence at the front is more valuable than 200 pounds of powder, bread, or oats;" and it is generally conclusive. I have given Mr. Savery a pass on your letter, and it takes 200 pounds of bread from our soldiers, or the same of oats from our patient mules; but I could not promise to feed the suffering Quakers at the expense of our army. I have ordered all who cannot provide food at the front to be allowed transportation back in our empty cars; but I cannot undertake to transport the food needed by the worthy East Tennesseans or any of them. In Peace there is a beautiful harmony in all the departments of life—they all fit together like the Chinese puzzle; but in War all is ajar. Nothing fits, and it is the struggle between the stronger and weaker; and the latter, however it may appeal to the better feelings of our nature, must kick the beam. To make war, we must and will harden our hearts.

Therefore, when preachers clamor and the sanitaries wail, don't join in, but know that war, like the thunderbolt, follows its laws, and turns not aside even if the beautiful, the virtuous, and charitable stand in its path.

When the day and the hour comes, I'll strike Joe Johnston, be the result what it may; but in the time allotted to me for preparation I must and will be selfish in making those preparations which I know to be necessary.

Your friend,

W. T. SHERMAN,

Major-General.



ICE BREAKING UP ON THE YUKON IN THE SPRING.

HO, FOR THE KLONDIKE!

By HAMLIN GARLAND,

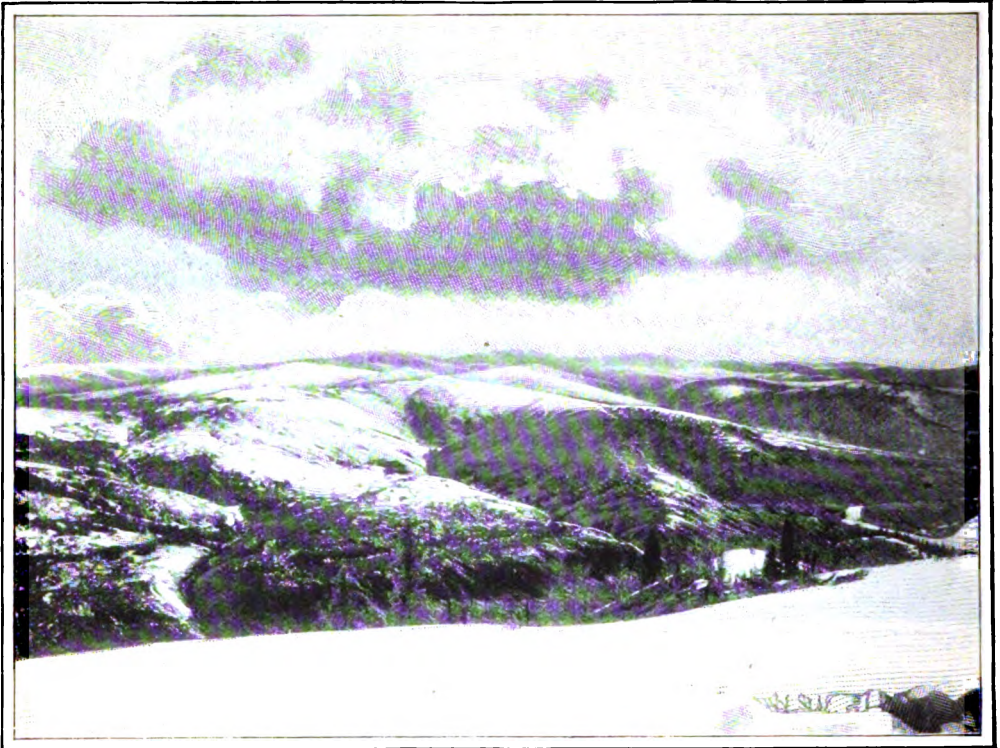
Author of "Main-Traveled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.

THE VARIOUS WAYS IN.—WHERE THE GOLD IS FOUND AND HOW IT IS GOT.—
WHAT NEW SETTLERS MAY HOPE FOR.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article embodies the latest and most authentic general information regarding the Klondike region and the roads leading into it. Mr. Garland went directly to the Hon. Clifford Sifton, Canadian Minister of the Interior, through whose courtesy interviews were held with the specially detailed engineers just returned from surveying the various routes. These official surveyors went carefully over the whole subject with Mr. Garland, putting him in possession of just the facts which his purpose required. Much of the matter of the article is given, indeed, in their own words. It embodies also matter from valuable official reports, some of which are not yet published. We are not permitted to name all the men who thus served Mr. Garland, but among them were Mr. William Ogilvie and Mr. J. J. McArthur, civil engineers in the service of the Dominion Government; and Dr. George M. Dawson, head of the Dominion Geological Department. Through the kindness of Captain Deville, Dominion Surveyor General, we are enabled also to reproduce hitherto unpublished photographs of scenes along the several routes taken by the Dominion topographical surveyors, W. Ogilvie and Mr. Jennings.

THE word "Klondike" is now universally taken to mean the gold country of the whole mighty region of the British Northwest Territory which lies between the Continental Divide on the east and the Coast Range on the west. Broadly speaking, this region is 300 miles wide and 600 miles long. It reaches from Teslin Lake to Circle City, which lies within the Arctic Zone. The scale of measurements is enormous. The Yukon itself, in midsummer, is actually navigable for boats more than 2,300 miles. In general the region may be described as a wide, hilly valley, meshed with converging streams, deep sunk in the rocks.

It is a grim country, a country of extremes; it has a long and sunless winter, and a short, hot, moist summer. In winter the sun hardly makes itself felt, rising pale and white only for a few hours above the horizon. In summer it shines all day and part of the night. In July, when rain is not falling, the air is close and hot, the thermometer often registering 100 in the shade. Moss covers the high ground like a wet thick sponge throughout vast areas, and the soil is, in effect, perpetually frozen. There is little vegetable mold, and plant life is sparse. Steam arises under the hot sun from the cold, rain-



A VIEW FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP EAST OF DAWSON CITY, LOOKING NORTHWEST ACROSS YUKON VALLEY. PHOTOGRAPH BY W. OGILVIE.

soaked moss, and the nights are foggy and damp even in June and July. Gnats and mosquitoes move to and fro in dense clouds during midsummer, and add to the many discomforts and discouragements of the region. Life is a warfare. Fuel is scarce. There is little game, and not many fish. There never were many Indians in the district—the valley is too inhospitable for life of any kind to greatly abound. Agriculture is practically impossible. It is likely to freeze any night of the year. The climate, in short, is sub-arctic in character, and in and about Dawson City nearly all the features of the Arctic Zone are realized. The ice does not go out of the river, even at Dawson, till late in May or June, and the river closes early in September.

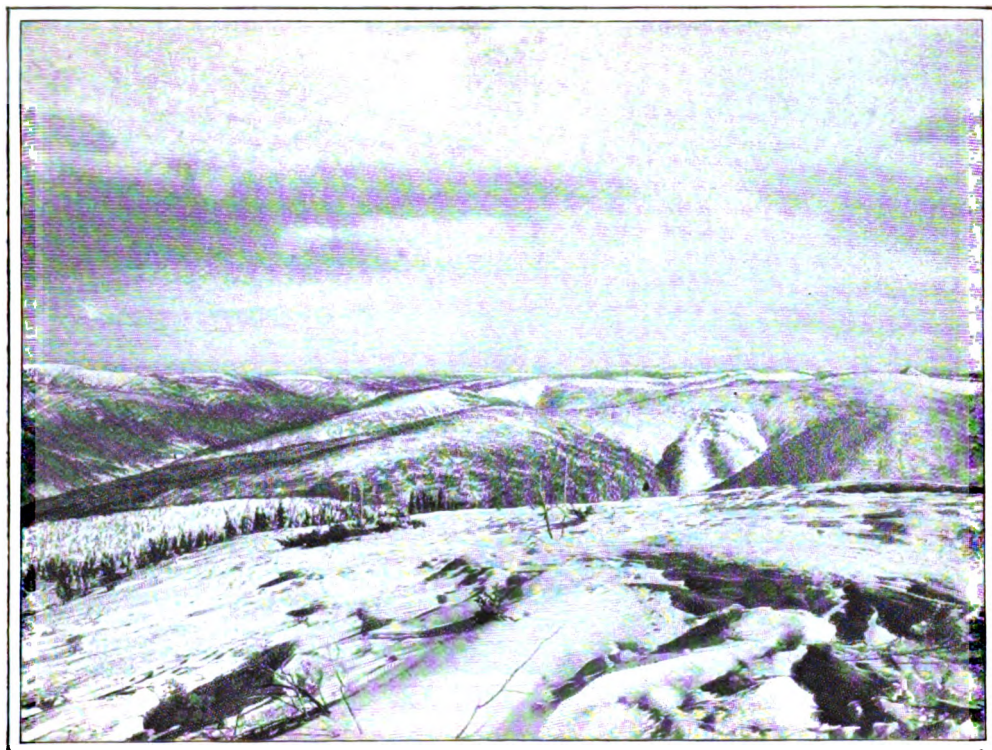
EDMONTON AND PEACE RIVER ROUTE.

Having decided that he wishes to take the risk involved in entering this grim country, the miner must decide on his route. The routes may be divided into two groups: the overland and the seaport. Of the overland, there are at present three: the Edmonton and Peace River

route, "the Old Telegraph Trail," and the Kamloops inland route. The Edmonton route begins at Edmonton, a small town at the end of a northern spur of the Canadian Pacific Railway, and proceeds by way of Little Slave Lake to Peace River, thence across the divide into the valley of the Stikine River to Telegraph Creek and Teslin Lake, which is the head waters of the Yukon. This route is a very long one, and little information is obtainable concerning it. It is undoubtedly practicable, and will be largely traveled by those not in breathless haste to get to Dawson City. It offers abundant fields for prospecting, and is a pleasant summer route. It will take about sixty days to go from Edmonton to Teslin Lake. The citizens of Edmonton are using all means to make this route easy and safe. It cannot be safely used before the middle of May. Pack horses are plentiful, and feed is good from May 15th to November.

THE OLD TELEGRAPH TRAIL.

The second overland route, the "old telegraph trail," begins at Ashcroft, a small village on the Canadian Pacific Rail-



VIEW ON ELDORADO CREEK, LOOKING SOUTH. PHOTOGRAPH BY W. OGILVIE.

Eldorado Creek is a branch of the Klondike. It flows through the ravine shown on the left in the picture. The ravine in the foreground is the bed of French Creek.

way, and follows the Fraser River over an excellent stage road constructed by the Canadian government to the little town of Quesnelle, 223 miles north. Good stopping-places abound along the road. Here the road ends, and the trail turns to the west, and passing over a nearly level country with good grass, reaches Fort Fraser on Fraser Lake, 125 miles from Quesnelle. Fort Fraser is a Hudson Bay post and trading-store, with two white men and several families of Indians, quite well civilized, settled near. A limited amount of supplies will be obtainable here. Up to this point the trail is quite level, and though there are hundreds of creeks, none are deep or hard to pass. The three rivers, the Blackwater, the Mud, and the Nechaco, can be forded except in high water, when rafts will have to be used and poled or paddled across. Neither of them is very wide. Many trails cross the route, and it will be necessary to have a native guide, unless some means should be taken to mark the main trail. "In this 125 miles there are over 300 good hay swamps and many Indian villages where feed for the horses can be found in abun-

dance. Indeed, the longest drive without good feed for the horses will not exceed fifteen miles." *

Beyond Fort Fraser the next supply point is Stuart, a Hudson Bay post, with three or four whites and eighty or one hundred Indians, who live in cabins and make their living by hunting, fishing, and trapping. From Fort Fraser to Hazelton is probably 325 miles. The trip from Quesnelle to Hazelton can be made by pack animals, and will require from sixteen to twenty days. Hazelton has a small population of prospectors who winter in the neighborhood. A Hudson Bay post, a few cabins, and a couple of stores are all that are to be found here, although about 15,000 Indians trade at this point. The goods are brought up by a Hudson Bay boat on the Skeena River during high water.

"From here it is about 200 miles to Telegraph Creek. The trail has been traveled for thirty-five years, and the

* From letters of the committee sent out to report to the Spokane "Spokesman" on the condition of the trail; and also from letters of A. L. Poudrier, Dominion Land Surveyor. The word "trail" means a narrow path, admitting only footmen or horses in single file.



WHITE PASS TRAIL: SHKAGWAY RIVER ABOVE PORCUPINE CREEK. PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. JENNINGS.

government has spent thousands of dollars to keep it in first-class condition. It will take from seven to ten days to travel this distance, as it is a little harder than before reaching Hazelton. There are two large stores at Telegraph Creek, and they do a great business." From Telegraph Creek to Teslin Lake the trail will be the "Stikine route" now being opened by the Canadian government. It is estimated to be 150 miles long, and can be traversed in ten days or less. At Lake Teslin the trail ends and the water way begins.

The Ashcroft trail is alluring. The climate is genial and the land full of game. There are frequent stopping-places, and the Indians are friendly and helpful. The advantages of this route are offset, however, by obvious disadvantages. It is very long. According to the estimate of Senator Reid, it will take fifty days (forty days from Quesnelle), though by going in light it could be traversed in ten days less time, provided there were no delays for bridge building. It would be possible to go in light, sending the bulk of the outfit by way of Victoria to Telegraph Creek. Part of the outfit could be replenished at Hazelton. It would not be safe to leave Quesnelle till the grass came, say by the 10th of May. After that time the telegraph trail would be a com-

paratively cheap and pleasant route, with no duties and no toll to pay. It is reasonably safe to count on the early building of bridges and ferries.

In the matter of outfitting, it is probable that Kamloops, Ashcroft, and Quesnelle could furnish complete outfits for a limited number of pack trains, and being upon the Canadian Pacific road, supplies could be hurried forward by telegraph from Victoria, Vancouver, or Winnipeg. The only American outfitting point of any considerable size for this route is Spokane. To outfit in Spokane under present rules would make the outfit dutiable at the line. Ashcroft is a village; Kamloops is a town of nearly 2,000 inhabitants; Quesnelle has about 500 inhabitants. It would be possible also to outfit at Calgary or Winnipeg or even at St. Paul or Minneapolis, shipping the goods direct to Ashcroft, Edmonton, Hazelton, or Glenora, according to whichever route the prospector elected to take.

THE KAMLOOPS ROUTE.

Kamloops, the next town east of Ashcroft, is also advertising an overland route. As between Ashcroft and Kamloops, Ashcroft has the advantage of a good wagon road the entire distance to Quesnelle; but the people of Kamloops are actively en-



PACKING OVER THE SUMMIT OF THE WHITE PASS. PHOTOGRAPH BY W. OGILVIE.

gaged in opening a road which they claim runs through a better grass country. It passes up the North Thompson River, and crossing the divide, follows the Fraser River to Fort George, thence up the Nechaco, striking the Ashcroft trail at the headwaters of the Bulkley River. This road is not yet opened.

Cattle have been used for packing in this country to very good advantage. They are slower than horses, but carry about the same amount, and, if carefully used, will fatten on the road and sell readily to the butchers at the end of the journey. Horses could be sold at Glenora, probably, though this is a risk.

It is estimated that horses will cost about thirty dollars at Ashcroft; and each man will require one saddle horse and two pack horses. He is then his own master, and expenses thereafter will be light. It is estimated that \$200 would enable a man to go through from Ashcroft to Teslin Lake, but no one should undertake the journey with less than \$500 in hand.

THE ST. MICHAELS ROUTE.

Of seaport routes there are six: one by way of St. Michaels, three by way of Lynn Canal, one by way of the Stikine River, and one by way of Taku Inlet. Of

these, the longest, safest, and most leisurely is that by way of St. Michaels. It carries the miner by steamer from San Francisco, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle, or Victoria to the mouth of the Yukon, thence by river steamboat direct to Dawson City and other gold fields. The fare by this route ranges from \$150 to \$300, and includes meals and berths, and the free transportation of 150 pounds of baggage. The excess baggage charge on a miner's outfit is about ten cents per pound. There are no hardships connected with this method of reaching Dawson City; but it is slow. It is more than 4,000 miles to Dawson from Seattle, and as the ice does not go out of the middle river until June, the miner will not be able to reach his mine before winter begins to return.

Lynn Canal is a long narrow arm of the sea which runs deep into the high mountains of the Alaskan coast, not far from the town of Juneau. It is, in fact, a deep, narrow chasm or cañon between the mountains, into which the Chilkat and the Chilkoot rivers empty. At this point the tide waters and the head waters of the Yukon are but twenty-five or thirty miles apart, and because of that fact three trails already lead across the divide. Lynn Canal will undoubtedly be the best known entry point on the Alaskan coast. Here



VIEW LOOKING WEST FROM THE DALTON TRAIL, BETWEEN DALTON'S POST AND HOOTCHI LAKE. PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. JENNINGS.

is situated the town of Shkagway, which already contains 2,000 inhabitants and will be a city by the first of April. From here the Chilkoot Pass, White Pass, and Dalton trails severally make their start.

THE DALTON TRAIL.

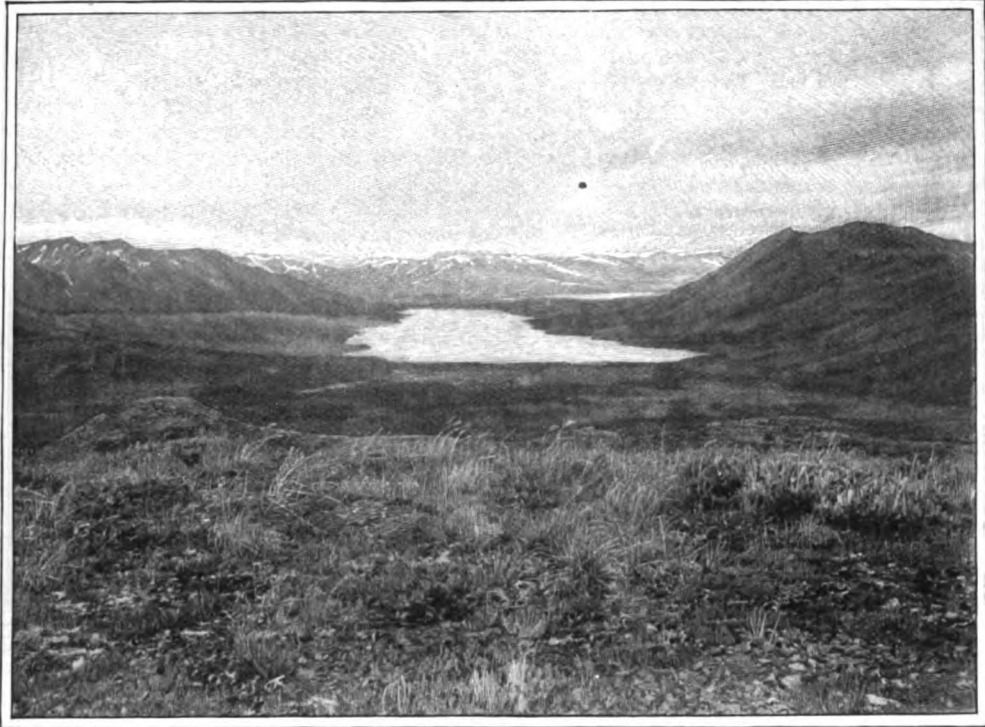
The Dalton pack trail starts from the Chilkat arm of Lynn Canal, and strikes directly towards the Lewis River. My information regarding this trail is derived mainly from an interview held expressly for *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* with Mr. J. J. McArthur, Dominion Land Surveyor. In reply to my question, "How could I go on over that trail from Seattle, Vancouver, or Victoria?" Mr. McArthur said: "You should take ship for Lynn Canal and land at Haines Mission, which is on the Chilkoot arm of Lynn Canal a little below Shkagway.*"

"The trail, after leaving the mission, leads up the Chilkat River to the point where the Tlehini River comes in, then follows the Tlehini. The road is flat and

gravelly to this point. The trail now begins to climb. It is an old Indian trail, but has been improved by Dalton. After reaching the upland, the trail enters upon a high and open country through which a wagon road is possible with very slight improvement, such as clearing out timber and grading some of the side hills. The trail at present climbs over the hills, to avoid the wet and soggy places.

"The highest point is 3,100 feet above the sea, and is covered with heather and bunch grass. By the middle of May feed is good. The trail crosses the Tlehini near its source, at a point called Rainy Hollow, where is considerable timber. This point is about fifty miles from tide water. You will still be on the seaward slope, but pretty close to the divide. There are several local divides to cross before you reach the inner watershed, but they are not difficult to cross. You will hardly realize that you are crossing from one to the other. You will next come to Dalton's Post, which consists of a large trading store with an Indian village near by. After leaving Dalton's, the country will continue to be open and easy of travel. You will ascend for a short dis-

* As far as possible, the spelling of proper names adopted by the American Geographical Society is followed in this article.



VIEW ON THE DALTON TRAIL, SOUTHWEST OF DALTON'S POST. PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. JENNINGS.

tance until you pass the head waters of the Alsek and reach the watershed of the Yukon and Hootchi Lake.

"It is impracticable to reach Fort Selkirk direct from this point. High, mossy, and rocky hills lie between. The ridges are covered with moss like a huge sponge right up to the summit, and underneath is broken rock, making it a very difficult country to traverse. The trail which you will follow is the old Indian trail; it bears to the northeast towards the Lewis River, which it attains at the mouth of the Nordenskiöld, and keeping down Lewis River ends just below Rink Rapids. This half of the trail runs through wide, flat, grassy valleys, and the entire distance from Haines Mission is not more than 245 miles. Dalton has shortened it somewhat and improved it in places, but does not charge toll. The trail is open to any one. At Rink Rapids there is very considerable timber, some of it eighteen inches in diameter, so that lumber for boats will be plenty. It is probable that a town will spring up at the end of the Dalton trail, for it is sure to be a much traveled route.

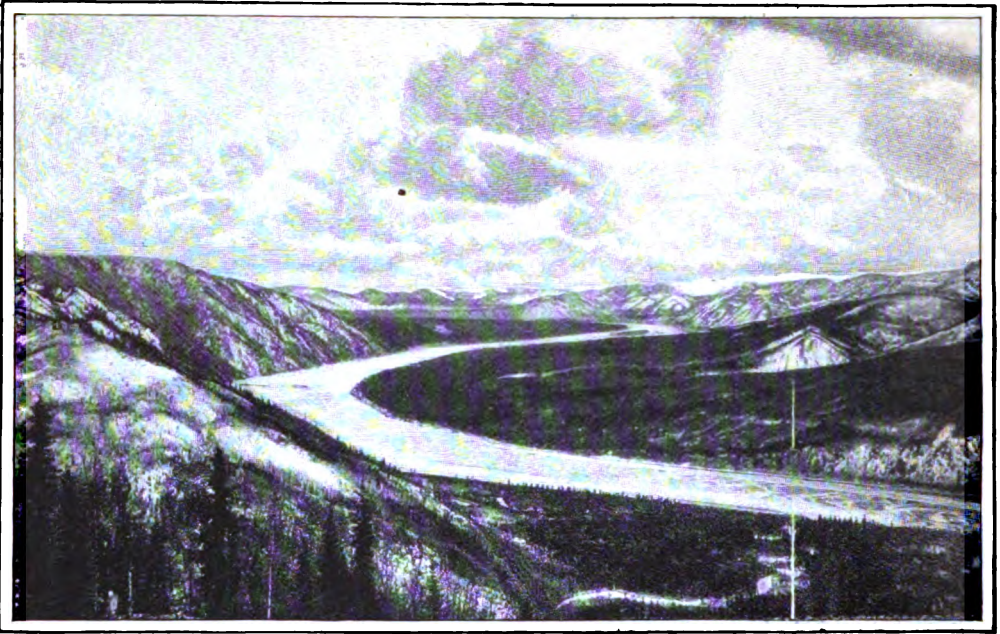
"You cannot start on this trail before the 15th of May, but you should be on

the spot a little earlier and have your horses and their packs at the head of tide water, which would save forty miles. The goods can go up by boat to the Tlehini. If you go in light, take a saddle horse and a couple of pack horses for each man. You can reach Rink Rapids in ten or twelve days, traveling about twenty miles a day. In summer you may make possibly twenty-five miles per day. If feeding-stations were established, one could go through at any time. There are fine hay lands all along this route, and there is no difficulty in the matter of feed after May 15th."

The intent of the Dalton trail, as well as of the Chilkoot and White Pass trails, is to land the miner in some one of the head waters of the Yukon, in order that he may float down the current at his will. In each case there is a strip of American soil to cross and a high bleak mountain pass to climb. What is gained by easy grade is lost in distance.

CHILKOOT PASS AND WHITE PASS ROUTES.

Beside Chilkat Inlet, and on the east of it, at the head of Lynn Canal, is Chilkoot Inlet, into which flows Dyea Inlet; and into Dyea Inlet flow the Shkagway and Dyea



THE YUKON AT THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN ALASKA AND BRITISH COLUMBIA. THE WHITE LINE AT THE RIGHT IN THE PICTURE SHOWS WHERE THE BOUNDARY RUNS. PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. JENNINGS.

rivers. Up the Shkagway River runs the White Pass, or Shkagway, route; and up the Dyea River runs the Chilkoot Pass, or Dyea, route. The distance to Lake Lindeman is twenty-six miles by the Chilkoot Pass route, which starts at the town of Dyea, at the head of Dyea Inlet; and forty-six miles by the White Pass route, which starts at the town of Shkagway, a little lower down on Dyea Inlet. The two passes are not very widely different from each other in character, being "simply narrow, tortuous, ever-ascending gorges in the mountain-chain." They are shorter than any of the other passes. The routes to which they give name, though rugged, steep, and exposed to violent storms, are likely to be the most traveled and the most over-worked of all the routes to the Yukon. Everything that business enterprise can do to facilitate transportation is being done. At Shkagway they are building two large piers, in order that steamers may lie alongside even at low tide and discharge freight. A tramway and also a wagon road are building from the wharf at Shkagway to the summit of the White Pass, which is several hundred feet lower than the Chilkoot Pass. Bridges are being built and the trail improved. These improvements will be charged for, however. Toll will be collected for use of the bridges, and during the rush freights will be high.

Dyea is also making a smart bid for traffic. A tramway is being built to the mouth of the cañon, and from there it is proposed to carry freight to the summit of Chilkoot Pass by means of an aerial cableway. This cable road is expected to transport 120 tons of freight daily.

By either of these two ways the traveler is landed at Lake Bennett by his packers and freighters, and thence he is supposed to be able to make his way down the Lewis River without further expense. If he takes one route, he will wish he had taken the other, no doubt. The cost of getting an outfit from say Seattle or Victoria will be about ten dollars per ton. The cost of getting it over the passes will range all the way from thirty to fifty cents per pound. "If you go in before the middle of April and are strong and active, you may be able to take your outfit in on a sled. The trail is better when packed deep with snow than when bare and boggy. A party could 'double teams' in hauling hand-sleds, and in this way avoid a large part of the expense. But by neither of these ways is the journey as simple as it may seem. You take ship, for example, at Seattle, Tacoma, or Portland, for Shkagway. You pay, first of all, fare for yourself, freight charges for your supplies, horses, implements, whatever you have with you. Three or four

days' sail takes you to the head of Dyea Inlet; but does not, by any means, land you at the trail. You are at Shkagway or Dyea, but without means of transportation unless you have brought horses with you. If you hire your goods transported, you are at the mercy of such freighters as have this matter in hand. If there is a great rush, which is likely, there may be very great delay in getting your goods carried even to the end of the wagon road. From the end of the wagon road your goods must be packed by sled, if there is snow; or upon the backs of men or horses, if the snow has melted; and the cost will be very great. If the trail should be crowded, as is likely to be the case, very great delay may be experienced in getting to the summit. Last autumn the trails were one long line of struggling men and horses, and the price of packing reached fifty-three cents per pound.

"Having reached Lake Lindeman at considerable cost and after much longer delay than you had anticipated, you will find yourself again helpless on the shore of the lake. A ferry charge will be met, and having reached the end of the lake and having crossed the portage to Lake Bennett, while you are done with packers, your troubles are not over. By the 1st of April there will be very little timber remaining out of which to construct rafts. If there are boats for freighting purposes, their owners will be masters of the situation, and there will be very considerable charges for transportation down the river. Unless you go in able to carry your own outfit with a 'knock-down' boat capable of floating supplies on both lake and river, you will be at the mercy of the transportation companies on either side of the summit."

Undoubtedly, with plenty of money it will be possible to go from Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, or Victoria to the head waters of the Yukon in shorter time by either Chilkoot Pass or White Pass than by any other route; but it must be understood that it is not, and will not be, the poor man's route during the rush of March and April, and it will be attended by many hardships and killing hard work.

THE ALL-CANADIAN ROUTE.*

Very naturally the Canadian people desire to have it known that there is to be

* The information here given regarding this route is derived from the advance sheets of a special report to the Dominion Government. For the privilege of using this report, I am indebted to the courtesy of the Hon. Clifford Sifton, Canadian Minister of the Interior.

an all-Canadian route via the Stikine River. If you desire to go in by this way you will proceed to Victoria, Portland, Seattle, or Tacoma by any convenient line of railway, and there take steamer to Wrangell, about three days' sail up the coast. From Wrangell you will be transported by river boats up the Stikine River to Glenora, a distance of 150 miles, which will take several days longer. From Glenora, or from Telegraph Creek, which is a few miles beyond Glenora, you will be obliged to cross by pack to the head waters of Teslin Lake, which is connected by Teslin River with Lewis River, and so with the Yukon. This trail is about 175 miles long,* but it is comparatively easy, and will be shortened considerably as soon as spring opens. The journey across country by trail can be made as comfortably as any travel of the kind. There are no dangerous features. The ground, both in the open and timbered district, is covered, to a depth of about two feet, with moss; but during the open season, between May and the middle of October, sufficient grass for 200 or 300 animals can be obtained all along the route. It would not be practicable to travel over this trail before the 1st of May, as snow is likely to be on the ground in many places and the grass is not far enough advanced to meet the requirements of pack animals. There are no settlements on the route.

Teslin Lake opens about the middle of May, and closes about the 26th of October. Last year it was open till the middle of October, and there was no indication of its closing immediately. The slopes and benches along Teslin Lake are fairly timbered with a growth of spruce and black pine, the average size of this timber being about ten inches, and sufficient for scantling, flooring, and sheeting for house purposes and for boat-building. The machinery for a saw-mill is now being transported across the portage from Telegraph Creek to Teslin Lake; the same company intend to place a steamboat on Teslin Lake and river on the opening of navigation, and skiffs, scow boats, etc., suitable for navigating the Yukon waters are to be kept for sale.

With proper roads or railway facilities from the Stikine to Teslin Lake, no better route could be found for getting into the Yukon country from the Pacific seaboard. The region about Teslin Lake, including

* There are various estimates of the length of this trail; the one given above is official. The trail is to be much shortened.

the rivers flowing into it from the east, is considered very good prospecting country, and it is likely that the coming season will find a large number of miners engaged in that vicinity. Rich strikes have been reported from there quite recently; and Teslin Lake is likely to have "the call" next season. The Canadian Pacific Railway officials announce that the journey from Victoria to Telegraph Creek can be made comfortably in six days, and that several large new steamers have been put into service from Victoria. This route has two marked advantages: First, if the miner should outfit in Winnipeg, Victoria, or any other Canadian town, he will be able to go into the gold region without paying duty, a saving of from fifteen to thirty-five per cent.; and, second, as soon as he passes Telegraph Creek, he will be in the heart of a gold country, and can at once begin to prospect.

It is probable that stopping-places will be established along the route, so that a man can go in light at a considerable saving of time. This route and the Dalton trail will undoubtedly be the ones advocated by the Canadian Interior Department, and steps will be taken before the 1st of March to furnish means of transportation. It would be possible for the miner to send his outfit through to Glenora in bond without the payment of duties. Whether the difference in price between American towns and Canadian towns will offset any of these duties or not can only be determined by the purchaser on the ground.

There is also a trail up the Taku River from Juneau, and overland to Teslin Lake, but this is not as yet thoroughly surveyed, and the bay at the mouth of Taku River at certain times is very dangerous by reason of fierce winds, lack of good anchorage, and floating ice from the enormous glacier which discharges into it. Another pass is just reported from Chilkoot Inlet; but every overland route from the sea to the Yukon must climb the steep, cold, and slippery heights of the Coast Range. They are all alike in general features. They are all difficult.

FINDING "PAY DIRT."

To find "pay dirt" has never been easy, and it will not be easy in the Yukon. Dr. Dawson, the head of the Canadian Geological Survey, has this to say on this point: "Rumors of big strikes will be thick, and are likely to be false. Even

when the report is true, the tenderfoot, being without means of transportation and knowing nothing of the country, will reach the point of discovery only after every rod of pay dirt is staked, and he will find it extremely difficult even to buy an interest in a claim, and will be forced to set forth on his journeys again to some other regions of discovery. My advice is: Scatter out; go into the creeks of the upper branches of the Yukon. It is of no value to go to the Klondike, to Indian River, or any of the creeks where discoveries were made last year. They have all been staked beyond pay dirt, both up and down from the point of discovery. Keep higher up, and prospect the small streams. This is my advice to the tenderfoot, which I do not expect any one to follow."*

THE WORK OF MINING.

Having been lucky enough to find color in the gravel or sand, you will be required to stake out your claim at once, so that there can be no mistake with regard to boundaries. You may take a strip not more than 100 feet in width along the stream, but your claim may extend back to the hills which bound in the valley. If you are fortunate enough to make the first discovery, you will be allowed to stake a second claim of 100 feet. You are then allowed sixty days in which to visit the nearest land office and make your entry. The cost of making this entry is fifteen dollars. Thereafter, if you leave your claim for seventy-two hours without permission of the Gold Commissioner, or without putting a man on it, you forfeit your right to work the claim. When you clean up, you will be required to pay a royalty upon all the gold you take out—ten per cent. of all returns up to \$500 per week, and twenty per cent. on all returns over \$500 per week. However, this will not trouble you until you have opened up your pay streak. These are the regulations at present. They are subject to change by the Dominion Interior Department.

Having made your claim, you can now begin the work of constructing your shelter, and here you should take time to build yourself a comfortable shanty. If you are fortunate enough to get located near timber, you will be able to construct very readily a log cabin, which when banked with snow in the winter will be warm.

* From an interview for McClure's Magazine.

Down the YUKON to STEWART RIVER, 160 Miles
DAWSON, FORTY MILE, BELLE ISLE, 200 ..
CIRCLE CITY, FT YUKON & ST. RICHARDS, 350 ..

From Fort SELKIRK to DAWSON, 160 Miles
FORTY MILE, 200 ..
CIRCLE CITY, 350 ..

A CHILKOOT PASS altitude 3500 feet
aaa Chilkeet trail
B WHITE PASS altitude 2400 feet
bbb White Pass trail
C CHILKAT PASS altitude 5100 feet
ccc Dalton trail
ddd The ALL CANADIAN ROUTES including
the Edmonton, Ashcroft, Kamloops Inland
and Shikine trails.
* Canadian Mounted Police Post:

The map illustrates the Yukon River basin and surrounding regions. Key features include:
- **Trails and Passes:** Marked with letters A, B, C, and ddd, showing routes like the Chilkeet trail, White Pass trail, Dalton trail, and the All Canadian Routes.
- **Settlements and Posts:** Labeled locations include Hootchi Village, Dalton's Post, Klukwan, Chilkoot, Chilkat, Dyea, Shragway, Maines, Callbreath's Post, Tagoon Village, and Wrangell.
- **Rivers and Waterways:** The Yukon River is the central feature, with tributaries like the Klondike, Tanana, and Kuskokwim. Other rivers shown include the Macmillan, Selkirk, and Stikine.
- **Geographical Features:** Lakes such as Lake Bennett, Lake Takhona, and Lake Bennett are depicted. The map also shows the Lynn Canal and various mountain ranges.
- **Scale and Orientation:** A scale bar at the top indicates distances from Fort Selkirk to Dawson (160 miles) and from Dawson to Circle City (350 miles). A north arrow is located in the bottom left corner.

Boundary Line between ALASKA and CANADA
which follows the summit of the High Coast Range.

OUTFITS.

The miner entering the remorseless country should go prepared for an encampment of six months or a year, and should consider that he is going into a daily war with hunger and cold, and that he is to be isolated, in all likelihood, from stores and goods of almost every sort, and especially from all delicacies and medical supplies. Every man going to the Klondike should be sober, strong, and healthy; he should be sound of lung and free from rheumatism and all tendency to liver or heart diseases. He should be practical, able to adapt himself quickly to his surroundings.

The climatic extremes make it necessary to prepare for very cold and also for very warm and wet weather. The outfit of clothing should consist of comfortable woolen underwear and of very warm outer garments which can be laid aside at will. Above all, it will be necessary to take rainproof coats, tents, and waterproof boots. The miner works a large part of his time in snow or water. Bedding should be plentiful, and the sleeping-bag, such as is sold on the coast, will insure warmth at night.

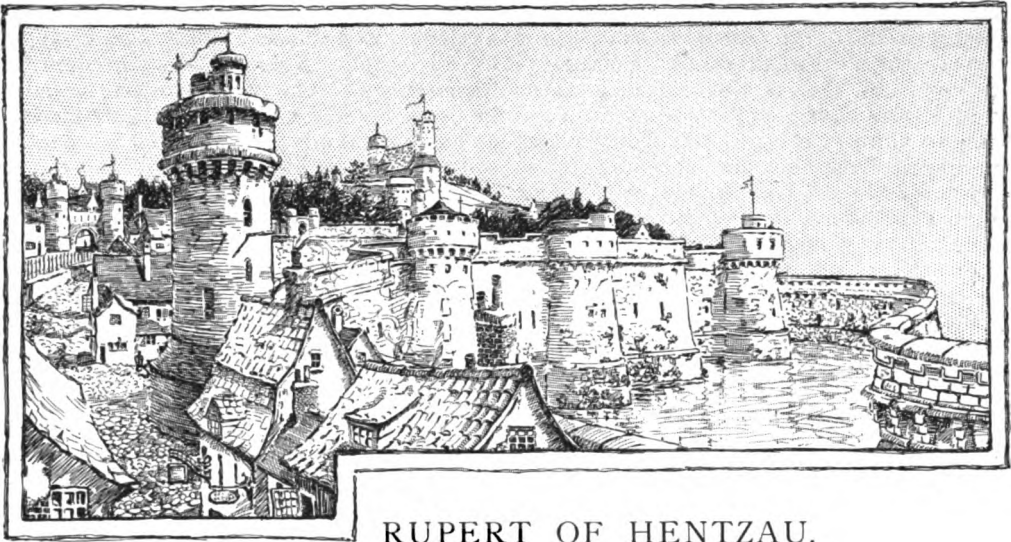
If the prospector should decide to go in light, depending upon the trading points along the river for his supplies of flour, bacon, and sugar, he should carry in dried fruits and vegetables and other foods likely to prove preventative of scurvy, biliousness, and other diseases which arise from a monotonous diet. It is probable that bacon, flour, and other common necessities will be in full supply by the 1st of July, though at a high price.

Any man who takes due thought concerning the dangers of the Yukon is exceedingly loath to advise another concerning the route by which to enter. It has been my aim here to present all the routes without bias. Each is advocated strenuously by the business men who will profit by the travel over it, and the statements of these must be taken with a due allowance. The Ashcroft "telegraph trail" seems to be the most feasible overland route. The Edmonton way is longer, runs through a colder country, and is less likely to be traveled. The Dalton trail has many advantages, provided one has means sufficient to purchase pack horses and cares to wait until the grass is grown sufficiently to feed his horses en route. The Chilkoot Pass and White Pass routes have been much written about, but the miner may

safely depend upon finding them much more difficult than any published report describes them to be.

I will close with a word of general warning, first from Mr. William Ogilvie, who says: "Now, lest you get excited and drop everything and fly there, let me tell you emphatically, yes, emphatically, that all the Klondike region I speak of is located, is taken up, and if you now have money enough to purchase an interest in any of the one hundred claims mentioned on the Bonanza and the forty odd on the Eldorado, you have money enough to stay at home; and, in all human probability, would add more to it, and enjoy it much more, and benefit by it much more, socially, physically, and morally, than by bringing it into the Yukon. My experience is, and I have had considerable, that the man who stays at home and plods on the farm or in the shop or office, in the vast majority of cases, is better off, healthier physically and morally, and has answered the end of nature or God vastly more completely, than the man who devotes his life to the calling of the everyday placer gold miner. Somebody must do it; but I assure you, if you are viciously inclined, there is no calling in which you can waste your life so completely and fully in every sense of the word."

To this may be added the reports of men who have wintered and summered in this cruel and relentless land. For nine months in the year it is necessary to melt ice in order to get water to drink or to cook with. It is exceedingly difficult to obtain dry wood with which to build a fire. It is exceedingly laborious work to get together the logs to build a cabin, and in some locations it is absolutely impossible. When the snows begin to melt in the spring, water is everywhere. All work is suspended in many mines, while summer rushes over the land. There is scarcely any spring. The discomforts of the dark and sunless winter give place only to the almost intolerable discomforts of the summer. In short, the Yukon country is a grim and terrible country, and the man who goes there to spend a year is likely to earn with the ache of his bones and the blood of his heart every dollar he finds in gold. He should go like a man enlisting for a war. He should be able to pass the examination which is required of a soldier in the German army, or of an officer in the mounted police of the Canadian government. It is no place for weak men, lazy men, or cowards.



RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

Being the sequel to a story by the same writer entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda."

WITH FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

INTRODUCTION AND SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Rudolf Rassendyll, as an act of friendship to Rudolf, King of Ruritania, his distant relative, takes advantage of a close resemblance between them and impersonates the king through a grave crisis in the latter's affairs. He even plays the king's part as the prospective husband of the Princess Flavia. But in so doing he loses his heart, while the princess suddenly discovers in her lover a fervor and fascination she had not found in him before. In the end, the princess dutifully marries the real king; but thereafter, once a year, she sends a gift and a verbal message to Rassendyll in token of her remembrance of him. This continues for three years. Then, under a passionate impulse, she sends with her yearly gift a letter. The bearer, Fritz von Tarlenheim, is betrayed by his servant Bauer, and assaulted and robbed of the letter by Rupert of Hentzau. Rupert's accomplice, Rischenheim,

hurries to Zenda with a copy of it, to lay before the king. But he is met there by Rassendyll and made to give up the copy. Then, in Rischenheim's name, Rassendyll telegraphs to Rupert to come by night and meet the king in a remote hunting-lodge, bringing the original letter with him. Rupert comes, and—through a failure of the plans of Rassendyll and his friends—actually meets the king. But before he can give him the letter they fall into quarrel, and Rupert shoots him down, with his one attendant, Herbert. Later in the night, Colonel Sapt, Von Tarlenheim, and Rassendyll's servant James, arriving at the lodge, find the king dead and Herbert only enough alive to tell the story. Meanwhile, Rassendyll has gone to Strelsau to deal with Rupert directly there, in case the telegram failed to lure him to the hunting-lodge.

CHAPTER IX.

THE KING IN THE HUNTING-LODGE.

THE moment with its shock and tumult of feeling brings one judgment, later reflection another. Among the sins of Rupert of Hentzau I do not assign the first and greatest place to his killing of the king. It was, indeed, the act of a reckless man who stood at nothing and held nothing sacred; but when I consider Herbert's story, and trace how the deed came to be done and the impulsion of circumstances that led to it, it seems to

have been in some sort thrust upon him by the same perverse fate that dogged our steps. He had meant the king no harm—indeed it may be argued that, from whatever motive, he had sought to serve him—and save under the sudden stress of self-defense he had done him none. The king's unlooked-for ignorance of his errand, Herbert's honest hasty zeal, the temper of Boris the hound, had forced on him an act unmeditated and utterly against his interest. His whole guilt lay in preferring the king's death to his own—a crime perhaps in most men, but hardly deserving a place in Rupert's catalogue. All this I can admit now, but on that

night, with the dead body lying there before us, with the story piteously told by Herbert's faltering voice fresh in our ears, it was hard to allow any such extenuation. Our hearts cried out for vengeance, although we ourselves served the king no more. Nay, it may well be that we hoped to stifle some reproach of our own consciences by a louder clamor against another's sin, or longed to offer some fancied empty atonement to our dead master by executing swift justice on the man who had killed him. I cannot tell fully what the others felt, but in me at least the dominant impulse was to waste not a moment in proclaiming the crime and raising the whole country in pursuit of Rupert, so that every man in Ruritania should quit his work, his pleasure, or his bed, and make it his concern to take the Count of Hentzau, alive or dead. I remember that I walked over to where Sapt was sitting, and caught him by the arm, saying:

"We must raise the alarm. If you'll go to Zenda, I'll start for Strelsau."

"The alarm?" said he, looking up at me and tugging his mustache.

"Yes: when the news is known, every man in the kingdom will be on the lookout for him, and he can't escape."

"So that he'd be taken?" asked the constable.

"Yes, to a certainty," I cried, hot in excitement and emotion.

Sapt glanced across at Mr. Rassen-dyll's servant. James had, with my help, raised the king's body on to the bed, and had aided the wounded forester to reach a couch. He stood now near the constable, in his usual unobtrusive readiness. He did not speak, but I saw a look of understanding in his eyes as he nodded his head to Colonel Sapt. They were well matched, that pair, hard to move, hard to shake, not to be turned from the purpose in their minds and the matter that lay to their hands.

"Yes, he'd probably be taken or killed," said Sapt.

"Then let's do it!" I cried.

"With the queen's letter on him," said Colonel Sapt.

I had forgotten.

"We have the box, he has the letter still," said Sapt.

I could have laughed even at that moment. He had left the box (whether from haste or heedlessness or malice, we could not tell), but the letter was on him. Taken alive, he would use that powerful

weapon to save his life or satisfy his anger; if it were found on his body, its evidence would speak loud and clear to all the world. Again he was protected by his crime: while he had the letter, he must be kept inviolate from all attack except at our own hands. We desired his death, but we must be his body-guard and die in his defense rather than let any other but ourselves come at him. No open means must be used, and no allies sought. All this rushed to my mind at Sapt's words, and I saw what the constable and James had never forgotten. But what to do I could not see. For the King of Ruritania lay dead.

An hour or more had passed since our discovery, and it was now close on midnight. Had all gone well we ought by this time to have been far on our road back to the castle; by this time Rupert must be miles away from where he had killed the king; already Mr. Rassendyll would be seeking his enemy in Strelsau.

"But what are we to do about—that, then?" I asked, pointing with my finger through the doorway towards the bed.

Sapt gave a last tug at his mustache, then crossed his hands on the hilt of the sword between his knees, and leant forward in his chair.

"Nothing," he said, looking in my face. "Until we have the letter, nothing."

"But it's impossible!" I cried.

"Why, no, Fritz," he answered thoughtfully. "It's not impossible yet; it may become so. But if we can catch Rupert in the next day, or even in the next two days, it's not impossible. Only let me have the letter, and I'll account for the concealment. What? Is the fact that crimes are known never concealed, for fear of putting the criminal on his guard?"

"You'll be able to make a story, sir," James put in, with a grave but reassuring air.

"Yes, James, I shall be able to make a story, or your master will make one for me. But, by God, story or no story, the letter mustn't be found. Let them say we killed him ourselves if they like, but——"

I seized his hand and gripped it.

"You don't doubt I'm with you?" I asked.

"Not for a moment, Fritz," he answered.

"Then how can we do it?"

We drew nearer together; Sapt and I sat, while James leant over Sapt's chair.

The oil in the lamp was almost exhausted, and the light burnt very dim. Now and again poor Herbert, for whom our skill could do nothing, gave a slight moan. I am ashamed to remember how little we thought of him, but great schemes make the actors in them careless of humanity; the life of a man goes for nothing against a point in the game. Except for his groans—and they grew fainter and less frequent—our voices alone broke the silence of the little lodge.

"The queen must know," said Sapt. "Let her stay at Zenda and give out that the king is at the lodge for a day or two longer. Then you, Fritz—for you must ride to the castle at once—and Bernenstein must get to Strelsau as quick as you can, and find Rudolf Rassendyll. You three ought to be able to track young Rupert down and get the letter from him. If he's not in the city, you must catch Rischenheim, and force him to say where he is; we know Rischenheim can be persuaded. If Rupert's there, I need give no advice either to you or to Rudolf."

"And you?"

"James and I stay here. If any one comes whom we can keep out, the king is ill. If rumors get about, and great folk come, why, they must enter."

"But the body?"

"This morning, when you're gone, we shall make a temporary grave. I dare say two," and he jerked his thumb towards poor Herbert. "Or even," he added, with his grim smile, "three—for our friend Boris, too, must be out of sight."

"You'll bury the king?"

"Not so deep but that we can take him out again, poor fellow. Well, Fritz, have you a better plan?"

I had no plan, and I was not in love with Sapt's plan. Yet it offered us four and twenty hours. For that time, at least, it seemed as if the secret could be kept. Beyond that we could hardly hope for success; after that we must produce the king; dead or alive, the king must be seen. Yet it might be that before the respite ran out Rupert would be ours. In fine, what else could be chosen? For now a greater peril threatened than that against which we had at the first sought to guard. Then the worst we feared was that the letter should come to the king's hands. That could never be. But it would be a worse thing if it were found on Rupert, and all the kingdom, nay, all Europe, know that it was written in the hand of her who was now, in her own right, Queen

of Ruritania. To save her from that, no chance was too desperate, no scheme too perilous; yes, if, as Sapt said, we ourselves were held to answer for the king's death, still we must go on. I, through whose negligence the whole train of disaster had been laid, was the last man to hesitate. In all honesty, I held my life due and forfeit, should it be demanded of me—my life and, before the world, my honor.

So the plan was made. A grave was to be dug ready for the king; if need arose, his body should be laid in it, and the place chosen was under the floor of the wine-cellar. When death came to poor Herbert, he could lie in the yard behind the house; for Boris they meditated a resting-place under the tree where our horses were tethered. There was nothing to keep me, and I rose; but as I rose, I heard the forster's voice call plaintively for me. The unlucky fellow knew me well, and now cried to me to sit by him. I think Sapt wanted me to leave him, but I could not refuse his last request, even though it consumed some precious minutes. He was very near his end, and, sitting by him, I did my best to soothe his passing. His fortitude was good to see, and I believe that we all at last found new courage for our enterprise from seeing how this humble man met death. At least even the constable ceased to show impatience, and let me stay till I could close the sufferer's eyes.

But thus time went, and it was nearly five in the morning before I bade them farewell and mounted my horse. They took theirs and led them away to the stables behind the lodge; I waved my hand and galloped off on my return to the castle. Day was dawning, and the air was fresh and pure. The new light brought new hope; fears seemed to vanish before it; my nerves were strung to effort and to confidence. My horse moved freely under me and carried me easily along the grassy avenues. It was hard then to be utterly despondent, hard to doubt skill of brain, strength of hand, or fortune's favor.

The castle came in sight, and I hailed it with a glad cry that echoed among the trees. But a moment later I gave an exclamation of surprise, and raised myself a little from the saddle while I gazed earnestly at the summit of the keep. The flagstaff was naked; the royal standard that had flapped in the wind last night was gone. But by immemorial custom the flag flew on the keep when the king or the

queen was at the castle. It would fly for Rudolf V. no more; but why did it not proclaim and honor the presence of Queen Flavia? I sat down in my saddle and spurred my horse to the top of his speed. We had been buffeted by fate sorely, but now I feared yet another blow.

In a quarter of an hour more I was at the door. A servant ran out, and I dismounted leisurely and easily. Pulling off my gloves, I dusted my boots with them, turned to the stableman and bade him look to the horse, and then said to the footman:

"As soon as the queen is dressed, find out if she can see me. I have a message from His Majesty."

The fellow looked a little puzzled, but at this moment Hermann, the king's major-domo, came to the door.

"Isn't the constable with you, my lord?" he asked.

"No, the constable remains at the lodge with the king," said I carelessly, though I was very far from careless. "I have a message for Her Majesty, Hermann. Find out from some of the women when she will receive me."

"The queen's not here," said he. "Indeed we've had a lively time, my lord. At five o'clock she came out, ready dressed, from her room, sent for Lieutenant von Bernenstein, and announced that she was about to set out from the castle. As you know, the mail train passes here at six." Hermann took out his watch. "Yes, the queen must just have left the station."

"Where for?" I asked, with a shrug for the woman's whim.

"Why, for Strelsau. She gave no reasons for going, and took with her only one lady, Lieutenant von Bernenstein being in attendance. It was a bustle, if you like, with everybody to be roused and got out of bed, and a carriage to be made ready, and messages to go to the station, and——"

"She gave no reasons?"

"None, my lord. She left with me a letter to the constable, which she ordered me to give into his own hands as soon as he arrived at the castle. She said it contained a message of importance, which the constable was to convey to the king, and that it must be intrusted to nobody except Colonel Sapt himself. I wonder, my lord, that you didn't notice that the flag was hauled down."

"Tut, man, I wasn't staring at the keep. Give me the letter." For I saw that the

clue to this fresh puzzle must lie under the cover of Sapt's letter. That letter I must myself carry to Sapt, and without loss of time.

"Give you the letter, my lord? But, pardon me, you're not the constable." He laughed a little.

"Why, no," said I, mustering a smile. "It's true that I'm not the constable, but I'm going to the constable. I had the king's orders to rejoin him as soon as I had seen the queen, and since Her Majesty isn't here, I shall return to the lodge directly a fresh horse can be saddled for me. And the constable's at the lodge. Come, the letter!"

"I can't give it you, my lord. Her Majesty's orders were positive."

"Nonsense! If she had known I should come and not the constable, she would have told me to carry it to him."

"I don't know about that, my lord: her orders were plain, and she doesn't like being disobeyed."

The stableman had led the horse away, the footman had disappeared, Hermann and I were alone. "Give me the letter," I said; and I know that my self-control failed, and eagerness was plain in my voice. Plain it was, and Hermann took alarm. He started back, clapping his hand to the breast of his laced coat. The gesture betrayed where the letter was; I was past prudence; I sprang on him and wrenched his hand away, catching him by the throat with my other hand. Diving into his pocket, I got the letter. Then I suddenly loosed hold of him, for his eyes were starting out of his head. I took out a couple of gold pieces and gave them to him.

"It's urgent, you fool," said I. "Hold your tongue about it." And without waiting to study his amazed red face, I turned and ran towards the stable. In five minutes I was on a fresh horse, in six I was clear of the castle, heading back fast as I could go for the hunting-lodge. Even now Hermann remembers the grip I gave him—though doubtless he has long spent the pieces of gold.

When I reached the end of this second journey, I came in for the obsequies of Boris. James was just patting the ground under the tree with a mattock when I rode up; Sapt was standing by, smoking his pipe. The boots of both were stained and sticky with mud. I flung myself from my saddle and blurted out my news. The constable snatched at his letter with an oath; James leveled the ground with care-

ful accuracy; I do not remember doing anything except wiping my forehead and feeling very hungry.

"Good Lord, she's gone after him!" said Sapt, as he read. Then he handed me the letter.

I will not set out what the queen wrote. The purport seemed to us, who did not share her feelings, pathetic indeed and moving, but in the end (to speak plainly) folly. She had tried to endure her sojourn at Zenda, she said; but it drove her mad. She could not rest; she did not know how we fared, nor how those in Strelsau; for hours she had lain awake; then at last falling asleep, she had dreamt. "I had had the same dream before. Now it came again. I saw him so plain. He seemed to me to be king, and to be called king. But he did not answer nor move. He seemed dead; and I could not rest." So she wrote, ever excusing herself, ever repeating how something drew her to Strelsau, telling her that she must go if she would see "him whom you know," alive again. "And I must see him—ah, I must see him! If the king has had the letter, I am ruined already. If he has not, tell him what you will or what you can contrive. I must go. It came a second time, and all so plain. I saw him; I tell you I saw him. Ah, I must see him again. I swear that I will only see him once. He's in danger—I know he's in danger; or what does the dream mean? Bernenstein will go with me, and I shall see him. Do, do forgive me: I can't stay, the dream was so plain." Thus she ended, seeming, poor lady, half frantic with the visions that her own troubled brain and desolate heart had conjured up to torment her. I did not know that she had before told Mr. Rassendyll himself of this strange dream; though I lay small store by such matters, believing that we ourselves make our dreams, fashioning out of the fears and hopes of to-day what seems to come by night in the guise of a mysterious revelation. Yet there are some things that a man cannot understand, and I do not profess to measure with my mind the ways of God.

However, not why the queen went, but that she had gone, concerned us. We had returned to the house now, and James, remembering that men must eat though kings die, was getting us some breakfast. In fact, I had great need of food, being utterly worn out; and they, after their labors, were hardly less weary. As we ate, we talked; and it was plain to us that I

also must go to Strelsau. There, in the city, the drama must be played out. There was Rudolf, there Rischenheim, there in all likelihood Rupert of Hentzau, there now the queen. And of these Rupert alone, or perhaps Rischenheim also, knew that the king was dead, and how the issue of last night had shaped itself under the compelling hand of wayward fortune. The king lay in peace on his bed, his grave was dug; Sapt and James held the secret with solemn faith and ready lives. To Strelsau I must go to tell the queen that she was widowed, and to aim the stroke at young Rupert's heart.

At nine in the morning I started from the lodge. I was bound to ride to Hofbau and there wait for a train which would carry me to the capital. From Hofbau I could send a message, but the message must announce only my own coming, not the news I carried. To Sapt, thanks to the cipher, I could send word at any time, and he bade me ask Mr. Rassendyll whether he should come to our aid, or stay where he was.

"A day must decide the whole thing," he said. "We can't conceal the king's death long. For God's sake, Fritz, make an end of that young villain, and get the letter."

So, wasting no time in farewells, I set out. By ten o'clock I was at Hofbau, for I rode furiously. From there I sent to Bernenstein at the palace word of my coming. But there I was delayed. There was no train for an hour.

"I'll ride," I cried to myself, only to remember the next moment that, if I rode, I should come to my journey's end much later. There was nothing for it but to wait, and it may be imagined in what mood I waited. Every minute seemed an hour, and I know not to this day how the hour wore itself away. I ate, I drank, I smoked, I walked, sat, and stood. The station-master knew me, and thought I had gone mad, till I told him that I carried most important despatches from the king, and that the delay imperiled great interests. Then he became sympathetic; but what could he do? No special train was to be had at a roadside station: I must wait; and wait, somehow, and without blowing my brains out, I did.

At last I was in the train; now indeed we moved, and I came nearer. An hour's run brought me in sight of the city. Then, to my unutterable wrath, we were stopped, and waited twenty minutes or half an hour. At last we started again; had we

not, I should have jumped out and run, for to sit longer motionless would have driven me mad. Now we entered the station. With a great effort I calmed myself. I lolled back in my seat; when we stopped I sat there till a porter opened the door. In lazy leisureliness I bade him get me a cab, and followed him across the station. He held the door for me, and, giving him his *douceur*, I set my foot on the step.

"Tell him to drive to the palace," said I, "and to be quick. I'm late already, thanks to this cursed train."

"The old mare'll soon take you there, sir," said the driver.

I jumped in. But at this moment I saw a man on the platform beckoning with his hand and hastening towards me. The cabman also saw him and waited. I dared not tell him to drive on, for I feared to betray any undue haste, and it would have looked strange not to spare a moment to my wife's cousin, Anton von Strofzin. He came up, holding out his hand, delicately gloved in pearl-gray kid, for young Anton was a leader of the Strelsau dandies.

"Ah, my dear Fritz!" said he. "I am glad I hold no appointment at court. How dreadfully active you all are! I thought you were settled at Zenda for a month?"

"The queen changed her mind suddenly," said I, smiling. "Ladies do, as you know well, you who know all about them."

My compliment, or insinuation, produced a pleased smile and a gallant twirling of his mustache.

"Well, I thought you'd be here soon," he said, "but I didn't know that the queen had come."

"You didn't? Then why did you look for me?"

He opened his eyes a little in languid, elegant surprise.

"Oh, I supposed you'd be on duty, or something, and have to come. Aren't you in attendance?"

"On the queen? No, not just now."

"But on the king?"

"Why, yes," said I, and I leaned forward. "At least I'm engaged now on the king's business."

"Precisely," said he. "So I thought you'd come, as soon as I heard that the king was here."

It may be that I ought to have preserved my composure. But I am not Sapt nor Rudolf Rassendyll.

"The king here?" I gasped, clutching him by the arm.

"Of course. You didn't know? Yes, he's in town."

But I heeded him no more. For a moment I could not speak, then I cried to the cabman:

"To the palace. And drive like the devil!"

We shot away, leaving Anton open-mouthed in wonder. For me, I sank back on the cushions, fairly aghast. The king lay dead in the hunting-lodge, but the king was in his capital!

Of course, the truth soon flashed through my mind, but it brought no comfort. Rudolf Rassendyll was in Strelsau. He had been seen by somebody and taken for the king. But comfort? What comfort was there, now that the king was dead and could never come to the rescue of his counterfeit?

In fact, the truth was worse than I conceived. Had I known it all, I might well have yielded to despair. For not by the chance, uncertain sight of a passer-by, not by mere rumor which might have been sturdily denied, not by the evidence of one only or of two, was the king's presence in the city known. That day, by the witness of a crowd of people, by his own claim and his own voice, ay, and by the assent of the queen herself, Mr. Rassendyll was taken to be the king in Strelsau, while neither he nor Queen Flavia knew that the king was dead. I must now relate the strange and perverse succession of events which forced them to employ a resource so dangerous and face a peril so immense. Yet, great and perilous as they knew the risk to be even when they dared it, in the light of what they did not know it was more fearful and more fatal still.

CHAPTER X.

THE KING IN STRELSAU.

MR. RASSENDYLL reached Strelsau from Zenda without accident about nine o'clock in the evening of the same day as that which witnessed the tragedy of the hunting-lodge. He could have arrived sooner, but prudence did not allow him to enter the populous suburbs of the town till the darkness guarded him from notice. The gates of the city were no longer shut at sunset, as they had used to be in the days when Duke Michael was governor, and

Rudolf passed them without difficulty. Fortunately the night, fine where we were, was wet and stormy at Strelsau; thus there were few people in the streets, and he was able to gain the door of my house still unremarked. Here, of course, a danger presented itself. None of my servants were in the secret; only my wife, in whom the queen herself had confided, knew Rudolf, and she did not expect to see him, since she was ignorant of the recent course of events. Rudolf was quite alive to the peril, and regretted the absence of his faithful attendant, who could have cleared the way for him. The pouring rain gave him an excuse for twisting a scarf about his face and pulling his coat-collar up to his ears, while the gusts of wind made the cramming of his hat low down over his eyes no more than a natural precaution against its loss. Thus masked from curious eyes, he drew rein before my door, and, having dismounted, rang the bell. When the butler came a strange hoarse voice, half-stifled by folds of scarf, asked for the countess, alleging for pretext a message from myself. The man hesitated, as well he might, to leave the stranger alone with the door open and the contents of the hall at his mercy. Murmuring an apology in case his visitor should prove to be a gentleman, he shut the door and went in search of his mistress. His description of the untimely caller at once roused my wife's quick wit; she had heard from me how Rudolf had ridden once from Strelsau to the hunting-lodge with muffled face; a very tall man with his face wrapped in a scarf and his hat over his eyes, who came with a private message, suggested to her at least a possibility of Mr. Rassendyll's arrival. Helga will never admit that she is clever, yet I find she discovers from me what she wants to know, and I suspect hides successfully the small matters of which she in her wifely discretion deems I had best remain ignorant. Being able thus to manage me, she was equal to coping with the butler. She laid aside her embroidery most composedly.

"Ah, yes," she said, "I know the gentleman. Surely you haven't left him out in the rain?" She was anxious lest Rudolf's features should have been exposed too long to the light of the hall-lamps.

The butler stammered an apology, explaining his fears for our goods and the impossibility of distinguishing social rank on a dark night. Helga cut him short

with an impatient gesture, crying, "How stupid of you!" and herself ran quickly down and opened the door—a little way only, though. The first sight of Mr. Rassendyll confirmed her suspicions; in a moment, she said, she knew his eyes.

"It is you, then?" she cried. "And my foolish servant has left you in the rain! Pray come in. Oh, but your horse!" She turned to the penitent butler, who had followed her downstairs. "Take the baron's horse round to the stables," she said.

"I will send some one at once, my lady."

"No, no, take it yourself—take it at once. I'll look after the baron."

Reluctantly and ruefully the fat fellow stepped out into the storm. Rudolf drew back and let him pass, then he entered quickly, to find himself alone with Helga in the hall. With a finger on her lips, she led him swiftly into a small sitting-room on the ground floor, which I used as a sort of office or place of business. It looked out on the street, and the rain could be heard driving against the broad panes of the window. Rudolf turned to her with a smile, and, bowing, kissed her hand.

"The Baron what, my dear countess?" he inquired.

"He won't ask," said she with a shrug. "Do tell me what brings you here, and what has happened."

He told her very briefly all he knew. She hid bravely her alarm at hearing that I might perhaps meet Rupert at the lodge, and at once listened to what Rudolf wanted of her.

"Can I get out of the house, and, if need be, back again unnoticed?" he asked.

"The door is locked at night, and only Fritz and the butler have keys."

Mr. Rassendyll's eye traveled to the window of the room.

"I haven't grown so fat that I can't get through there," said he. "So we'd better not trouble the butler. He'd talk, you know."

"I will sit here all night and keep everybody from the room."

"I may come back pursued if I bungle my work and an alarm is raised."

"Your work?" she asked, shrinking back a little.

"Yes," said he. "Don't ask what it is, Countess. It is in the queen's service."

"For the queen I will do anything and everything, as Fritz would."

He took her hand and pressed it in a friendly, encouraging way.

"Then I may issue my orders?" he asked, smiling.

"They shall be obeyed."

"Then a dry cloak, a little supper, and this room to myself, except for you."

As he spoke the butler turned the handle of the door. My wife flew across the room, opened the door, and, while Rudolf turned his back, directed the man to bring some cold meat, or whatever could be ready with as little delay as possible.

"Now come with me," she said to Rudolf, directly the servant was gone.

She took him to my dressing-room, where he got dry clothes; then she saw the supper laid, ordered a bedroom to be prepared, told the butler that she had business with the baron and that he need not sit up if she were later than eleven, dismissed him, and went to tell Rudolf that the coast was clear for his return to the sitting-room. He came, expressing admiration for her courage and address; I take leave to think that she deserved his compliments. He made a hasty supper; then they talked together, Rudolf smoking his cigar. Eleven came and went. It was not yet time. My wife opened the door and looked out. The hall was dark, the door locked and its key in the hands of the butler. She closed the door again and softly locked it. As the clock struck twelve Rudolf rose and turned the lamp very low. Then he unfastened the shutters noiselessly, raised the window and looked out. "Shut them again when I'm gone," he whispered. "If I come back, I'll knock like this, and you'll open for me."

"For heaven's sake, be careful," she murmured, catching at his hand.

He nodded reassuringly, and crossing his leg over the window-sill, sat there for a moment listening. The storm was as fierce as ever, and the street was deserted. He let himself down on to the pavement, his face again wrapped up. She watched his tall figure stride quickly along till a turn of the road hid it. Then, having closed the window and the shutters again, she sat down to keep her watch, praying for him, for me, and for her dear mistress the queen. For she knew that perilous work was afoot that night, and did not know whom it might threaten or whom destroy.

From the moment that Mr. Rassendyll thus left my house at midnight on his search for Rupert of Hentzau, every hour

and almost every moment brought its incident in the swiftly moving drama which decided the issues of our fortune. What we were doing has been told; by now Rupert himself was on his way back to the city, and the queen was meditating, in her restless vigil, on the resolve that in a few hours was to bring her also to Strelsau. Even in the dead of night both sides were active. For, plan cautiously and skilfully as he might, Rudolf fought with an antagonist who lost no chances, and who had found an apt and useful tool in that same Bauer, a rascal, and a cunning rascal, if ever one were bred in the world. From the beginning even to the end our error lay in taking too little count of this fellow, and dear was the price we paid.

Both to my wife and to Rudolf himself the street had seemed empty of every living being when she watched and he set out. Yet everything had been seen, from his first arrival to the moment when she closed the window after him. At either end of my house there runs out a projection, formed by the bay-windows of the principal drawing-room and of the dining-room respectively. These projecting walls form shadows, and in the shade of one of them—of which I do not know, nor is it of moment—a man watched all that passed; had he been anywhere else. Rudolf must have seen him. If we had not been too engrossed in playing our own hands, it would doubtless have struck us as probable that Rupert would direct Rischenheim and Bauer to keep an eye on my house during his absence: for it was there that any of us who found our way to the city would naturally resort in the first instance. As a fact, he had not omitted this precaution. The night was so dark that the spy, who had seen the king but once and never Mr. Rassendyll, did not recognize who the visitor was, but he rightly conceived that he should serve his employer by tracking the steps of the tall man who made so mysterious an arrival and so surreptitious a departure from the suspected house. Accordingly, as Rudolf turned the corner and Helga closed the window, a short, thickset figure started cautiously out of the projecting shadow, and followed in Rudolf's wake through the storm. The pair, tracker and tracked, met nobody, save here and there a police-constable keeping a most unwilling beat. Even such were few, and for the most part more intent on sheltering in the lee of a friendly wall and thereby keeping a dry stitch or two on them than on taking

note of passers-by. On the pair went. Now Rudolf turned into the Königstrasse. As he did so, Bauer, who must have been nearly a hundred yards behind (for he could not start till the shutters were closed) quickened his pace and reduced the interval between them to about seventy yards. This he might well have thought a safe distance on a night so wild, when the rush of wind and the pelt of the rain joined to hide the sound of footsteps.

But Bauer reasoned as a townsman, and Rudolf Rassendyll had the quick ear of a man bred in the country and trained to the woodland. All at once there was a jerk of his head; I know so well the motion which marked awakened attention in him. He did not pause nor break his stride: to do either would have been to betray his suspicions to his follower; but he crossed the road to the opposite side to that where No. 19 was situated, and slackened his pace a little, so that there was a longer interval between his own footfalls. The steps behind him grew slower, even as his did; their sound came no nearer: the follower would not overtake. Now, a man who loiters on such a night, just because another head of him is fool enough to loiter, has a reason for his action other than what can at first sight be detected. So thought Rudolf Rassendyll, and his brain was busied with finding it out.

Then an idea seized him, and, forgetting the precautions that had hitherto served so well, he came to a sudden stop on the pavement, engrossed in deep thought. Was the man who dogged his steps Rupert himself? It would be like Rupert to track him, like Rupert to conceive such an attack, like Rupert to be ready either for a fearless assault from the front or a shameless shot from behind, and indifferent utterly which chance offered, so it threw him one of them. Mr. Rassendyll asked no better than to meet his enemy thus in the open. They could fight a fair fight, and if he fell the lamp would be caught up and carried on by Sapt's hand or mine; if he got the better of Rupert, the letter would be his; a moment would destroy it and give safety to the queen. I do not suppose that he spent time in thinking how he should escape arrest at the hands of the police whom the *fracas* would probably rouse; if he did, he may well have reckoned on declaring plainly who he was, of laughing at their surprise over a chance likeness to the king, and of trusting to us to smuggle him beyond the arm of the law. What mattered

all that, so that there was a moment in which to destroy the letter? At any rate he turned full round and began to walk straight towards Bauer, his hand resting on the revolver in the pocket of his coat.

Bauer saw him coming, and must have known that he was suspected or detected. At once the cunning fellow slouched his head between his shoulders, and set out along the street at a quick shuffle, whistling as he went. Rudolf stood still now in the middle of the road, wondering who the man was: whether Rupert, purposely disguising his gait, or a confederate, or, after all, some person innocent of our secret and indifferent to our schemes. On came Bauer, softly whistling and slushing his feet carelessly through the liquid mud. Now he was nearly opposite where Mr. Rassendyll stood. Rudolf was well-nigh convinced that the man had been on his track: he would make certainty surer. The bold game was always his choice and his delight; this trait he shared with Rupert of Hentzau, and hence arose, I think, the strange secret inclination he had for his unscrupulous opponent. Now he walked suddenly across to Bauer, and spoke to him in his natural voice, at the same time removing the scarf partly, but not altogether, from his face.

"You're out late, my friend, for a night like this."

Bauer, startled though he was by the unexpected challenge, had his wits about him. Whether he identified Rudolf at once, I do not know; I think that he must at least have suspected the truth.

"A lad that has no home to go to must needs be out both late and early, sir," said he, arresting his shuffling steps, and looking up with that honest stolid air which had made a fool of me.

I had described him very minutely to Mr. Rassendyll; if Bauer knew or guessed who his challenger was, Mr. Rassendyll was as well equipped for the encounter.

"No home to go to!" cried Rudolf in a pitying tone. "How's that? But anyhow, heaven forbid that you or any man should walk the streets a night like this. Come, I'll give you a bed. Come with me, and I'll find you good shelter, my boy."

Bauer shrank away. He did not see the meaning of this stroke, and his eye, traveling up the street, showed that his thoughts had turned towards flight. Rudolf gave no time for putting any such notion into effect. Maintaining his air of genial compassion, he passed his left arm through Bauer's right, saying:

"I'm a Christian man, and a bed you shall have this night, my lad, as sure as I'm alive. Come along with me. The devil, it's not weather for standing still!"

The carrying of arms in Strelsau was forbidden. Bauer had no wish to get into trouble with the police, and, moreover, he had intended nothing but a reconnaissance; he was therefore without any weapon, and he was a child in Rudolf's grasp. He had no alternative but to obey the suasion of Mr. Rassendyll's arm, and they two began to walk down the Königstrasse. Bauer's whistle had died away, not to return; but from time to time Rudolf hummed softly a cheerful tune, his fingers beating time on Bauer's captive arm. Presently they crossed the road. Bauer's lagging steps indicated that he took no pleasure in the change of side, but he could not resist.

"Ay, you shall go where I am going, my lad," said Rudolf encouragingly; and he laughed a little as he looked down at the fellow's face.

Along they went; soon they came to the small numbers at the station end of the Königstrasse. Rudolf began to peer up at the shop fronts.

"It's cursed dark," said he. "Pray, lad, can you make out which is nineteen?"

The moment he had spoken the smile broadened on his face. The shot had gone home. Bauer was a clever scoundrel, but his nerves were not under perfect control, and his arm had quivered under Rudolf's.

"Nineteen, sir?" he stammered.

"Ay, nineteen. That's where we're bound for, you and I. There I hope we shall find—what we want."

Bauer seemed bewildered: no doubt he was at a loss how either to understand or to parry the bold attack.

"Ah, this looks like it," said Rudolf, in a tone of great satisfaction, as they came to old Mother Holf's little shop. "Isn't that a one and a nine over the door, my lad? Ah, and Holf! Yes, that's the name. Pray ring the bell. My hands are occupied."

Rudolf's hands were indeed occupied; one held Bauer's arm, now no longer with a friendly pressure, but with a grip of iron; in the other the captive saw the revolver that had till now lain hidden.

"You see?" asked Rudolf pleasantly. "You must ring for me, mustn't you? It would startle them if I roused them with a shot." A motion of the barrel told Bauer the direction which the shot would take.

"There's no bell," said Bauer sullenly.

"Ah, then you knock?"

"I suppose so."

"In any particular way, my friend?"

"I don't know," growled Bauer.

"Nor I. Can't you guess?"

"No, I know nothing of it."

"Well, we must try. You knock, and—Listen, my lad. You must guess right. You understand?"

"How can I guess?" asked Bauer, in an attempt at bluster.

"Indeed, I don't know," smiled Rudolf.

"But I hate waiting, and if the door is not open in two minutes, I shall arouse the good folk with a shot. You see? You quite see, don't you?" Again the barrel's motion pointed and explained Mr. Rassendyll's meaning.

Under this powerful persuasion Bauer yielded. He lifted his hand and knocked on the door with his knuckles, first loudly, then very softly, the gentler stroke being repeated five times in rapid succession. Clearly he was expected, for without any sound of approaching feet the chain was unfastened with a subdued rattle. Then came the noise of the bolt being cautiously worked back into its socket. As it shot home a chink of the door opened. At the same moment Rudolf's hand slipped from Bauer's arm. With a swift movement he caught the fellow by the nape of the neck and flung him violently forward into the roadway, where, losing his footing, he fell sprawling face downwards in the mud. Rudolf threw himself against the door: it yielded, he was inside, and in an instant he had shut the door and driven the bolt home again, leaving Bauer in the gutter outside. Then he turned, with his hand on the butt of his revolver. I know that he hoped to find Rupert of Hentzau's face within a foot of his.

Neither Rupert nor Rischenheim, nor even the old woman fronted him: a tall, handsome, dark girl faced him, holding an oil-lamp in her hand. He did not know her, but I could have told him that she was old Mother Holf's youngest child, Rosa, for I had often seen her as I rode through the town of Zenda with the king, before the old lady moved her dwelling to Strelsau. Indeed the girl had seemed to haunt the king's footsteps, and he had himself joked on her obvious efforts to attract his attention, and the languishing glances of her great black eyes. But it is the lot of prominent personages to inspire these strange passions, and the king had spent as little thought on her as on any of

the romantic girls who found a naughty delight in half-fanciful devotion to him—devotion starting, in many cases, by an irony of which the king was happily unconscious, from the brave figure that he made at his coronation and his picturesque daring in the affair of Black Michael. The worshipers never came near enough to perceive the alteration in their idol.

The half then, at least, of Rosa's attachment was justly due to the man who now stood opposite to her, looking at her with surprise by the murky light of the strong-smelling oil-lamp. The lamp shook and almost fell from her hand when she saw him; for the scarf had slid away, and his features were exposed to full view. Fright, delight, and excitement vied with one another in her eyes.

"The king!" she whispered in amazement. "No, but—" And she searched his face wonderingly.

"Is it the beard you miss?" asked Rudolf, fingering his chin. "Mayn't kings shave when they please, as well as other men?" Her face still expressed bewilderment, and still a lingering doubt. He bent towards her, whispering:

"Perhaps I wasn't over-anxious to be known at once."

She flushed with pleasure at the confidence he seemed to put in her.

"I should know you anywhere," she whispered, with a glance of the great black eyes. "Anywhere, Your Majesty."

"Then you'll help me, perhaps?"

"With my life."

"No, no, my dear young lady, merely with a little information. Whose house is this?"

"My mother's."

"Ah! She takes lodgers?"

The girl appeared vexed at his cautious approaches.

"Tell me what you want to know," she said simply.

"Then who's here?"

"My lord the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim."

"And what's he doing?"

"He's lying on the bed moaning and swearing, because his wounded arm gives him pain."

"And is nobody else here?"

She looked round warily, and sank her voice to a whisper as she answered:

"No, not now—nobody else."

"I was seeking a friend of mine," said Rudolf. "I want to see him alone. It's not easy for a king to see people alone."

"You mean——?"

"Well, you know who I mean."

"Yes. No, he's gone; but he's gone to find you."

"To find me! Plague take it! How do you know that, my pretty lady?"

"Bauer told me."

"Ah, Bauer! And who's Bauer?"

"The man who knocked. Why did you shut him out?"

"To be alone with you, to be sure. So Bauer tells you his master's secrets?"

She acknowledged his raillery with a coquettish laugh. It was not amiss for the king to see that she had her admirers.

"Well, and where has this foolish count gone to meet me?" asked Rudolf lightly.

"You haven't seen him?"

"No; I came straight from the Castle of Zenda."

"But," she cried, "he expected to find you at the hunting-lodge. Ah, but now I recollect! The Count of Rischenheim was greatly vexed to find, on his return, that his cousin was gone."

"Ah, he was gone! Now I see! Rischenheim brought a message from me to Count Rupert."

"And they missed one another, Your Majesty?"

"Exactly, my dear young lady. Very vexatious it is, upon my word!" In this remark, at least, Rudolf spoke no more and no other than he felt. "But when do you expect the Count of Hentzau?" he pursued.

"Early in the morning, Your Majesty—at seven or eight."

Rudolf came nearer to her, and took a couple of gold coins from his pocket.

"I don't want money, Your Majesty," she murmured.

"Oh, make a hole in them and hang them round your neck."

"Ah, yes: yes, give them to me," she cried, holding out her hand eagerly.

"You'll earn them?" he asked, playfully holding them out of her reach.

"How?"

"By being ready to open to me when I come at eleven and knock as Bauer knocked."

"Yes, I'll be there."

"And by telling nobody that I've been here to-night. Will you promise me that?"

"Not my mother?"

"No."

"Nor the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim?"

"Him least of all. You must tell no-

body. My business is very private, and Rischenheim doesn't know it."

"I'll do all you tell me. But—but Bauer knows."

"True," said Rudolf. "Bauer knows. Well, we'll see about Bauer."

As he spoke he turned towards the door. Suddenly the girl bent, snatched at his hand and kissed it.

"I would die for you," she murmured.

"Poor child!" said he gently. I believe he was loath to make profit, even in the queen's service, of her poor foolish love. He laid his hand on the door, but paused a moment to say,

"If Bauer comes, you have told me nothing. Mind, nothing! I threatened you, but you told me nothing."

"He'll tell them you have been here."

"That can't be helped; at least they won't know when I shall arrive again. Good-night."

Rudolf opened the door and slipped through, closing it hastily behind him. If Bauer got back to the house, his visit must be known; but if he could intercept Bauer, the girl's silence was assured. He stood just outside, listening intently and searching the darkness with eager eyes.

CHAPTER XI.

WHAT THE CHANCELLOR'S WIFE SAW.

THE night, so precious in its silence, solitude, and darkness, was waning fast; soon the first dim approaches of day would be visible; soon the streets would become alive and people be about. Before then Rudolf Rassendyll, the man who bore a face that he dared not show in open day, must be under cover; else men would say that the king was in Strelsau, and the news would flash in a few hours through the kingdom and (so Rudolf feared) reach even those ears which we knew to be shut to all earthly sounds. But there was still some time at Mr. Rassendyll's disposal, and he could not spend it better than in pursuing his fight with Bauer. Taking a leaf out of the rascal's own book, he drew himself back into the shadow of the house walls and prepared to wait. At the worst he could keep the fellow from communicating with Rischenheim for a little longer, but his hope was that Bauer would steal back after a while and reconnoiter with a view to discovering how matters stood, whether the unwelcome visitor had taken his departure and the way to Rischen-

heim were open. Wrapping his scarf closely round his face, Rudolf waited, patiently enduring the tedium as he best might, drenched by the rain, which fell steadily, and very imperfectly sheltered from the buffeting of the wind. Minutes went by; there were no signs of Bauer nor of anybody else in the silent street. Yet Rudolf did not venture to leave his post; Bauer would seize the opportunity to slip in; perhaps Bauer had seen him come out, and was in his turn waiting till the coast should be clear; or, again, perhaps the useful spy had gone off to intercept Rupert of Hentzau, and warn him of the danger in the Königstrasse. Ignorant of the truth and compelled to accept all these chances, Rudolf waited, still watching the distant beginnings of dawning day, which must soon drive him to his hiding-place again. Meanwhile my poor wife waited also, a prey to every fear that a woman's sensitive mind can imagine and feed upon.

Rudolf turned his head this way and that, seeking always the darker blot of shadow that would mean a human being. For a while his search was vain, but presently he found what he looked for—ay, and even more. On the same side of the street, to his left hand, from the direction of the station, not one, but three blurred shapes moved up the street. They came stealthily, yet quickly; with caution, but without pause or hesitation. Rudolf, scenting danger, flattened himself close against the wall and felt for his revolver. Very likely they were only early workers or late revelers, but he was ready for something else; he had not yet sighted Bauer, and action was to be looked for from the man. By infinitely gradual sidelong slitherings he moved a few paces from the door of Mother Holf's house, and stood six feet perhaps, or eight, on the right-hand side of it. The three came on. He strained his eyes in the effort to discern their features. In that dim light certainty was impossible, but the one in the middle might well be Bauer: the height, the walk, and the make were much what Bauer's were. If it were Bauer, then Bauer had friends, and Bauer and his friends seemed to be stalking some game. Always most carefully and gradually Rudolf edged yet farther from the little shop. At a distance of some five yards he halted finally, drew out his revolver, covered the man whom he took to be Bauer, and thus waited his fortune and his chance.

Now, it was plain that Bauer—for Bauer it was—would look for one of two things: what he hoped was to find Rudolf still in the house, what he feared was to be told that Rudolf, having fulfilled the unknown purpose of his visit, was gone whole and sound. If the latter tidings met him, these two good friends of his whom he had enlisted for his reinforcement were to have five crowns each and go home in peace; if the former, they were to do their work and make ten crowns. Years after, one of them told me the whole story without shame or reserve. What their work was, the heavy bludgeons they carried and the long knife that one of them had lent to Bauer showed pretty clearly. But neither to Bauer nor to them did it occur that their quarry might be crouching near, hunting as well as hunted. Not that the pair of ruffians who had been thus hired would have hesitated for that thought, as I imagine. For it is strange, yet certain, that the zenith of courage and the acme of villainy can alike be bought for the price of a lady's glove. Among such outcasts as those from whom Bauer drew his recruits the murder of a man is held serious only when the police are by, and death at the hands of him they seek to kill is no more than an every-day risk of their employment.

"Here's the house," whispered Bauer, stopping at the door. "Now, I'll knock, and you stand by to knock him on the head if he runs out. He's got a six-shooter, so lose no time."

"He'll only fire it in heaven," growled a hoarse, guttural voice that ended in a chuckle.

"But if he's gone?" objected the other auxiliary.

"Then I know where he's gone," answered Bauer. "Are you ready?"

A ruffian stood on either side of the door with uplifted bludgeon. Bauer raised his hand to knock.

Rudolf knew that Rischenheim was within, and he feared that Bauer, hearing that the stranger had gone, would take the opportunity of telling the count of his visit. The count would, in his turn, warn Rupert of Hentzau, and the work of catching the ringleader would all fall to be done again. At no time did Mr. Rassendyll take count of odds against him, but in this instance he may well have thought himself, with his revolver, a match for the three ruffians. At any rate, before Bauer had time to give the signal, he sprang out suddenly from the wall and

darted at the fellow. His onset was so sudden that the other two fell back a pace; Rudolf caught Bauer fairly by the throat. I do not suppose that he meant to strangle him, but the anger, long stored in his heart, found vent in the fierce grip of his fingers. It is certain that Bauer thought his time was come, unless he struck a blow for himself. Instantly he raised his hand and thrust fiercely at Rudolf with his long knife. Mr. Rassendyll would have been a dead man, had he not loosed his hold and sprung lightly away. But Bauer sprang at him again, thrusting with the knife, and crying to his associates, "Club him, you fools, club him!"

Thus exhorted, one jumped forward. The moment for hesitation had gone. In spite of the noise of wind and pelting rain, the sound of a shot risked much; but not to fire was death. Rudolf fired full at Bauer: the fellow saw his intention and tried to leap behind one of his companions; he was just too late, and fell with a groan to the ground.

Again the other ruffians shrank back, appalled by the sudden ruthless decision of the act. Mr. Rassendyll laughed. A half-smothered yet uncontrolled oath broke from one of them. "By God!" he whispered hoarsely, gazing at Rudolf's face and letting his arm fall to his side. "My God!" he said then, and his mouth hung open. Again Rudolf laughed at his terrified stare.

"A bigger job than you fancied, is it?" he asked, pushing his scarf well away from his chin.

The man gaped at him; the other's eyes asked wondering questions, but neither did he attempt to resume the attack. The first at last found voice, and he said, "Well, it'd be damned cheap at ten crowns, and that's the living truth."

His friend—or confederate rather, for such men have no friends—looked on, still amazed.

"Take up that fellow by his head and his heels," ordered Rudolf. "Quickly! I suppose you don't want the police to find us here with him, do you? Well, no more do I. Lift him up."

As he spoke Rudolf turned to knock at the door of No. 19.

But even as he did so Bauer groaned. Dead perhaps he ought to have been, but it seems to me that fate is always ready to take the cream and leave the scum. His leap aside had served him well, after all: he had nearly escaped scot free. As it was, the bullet, almost missing his head

altogether, had just glanced on his temple as it passed; its impact had stunned, but not killed. Friend Bauer was in unusual luck that night; I wouldn't have taken a hundred to one about his chance of life. Rupert arrested his hand. It would not do to leave Bauer at the house, if Bauer were likely to regain speech. He stood for a moment, considering what to do, but in an instant the thoughts that he tried to gather were scattered again.

"The patrol! the patrol!" hoarsely whispered the fellow who had not yet spoken. There was a sound of the hoofs of horses. Down the street from the station end there appeared two mounted men. Without a second's hesitation the two rascals dropped their friend Bauer with a thud on the ground; one ran at his full speed across the street, the other bolted no less quickly up the Königstrasse. Neither could afford to meet the constables; and who could say what story this red-haired gentleman might tell, ay, or what powers he might command?

But, in truth, Rudolf gave no thought to either his story or his powers. If he were caught, the best he could hope would be to lie in the lockup while Rupert played his game unmolested. The device that he had employed against the amazed ruffians could be used against lawful authority only as a last and desperate resort. While he could run, run he would. In an instant he also took to his heels, following the fellow who had darted up the Königstrasse. But before he had gone very far, coming to a narrow turning, he shot down it; then he paused for a moment to listen.

The patrol had seen the sudden dispersal of the group, and, struck with natural suspicion, quickened pace. A few minutes brought them where Bauer was. They jumped from their horses and ran to him. He was unconscious, and could, of course, give them no account of how he came to be in his present state. The fronts of all the houses were dark, the doors shut; there was nothing to connect the man stretched on the ground with either No. 19 or any other dwelling. Moreover, the constables were not sure that the sufferer was himself a meritorious object, for his hand still held a long, ugly knife. They were perplexed: they were but two; there was a wounded man to look after; there were three men to pursue, and the three had fled in three separate directions. They looked up at No. 19; No. 19 remained dark, quiet, absolutely indifferent. The fugitives were out of sight.

Rudolf Rassendyll, hearing nothing, had started again on his way. But a minute later he heard a shrill whistle. The patrol were summoning assistance; the man must be carried to the station, and a report made; but other constables might be warned of what had happened, and despatched in pursuit of the culprits. Rudolf heard more than one answering whistle; he broke into a run, looking for a turning on the left that would take him back into the direction of my house, but he found none. The narrow street twisted and curved in the bewildering way that characterizes the old parts of the town. Rudolf had spent some time once in Strelsau; but a king learns little of back streets, and he was soon fairly puzzled as to his whereabouts. Day was dawning, and he began to meet people here and there. He dared run no more, even had his breath lasted him; winding the scarf about his face, and cramming his hat over his forehead again, he fell into an easy walk, wondering whether he could venture to ask his way, relieved to find no signs that he was being pursued, trying to persuade himself that Bauer, though not dead, was at least incapable of embarrassing disclosures; above all, conscious of the danger of his tell-tale face, and of the necessity of finding some shelter before the city was all stirring and awake.

At this moment he heard horses' hoofs behind him. He was now at the end of the street, where it opened on the square in which the barracks stand. He knew his bearings now, and, had he not been interrupted, could have been back to safe shelter in my house in twenty minutes. But, looking back, he saw the figure of a mounted constable just coming into sight behind him. The man seemed to see Rudolf, for he broke into a quick trot. Mr. Rassendyll's position was critical; this fact alone accounts for the dangerous step into which he allowed himself to be forced. Here he was, a man unable to give account of himself, of remarkable appearance, and carrying a revolver, of which one barrel was discharged. And there was Bauer, a wounded man, shot by somebody with a revolver, a quarter of an hour before. Even to be questioned was dangerous; to be detained meant ruin to the great business that engaged his energies. For all he knew, the patrol had actually sighted him as he ran. His fears were not vain; for the constable raised his voice, crying, "Hi, sir—you there—stop a minute."

Resistance was the one thing worse than to yield. Wit, and not force, must find escape this time. Rudolf stopped, looking round again with a surprised air. Then he drew himself up with an assumption of dignity, and waited for the constable. If that last card must be played, he would win the hand with it.

"Well, what do you want?" he asked coldly, when the man was a few yards from him; and, as he spoke, he withdrew the scarf almost entirely from his features, keeping it only over his chin. "You call very peremptorily," he continued, staring contemptuously. "What's your business with me?"

With a violent start, the sergeant—for such the star on his collar and the lace on his cuff proclaimed him—leant forward in the saddle to look at the man whom he had hailed. Rudolf said nothing and did not move. The man's eyes studied his face intently. Then he sat bolt upright and saluted, his face dyed to a deep red in his sudden confusion.

"And why do you salute me now?" asked Rudolf in a mocking tone. "First you hunt me, then you salute me. By heaven, I don't know why you put yourself out at all about me!"

"I—I—" the fellow stuttered. Then trying a fresh start, he stammered, "Your Majesty, I didn't know—I didn't suppose—"

Rudolf stepped towards him with a quick, decisive tread.

"And why do you call me 'Your Majesty'?" he asked, still mockingly.

"It—it— isn't it Your Majesty?"

Rudolf was close by him now, his hand on the horse's neck. He looked up into the sergeant's face with steady eyes, saying:

"You make a mistake, my friend. I am not the king."

"You are not—?" stuttered the bewildered fellow.

"By no means. And, sergeant—?"

"Your Majesty?"

"Sir, you mean."

"Yes, sir."

"A zealous officer, sergeant, can make no greater mistake than to take for the king a gentleman who is not the king. It might injure his prospects, since the king, not being here, mightn't wish to have it supposed that he was here. Do you follow me, sergeant?"

The man said nothing, but stared hard. After a moment Rudolf continued:

"In such a case," said he, "a discreet

officer would not trouble the gentleman any more, and would be very careful not to mention that he had made such a silly mistake. Indeed, if questioned, he would answer without hesitation that he hadn't seen anybody even like the king, much less the king himself."

A doubtful, puzzled little smile spread under the sergeant's mustache.

"You see, the king is not even in Strelsau," said Rudolf.

"Not in Strelsau, sir?"

"Why, no, he's at Zenda."

"Ah! At Zenda, sir?"

"Certainly. It is therefore impossible—physically impossible—that he should be here."

The fellow was convinced that he understood now."

"It's certainly impossible, sir," said he, smiling more broadly.

"Absolutely. And therefore impossible also that you should have seen him." With this Rudolf took a gold piece from his pocket and handed it to the sergeant. The fellow took it with something like a wink. "As for you, you've searched here and found nobody," concluded Mr. Rassen-dyll. "So hadn't you better at once search somewhere else?"

"Without doubt, sir," said the sergeant, and with the most deferential salute, and another confidential smile, he turned and rode back by the way he had come. No doubt he wished that he could meet a gentleman who was—not the king—every morning of his life. It hardly need be said that all idea of connecting the gentleman with the crime committed in the Königstrasse had vanished from his mind. Thus Rudolf won freedom from the man's interference, but at a dangerous cost—how dangerous he did not know. It was indeed most impossible that the king could be in Strelsau.

He lost no time now in turning his steps towards his refuge. It was past five o'clock, day came quickly, and the streets began to be peopled by men and women on their way to open stalls or to buy in the market. Rudolf crossed the square at a rapid walk, for he was afraid of the soldiers who were gathering for early duty opposite to the barracks. Fortunately he passed by them unobserved, and gained the comparative seclusion of the street in which my house stands, without encountering any further difficulties. In truth, he was almost in safety; but bad luck was now to have its turn. When Mr. Rassen-dyll was no more than fifty yards from my

door, a carriage suddenly drove up and stopped a few paces in front of him. The footman sprang down and opened the door. Two ladies got out; they were dressed in evening costume, and were returning from a ball. One was middle-aged, the other young and rather pretty. They stood for a moment on the pavement, the younger saying:

"Isn't it pleasant, mother? I wish I could always be up at five o'clock."

"My dear, you wouldn't like it for long," answered the elder. "It's very nice for a change, but——"

She stopped abruptly. Her eye had fallen on Rudolf Rassendyll. He knew her: she was no less a person than the wife of Helsing the chancellor; his was the house at which the carriage had stopped. The trick that had served with the sergeant of police would not do now. She knew the king too well to believe that she could be mistaken about him; she was too much of a busybody to be content to pretend that she was mistaken.

"Good gracious!" she whispered loudly, and, catching her daughter's arm, she murmured, "Heavens, my dear, it's the king!"

Rudolf was caught. Not only the ladies, but their servants were looking at him.

Flight was impossible. He walked by them. The ladies curtsied, the servants bowed bareheaded. Rudolf touched his hat and bowed slightly in return. He walked straight on towards my house; they were watching him, and he knew it. Most heartily did he curse the untimely hours to which folks keep up their dancing, but he thought that a visit to my house would afford as plausible an excuse for his presence as any other. So he went on, surveyed by the wondering ladies, and by the servants who, smothering smiles, asked one another what brought His Majesty abroad in such a plight (for Rudolf's clothes were soaked and his boots muddy), at such an hour—and that in Strelsau, when all the world thought he was at Zenda.

Rudolf reached my house. Knowing that he was watched, he had abandoned all intention of giving the signal agreed on between my wife and himself and of making his way in through the window. Such a sight would indeed have given the excellent Baroness von Helsing matter for gossip! It was better to let every servant in my house see his open entrance. But, alas, virtue itself sometimes leads to

ruin. My dearest Helga, sleepless and watchful in the interest of her mistress, was even now behind the shutter, listening with all her ears and peering through the chinks. No sooner did Rudolf's footsteps become audible than she cautiously unfastened the shutter, opened the window, put her pretty head out, and called softly:

"All's safe! Come in!"

The mischief was done then, for the faces of Helsing's wife and daughter, ay, and the faces of Helsing's servants, were intent on this most strange spectacle. Rudolf, turning his head over his shoulder, saw them; a moment later poor Helga saw them also. Innocent and untrained in controlling her feelings, she gave a shrill little cry of dismay, and hastily drew back. Rudolf looked round again. The ladies had retreated to the cover of the porch, but he still saw their eager faces peering from between the pillars that supported it.

"I may as well go in now," said Rudolf, and in he sprang. There was a merry smile on his face as he ran forward to meet Helga, who leant against the table, pale and agitated.

"They saw you?" she gasped.

"Undoubtedly," said he. Then his sense of amusement conquered everything else, and he sat down in a chair, laughing.

"I'd give my life," said he, "to hear the story that the chancellor will be waked up to hear in a minute or two from now!"

But a moment's thought made him grave again. For whether he were the king or Rudolf Rassendyll, he knew that my wife's name was in equal peril. Knowing this, he stood at nothing to serve her. He turned to her and spoke quickly.

"You must rouse one of the servants at once. Send him round to the chancellor's and tell the chancellor to come here directly. No, write a note. Say the king has come by appointment to see Fritz on some private business, but that Fritz has not kept the appointment, and that the king must now see the chancellor at once. Say there's not a moment to lose."

She was looking at him with wondering eyes.

"Don't you see," he said, "if I can impose on Helsing, I may stop those women's tongues? If nothing's done, how long do you suppose it'll be before all Strelsau knows that Fritz von Tarlenheim's wife let the king in at the window at five o'clock in the morning?"

"I don't understand," murmured poor Helga in bewilderment.

"No, my dear lady, but for heaven's sake do what I ask of you. It's the only chance now."

"I'll do it," she said, and sat down to write.

Thus it was that, hard on the marvelous tidings which, as I conjecture, the Baroness von Helsing poured into her husband's drowsy ears, came an imperative summons that the chancellor should wait on the king at the house of Fritz von Tarlenheim.

Truly we had tempted fate too far by bringing Rudolf Rassendyll again to Strelsau.

CHAPTER XII.

BEFORE THEM ALL!

GREAT AS was the risk and immense as were the difficulties created by the course which Mr. Rassendyll adopted, I cannot doubt that he acted for the best in the light of the information which he possessed. His plan was to disclose himself in the character of the king to Helsing, to bind him to secrecy, and make him impose the same obligation on his wife, daughter, and servants. The chancellor was to be quieted with the excuse of urgent business, and conciliated by a promise that he should know its nature in the course of a few hours; meanwhile an appeal to his loyalty must suffice to insure obedience. If all went well in the day that had now dawned, by the evening of it the letter would be destroyed, the queen's peril past, and Rudolf once more far away from Strelsau. Then enough of the truth—no more—must be disclosed. Helsing would be told the story of Rudolf Rassendyll and persuaded to hold his tongue about the harum-scarum Englishman (we are ready to believe much of an Englishman) having been audacious enough again to play the king in Strelsau. The old chancellor was a very good fellow, and I do not think that Rudolf did wrong in relying upon him. Where he miscalculated was, of course, just where he was ignorant. The whole of what the queen's friends, ay, and the queen herself, did in Strelsau, became useless and mischievous by reason of the king's death; their action must have been utterly different, had they been aware of that catastrophe; but their wisdom must be judged only according to their knowledge.

In the first place, the chancellor himself showed much good sense. Even before he obeyed the king's summons he sent for the two servants and charged them, on pain of instant dismissal and worse things to follow, to say nothing of what they had seen. His commands to his wife and daughter were more polite, doubtless, but no less peremptory. He may well have supposed that the king's business was private as well as important when it led His Majesty to be roaming the streets of Strelsau at a moment when he was supposed to be at the Castle of Zenda, and to enter a friend's house by the window at such untimely hours. The mere facts were eloquent of secrecy. Moreover, the king had shaved his beard—the ladies were sure of it—and this, again, though it might be merely an accidental coincidence, was also capable of signifying a very urgent desire to be unknown. So the chancellor, having given his orders, and being himself aflame with the liveliest curiosity, lost no time in obeying the king's commands, and arrived at my house before six o'clock.

When the visitor was announced Rudolf was upstairs, having a bath and some breakfast. Helga had learnt her lesson well enough to entertain the visitor until Rudolf appeared. She was full of apologies for my absence, protesting that she could in no way explain it; neither could she so much as conjecture what was the king's business with her husband. She played the dutiful wife whose virtue was obedience, whose greatest sin would be an indiscreet prying into what it was not her part to know.

"I know no more," she said, "than that Fritz wrote to me to expect the king and him at about five o'clock, and to be ready to let them in by the window, as the king did not wish the servants to be aware of his presence."

The king came and greeted Helsing most graciously. The tragedy and comedy of these busy days were strangely mingled; even now I can hardly help smiling when I picture Rudolf, with grave lips, but that distant twinkle in his eye (I swear he enjoyed the sport), sitting down by the old chancellor in the darkest corner of the room, covering him with flattery, hinting at most strange things, deploring a secret obstacle to immediate confidence, promising that to-morrow, at latest, he would seek the advice of the wisest and most tried of his counselors, appealing to the chancellor's loyalty to trust him till then. Helsing, blinking through his spectacles,

followed with devout attention the long narrative that told nothing, and the urgent exhortation that masked a trick. His accents were almost broken with emotion as he put himself absolutely at the king's disposal, and declared that he could answer for the discretion of his family and household as completely as for his own.

"Then you're a very lucky man, my dear chancellor," said Rudolf, with a sigh which seemed to hint that the king in his palace was not so fortunate. Helsing was immensely pleased. He was all agog to go and tell his wife how entirely the king trusted to her honor and silence.

There was nothing that Rudolf more desired than to be relieved of the excellent old fellow's presence; but, well aware of the supreme importance of keeping him in a good temper, he would not hear of his departure for a few minutes.

"At any rate, the ladies won't talk till after breakfast, and since they got home only at five o'clock they won't breakfast yet a while," said he.

So he made Helsing sit down, and talked to him. Rudolf had not failed to notice that the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim had been a little surprised at the sound of his voice; in this conversation he studiously kept his tones low, affecting a certain weakness and huskiness such as he had detected in the king's utterances, as he listened behind the curtain in Sapt's room at the castle. The part was played as completely and triumphantly as in the old days when he ran the gauntlet of every eye in Strelsau. Yet if he had not taken such pains to conciliate old Helsing, but had let him depart, he might not have found himself driven to a greater and even more hazardous deception.

They were conversing together alone. My wife had been prevailed on by Rudolf to lie down in her room for an hour. Sorely needing rest, she had obeyed him, having first given strict orders that no member of the household should enter the room where the two were except on an express summons. Fearing suspicion, she and Rudolf had agreed that it was better to rely on these injunctions than to lock the door again as they had the night before.

But while these things passed at my house, the queen and Bernenstein were on their way to Strelsau. Perhaps, had Sapt been at Zenda, his powerful influence might have availed to check the impulsive expedition; Bernenstein had no such authority, and could only obey the

queen's peremptory orders and pathetic prayers. Ever since Rudolf Rassendyll left her, three years before, she had lived in stern self-repression, never her true self, never for a moment able to be or to do what every hour her heart urged on her. How are these things done? I doubt if a man lives who could do them; but women live who do them. Now his sudden coming, and the train of stirring events that accompanied it, his danger and hers, his words and her enjoyment of his presence, had all worked together to shatter her self-control; and the strange dream, heightening the emotion which was its own cause, left her with no conscious desire save to be near Mr. Rassendyll, and scarcely with a fear except for his safety. As they journeyed her talk was all of his peril, never of the disaster which threatened herself, and which we were all striving with might and main to avert from her head. She traveled alone with Bernenstein, getting rid of the lady who attended her by some careless pretext, and she urged on him continually to bring her as speedily as might be to Mr. Rassendyll. I cannot find much blame for her. Rudolf stood for all the joy in her life, and Rudolf had gone to fight with the Count of Hentzau. What wonder that she saw him, as it were, dead? Yet still she would have it that, in his seeming death, all men hailed him for their king. Well, it was her love that crowned him.

As they reached the city, she grew more composed, being persuaded by Bernenstein that nothing in her bearing must rouse suspicion. Yet she was none the less resolved to seek Mr. Rassendyll at once. In truth, she feared even then to find him dead, so strong was the hold of her dream on her; until she knew that he was alive she could not rest. Bernenstein, fearful that the strain would kill her, or rob her of reason, promised everything; and declared, with a confidence which he did not feel, that beyond doubt Mr. Rassendyll was alive and well.

"But where—where?" she cried eagerly, with clasped hands.

"We're most likely, madam, to find him at Fritz von Tarlenheim's," answered the lieutenant. "He would wait there till the time came to attack Rupert, or, if the thing is over, he will have returned there."

"Then let us drive there at once," she urged.

Bernenstein, however, persuaded her to go to the palace first and let it be known there that she was going to pay a visit to

my wife. She arrived at the palace at eight o'clock, took a cup of chocolate, and then ordered her carriage. Bernenstein alone accompanied her when she set out for my house about nine. He was, by now, hardly less agitated than the queen herself.

In her entire preoccupation with Mr. Rassendyll, she gave little thought to what might have happened at the hunting-lodge; but Bernenstein drew gloomy auguries from the failure of Sapt and myself to return at the proper time. Either evil had befallen us, or the letter had reached the king before we arrived at the lodge; the probabilities seemed to him to be confined to these alternatives. Yet when he spoke in this strain to the queen, he could get from her nothing except, "If we can find Mr. Rassendyll, he will tell us what to do."

Thus, then, a little after nine in the morning the queen's carriage drove up to my door. The ladies of the chancellor's family had enjoyed a very short night's rest, for their heads came bobbing out of window the moment the wheels were heard; many people were about now, and the crown on the panels attracted the usual small crowd of loiterers. Bernenstein sprang out and gave his hand to the queen. With a hasty slight bow to the onlookers, she hastened up the two or three steps of the porch, and with her own hand rang the bell. Inside, the carriage had just been observed. My wife's waiting-maid ran hastily to her mistress; Helga was lying on her bed; she rose at once, and after a few moments of necessary preparations (or such preparations as seem to ladies necessary, however great the need of haste may be) hurried downstairs to receive Her Majesty—and to warn Her Majesty. She was too late. The door was already open. The butler and the footman both had run to it, and thrown it open for the queen. As Helga reached the foot of the stairs, Her Majesty was just entering the room where Rudolf was, the servants attending her, and Bernenstein standing behind, his helmet in his hand.

Rudolf and the chancellor had been continuing their conversation. To avoid the observations of passers-by (for the interior of the room is easy to see from the street), the blind had been drawn down, and the room was in deep shadow. They had heard the wheels, but neither of them dreamt that the visitor could be the queen. It was an utter surprise to them when,

without their orders, the door was suddenly flung open. The chancellor, slow of movement, and not, if I may say it, over-quick of brain, sat in his corner for half a minute or more before he rose to his feet. On the other hand, Rudolf Rassendyll was the best part of the way across the room in an instant. Helga was at the door now, and she thrust her head round young Bernenstein's broad shoulder. Thus she saw what happened. The queen, forgetting the servants, and not observing Helsing—seeming indeed to stay for nothing, and to think of nothing, but to have her thoughts and heart filled with the sight of the man she loved and the knowledge of his safety—met him as he ran towards her, and, before Helga, or Bernenstein, or Rudolf himself, could stay her or conceive what she was about to do, caught both his hands in hers with an intense grasp, crying:

"Rudolf, you're safe! Thank God, oh, thank God!" and she carried his hands to her lips and kissed them passionately.

A moment of absolute silence followed, dictated in the servants by decorum, in the chancellor by consideration, in Helga and Bernenstein by utter consternation. Rudolf himself also was silent, but whether from bewilderment or an emotion answering to hers, I know not. Either it might well be. The stillness struck her. She looked up in his eyes; she looked round the room and saw Helsing, now bowing profoundly from the corner; she turned her head with a sudden frightened jerk, and glanced at my motionless deferential servants. Then it came upon her what she had done. She gave a quick gasp for breath, and her face, always pale, went white as marble. Her features set in a strange stiffness, and suddenly she reeled where she stood, and fell forward. Only Rudolf's hand bore her up. Thus for a moment, too short to reckon, they stood. Then he, a smile of great love and pity coming on his lips, drew her to him, and passing his arm about her waist, thus supported her. Then, smiling still, he looked down on her, and said in a low tone, yet distinct enough for all to hear:

"All is well, dearest."

My wife gripped Bernenstein's arm, and he turned to find her pale-faced too, with quivering lips and shining eyes. But the eyes had a message, and an urgent one, for him. He read it; he knew that it bade him second what Rudolf Rassendyll had done. He came forward and approached Rudolf; then he fell on one knee, and

kissed Rudolf's left hand that was extended to him.

"I'm very glad to see you, Lieutenant von Bernenstein," said Rudolf Rassendyll.

For a moment the thing was done, ruin averted, and safety secured. Everything had been at stake; that there was such a man as Rudolf Rassendyll might have been disclosed; that he had once filled the king's throne was a high secret which they were prepared to trust to Helsing under stress of necessity; but there remained something which must be hidden at all costs, and which the queen's passionate exclamation had threatened to expose. There was a Rudolf Rassendyll, and he had been king; but, more than all this, the queen loved him and he the queen. That could be told to none, not even to Helsing; for Helsing, though he would not gossip to the town, would yet hold himself bound to carry the matter to the king. So Rudolf chose to take any future difficulties rather than that present and certain disaster. Sooner than entail it on her he loved, he claimed for himself the place of her husband and the name of king. And she, clutching at the only chance that her act left, was content to have it so. It may be that for an instant her weary, tortured brain found sweet rest in the dim dream that so it was, for she let her head lie there on his breast and her eyes closed, her face looking very peaceful, and a soft little sigh escaping in pleasure from her lips.

But every moment bore its peril and exacted its effort. Rudolf led the queen to a couch, and then briefly charged the servants not to speak of his presence for a few hours. As they had no doubt perceived, said he, from the queen's agitation, important business was on foot; it demanded his presence in Strelsau, but required also that his presence should not be known. A short time would free them from the obligation which he now asked of their loyalty. When they had withdrawn, bowing obedience, he turned to Helsing, pressed his hand warmly, reiterated his request for silence, and said that he would summon the chancellor to his presence again later in the day, either where he was or at the palace. Then he bade all withdraw and leave him alone for a little with the queen. He was obeyed; but Helsing had hardly left the house when Rudolf called Bernenstein back, and with him my wife. Helga hastened to the queen, who was still sorely agitated; Rudolf drew Bernenstein aside, and ex-

changed with him all their news. Mr. Rassendyll was much disturbed at finding that no tidings had come from Colonel Sapt and myself, but his apprehension was greatly increased on learning the untoward accident by which the king himself had been at the lodge the night before. Indeed, he was utterly in the dark; where the king was, where Rupert, where we were, he did not know. And he was here in Strelsau, known as the king to half a dozen people or more, protected only by their promises, liable at any moment to be exposed by the coming of the king himself, or even by a message from him.

Yet, in face of all perplexities, perhaps even the more because of the darkness in which he was enveloped, Rudolf held firm to his purpose. There were two things that seemed plain. If Rupert had escaped the trap and was still alive with the letter on him, Rupert must be found; here was the first task. That accomplished, there remained for Rudolf himself nothing save to disappear as quietly and secretly as he had come, trusting that his presence could be concealed from the man whose name he had usurped. Nay, if need were, the king must be told that Rudolf Rassendyll had played a trick on the chancellor, and, having enjoyed his pleasure, was gone again. Everything could, in the last resort, be told, save that which touched the queen's honor.

At this moment the message which I despatched from the station at Hofbau reached my house. There was a knock at the door. Bernenstein opened it and took the telegram, which was addressed to my wife. I had written all that I dared to trust to such a means of communication, and here it is:

"I am coming to Strelsau. The king will not leave the lodge to-day. The count came, but left before we arrived. I do not know whether he has gone to Strelsau. He gave no news to the king."

"Then they didn't get him!" cried Bernenstein in deep disappointment.

"No, but 'he gave no news to the king,'" said Rudolf triumphantly.

They were all standing now round the queen, who sat on the couch. She seemed very faint and weary, but at peace. It was enough for her that Rudolf fought and planned for her.

"And see this," Rudolf went on. "'The king will not leave the lodge to-day.' Thank God, then, we have to-day!"

"Yes, but where's Rupert?"

"We shall know in an hour, if he's in Strelsau," and Mr. Rassendyll looked as though it would please him well to find Rupert in Strelsau. "Yes, I must seek him. I shall stand at nothing to find him. If I can only get to him as the king, then I'll be the king. We have to-day!"

My message put them in heart again, although it left so much still unexplained. Rudolf turned to the queen.

"Courage, my queen," said he. "A

few hours now will see an end of all our dangers."

"And then?" she asked.

"Then you'll be safe and at rest," said he, bending over her and speaking softly. "And I shall be proud in the knowledge of having saved you."

"And you?"

"I must go," Helga heard him whisper as he bent lower still, and she and Berenstein moved away.

(To be continued.)



OTTENHAUSEN was the new chemist. His hair was long, and his collars were of the turned-down variety. He read Goethe, and played the violin. He had seen life in German universities, on the plains of Texas, and at many other places.

The evening that he arrived at the furnace to take his position as official analyzer of ores and limestone, he found the household of the superintendent in a high state of excitement. Mrs. James Hunt, the wife of the broad-shouldered young man who conducted the affairs of Laird's Furnace for the Mingo Coal and Iron Company, said, "You have just come in time for the house party to-morrow evening. You must not forget that to-morrow afternoon you are to ride up to the charcoal-burner's place on the hill. Three young women friends of mine from Columbus are going to be there to spend the day. I told them about you, and they are

just dying to meet you. Your fame has traveled before you."

Ottenhausen said that he would be charmed. He bestowed his belongings in the little room back of the company's office which was to be his temporary home. When the festivities were over, he was to take up his abode in "Eagle's Nest," as the house was called where dwelt the superintendent and his wife.

Laird's Furnace was not an inviting place. Eagle's Nest, the colonial mansion on the heights, with its gleaming white pillars and its setting of green lawn, was the only redeeming feature. Down in the valley was the great furnace, from which issued a cloud of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night. Grouped around it were the lean-to shanties and the story-and-a-half cottages where dwelt the furnace hands and the miners of iron ore.

"Not a garden of the Lord," remarked Ottenhausen, as he stood at the



"JIM JOHNSON, OF THE RED-OX GROUP OF ANARCHISTS."



"HE READ GOETHE, AND PLAYED THE VIOLIN."

door of his laboratory the afternoon after his arrival; "but it might be worse."

"Am you the new chemist, boss?" came a voice close to the young German's elbow.

Ottenhausen turned, and saw a portly negro who held a bridle to the end of which was attached as sorry a looking mule as he had ever seen.

"Missus Hunt dun sent this muel foh you to ride to the charcoal-burner's shanty, sah," said the negro. "He am already saddled."

"But I don't know the road," interposed Ottenhausen.

"Doan't you fret yerself, boss," replied the ebon groom. "Jackson he know the way in the dark."

Ottenhausen left the mule tied to the hitching-post, and went to his quarters in the office building. He dug up from the bottom of his steamer trunk riding-breeches, a coat, and a pair of remarkably varnished boots. He had served in the German cavalry, and the boots were a relic of days which were gone. He was a commanding figure as he walked out of the office that September afternoon. The

men in the cast-house, who with great sledges were breaking up the barely cooled pig iron, stopped to look at the tall figure in unusual garb.

"One of them dudes from Columbus, I suppose," growled Cornwall Jim, as he swung a warm bar upon the little tramcar. "We poor devils have to grub in the dirt so that the super and his fine lady can live on the fat of the land and bid a lot of city folk to come down here and enjoy themselves."

"Well," muttered Jim Johnson, of the Red-Ox group of anarchists, "this sort of thing can't go on forever. Men, the only way to bring them rich to terms is to destroy property. Understand?" Johnson had only been at the furnace two weeks. He had already become something of a leader. He had hardly been employed in the cast-house three days before there came rumors of a strike.

Ottenhausen mounted the sorry-looking mule, pointed him north by east, and gave him free rein. The animal trotted past the furnace, and of his own accord took to a winding wagon track. Half an hour later Ottenhausen came in sight of the covered mounds of smouldering wood and the hut of the charcoal-burner. Before the door of the house the road forked. The mule trotted along peaceably until he got to the parting of the ways. Ottenhausen gave the bridle a quick jerk to the left. He caught a glimpse, as he did so, of Mrs. Hunt and three young women standing before the door of the weather-beaten hut.

Jackson, the most stubborn of all mules, had always been ridden by but one road, and that one was to the right. The moment he felt the twitch upon the bridle he turned squarely around, and with a quick movement threw his rider over his head. Ottenhausen struck upon the arm which he had raised to acknowledge the bow of Mrs. Hunt, and rolled over and over upon the ground. He saw the hut, the sky, and the trees in a confused whirl. He sat up, and looked in a dazed way towards the shanty. Upon his face lingered a remnant of a smile. He struggled to his feet, and shook himself. A cloud of dust rose from his clothing. He saw four

women, with their faces buried in their hands, sitting on the bench in front of the little building. They were shrieking with laughter. A girl with dark hair and blue eyes rose to her feet, and advanced towards Ottenhausen.

"I hope you are not hurt," she said.

Then she abruptly turned away, grasped a sapling, and laughed until the echo could be heard down the glen. Ottenhausen deigned no reply. He gathered up his battered hat, through which Jackson had put one of his hoofs, and strode angrily down the path by which he had come. Nearly a quarter of a mile ahead he saw that disreputable mule cantering slowly along and stopping occasionally to crop the herbage by the way. With flushed face, battered headgear, and clothing all awry, the new chemist tramped two miles along the stony and dusty road, and an hour later reached the office of Laird's Furnace. James Hunt, superintendent, looked at Ottenhausen a moment, smote the big desk before him, and burst into a roar of laughter.

"I see no cause for merriment," said Ottenhausen, with a look in his eyes which caused the big superintendent to stop short.

"Excuse me, old man," replied Hunt, "but I can't help it. I started to warn you when I saw you setting off on that old beast, but I was too late."

"You will present my compliments to Mrs. Hunt," said Ottenhausen, "and say to her that, on account of circumstances over which I had no control, I cannot come this evening."

No amount of persuasion could induce the chemist to change his mind.

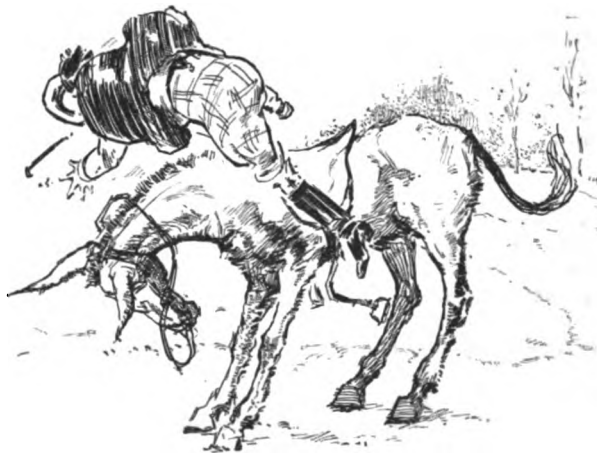
"Well," said the superintendent at length, "if you won't come up to the house, would you mind looking after the eleven o'clock cast to-night? I don't mind telling you that



"YOU HAVE JUST COME IN TIME FOR THE HOUSE PARTY."

in the midst of all this gaiety I am a little bit worried. There is something queer about the way the men are acting these days. The furnace needs watching. We've got a pretty tough gang here. Don't take any nonsense from them."

Ottenhausen said he would not have



"HE TURNED SQUARELY AROUND, AND WITH A QUICK MOVEMENT THREW HIS RIDER OVER HIS HEAD."



"ONE OF THEM DUDES FROM COLUMBUS."

meet some of her guests who had arrived by train. Ottenhausen had stepped back in the shadow of a rail fence, and the young women did not recognize him.

"Did you ever see anything so ridiculous?" said one of the girls.

"I don't care," came another voice, and it had the same silvery tone as that of the girl who had asked about the young chemist's welfare that afternoon. "I suppose he'll think that I'm awful, but I couldn't help laughing. He's rather handsome, too, isn't he?"

Ottenhausen, walking towards the furnace, saw in his mind's eye a girl clinging to a sapling; her laughing face was framed in dark hair.

"It was ludicrous," he mused; "I didn't think it was very funny at the time. I begin to wish that I had stuck it out and gone to the party, anyway."

His reverie was suddenly cut short. He heard a whizzing sound close to his ear; something hard struck the ground within a few inches of his feet, and sent bits of cinder flying. He stopped, looked

the least objection. He lighted a cigar after supper, and in the gathering dusk walked leisurely towards the furnace. He heard the whirr of wheels. He stepped aside, and a light buckboard rattled past. The bell of the furnace was lowered at the moment, and by the light of the burning gas from the tall tower Ottenhausen saw that the occupants of the wagon were Mrs. Hunt and her charges. The wife of the superintendent had gone to the little station to

down, and saw a piece of iron ore as big as his fist. He glanced around him. The night gang had just come on.

"According to the theory of projectiles," remarked Ottenhausen, "that missile must have come from some considerable height."

He heard the top-filler on the tunnel-head pouring a new charge into the furnace. Three minutes later the man felt a hand upon his shoulder.

"What do you mean?" demanded Ottenhausen. "Trying to kill me, were you? If I were certain that you threw that iron ore, I'd break every bone in your body."

"I didn't go to do it," protested the top-filler. "It fell off."

Ottenhausen glared at the man for a moment, and then turned on his heel. "It won't be healthy for you if anything of the kind happens again," remarked the young chemist as he went away.

The top-filler grinned as he saw the head of Ottenhausen disappear. "It won't be very healthy for you, either, my pretty, before you get through with to-night," he muttered.

Ottenhausen went to the office, and entered his little bedroom. He took from his trunk two revolvers. They had served him well in Texas. They were not weapons of the silver-plated and pearl-handled variety. The barrels were bluish black, and the caliber was forty-four. The chemist slipped a revolver into each pocket of his serge coat, lighted another cigar, and returned to the cast-house with the air of a man who was taking an afternoon walk in Fifth Avenue. He surveyed the furnace from top to bottom. The fillers were breaking up ore and limestone and pitching it into



"GRASPED A SAPLING, AND LAUGHED."

barrows. The pig-bed men had just finished imprinting the form of wooden models into the sand. Everything was ready for the cast. Ottenhausen's eye fell upon a mass of dark cinder lying in the sand hole, bubbling and sputtering.



"SAY TO HER THAT . . . I CANNOT COME THIS EVENING."

"How long has this been drawn off?" he demanded.

"About twenty minutes," growled the "cinder-snapper."

Ottenhausen gave the man a quick glance, and looked again at the cinder. "You're lying," he said.

He seized the whistle-rope, and there followed three sharp blasts, the signal for casting. From the cast-house and the filling-floor thirty men shambled towards the hearth of the furnace. There was a look of evil in their eyes. Some of them held their hands behind their backs.

Ottenhausen went nearer the furnace, and made a quick examination. A thin cloud of steam was rising. It came from behind an iron jacket, seeping through a joint. The water pipes of one of the tuyeres had been cut. To Ottenhausen that meant that the water which cooled the nozzle of the tuyere through which the hot air of the blast was forced, was escaping into the furnace. Ottenhausen knew a furnace as a child knows its alphabet. He saw that the end of the tuyere was being clogged with metal, and that it would only be a question of half an hour before the hearth would be filled with a solid mass of chilled iron, unless the contents of the great crucible were run out and the leaking of the water was stopped.

Ottenhausen saw the men move closer together. He stood there in scorching heat. His brain was in a whirl. He felt the thumping of his heart. His thumbs

were in the armholes of his waistcoat. His face gave no sign of the riot of thoughts in his brain. He backed against a pile of iron, and with a quick movement drew the revolvers from his coat pockets and leveled them at the group of men. Then he said, and his words were quick and sharp as the blows of a trip-hammer: "I'll kill the first man who disobeys orders. Drop those clubs and that iron ore."

The men looked along the shining barrels of two revolvers held with steady hands. Some of them started to take a step forward. Jim Johnson made a movement with his arm. Ottenhausen glanced along the sight of one of the revolvers, and clutched the hard rubber handle with a firmer grasp. Johnson's eye met the look of a man who was only biding his time that he might press a trigger. He of the Red-Ox group let the club fall from his nerveless grasp. Sticks, pieces of iron ore, and a revolver or two fell in the sand. The men of Laird's Furnace had met their match. They held up their hands in mute acknowledgment of the fact.

"Cut off the water from that No. 3 tuyere," commanded Ottenhausen.

The "cinder-snapper" sullenly obeyed.

"Open the cinder notch, and be quick about it," was the next order.

The keeper stood stock still. "Cowards," he muttered, "it's only a bluff; he wouldn't shoot."

There came a cracking sound, and the man jumped clear of the sand, holding one hand to a bleeding ear.

"Anybody else care to call me?" said Ottenhausen, as he swung two shiny weapons again towards the crowd.

The furnace-keeper opened the vent, and a smoking stream of slag flowed forth. A single blast of the whistle, and the top-filler lowered the bell. A pillar of flaming gas showed thirty sullen faces and one face calm and determined.

"Open the iron notch, you fellows," snapped Ottenhausen, indicating three men by as many pokes of a revolver barrel.

Two men bare to the waist hammered with heavy sledges until steel bars were slowly forced into the hard clay which sealed the lower gate of the furnace. The earthen stopper became a glowing shell. The men drew back. The third man stepped to one side, plunged an iron bar into the furnace's mouth, and gave it a quick turn. A fiery flood issued from the notch, and poured along the channel of sand, hissing and roaring and sending forth rays of blinding light. It separated into scores of branches as it reached the sandy bed of open molds. The white glare changed to a crimson flush, and then the cast-house was illumined by a glow which grew fainter and fainter. Darkness came where there had been light. The men shoveled sand over the tracery of iron. "Cut off the blast! Slow the engines down! Stop up that iron notch!" were the commands of Ottenhausen, given in quick succession.

The men lost no time in obeying him.

Standing with his back to a mass of iron, Ottenhausen saw the form of James Hunt. Behind the superintendent were a score of men in dress suits, and further back Otten-

hausen beheld several young women. He caught a glimpse of the girl who had clung to the sapling that September afternoon. Their eyes met. Then Ottenhausen turned again to the work which he had in hand. The report of the pistol had set the house party at Eagle's Nest in an uproar. Hunt started for the scene, and his guests followed him.

"Only a little unpleasantness," remarked Ottenhausen to the superintendent. "We're getting along all right now."

James Hunt, being an altogether discreet person, stood back and permitted Ottenhausen to finish

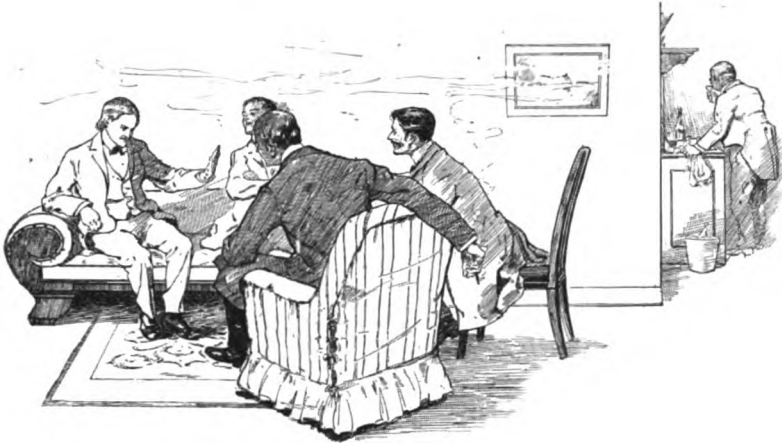
a most disagreeable task. The young women were sent back to the house. The men in dress suits were with them.

"Now, men," said Ottenhausen, "we're getting things in shape again. Suppose a couple of you take out that tuyere."

There was almost a cheerful alacrity in the way in which the men now obeyed Ottenhausen's orders. The tuyere, with its nozzle and cut water pipes, was taken out. The section of the jacket was removed. Sledges and crowbars, manipulated by strong, albeit unwilling, arms, soon broke away the mass of iron which had choked the front of the aperture. Another tuyere was fitted, the water connections made, and the jacket replaced. A cooling stream was soon coursing through a new nozzle, and not many



"I'LL KILL THE FIRST MAN WHO DISOBEYS ORDERS."



"THEY TRIED TO . . . TELL HIM THAT HE WAS A HERO."

minutes had gone before the hot blast was roaring through the tall tower.

"Go back to work," said Ottenhausen. "I'll stay here until the new gang comes on, and then we'll see what's to be done about it."

"Well," said James Hunt, who again appeared upon the scene, "you won't always be a chemist. As for me, I rather think I have something to explain. The president of the company was down here, and saw the whole business. Confound house parties, anyway."

He of the Red-Ox group of anarchists and several of the ring-leaders disappeared on the following morning. Others were discharged. Discipline was restored at Laird's Furnace, and James Hunt once more held the reins. As for Ottenhausen, he didn't see that he had done anything remarkable. They tried to talk to him about it and to tell him that he was a hero, but he only smiled and said that he did what anybody else would have done under the circumstances; and as to the girl who laughed, he would hear nothing from her on the subject of furnace-men and tuyere No. 3. The incident with regard to that mule seemed to have been entirely forgotten.


In the top of a tall building in Columbus there is a door bearing a porcelain label which reads: "General Manager." Behind that door sits Carl Ottenhausen, who now directs the destinies of the Mingo Coal and Iron Company. He owns a handsome house in the West End which puts Eagle's Nest to shame. There presides over that household a blue-eyed woman whose very look is merriment. Those two had an anniversary the other day; it really doesn't matter how long they had been married. When the guests had gone, Mrs. Ottenhausen rested a hand upon her husband's shoulder, and looked up into his eyes.

"Do you know when I first fell in love with you?" she asked. "I've never told you, you know. I said I would some day."

"Why," replied Ottenhausen, "I had always supposed that you were impressed by my gentle demeanor when I threatened to do wholesale murder down there at Laird's Furnace. You didn't suppose that I'd actually do all that said I would, did you?"

"Oh, no, it wasn't then," replied the woman, with a merry laugh. "It was when I saw that disreputable mule throw you over his head."

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of Sapolio.



young house-maid

Was sore afraid

That her mistress would let her go.

Tho' hard she worked,

And never shirked,

At cleaning she was s-l-o-w.

Now, all is bright,

Her heart is light,

For she's found...

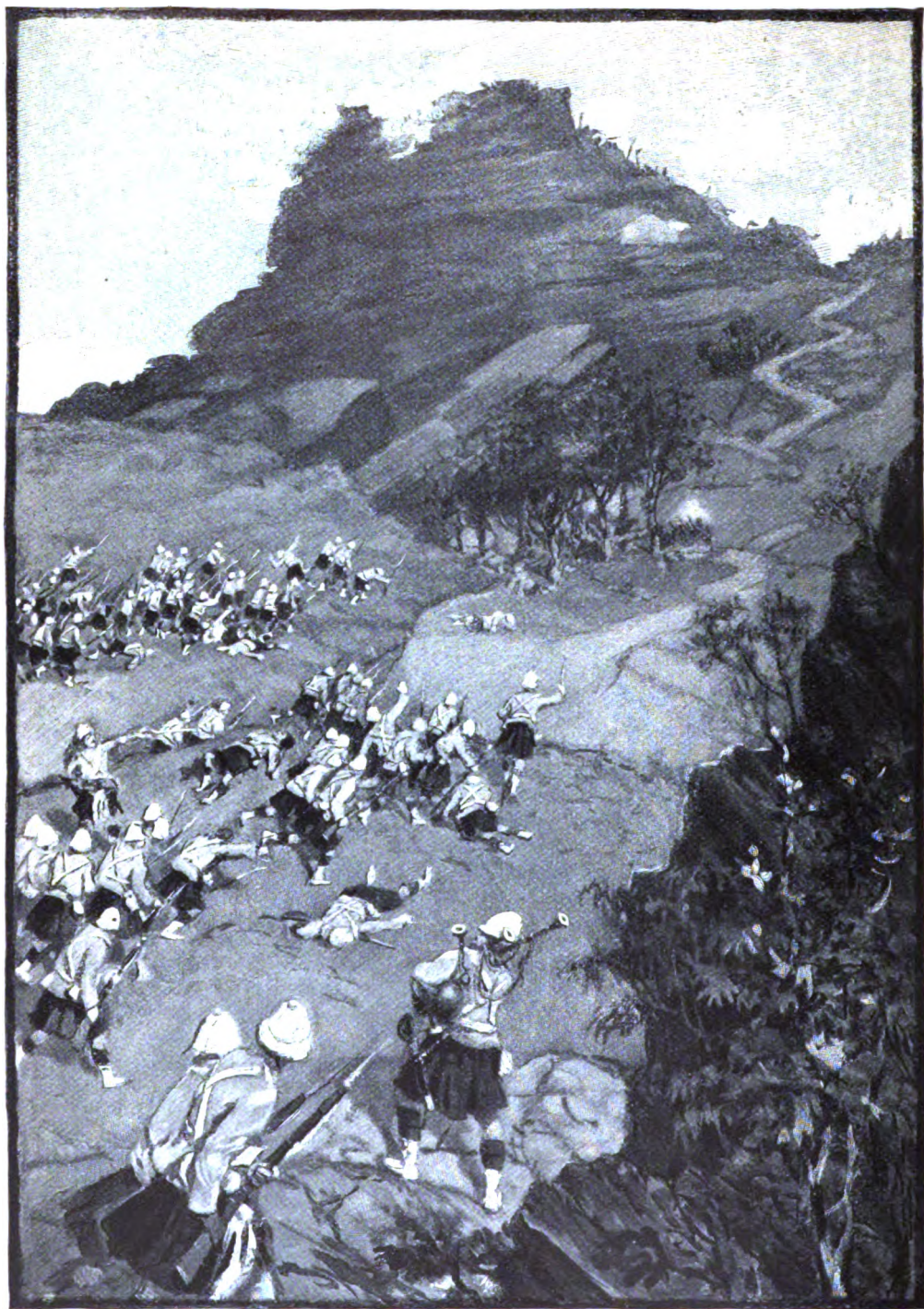
Sapolio.

C.A.DANA'S RECOLLECTIONS
OF LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET

MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FOR APRIL





THE GORDONS ASSAULTING THE DARGAI CLIFF, OCTOBER 20, 1897.

By permission, from a sketch made on the field by the special correspondent of the London "Daily Graphic." The Gordons are seen rushing across the open zone of fire, to gain the protection of the foot of the cliff and thence mount and turn the enemy's flank. In the foreground is Piper Findlater, who, a little later, was shot through both legs, but still went on piping the "Cock o' the North," for the inspiritment of the Gordons.

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No. 6.

STORIES OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

THE FIGHTING GORDONS AT DARGAI—ONE OF THE MOST DARING CHARGES IN RECENT WARFARE.

THE British victory at Dargai, which has lately given so much prominence to the Gordon Highlanders, was one of those rare instances of sheer enthusiasm and bravery achieving what cool military judgment had pronounced to be impossible. To reach the foot of the Dargai cliff the assailants had to cross a space perhaps a hundred and fifty yards wide which was entirely open to the enemy's fire from three different points on the top of the cliff. Then, for ascending the cliff there was but one path, a rough, zigzag watercourse, so narrow as to permit not more than two men to mount abreast. An assault was ordered on the morning of October 20th. The natives on the crest reserved their fire until the moment when it would be most fatal; only the smallest fraction of the assaulting column got across the open to the base of the cliff, and the attempt had to be abandoned, the commanding officer reporting that the passage could not be made. But word came back that it must be made, and the Gordon Highlanders and the Third Sikhs were sent forward to reinforce the assaulting line. Then it was that the colonel of the Highlanders called to them, "Men of the Gordon Highlanders, the General says that the position must be taken at all costs. The Gordon Highlanders will take it."

"The order was given," writes a correspondent from the field, "the officers leapt into the open, the pipers followed, striking up the 'Cock o' the North,' and with a shout the leading company of kilted men was into the fire zone. A stream of lead swept over, through, and past them, the bullets churning up a dust which half hid the rushing bodies. The leading line melted away, and it seemed that the Gordons would be annihilated; but more sprang into the passage, and the leaders struggled across to the cover. Then there was a lull, and one had time to see how cruel had been the slaughter. With a second cheer the mixed troops—Highlanders, Dorsets, Ghurkas, Derbys, and Sikhs—streamed across, and the enemy, seeing that the barrier had been swept away, left their loopholes and barricades and fled precipitately down the reverse slopes. It is impossible to describe that passage fully or to write of the Gordons temperately. One of the pipers leading his section was shot through both legs, yet he sat through the fire, wounded as he was, still piping the 'Cock o' the North.'"—EDITOR.



HE martial feats performed on some of the most formidable warriors in the world, at the storming of the Dargai ridge, among the mountains of the Indian frontier, have lately directed attention anew to the famous Scottish corps, the Gordon Highlanders, known as the Ninety-second. It dates back to the year 1794, when more soldiers were wanted to fight the battles which the ambition of the French had made imperative on England, and the Duke of Gordon, known as "The Cock o' the North," was granted a "letter of service" empowering him to raise a regiment of infantry among his clansmen. This was in February, and by the month

of June—so easy had it been to procure recruits—a magnificent battalion of over a thousand strong paraded at Aberdeen, ready to go anywhere and do anything. They were at once sent to the Mediterranean, but it was five years before they received their baptism of fire, in the attempt to wrest Holland from the grasp of the French. In their eagerness to be the first to land, the impetuous Gordons lost fifteen of their number by drowning. After some futile marching and countermarching, the British commander—the Duke of York—determined to deliver a crushing blow at the French position round Egmont-op-Zee, and with this intent sent to his right front, along the sandy seashore, twenty pieces of artillery.

Divining his object, the French launched against these guns a column of six thousand infantry with intent to snap them up—a task which seemed all the easier as they were only escorted by about a battalion of what appeared to them to be mere petticoated Amazons who could be dispersed like chaff.

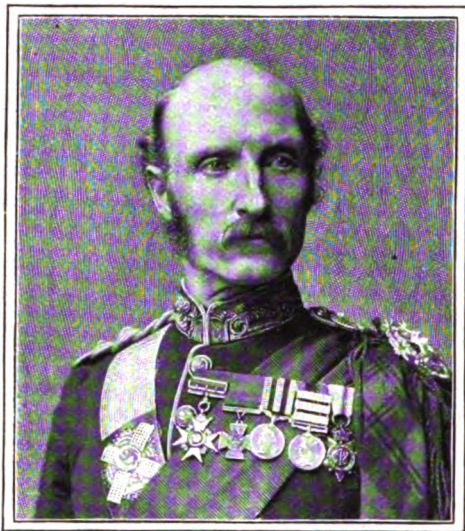
Alas for the French hopes of swallowing up all the British artillery, it was the Gordons who had the "guidin' o't;" and the Gordons, believing the best parry to be the thrust, rushed forward to meet the advancing foe, whose numbers were more than six to one, and, with a wild cheer, flung themselves on the Frenchmen with the bayonet. But the Gordons were able to emblazon their colors with their first victory only at the cost of sixty-five killed and 208 wounded, the latter including their colonel, the Marquis of Huntly.

General Sir John Moore himself was among the wounded, and had to be carried off the field by two Gordons. Afterwards he offered twenty pounds to the soldiers who had done for him this Samaritan service, but, though the reward was offered to the regiment on parade, *no man stepped*

forward to claim the fee. Afterwards, when Moore was knighted, and assumed a coat of arms, he selected a Highlander for one of his supporters, "in gratitude to, and commemoration of, two soldiers of the Ninety-second, who raised me from the ground when I was lying on my face wounded and stunned."

The Gordons were next sent to help against the French in Egypt. No amount

of desperate valor on the part of the Napoleonic "Invincibles" could avail to roll back the fiery tide of battle which was presently poured in upon them by such regiments as the Gordons, the Black Watch, the Camerons, the Ninetieth "Perthshire Grey-breeks," and other British regiments, which, in the teeth of a terrific cannonade, landed on the shore of Aboukir, swept the French from their semi-circular crest of dominating sand-hills as one would sweep a floor with a broom, established themselves on the heights



SIR G. S. WHITE, WHO LED THE GORDONS AT CHARASIAB AND CANDAHAR. HE WAS AFTERWARDS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF IN INDIA.

From a photograph by Window & Grove, London.

of Mandora, and defied all efforts on the part of Bonaparte's infuriated legions to counter-assault them into the sea. At the first attack on the heights of Mandora the Gordons headed the left column of the army into action; nor, though set upon by a semi-brigade and exposed to a galling fire of grapeshot, did they falter for a moment, but continued unshaken their advance to the very muzzles of the guns, of which they captured three, routing all their defenders and possessing themselves of the right of the position—a feat which compelled the French to fall back under the walls of Alexandria.

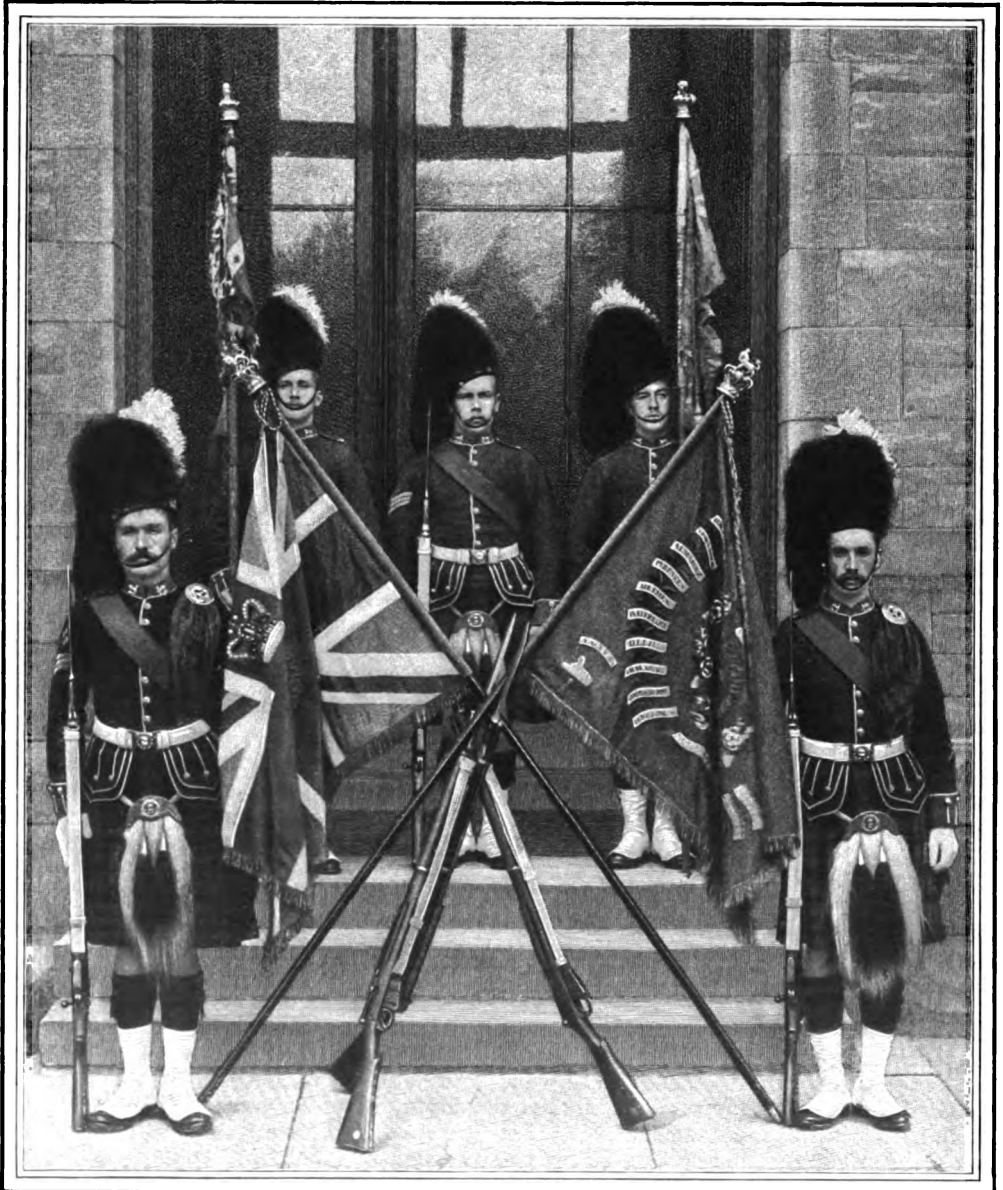
Again, the losses—including the death of their colonel, Erskine of Cardross—were very heavy, so much so that the decimated regiment was compassionately ordered back to Aboukir. But, on their way thither, several days later, the Gordons suddenly heard the sound of firing in their rear, and, rightly concluding that the French, with the aid of reinforcements,

had sallied forth again to counter-attack the British position, they wheeled round, in spite of all their wounds and sickness, and hurried back to their previous station in the fighting line, taking a prominent part in what proved to be the victorious battle of Alexandria, which practically decided the campaign.

Their next service was of a ceremonial kind, as, on returning to England, the "Gay Gordons" were called upon to lend

an element of picturesqueness to the streets of London by lining them with their statuesque figures on the day when Nelson was borne to his resting-place beneath the sky-aspiring dome of St. Paul's.

Then, after taking a leading part in the Danish campaign, which ended in the reduction of Copenhagen and the surrender of the Danish fleet, they were sent to Spain, which England had undertaken to purge of the French, and plucked fresh



COLORS (OLD AND NEW) OF THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

From a photograph by Maclure, MacDonald & Co., Glasgow.

laurels at Corunna, whither Sir John Moore, like a second Xenophon, had retired before an overwhelming French army, commanded by Soult, in order to gain his ships.

But, before embarking on their vessels, it was necessary that the 14,000 British should secure themselves against all hindrance in the operation by beating the more than 20,000 of their pursuers. Accordingly they turned and fronted the French, who, descending the surrounding hills, came on with great impetuosity, but only to have their furious battalions broken to pieces by the bullets, especially by the bayonets, of Moore's determined regiments.

The center of his position had been gravely imperiled by the giving out of the ammunition of the Forty-second Highlanders, who were waging a terrific struggle with the French for the possession of the village of Elvina. But at this crisis Moore himself galloped up and shouted, "My brave Highlanders! You have still got your bayonets! Remember Egypt!" and their ensuing charge decided the day.

Far away on the left there was also raging a furious conflict, where Hope's Division, which included the Gordons, was budging never an inch and doggedly barring the French advance. "How goes it on the left? How fares it with the Gordons?" "True to their motto, 'Bydand,' standing ever fast, and their war-pipes lilting above the loudest din of battle, though their colonel (Napier) is slain." From lilting they changed to a mournful lullaby when the heroic Moore was laid in his coffinless rest "with his martial cloak around him;" but again they struck up a stirring air, the mocking strains of "Hey, Johnnie Cope," when the British fleet of transports gaily sailed away from Corunna with all the victorious battalions aboard, waving the kindest of kisses to their baffled French pursuers.

Having thus so materially helped Moore to prevent Soult from "driving the English leopard into the sea" at Corunna, the "Gay Gordons," a little later, played an equally prominent part in assisting Wellington himself to balk the sworn determination of Masséna to toss the British into the Tagus. On proceeding, however, to carry out this terrific purpose, Masséna found, to his no small amazement, that Wellington had meanwhile fronted his position with lines which might have moved the admiration of the Romans—triple lines of fortification, fifty miles in aggregate



Piper Third, was at Malakand and in Egyptian War with 1st Battalion.

Drummer Stanley.

TYPES OF GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

length, including 150 redoubts, mounted with 600 guns, and the flower of England's infantry, including the gallant Gordons, now commanded by Cameron of Fassifern, behind them. On arriving in Portugal to help in manning those famous ramparts of Torres Vedras, the Highlanders—whose picturesque garb and martial mien appealed strongly to the imagination of the inhabitants—were acclaimed with shouts of "*Viva los Escotos! Viva Don Juan Cameron et sus valiente Escotos!*" ("Long live the Scots! Long live Sir John Cameron and his valiant Scots.")

Unable to make any impression on Wellington's triple lines of intrenchment, and reduced to despair by the pangs of hunger, Masséna had no alternative but to retire, and his retreat was in turn hard pressed by the Iron Duke. When the French vainly turned upon Wellington at Fuentes d'Onoro, in the proportion of three to four, the Gordons were posted on



Bandmaster: Windram.

Sergeant Angus.

Sergeant-Major Robertson.

Sergeant Grassick,
severely wounded at Dargai.

Private Sutherland.

TYPES OF GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

From a photograph by Gregory & Co., London.

the right, as at Egmont-on-Zee, to cover a brigade of nine-pounders, where they endured a severe cannonade, which killed and wounded five and thirty of their officers and men. But they had still a finer opportunity of distinguishing themselves in the ensuing surprise at Arroya des Molinos, when, with the Seventy-first Highlanders, they helped to surprise and capture all the stores and baggage of Gérard's division on a dark and misty October morning.

But the same pair of Highland regiments were afterwards despatched on a still more daring enterprise than the capture of Arroya des Molinos, to wit, the surprise and storming of the forts guarding the pontoon bridge of Almaraz over the Tagus, which formed the sole means of communication between the armies of Soult and Marmont. Fort Napoleon, on the left bank of the river, was stormed with frightful carnage; but then the com-

mander of Fort Ragusa, on the opposite side of the Tagus, cut away the bridge; and how, therefore, were the stormers to cross and complete their capture of the whole position?

The problem was at once solved by several of the Gordon Highlanders who, tossing aside their bonnets, plunged into the stream and breasted their stubborn way to the further bank, whence they at once returned with the pontoons, which enabled their comrades to cross and capture Fort Ragusa. Gall and Somerville—the two Gordons who had been the first to plunge into the river—were presented by Lord Hill with a gold doubloon each in view of the whole regiment. Had they been Gordons of our own day, they would have been presented with the Victoria Cross. "Almaraz" is one of the proudest names on the colors of the Ninety-second.

But not more so than the crowning mercy of Vittoria, where Wellington, by a

magnificent flank march, out-manceuvred King Joseph Bonaparte, totally defeating his huge army, and captured all his cannon, baggage, military chest, and stores, and at last sent the Napoleonic armies reeling home to France.

Brigaded with the Seventy-first Highlanders, the Gordons were ordered to storm the heights of La Puebla, which formed the key to the French position, their orders from Sir William Stuart—known to his men as "Auld Grog Willie"—being to "yield them to none without a written order from Sir Rowland Hill or myself, and defend them while you have a man remaining." On this, Cameron of Fassifern ordered the pipers to strike up the "Cameron's Gathering," and the regiment advanced with invincible determination up the mountain side to sanguinary conflict and victory. But far more bloody than the battle of Vittoria was the ensuing action at Maya, the Rock of which, in the pass of the same name, the Highlanders had been ordered to hold at all costs against five-fold odds. For ten successive hours these brave fellows—the targets of an infernal artillery and musketry fire—held the Rock until their ammunition was exhausted and human flesh and blood could stand on the defensive no longer. By "Auld Grog Willie" they had been strictly enjoined not to charge, but, exasperated by the slaughter they had endured, the Gordons *for the first time disregarded orders*, and hurled themselves on the French with the bayonet.

They had gone into action a little over 800 strong, and when the charge was over, their number was only a little more than a half of that, Cameron himself being among the wounded. "So dreadful was the slaughter," wrote Napier, the historian of the war, "that the assault of the enemy was actually stopped by the heaped up masses of dead and dying. . . . The stern valor of the Ninety-second would have graced Thermopylæ."

But perhaps their most dashing achievement in the long campaign was their fording of a stream and extrusion of the French from a village (Arriverete) where they were endeavoring to destroy a wooden bridge. For this brilliant feat, which secured the passage of Wellington's army across the river, their colonel was granted, as crest, a Gordon Highlander, up to the middle in water, grasping in his right hand a broadsword, and in his left a banner inscribed "92nd" within a leaf of laurel.

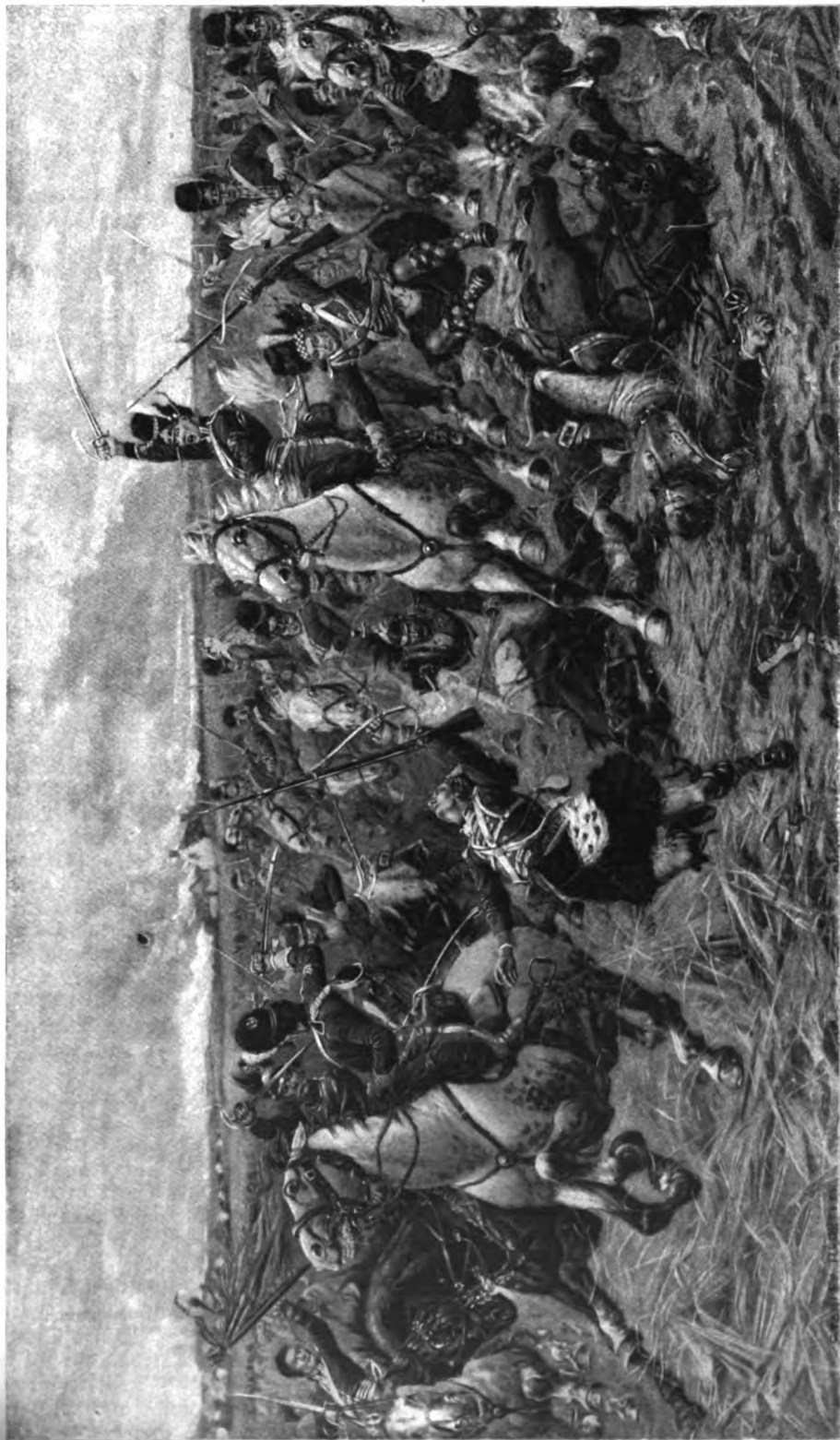
From the Peninsular War no regiment

emerged with more laurels than the Gordon Highlanders; and when Napoleon escaped from Elba and again unfurled his rapacious eagles, the Ninety-second was one of the first regiments sent to the front to clip their wings. "Come to me, and I will give you flesh," was the pibroch to which, with the gallant Cameron again at their head, they footed it out of Brussels on a beautiful summer morning of 1815, after the famous ball given to the officers of Wellington's army in Belgium by the Duchess of Richmond.

"The Forty-second (Black Watch) and Ninety-second (Gordon Highlanders)," wrote an eye witness, "marched through the Place Royale and the Parc. One could not but admire their fine appearance, their steady military demeanor, with their pipers playing before them, the beams of the rising sun shining on their glittering arms. On many a Highland hill and in many a lowland village will the deeds of these brave men be remembered. It was impossible to watch such a sight unmoved." Some of the officers marched in their silk socks and dancing pumps, which they had had no time to change.

The Gordons were brigaded with the Royal Scots and the Black Watch, forming part of Picton's Division—as fine a Scottish brigade as ever leveled bayonets; and the same day Wellington came upon the French, under Marshal Ney, at Quatre Bras. The duke himself was nearly taken prisoner, and only owed his escape to an order he promptly gave to a section of the Ninety-second to lie down in the ditch they were lining while he jumped his horse over them. The duke himself was much with the Gordons that day. "Ninety-second," he cried, "don't let that fellow escape." "Ninety-second," he again called out, "don't fire till I tell you;" for the Gordons were as eager for the fray as the Ninety-third Highlanders afterwards were at Balaklava.

Presently, however, the duke gave them the rein when several regiments of heavy French cavalry came surging on, and then the plumed bonnets of the Gordons rose darkly in a line from the ditch, while a stream of fire was poured into the prancing column, throwing it into utter confusion. Again the French horsemen charged, and again they were repulsed. Forming under cover of this cavalry attack, a heavy column of French infantry advanced against Picton's Division; and the duke, waving his hat, cried: "Ninety-second, prepare to charge!"



THE GORDONS AND THE SCO'S GREYS AT WATERLOO.

FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THE PAINTING BY STANLEY BERTHELEY. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION OF MESSRS. S. HILDEHEIMER & CO., LIMITED, LONDON AND MANCHESTER.

On this the whole regiment rose from the ditch as one man, closed in, and, dashing with their bayonets through the smoke, put the French to immediate rout.

But their noble leader, Cameron, the hero of so many fields, fell, fatally struck by a bullet from a farmhouse held by the French. At this a wild roar rose from the ranks of "the lads he loved so well," and in another five minutes every soul in the farmhouse had been bayoneted. "Where is the rest of the regiment?" asked Picton in the evening. Alas, half the "Gay Gordons" had perished in the fray.

And yet two days later, on the 18th of June, under Major Donald MacDonald, they again did wonders on the rain-sodden, ensanguined field of Waterloo; and never in all the annals of British warfare was there a more stirring incident than when the Gordons seized hold of the stirrups of the Scots Greys and dashed down the slope with them in one common charge of Scotland's fiercest horse and foot against the finest troops of France. "Scotland forever!" was the thrilling shout of the Greys as they dashed past their kilted countrymen, who responded to the cry with the wildest enthusiasm, while the strains of the pipers intensified the national fervor. An officer of the Ninety-second records in his memoirs that, on the advance of a heavy French column to attack La Haye Sainte, many of the Highlanders struck up the stirring verses of "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled."

After this brilliant effort, Sir Denis Pack rode up to the regiment and said, "You have saved the day, Highlanders, but you must return to your position—there is more work to do." And the Gordons—standing ever "Bydand" in bayonet-bristling square, line, or column—contributed greatly to the glorious victory which shattered the despotic power of Napoleon forever into the dust.

It was the "Daring Duchess" of Gordon who had raised the Ninety-second Highlanders; her son, the Marquis of Huntly, had been their first commander; it was her daughter, the Duchess of Richmond, who gave the famous ball at Brussels on the eve of Waterloo; it was the Gordon Highlanders who gleaned so great a share of glory in that stupendous fight; and it was a member of the clan, George Gordon, Lord Byron, who immortalized the conflict in the well-known verses beginning, "There was a sound of revelry by night;" so that there now appeared to

be more truth than ever in the north country saying that "the Gordons ha'e the guidin' o't."

Reaping golden opinions of their physique and discipline wherever they went on garrison duty—the West Indies, Ireland, and the Mediterranean stations—it was nevertheless some considerable time before they were again in a position to pluck fresh laurels with the points of their bayonets. Waterloo was followed by what was called the Forty Years' Peace. When that peace was at last broken by the Crimean war, the Gordons were again at Gibraltar; and though many of their number eagerly volunteered into the Highland regiments in front of Sebastopol, the Ninety-second itself only reached the Tauric Chersonese in time to witness the final humiliation of the Russians.

Its luck during the ensuing Mutiny in India was almost as bad, its lot being thrown in the Central Provinces. There it performed some marvels of marching under torrid heat and every kind of hardship; but the record of its brilliant feats in this respect was destined to be lowered by the famous march which it was called upon to execute when next engaged against an enemy. For, chancing to be in India in 1878, the regiment was ordered to join the little army of retribution with which General Sir Frederick Roberts was sent to exact vengeance on the Afghans and their fickle ruler, Yakub Khan, for their treacherous and barbarous murder of Sir Louis Cavagnari and the other members of the British Mission at Cabul. Forward pushed the little force, and at Charasiab, about a dozen miles from Cabul (the objective of the expedition), its advance was found to be barred by the whole Afghan army, plentifully supplied with artillery and with firearms scarcely inferior to those of the British.

But in spite of the formidable nature of their hill-top position, the fierceness of their fighting men, and the vast superiority of their numbers, they were at once attacked. The Gordons stormed up three heights in succession, and captured sixteen guns at the point of the bayonet. The final charge was led by Major White—who afterwards succeeded Lord Roberts as Commander-in-Chief in India—in a manner which gained him the Victoria Cross, the highest distinction attainable by a British soldier "for valor" before the foe.

Fearing that neither rifle nor artillery fire would dislodge the foe, he resolved to storm the heights. Advancing with two

companies of his regiment, and climbing from one steep ledge to another, he came upon a body of the enemy strongly posted, and outnumbering his force by eighteen to one. His men being very much exhausted, and immediate action necessary, Major White took a rifle, and, going on by himself, shot dead the leader of the enemy. Then his Highlanders, thus encouraged, rushed on with a ringing cheer, captured the enemy's mountain guns, and rolled him back to Cabul.

In the various engagements round Cabul the Gordons were ever to the front; and another Victoria Cross fell to their share through the heroic conduct of Lieutenant Dick-Cunyngham, now commanding the second battalion of the regiment, whose exploit was thus recounted by General Roberts himself:

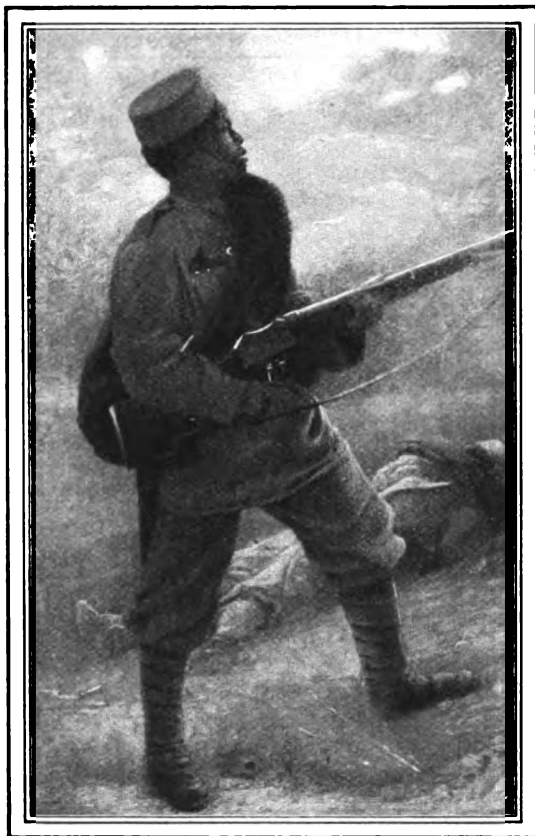
"It was a race between the Highlanders and the Afghans as to which should gain the crest of the ridge first. The artillery came into action at a range of 1,200 yards, and under cover of their fire the Ninety-second, supported by the Guides, rushed up the steep slopes. They were met by a furious onslaught, and a desperate conflict took place. The leading officer, Lieutenant Forbes, a lad of great promise, was killed, and Color-Sergeant Drummond fell by his side. For a moment even the brave Highlanders were staggered by the numbers and fury of the antagonists, but only for a moment. Lieutenant Dick-Cunyngham sprang forward to cheer them on, and confidence was restored. The Highlanders, with a wild shout, threw themselves on the Afghans, and quickly suc-

ceeded in driving them down the further side of the ridge."

But now came the supreme effort of the war. A serious disaster to another Anglo-Indian force at Maiwand drove its relics into Candahar, which the Afghans were quick to invest. General Roberts at once started for the relief with a little army of

about 10,000, of whom only 2,800 were British. But then these British included the flower of England's Highland soldiery. From Cabul to Candahar the distance is 320 miles. It is customary in a long march to allow two days' rest in each week; yet Roberts granted the force but a single day's repose in the twenty days of its strenuous marching. Its average daily march was a fraction over fifteen miles. "As a feat of marching," says Archibald Forbes, "by a regular force of 10,000 men, encumbered with baggage, transport, and followers, this achievement is unique."

A battle was at once fought in front of Candahar, and it was the irresistible charge of the Gordons which decided the day. "The Ninety-second, under Major White, led the way," wrote Forbes, "covered by the fire of a field battery, and supported by the Fifth Gurkhas and the Twenty-third Pioneers. Springing out from a watercourse at the challenge of their leader, the Highlanders rushed across the open front. The Afghans, sheltered by high banks, fired steadily and well. Their riflemen from the Pir Paimal slopes joined in a sharp cross fire, their guns were well served. But the Scottish soldiers were not to be denied. Their losses were severe; but they took the Afghan guns at the point



A GHURKA. FROM A STUDY BY VEREKER HAMILTON, ESQ., NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.

of the bayonet, and, valiantly supported by the Ghurkas and the Pioneers, shattered and dispersed the mass of Afghans, reckoned to have numbered some 8,000 men."

On their way home to England after the Afghan war, the Gordons were deflected to South Africa to take part in the campaign against the Boers of the Transvaal (1881); and it was here, at Majuba Hill, that they encountered their first serious reverse. This was owing to the fact that 180 of them were detached to form part of a heterogeneous force of about 550 men, drawn from a variety of regiments, and commanded by officers new to them—a force devoid of unity and proper cohesion, which accordingly fell to pieces when suddenly set upon by an overwhelming number of Boer marksmen—the more so as it also ran short of ammunition, and had to use stones as missiles where bullets were no longer available. That the company of Gordons left more than three-fourths of their number on the ground was proof enough of the doggedness with which they had defended an impossible position.

Equally annoying was another misfortune which befell them in South Africa, and that was their organic combination with another Scottish battalion—the Seventy-fifth, to form a new regiment under the reforming short-service and linked-battalion system of Mr. Cardwell. Wherever any British regiment consisted of only one battalion, and most of them did that, it was now to be linked with another, so that each battalion on foreign service should have a feeding one at home. The worst of it was that the old Ninety-second was to form the second battalion of a new regiment of Gordon Highlanders thus created, while the Seventy-fifth, by reason of its priority of original creation, was to become the first; and it was amusing to see how each of those

distinguished battalions, animated with its own particular *esprit de corps*, resented the military marriage of convenience which had now been thrust upon them.

But there was no reason why the Gordons should have demurred to their association with the old Seventy-fifth (or Stirlingshire) Highlanders, seeing that the latter now brought to the common emblazonry of the new regimental colors such

proud names as Mysore, Seringapatam, Delhi, and Lucknow—at all of which places the Stirlingshire men had performed storming feats of a most brilliant kind.

It was their first battalion (the old Seventy-fifth) which now began to emblazon the common colors with fresh names of honor. It was this battalion which, in 1882, formed part of Sir Archibald Alison's Highland Brigade that was the first to overtop the entrenchments of Arabi Pasha at Tel-el-Kebir. "It was a noble sight," wrote their com-

mander, "to see the Gordon and Cameron Highlanders mingled together in the confusion of the fight, their young officers leading with waving swords, their pipes screaming, and the bright gleam in the eyes of the men which you only see in the hour of successful battle."

At El-Teb it was the Gordons, and their fiery rivals of the Black Watch, who bore the brunt of the Dervish battle; while at Tamai it was the steadiness of Buller's square, partly formed by the Gordons, which saved the day when the other square, fronted by the Black Watch, had been dented in by the devilish onrush of the Hadendowas.

Again, the new Gordons took part in the expedition for the relief of their namesake, the gallant General Gordon of Khartoum; and they gained the second of the prizes offered by Lord Wolseley to the battalions which should make the quickest passage in their oar-propelled



COLONEL DICK-CUNYNGHAM, V.C., WHOSE HEROISM INSPIRED THE GORDONS TO A VICTORIOUS CHARGE NEAR CABUL IN 1878 AND WON HIM THE VICTORIA CROSS. HE IS NOW COMMANDER OF THE 2ND BATTALION OF THE REGIMENT.

From a photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



THE FINAL CHARGE AT CANDAHAR: LED BY THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS AND SUPPORTED BY THE FIFTH GURKHA. FROM THE PAINTING BY VEREKER HAMILTON, ESQ., NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.
"Most of the men in the picture," the artist writes, "were studied from soldiers who had actually been

whaleboats up the Nile. With their Egyptian laurels still fresh upon their brows, the first battalion of the Gordons returned to India. It was a Colin Campbell who had led them, after the storming of Delhi, to the relief of Lucknow; and now, in turn, they were called upon to hurry to the succor of another Colin Campbell, who, with other members of a British mission, was closely besieged in the old hill-fort of Chitral, among the mountains of India's north-western frontier. It was a Scotsman, Dr. (now Sir George) Robertson, who was chief of this political mission; it was another Scotsman, Sir Robert Low, who was appointed to command the expedition despatched for his relief; and the backbone of the little army, which mustered with such magnificent promptness and precision, consisted of the Gordons, the Seaforth Highlanders, and the Scottish Borderers.

Swiftly advancing from the muster-ground at Peshawur, and heading for the hills, General Low found the fierce and warlike hordes of Umra Khan crowning the entrenched mountain-brows of the Malakand Pass—a defile by which it is supposed that Alexander the Great had led his conquering legions down into the plains of India. After shelling for some time the heights occupied in such force by the fierce Pathan tribesmen, Low ordered an attack, the Gordons being on the right, and the Borderers in the center of the assaulting line.

With their pipes playing their most martial pibroch, the Brigade sprang up the mountain side, and soon reached the enemy's "sangars," or loose stone-parapets, one of which the Gordons took in flank, and bayoneted its holders. The last climb was precipitous. Lieutenant Watt, of the Gordons, was the first to top the ridge, and several Pathans rushed at him with their flashing tulwars. Two he brought down with his revolver, and then used his claymore. Inspired by his example, his

men clambered and pushed each other up, and delivered a bayonet charge which practically won the day.

But, brilliant as was their storming of the Malakand Pass, the same Gordons were still to surpass themselves in their next and latest feat. With their old cattle-lifting comrades from the Scottish border, they were ordered to join the expedition with

which Sir William Lockhart was sent last autumn to reduce to submission the unruly and rebellious Mohammedan tribes inhabiting the wild, mountainous region between India and Afghanistan—tribes second to no race of men in the world in respect of their martial qualities. The brave and dogged tribesmen were gradually pushed back before Lockhart's advancing battalions—British and native—until at last, after varying fortune, they determined to make a stand on the summit of the Dargai ridge of the Chagru Kotal—a hill about 1,000 feet high and crowned with precipitous rocks. From this natural fortress Lockhart resolved to drive its defenders *coûte que coûte*.

A battalion of Ghurkas, than whom India contains no braver men, first tried it, but failed. The Dorsetshire regi-

ment then made a dash across the fire-zone, but the dominating fire of the Afridi rifles, which swept the unsheltered area across which the stormers had to rush before gaining the ridge, was also too much for them, and they, too, fell back. Then the men of Derbyshire essayed the murderous task, but recoiled before the deadliness of the Afridi aim. Three hours had been thus consumed, and still the standards of the fierce tribesmen waved triumphantly and defiantly on the summit of the ridge in spite of the shell fire which, at long range from an opposite height, had been rained on their position. The general sent to Colonel Mathias, commanding the Gordons, who had meanwhile pushed up to the front and were marshaled in front of the Afridi position under cover



COLONEL H. H. MATHIAS, C. B., WHO LED THE GORDONS IN THE CHARGE AT DARGAI; HE IS COLONEL OF THE FIRST BATTALION.

of a bluff; and then the colonel said to his men, "Men of the Gordon Highlanders, the General says that the position must be taken at all costs. The Gordon Highlanders will take it!"

That was quite enough. The Highlanders responded with a ringing cheer and fixed their bayonets; their pipers struck up the regimental march; the colonel led the way, waving his sword; and the whole battalion, by companies, rose from their cover as they had done from their ditch at Quatre Bras, and, with a wild shout, dashed into and across the open zone of fire. Many fell from the pelting, plunging hail of Afridi bullets, and most of the company pipers were struck down. Piper Findlater was shot through both ankles by an expanding bullet which simply pulverized his bones, and down he also fell. But, propping his back against a boulder, he thus calmly sat amid the bullet-rain and resumed his inspiring march—the "Cock o' the North."

In this rush at Dargai the gallant Gordons lost many of their number—officers

and men—in killed and wounded, but, undismayed, they stood the fatal, fiery test. They reached the shelter of the foot of the heights, then, followed by the Ghurkas and others, they scaled the hill, turning its holders' flank and toppling them over the other side; and soon thereafter they were clustering round their brave colonel, who had led them to the top, cheering him to the echo.

No wonder that both he and his heroic piper were recommended for the Victoria Cross; no wonder that, on again descending the hill, tenderly bearing their own wounded and dead, as well as those of the Ghurkas, they received a loud, admiring cheer from all the other regiments; no wonder that, a little later, General Lockhart publicly thanked the regiment on parade, saying, "Your records testify to many a gallant action, and you have added another to it which may worthily rank beside those which have gone before."

"Bravo, Gordon Highlanders!" ran a telegram from England; "on your return you will storm all London!"

THE GAY GORDONS.

(*Dargai, October 20, 1897.*)

BY HENRY NEWBOLT.

I.

Who's for the Gathering, who's for the Fair?

(*Gay goes the Gordon to a fight*)

The bravest of the brave are at deadlock there,

(*Highlanders! march! by the right!*)

There are bullets by the hundred buzzing in the air,

There are bonny lads lying on the hillside bare;

But the Gordons know what the Gordons dare

When they hear the pipers playing!

II.

The happiest English heart to-day

(*Gay goes the Gordon to a fight*)

Is the heart of the Colonel, hide it as he may;

(*Steady there! steady on the right!*)

He sees his work and he sees the way,

He knows his time and the word to say,

And he's thinking of the tune that the Gordons play

When he sets the pipers playing!

III.

Rising, roaring, rushing like the tide,

(*Gay goes the Gordon to a fight*)

They're up through the fire-zone, not to be denied;

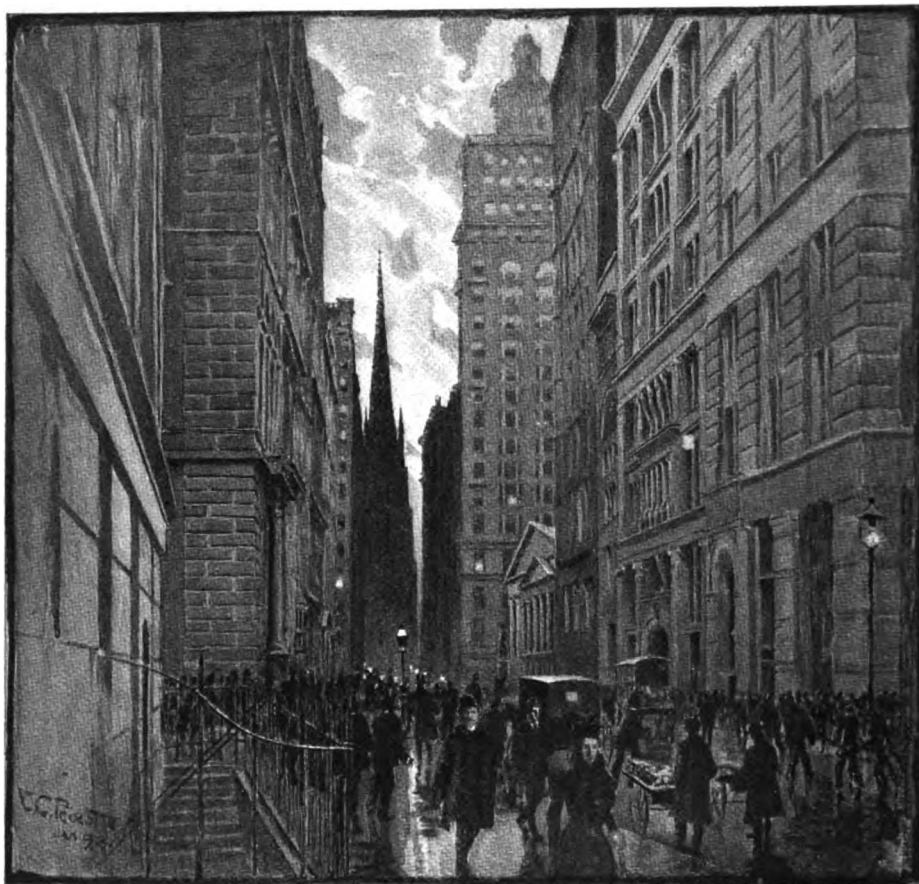
(*Bayonets! and charge! by the right!*)

Thirty bullets straight where the rest went wide,

And thirty lads are lying on the bare hillside;

But they passed in the hour of the Gordons' pride,

To the skirl of the pipers' playing.



A ROMANCE OF WALL STREET.

THE GRANT AND WARD FAILURE.

BY HAMLIN GARLAND,

Author of "Main-Traveled Roads," "Prairie Folks," etc.



SOMETIME about the year 1877 a slim young man with a pale and meager face applied to the superintendent of the New York Produce Exchange for a position. He based his application upon the fact that the superintendent had known his father in an interior town years before. The superintendent recalled the young man as the son of an excellent father, a returned missionary, and, being well-disposed toward him, secured for him the clerkship of the Exchange at a salary of \$1,000 a year. The superintendent was

Mr. S. H. Grant, and the young clerk was Ferdinand Ward. Mr. S. H. Grant was not related in any degree to General U. S. Grant.

Ward filled his position acceptably, and had time to figure various speculative opportunities besides. At that time seats in the Exchange were rated low, and, seeing an upward tendency in business, young Ward began buying these seats as fast as he was able to raise the money, and sold them at a profit. He went into a number of speculations, all of which turned out profitably. He became acquainted with the daughter of the cashier of the Marine

National Bank, and wooed and married her. He made acquaintances rapidly, and turned casual associations into friendships, one of the most valuable of his friendships being with Mr. J. D. Fish, president of the Marine National Bank.

Sometime in 1879, through his brother William, Ward met Ulysses Grant, the second son of General Grant, who had established himself with a law firm in New York city. U. S. Grant, Jr., had charge of General Grant's property, of two trust estates, and also of other funds. Mr. Ward at once asked him to go into some speculations with him, and set forth the safety of an investment in flour certificates, which his position as clerk of the Exchange gave him special insight into. Young Grant allowed Ward to use some money in this way, and the venture proved successful. Ward then interested him in the scheme of buying seats in the Produce Exchange, and holding them against the coming boom, and young Grant found his bank account growing with gratifying rapidity, and was able to report to General Grant, who was in Europe, in the most satisfactory phrases. He was not yet a formal partner, however; the association thus far being merely for the individual enterprises in hand. The time came when Ward owed Grant on borrowed money a very considerable sum—nearly \$100,000. At this point he proposed that a private banking firm be organized to do a regular Wall Street business, in which he was to be financial agent. In this firm J. D. Fish, president of the Marine Bank, was to be a silent partner. Young Grant at first declined, but upon the urging of Ward and the assurance that Mr. Fish was coming in, finally consented.

This was in 1880. At that time Ward was regarded as the most brilliant young business man on the street. His office was the meeting-place of the most trusted and influential men of affairs, and his standing was of the highest. Every venture he had commended had succeeded, and Grant would have been a singular exception had he refused to go further with such a financier, especially as the president of the Marine Bank was to be a special partner in the firm. Meanwhile young Ulysses had married a daughter of Senator Chaffee of Colorado, and through this connection the Senator became an investor with Grant and Ward.

The firm of Grant and Ward at once took high rank. *Bradstreet* rated it "Gilt-edged," and its credit was unquestioned. When in 1880 General Grant

had been defeated for a third nomination to the Presidency, the question of engaging in some business arose. He refused the presidency of the Nicaraguan Canal, but he accepted the presidency of the Mexican Southern Railway, on the understanding that he was not to receive any salary or any stock. He had plenty of opportunities to allow the use of his name, but his deep interest in Mexico, which sprang from his early life there, was more powerful than any offer of money. He moved to New York to be near his sons, Ulysses and Jesse R. Grant, and soon afterward put all his savings (about \$100,000) into the firm of Grant and Ward, on condition that he was to be a special partner, liable only for the money he put in.

General Grant's office as president of the Mexican Railroad was in a building on the corner of Wall Street and Broadway, the first floor of which was occupied by Grant and Ward. The firm was now composed of Ferdinand Ward, J. D. Fish, and General Grant and his son Ulysses. Ward was the financial agent and sole manager. The General had no detailed knowledge of the business, and asked for none. He left the whole matter to his son Ulysses, who, in turn, trusted Ward with the entire financial management. Thus Ward had complete control; but in offset to this he said he was willing to guarantee the firm against loss. So phenomenally successful did he prove both in the firm of Grant and Ward and also in his outside speculations, that great business firms trusted themselves as completely in his hands as did the Grants. J. D. Fish, president of the Marine Bank, backed him to any amount; and Mr. S. H. Grant, the city comptroller, and Mr. Tappan, city chamberlain, and Mr. W. R. Grace, Mr. W. S. Warner, Senator Chaffee, and many others were equally trustful. In addition to its fine credit, the firm started with a paid-in capital of \$400,000.*

It was a time of "boom;" that should be remembered. Railways were building; the new lands of Kansas, Nebraska, and Dakota were being opened up. Speculation was universal. Fortunes were made in a day—almost in an hour—and men were prepared to believe any sort of romance which concerned itself with railways or buildings. The way was prepared for a man like Ward, who had an uncanny power over men. His words were golden, and his daily life a fairy-tale of speculation.

* As was afterward developed, the Grants furnished the cash and the other members of the firm the "securities."

At Ward's suggestion, young Ulysses, early in the deal, offered to pay to General Grant \$3,000 per month for the use of his money, but gave him the option of leaving it in the business if he wished. To this the General replied: "I don't think I can afford to do that. If you don't make that much, I don't want you to make up the deficit; and if you make more, it is rightfully mine. I would rather you paid me what my money brings in, be it a small sum or a large one." Ward's method was not to advertise much, "merely to let a few friends know" that the firm was doing an exceedingly profitable business by loaning money to men who had contracts. He was careful to say to General Grant and his sons that the firm was not handling any contracts with the Government, and warned Mr. Spencer, his cashier, to be careful about that also.

The regular transactions of the firm, and the only ones appearing in the books to which the Grants had access, were of a different nature, like loaning money to the Erie Railway, purchases of city bonds, and other equally safe and stable investments. These loans gave tone to the firm and inspired confidence. "It is my plan," said Ward, "to build up a great firm that shall live after Grant and Ward, its founders, have passed away."

Ward was a man of most exemplary life. He lived well, but quietly, and had no bad habits. He seemed a thoughtful man, and his peculiarities apparently marked him as a man born with a special genius for great financial enterprises. He seemed to be capable of the most colossal affairs, and men of the highest business qualifications shared in this belief. In these days it would be said his influence was hypnotic.

In this fashion the firm swam prosperously on. U. S. Grant, Jr., received occasional statements from Ward, which he laid before his father. These papers the General returned without examination, for he had arrived at unquestioning faith in his son's business ability. Profits had been large. The firm, from operations in stocks, bonds, and railway contracts, soon had a bank account of nearly a million dollars, and handled vast sums of money. From a capital of \$400,000, the firm, in a little more than three years, was rated at fifteen millions. Ferdinand Ward, in his own fashion, outside the firm of Grant and Ward, had entered upon the most gigantic enterprises, apparently with unfailing success. Of these outside ventures the Grants knew nothing. Ulysses Grant, Jr.,

had access only to the one set of books wherein the Wall Street business was recorded. He knew scarcely a tenth of Ward's investors. He did not know that his own law partners were interested in Ward's affairs. The record of the huge debts of the firm was in books kept secret by Ward and Fish.

One Sunday afternoon in early May, 1884, Ward called at General Grant's house and asked to see both the General and young Ulysses. He announced that late on Saturday Mr. Tappan, the city chamberlain, had drawn on the Marine Bank for a very large sum which the bank held on deposit for the city, and that the bank's reserve was perilously low. "It is necessary," said he, "to put some money in before the clearing-house opens to-morrow morning, in order that the bank may make a proper showing."

To this young Grant very naturally replied: "Why should we borrow money to aid the Marine Bank?"

Ward for a moment seemed puzzled, but answered after a moment's hesitation: "We have \$760,000 on deposit there, and it would embarrass us very much if the bank should close its doors."

"They are good for it, are they not?"

"Oh, yes; but there would be delay before we could get our money, and it might give us trouble."

Having convinced them both of the need of aiding the bank, Ward at last proposed that General Grant go out and borrow \$150,000. Young Grant said that it was not easy to raise such a sum on Sunday afternoon, and to this Ward replied: "I know that; but I know the General can borrow it if anybody can."

The General at length consented to go forth in aid of the Marine Bank. After calling upon one or two men who declared themselves unable to help him, he drove to the house of W. H. Vanderbilt, and explained the matter to Mr. Vanderbilt at length. It was not for himself, but for the Marine Bank, he said in conclusion.

Mr. Vanderbilt took young Grant's view of it. "I care nothing about the Marine Bank, General Grant. To tell the truth, I care very little about Grant and Ward; but to accommodate you personally, I will draw my check for the amount you ask. I consider it a personal loan to you, and not to any other party," he said pointedly.

General Grant took the check, and returned to Ward, who was waiting. Ward thanked him, and putting the check in his pocket, left the house. The next morn-

ing, before the banks opened, young Grant called for a check drawn on the Marine Bank for the full amount, and hurried with it up to Mr. Vanderbilt's house, eager to pay the debt at the earliest moment. He found Mr. Vanderbilt at home, and delivered the check into his hands. *Both men considered the debt thereby paid, and the whole transaction closed.*

Monday saw everything righted. There was no further trouble, and the Grants dismissed the incident from their minds. Once, late in the afternoon, as Ward passed through the room, Ulysses Grant, Jr., asked, "Everything all right?" and Ward replied cheerily, "All right now." But that night after dinner a messenger came to young Grant from Ward, saying that Tappan had drawn again, and that it would be necessary to borrow \$500,000. "I'll try for \$250,000; and you do the same."

Grant was a little irritated at the demand, and for a moment determined to make no further attempt to help the Marine Bank out of its distress. However, after thought, he concluded to see what could be done, and taking a list of negotiable securities which Ward had sent by the messenger, he went to Jay Gould, and presented the matter.

Mr. Gould curtly replied: "I don't like lending on those securities," and young Grant concluded to do no more borrowing for the Marine Bank. He went to S. B. Elkins, however, and explained the situation. Mr. Elkins, who was Senator Chaffee's attorney, seemed a little bit puzzled over the case. "I don't understand this. Suppose we go over to Brooklyn and see Ward."

Ward was out, but they decided to wait for him, although it was nearly midnight. The servants were directed by Mrs. Ward to set out some cake and wine, and the two men remained seated in the dining-room till after midnight, waiting with growing anxiety for Ward. It was well towards one in the morning when Ward suddenly and noiselessly entered by a side door. He was calm and very self-contained. He explained his absence by saying he had been to see some capitalists. He said he had not been able to raise any money, but he did not seem specially disappointed at his own or his partner's failure to borrow the sums needed. All agreed that the Marine Bank must needs take care of itself.

Mr. Elkins, however, as attorney for Senator Chaffee, who was one of the

largest creditors of the firm of Grant and Ward, demanded, on his client's behalf, to be secured. Ward said, "Very well;" but added, "I don't see the need when Senator Chaffee can have his money at any time on demand."

Mr. Elkins insisted, and Ward promised to be at the office early the next morning to turn over sufficient securities to cover the whole amount of the Senator's investment. Upon this, young Grant and Elkins took their departure, but all the way across the city Elkins discussed Ward's manner. "The whole thing is suspicious. Did you observe he had his slippers on? He was in the house all the time, and was afraid to come down and see us. Why should he enter at the side door?"

Grant stoutly thrust aside these suspicions. His faith was unshaken. Early the next morning Mr. Elkins and young Ulysses hastened to the office. Ward was not there.

"Where is Ward?" asked young Grant of Spencer, the cashier.

"I don't know," replied Spencer. "I came by the house this morning, and when I rang the bell, Mrs. Ward came down much excited, and said Ferdinand had gone out early, leaving a note to the effect that the bank would fail to-day, and that he would not be home. She seemed afraid that he was about to commit suicide, and wanted me to go and look for him."

Colonel Fred Grant came out of an inner office at this moment, and said that Mr. Fish had been in, much excited, to say that Grant and Ward's accounts were all overdrawn, and that he would not certify or pay any more of the firm's checks.

Young Ulysses was amazed. "That can't be," he said. "We have over \$600,000 on deposit there. Is not that the sum, Mr. Spencer?"

The cashier brought the books; \$660,000 was the exact amount.

"Make a test of it," said Mr. Elkins. "Draw a check, and send it over to the bank."

This was done, and in a short time the messenger returned to say that the officers of the bank, by order of Mr. Fish, refused to pay the check, and stated that they could honor no more Grant and Ward checks.

This was startling news, but even then young Grant did not realize its full import. He knew of but one interest that was suffering at this time, that of Mr. Chaffee; and when Mr. Elkins insisted on being secured, there was but one thing to do—

carry out Ward's promise of the night before, and open the strong box in which millions of securities had been deposited. Ward held the key of this box, but the moment demanded heroic measures. The box was forced open, and found to contain only papers of doubtful value, amounting even on their face to less than \$400,000.

While the others still stood aghast at this discovery, Spencer, who had been listening at a ticker, came in and announced in fateful voice, "The Marine Bank has closed its doors." With profound conviction in his face, he turned to young Grant: "This carries Grant and Ward down also."

"I don't see that," replied Grant. "The loss of \$600,000 will cramp us, but it won't break us."

He was soon undeceived. Instead of being worth \$15,000,000, with an enormous bank account, he and his friends found themselves without a dollar and with a flood of demands pouring in upon them.

Just when matters were at the worst, the General himself hobbled slowly into the room. He was still disabled from a fall on the ice some months preceding and used his crutches. "Well, 'Buck,' how is it?" he cheerily asked.

The son, his head still ringing with the blow which had fallen upon him, replied harshly, and without any softening words, "Grant and Ward have failed, and Ward has fled."

For a few seconds the old warrior faced the people of the office, his keen eyes piercing to the bottom of his son's anger and despair. Then he turned slowly, and without the quiver of a muscle and without a single word, left the room and ascended slowly to his own office, to be seen no more in the office of Grant and Ward. About five o'clock in the afternoon, however, he sent for Spencer, the cashier, to come up and see him. As the young man entered the room, he found the General seated close to his desk, both hands convulsively clasping the arms of his chair. His head was bowed, and the muscles of his face and arms twitched nervously as he said: "Spencer, how is it that man has deceived us all in this way?"

Even as Spencer tried to speak, the General did not look up; in fact, the young man's stammering attempt to answer seemed not to interrupt the current of the General's thought. He went on speaking. "I had not the least idea that Ward was

concerned in government contracts. I told him at the beginning that I could not be connected with the firm if he was going into any business with the government. I supposed the contracts he spoke of were railway contracts." He went on for several minutes with an explanation, to which Spencer made no reply. He was evidently suffering the keenest mental anguish, and the cashier would gladly have uttered some word of comfort, but was himself too deeply moved and bewildered to do so. Finding Spencer as ignorant of it all as the rest of them, the General became silent, and the young man withdrew, leaving him seated with bowed head in the same position in which he had found him.

Without Ward, it was impossible to tell what the firm owned or what it owed. Claims developed of which U. S. Grant, Jr., had no knowledge, and which did not appear on the open books of the firm. The excitement on the street was very great. Investors with whom the Grants had no dealings whatever clamored to be secured. Great pressure was brought upon young Grant to make an assignment in favor of certain creditors, but he refused. So the day wore on. At the end it was apparent that Grant and Ward were hopelessly involved, and that every dollar possessed by General Grant was swept away.

On Wednesday, U. S. Grant, Jr., went down to the office, but Ward did not appear. The papers had immense headlines, and all sorts of charges and insinuations were in type. Creditors called, saying that the bonds given to them for security by Ward had been rehypothecated. Some of these men covertly threatened young Ulysses. He could only reply: "I presume what you say is true. I know nothing about it. I can't do anything about it. All I can say is, you'll find me here during business hours and at my house thereafter." He was ready to answer to any call.

The entire Grant family were in singular straits. Every cent of ready money was gone, and many bills for which checks had been given weeks before to butchers and bakers, who had neglected to cash them, came up now a second time for payment. The General and Ulysses, Jr., found themselves actually in need of money for daily necessities. Mrs. Grant ordered her Washington house to be sold, and that formed the fund upon which the entire family lived. They sold horses and carriages, and prepared to move into cheaper

houses. Young Ulysses still refused to make any assignment or prefer any creditors.

The General was visited on Thursday night by representatives of Mr. Vanderbilt, who wished to be secured upon his loan of the Sunday preceding. He looked to General Grant for his money.

"You're quite right," said the General. "It was an individual loan, and I am having papers drawn up to secure Mr. Vanderbilt so far as possible."

General Grant now cast about to see how he could pay this individual debt, which he regarded as an affair of honor. He decided to Vanderbilt the farm on the Gravois, near St. Louis, which was worth \$60,000; a house in Philadelphia, some property in Chicago, and all his personal property. In order to bring the sum up to the full amount, the old warrior turned over all his military trophies—all the swords presented to him by citizens and soldiers, the superb caskets given to him by the officials of the cities through which he had passed on his way around the world, all the curious and exquisite souvenirs of China and Japan. He spared nothing.

Many of the papers criticized General Grant freely for going into the firm. Some of them covertly exulted, and insinuated that he was attempting to draw out of the wreck, retaining his immense profits. Investors clamored, charging that his name had been used to draw them into the firm; that Ward had claimed to have government contracts obtained through the use of General Grant's name. These things cut deep into the proud old warrior's heart; but, as his habit was, he set his lips in a grim line, and was silent, so far as the outside world was concerned. Once, however, he opened his heart to a friend. Late one night, after he had signed away all he possessed to his creditors, he sat alone with his lawyer. As he went all over the action, and thought of Ward's cunning in securing that final check, his emotion became visible in an unusual restlessness of eye and limb. At last he rose, and began hobbling on his crutches up and down the room. When he spoke at last, it was in semi-soliloquy, as though he had almost forgotten the presence of his friend:

"I have made it the rule of my life to trust a man long after other people gave him up; but I don't see how I can ever trust any human being again."

The worst was yet to come. A letter was given to the public press by Fish, the

president of the failed bank, which apparently connected Grant directly with the methods of Ward. To save himself from condemnation, Fish now claimed to have been a victim, asserting that two years before he had written to General Grant asking to be assured about the firm. In this letter, after speaking in a general way of the fact that he saw very little of General Grant, and suggesting that it was advisable to consult together, Mr. Fish went on to say: "I have often been asked by friends and business men whether you and I were general or special partners. We were for a while advertised as special partners, but I think we are virtually and actually general partners. I think legally we would find that to be our status." He then spoke of a note enclosed from the president of the Lincoln National Bank, and continued: "You may be aware that I am on the notes of Grant and Ward as an endorser, which I have discounted myself, and have had to get negotiated to the extent of some \$200,000 in the aggregate, at the same and at one time, which is not a trifling amount to me. It is necessary that the credit of Grant and Ward should deservedly stand very high. These notes, as I understand it, are given for no other purpose than to raise money for the payment for grain, etc., purchased to fill government contracts. Under the circumstances, my dear General, you will see that it is of most vital importance to me particularly that the credit of the firm shall always be untarnished and unimpaired. I will be most happy to meet at almost any time you may name to talk these matters over. Please return me President James's letter at your convenience, with any suggestions you may have to make."

The answer to this letter as put forth by Fish was indubitably in the handwriting of General Grant. It was a more or less complete answer to the letter above.

"My Dear Mr. Fish:

"On my arrival in the city this morning, I find your letter of yesterday with a letter from Thomas L. James, president of Lincoln National Bank, and copy of your reply to the letter. Your understanding in regard to our liabilities in the firm of Grant and Ward are the same as mine. If you desire it, I am entirely willing that the advertisement of the firm shall be so changed as to express this. Not having been in the city for more than a week, I have found a large accumulated mail to look over and some business appointments to meet, so that I may not be able to get down to see you to-day; but if I can, I will go there before three o'clock.

"Very truly yours,

"U. S. GRANT."

There was also put out a second answer to this letter, more valuable as a defense to Messrs. Ward and Fish than the other:

"My Dear Mr. Fish:

"In relation to the matter of discounts kindly made by you for account of Grant and Ward, I would say that I think the investments are safe, and I am willing that Mr. Ward should derive what profit he can for the firm that the use of my name and influence may bring."

This was signed apparently in General Grant's own hand, and upon it the detractors of Grant fell with joy. It was photolithographed and sent throughout the country. The signature was to all appearance genuine; the body of the letter was written in another hand. Action had already begun against Fish, and this letter became important evidence.

In March of the following year the testimony of General Grant was demanded. He was unable to leave his room—was indeed almost at the point of death—and the counsel for Fish went to the attorney for the Grants and expressed the deepest regret that the trial should come up at a time when the General was so ill, and suggested its postponement. But Grant's attorney, knowing well the temper of the General, said, "No. Let the trial go on. General Grant is ready to testify."

General Grant's deposition was taken in the room of his house on Sixty-sixth Street. He stated that he had considered himself merely a special partner in the business of Grant and Ward, liable only for his investment. He did not remember to have seen Mr. Fish's letter. He did not know that any government contracts were handled, and he had no knowledge that his name was being used to induce others to invest in doubtful speculations. When the alleged letter to Fish was placed before him, he examined the signature closely, and said that it was undoubtedly of his own writing, but that he had no knowledge of the letter itself. He added, that in the course of a long executive life he had become accustomed to affix his signature to many papers without reading them, it being impossible to personally examine everything which was put before him to sign.

The trial developed that the letter was written, at Ward's request, by Spencer the cashier. Spencer remembered the letter perfectly, for the reason that Ward brought the rough draft of it to him on a pad one morning in the midsummer of 1882. It had many corrections and inter-

lineations for so short a letter, and that fact aided to fix the matter in Mr. Spencer's mind. It meant nothing unsigned; but with Grant's signature it would be very serviceable, and Ward had turned his attention to getting it signed. He afterwards confessed to Walter S. Johnston, the receiver of the Marine Bank,* that he had slipped it into a pile of other letters, and presenting it to General Grant as he was hurrying to finish his mail and catch a boat, easily procured the signature without arousing suspicion.

Ward's own testimony at the first trial was very remarkable. He was at first broken and a little bewildered, and came to the stand "looking like a man suffering from loss of sleep. His face was bloodless, his ears seemed to hang from his head." He admitted that he had been insolvent for two years.† He was unable to tell where and when he had made large purchases of real estate, such as Booth's Theater. The "books of the firm" were not "the books of the office"; there was a difference. The "books of the firm" included books which the Grants had never seen. He admitted that there had never been any contracts; that when he said "invested in a contract," it meant that the money went into the bank as his personal deposit. He did not remember that he had ever had any dealings with the government of any kind. He admitted putting the Vanderbilt check into his personal account. He admitted having paid \$3,000 for jewelry on the 22d of April, but he had forgotten to whom he gave it. He had no contracts, and he was making no such profits as he paid to investors. Business was transacted in the name of Grant and Ward, but no one transacted it but himself. The Grants knew nothing about it. His method, as he himself delineated it, was to borrow large sums for pretended investment, set aside a profit out of the principal, and by prompt payment of this profit, induce the lender to leave the principal in his hands. He deceived the many for the few, and these few were not the Grants. He was uncertain as to what became of immense sums. Some of them appeared on the secret book he kept, and some did not. In a later trial this singular book was put in evidence. It was cabalistic in text. No one could understand it, not even Ward himself.

* From an interview with Mr. Johnston for McClure's Magazine.

† Generalized from Ward's testimony before Commissioner Cole.

Out of it all this final conclusion was formed: Ward had carried on the most extraordinary game of "bluff" that the nation had ever seen—a stupendous scheme of paying profits from a principal which was never invested or which went to pay some clamorous debtor; a "blind pool" into which he led men to their ruin and ultimately to his own ruin. He was indicted first by the United States courts at the same time that Fish was indicted. Fish was convicted and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment. Closely following Fish's conviction, Ward was indicted in the State court for grand larceny, convicted, and sentenced to prison for ten years. The judge in sentencing Fish

made it plain that, though the sentence might be lawfully seven times seven, out of regard for his gray hairs the sentence was not made cumulative.

Out of this deplorable entanglement General Grant emerged cleared, so far as the judgment of the majority of his fellow citizens was concerned, of any knowledge of the business which Ward conducted. There were those, of course, who were ready to believe that he knew of the use of his name, and that he shared in the profits. It is probable that no one fully informed in the facts of the case holds such an opinion to-day. Grant was the victim of over-confidence in a shrewd and ingratiating adventurer.

"KING FOR A DAY."

BY W. A. FRASER.

AS you walk up the many score of steps leading to the Golden Pagoda in Rangoon, and come out upon the cemented flat in front of the tapering spire itself, you will see a Burmese temple a little to the right. Among other gods rested there once a small alabaster figure of Buddha, stained yellow, and with a hideous dragon-head; but it is not there now. And because of that alabaster god, these things happened.

Sir Lemuel Jones, C. I. E., was Chief Commissioner of Burma. Lawrence Jones, captain of the "tramp" steamer "Newcastle Maid," was his brother. More than that, they were twins, as like as two drops of water. It was *kismet* that Sir Lemuel should rise to be Chief Commissioner, while it was Larry's own fault that he was only captain of a freighter. But they both enjoyed themselves, each after his kind.

One morning in November the "Newcastle Maid" glided up the Irawadi and swung to moorings just off the main wharf at Rangoon. Larry had not seen his brother for years; and, for the matter of that, did not care if many more years passed before he saw him. Their paths ran at right angles. He was there for a cargo of rice, not to renew family ties.

It was because the chief engineer of the "Newcastle Maid" was a man after his own heart that he said, before going ashore: "I don't want to get into a gale here, for I've had a letter from the owners over that last break I made in Calcutta;

if I come off seas over, just lock me in the cabin, and don't let me out. No matter what I say, keep me there until I'm braced up."

Then the captain went ashore. "I want to see the Golden Pagoda," said he, as he chartered a *gharry*.

"Come quickly, I'm waiting," whispered the yellow image of Buddha, the alabaster god, in his ear. It was there, in the funny little temple all decked out with Chinese lanterns, and tinsel, and grotesque gods. Straight the influence led him to it—to the dragon-headed god.

Stealing was not one of Larry's vices, but what matters man's ways when the gods are running his life for him? It scorched his fingers when he touched it; and when it was in his pocket it scorched his mind. The demon of impulse took possession of the captain. "I must do something," and he thought of the usual routine—whisky. It held out no pleasing prospect. "Something else, something else; something worthy of Captain Jones," whispered the little god.

He took a drive out through the cantonments. As he bowled along in the old *gharry* a new experience came to him. Gentlemen lifted their hats; and ladies driving in their carriages smiled and bowed in the most gracious manner.

"I wonder if there's anything sticking to my face," thought Larry, and he passed his hand carefully over its rounded surface; it seemed all right.

But still they kept it up—everybody he

met; and one officer, galloping by on his pony, took a pull at the animal's head and shouted, "Are you coming to the club to-night, sir?"

"No!" roared the captain; for he hadn't the faintest idea of going to a club without an invitation.

"They'll be awfully disappointed," came the echo of the officer's voice as the *gharry* opened up a gap between them.

"Very kind," muttered Larry; "but I fancy they'll get over it. Must have taken me for somebody else."

And the dragon grin on the face of the alabaster god in his pocket spread out until it was hideous to look upon. Larry didn't see this; he was busy staring open-mouthed at the image of himself sitting in a carriage just in front. The carriage was turning out of a compound, and blocked the road, so that his own driver was forced to stop. He recognized the other man. It was Sir Lemuel, his twin brother.

The recognition was mutual. The commissioner bowed quite coldly as the captain called out, "How are you, Lemuel?"

Then the big Waler horses whipped the carriage down the road at a slashing gait, and Larry was left alone with The Thing in his pocket.

"So that's why they've been taking off their hats to me," he mused. "They take me for Sir Lemuel. Great time he must have ruling these yellow niggers out here. I'd like to be in his shoes just for a day, to see how it feels to be King of Burma."

All the way back to the hotel he was thinking about it. Arrived there he wrote a note addressed to the Chief Commissioner, and sent it off by a native. "That will bring him," he muttered; "he always was a bit afraid of me."

It was six o'clock when Sir Lemuel arrived in his carriage. There was a great scurrying about of servants, and no end of salaaming the "Lat" Sahib; for it was not often the Chief Commissioner honored the hotel with his presence. He was shown to Captain Jones's room.

"Take a seat, Lem," said Captain Larry cheerfully. "I wanted to see you, and thought you'd rather come here than receive me at Government House."

"Please be brief, then," said Sir Lemuel, in his most dignified manner; "I have to attend a dinner at the club to-night in honor of the return of our Judicial Commissioner."

"Oh, Sir Lemuel will be there in time

for that," chuckled the captain. "But first, Lem, for the sake of old times, I want you to drink a glass of wine with me. You know we took a drink together pretty often the first year of our existence." Then he broke into a loud sailor laugh that irritated the Commissioner.

"While I don't approve of drinking to the extent you have carried it," said Sir Lemuel, with judicial severity, "still I can't refuse a glass proffered by my brother."

"Your twin brother," broke in Larry; "of whom you've always been so fond, you know."

"I really must be going, so please tell me why you've sent for me." But when he had drunk the glass of wine, he gave up all idea of going anywhere but to sleep—for it was drugged.

Then Captain Larry stripped his brother, peeled the august body of the Commissioner as one would strip a willow, and draped him in his own sailor outfit. "You're a groggy-looking captain," he said, as he tried to brace the figure up in a big chair; "you're a disgrace to the service. You'll have your papers taken away, first thing you know."

He had put the alabaster god on the table while he was making the transfer.

"This is all your doing," he said, addressing the figure.

When he had arrayed himself in the purple and fine linen of the Commissioner, he emptied the contents of the bottle of wine through the window. Then he went below and spoke to the proprietor. "The captain up-stairs, who had an important communication to make to me, has become suddenly most completely intoxicated. Never saw a man get drunk so quick in my life. Can you have him sent off to his ship, so that he won't get in disgrace? It's my express wish that this should be done, as he has been of service to me."

"All right, sir," exclaimed the hotel-keeper, touching his forehead with his forefinger in salute, "I will get Captain Davin, who is a great friend of his, to take him off right away."

"Most considerate man, the Chief Commissioner," remarked the boniface, as the carriage rolled away.

The carriage swung in under a shedlike portico at the front of a big straggling bungalow. The driver pulled up his horses; the two yaktail-bearing footmen, who had jumped down from their places behind as the carriage turned in off the

road, ran hastily up, opening the door and lowering the steps for The Presence, the Lat Sahib, the Father of all Burmans. Only, Father and all as he was, none of his children served in the house, the captain noticed. All the servants were from India.

"Hallo! there's the ship's log," exclaimed the captain, looking at the big visitors' book in the entrance. "Wonder where I've got to sign that. The ship musters a big crew," as he ran his eye down the long list of names.

"When does The Presence want the carriage?" asked a ponderous, much-liveried native servant, making a deep salaam.

The captain pulled out his watch—Sir Lemuel's watch. "It's a beauty," he mused, as his eyes fell on its rich yellow sides. "Right away, mate—I mean bos'n—that is, tell him not to go away. Wonder what that fellow's proper title is on the muster?"

"Ah, you're to dine at the club to-night, Sir Lemuel," a cheery English voice said, as a young man came out of a room on the right.

"I know that," angrily answered Larry. "I don't have to be told my business."

"Certainly, Sir Lemuel; but you asked me to jog your memory, as you are so apt to forget these things, you know."

"Quite right, quite right," answered the captain. "If you catch me forgetting anything else, just hold out a signal—that is, tip me the wink, will you?"

"We've had a telegram from Lady Jones, Sir Lemuel—"

The cold perspiration stood out on the captain's forehead. This was something he had forgotten all about. A bachelor himself, it had never occurred to him that Sir Lemuel was probably married and that he would have to face the wife.

"Where is she? When is she coming back?" he gasped.

"Oh, Sir Lemuel, it was only to say that she had arrived safely in Prome."

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed the captain, with a rare burst of reverence.

The private secretary looked rather astonished. Sir Lemuel had always been a very devoted husband, but not the sort of man to give way to an expression of strong feeling simply because his wife had arrived at the end of her journey.

"Do you happen to remember what she said about coming back?" he asked of the wondering secretary.

"No, Sir Lemuel; but she'll probably remain till her sister is out of danger—a couple of weeks, perhaps."

"Of course, of course," said the captain. "Thank the Lord!—I mean I'm so glad that she's had a safe voyage," he corrected himself, heaving a great sigh of relief. "That's one rock out of the channel," he muttered.

A bearer was waiting patiently for him to go and change his dress. The captain whistled softly to himself when he saw the dress suit all laid out and everything in perfect order for a "quick change," as he called it. As he finished dressing, the "bos'n," he of the gorgeous livery, appeared, announcing, "Johnson Sahib, sir."

"Who?" queried Captain Larry.

"Sec'tary Sahib, sir."

"Oh, that's my private secretary," he thought.

"I've brought the speech, Sir Lemuel," said the young man, as he entered. "You'll hardly have time to go through it before we start."

The captain slipped the speech and the little alabaster god in his pocket, and they were soon bowling along to the official dinner. "Look here, Johnson," he said, "I think fever or something's working on me. I can't remember men's faces, and get their names all mixed up. I wouldn't go to this dinner to-night if I hadn't promised to. I ought to stay aboard the ship—I mean I ought to stay at home. Now I want you to help me through, and if it goes off all right, I'll double your salary next month. Safe to promise that," he muttered to himself. "Let Lem attend to it."

At the club, as the captain entered, the band struck up "God save the Queen."

"By jingo, we're late!" he said; "the show's over."

"He *has* got fever or sun, sure," thought his companion. "Oh, no, Sir Lemuel; they're waiting for you, to sit down to dinner. There's Mr. Barnes, the Judicial Commissioner, talking to Colonel Short, sir," added the secretary, pointing to a tall, clerical looking gentleman. "He's looking very much cut up over the loss of his wife."

"Wife dead, must remember that," thought Larry.

Just then the Judicial Commissioner caught sight of the captain, and hastened forward to greet him. "How do you do, dear Sir Lemuel? I called this afternoon. So sorry to find that Lady Jones was away. You must find it very lonely, Sir Lemuel; I understand this is the first time you have been separated during the many years of your married life."

"Yes, I shall miss the little woman. That great barracks is not the same without her sweet little face about."

"That's a pretty tall order," ejaculated a young officer to a friend. And it was, considering that Lady Jones was an Amazonian type of woman, five feet ten, much given to running the whole state, and known as the "Ironclad." But Larry didn't know that, and had to say something.

"Dear Lady Jones," sighed the Judicial Commissioner pathetically. "I suppose she returns almost immediately."

"The Lord forbid—at least, not for a few days. I want her to enjoy herself while she's away. You will feel the loss of your wife, Mr. Barnes, even more than I; for, of course, she will *never* come back to you."

To say that general consternation followed this venture of the captain's is drawing it very mild indeed, for the J. C.'s wife was not dead at all, but had wandered far away with a lieutenant in a Madras regiment.

"It's the Ironclad put him up to that. She was always down on the J. C. for marrying a girl half his age," said an assistant Deputy Commissioner to a man standing beside him.

The secretary was tugging energetically at the captain's coat tails. "What is it, Johnson?" he asked, suddenly realizing the tug.

"Dinner is on, sir."

"Rare streak of humor the chief is developing," said Captain Lushton, with a laugh. "Fancy he's rubbing it into Barnes on account of that appeal case."

Owing to the indisposition of the Chief Commissioner, by special arrangement the secretary sat at his left, which was rather fortunate; for, by the time dinner was over, the captain had looked upon the wine and seen that it was good—had looked several times. What with the worry of keeping his glass empty, and answering, with more or less relevance, respectful questions addressed to him from different parts of the table, he pretty well forgot all about the speech lying in his lap. Once or twice he looked at it, but the approaches to the facts were so ambiguous, and veiled so carefully under such expressions as, "It is deemed expedient under existing circumstances," etc., that he got very little good from it. One or two facts he gleaned, however: that owing to the extraordinary exertion of the Judicial Commissioner all the dacoits had either been hung,

transported to the Andamans, or turned from their evil course and made into peaceable tillers of the soil; their two-handed *dah* had been dubbed up, more or less, into a ploughshare.

"Glad of that," thought the captain.

"Hate those beastly dacoits. They're like mutineers on shipboard. The padre-like lawyer must be a good one."

Another point that loomed up on his sailor vision like the gleam of a lighthouse was a reference to a petition calling attention to the prevalence of crime connected with sailors during the shipping season, and asking for the establishment of a separate police court, with a special magistrate, to try these cases.

"Shall we have the honor of your presence at the races to-morrow?" pleasantly asked a small, withy man, four seats down the table.

The captain was caught unawares, and blurted out, "Where are they?"

"On the race-course, sir."

The answer was a simple, straightforward one, but, nevertheless, it made everybody laugh.

"I thought they were on the moon," said the captain, in a nettled tone.

A man doesn't laugh at a Chief Commissioner's joke, as a rule, because it's funny, but the mirth that followed this was genuine enough.

"Sir Lemuel is coming out," said Captain Lushton. "Pity the Ironclad wouldn't go away every week."

In the natural order of things, Sir Lemuel had to respond to the toast of "The Queen." Now the secretary had very carefully and elaborately prepared the Chief Commissioner's speech for this occasion. Sir Lemuel had conscientiously "mugged" it up, and if he had not at that moment been a prisoner on board the "Newcastle Maid" would have delivered it with a pompous sincerity which would have added to his laurels as a deep thinker and brilliant speaker. But the captain of a tramp steamer, with a mixed cargo of sherry, hock, and dry monopole in his stomach, and a mischief-working alabaster god in his pocket, is not exactly the proper person to deliver a statistical, semi-official after-dinner speech.

When the captain rose to his feet, the secretary whispered in his ear, "For heaven's sake, don't say anything about the Judicial's wife. Talk about dacoits;" but the speech, so beautifully written, so lucid in its meaning, and so complicated in its detail, became a waving sea of foam.

From out the billowy waste of this indefinite mass there loomed only the tall figure of the cadaverous J. C.; and attached to it, as a tangible something, the fact that he had lost his wife and settled the dacoits.

It was glorious, this getting up before two strings of more or less bald-headed officials to tell them how the state ought to be run—the ship steered, as it were. "Gentlemen," he began, starting off bravely enough, "we are pleased to have among us once more our fellow skipper, the Judicial Commissioner."

"The old buck's got a rare streak of humor on to-night," whispered Lushton.

"His jovial face adds to the harmony of the occasion. I will not allude to his late loss, as we all know how deeply he feels it."

"Gad! but he's rubbing it in," said Lushton.

"I repeat, we are glad to have him among us once again. My secretary assures me that there's not a single dacoit left alive in the province. There's nothing like putting these rebellious chaps down. I had a mutiny myself once, on board 'The Kangaroo.' I shot the ringleaders and made every mother's son of the rest of them walk the plank. So I'm proud of the good work the Judicial has done in this respect."

Now, it had been a source of irritating regret to every Deputy Commissioner in the service that when he had caught a dacoit red-handed, convicted, and sentenced him to be hanged, and sent the ruling up to the Judicial for confirmation, he had been promptly sat on officially, and the prisoner either pardoned or let off with a light sentence. Consequently these little pleasant-ries of the captain were looked upon as satire.

"There is one other little matter I wish to speak about," continued the captain, in the most natural manner possible, "and that is, the prevalence of what we might call 'sailor crimes' in Rangoon." He told in the most graphic manner of the importance of the shipping interests, for he was right at home on that subject, and wound up by saying: "I've been presented with a largely signed petition praying for the establishment of another assistant magistrate's court to try these cases, presided over by a man more or less familiar with the shipping interests. Now, that's the only sensible thing I ever heard talked of in this heathen land. Set a thief to catch a thief, I say. Put the ship in charge of

a sailor himself—of a captain. None of your landlubbers."

His theme was carrying him away; he was on deck again. But the others thought it was only his humor; the strange, unaccountable humor that had taken possession of him since the Ironclad had let go her hold.

"Now, I know of a most worthy captain," he continued, "who would fill this billet with honor to himself and profit to the Judicial. His name is Captain Jones—a namesake of my own, I may say—of the 'Newcastle Maid,' 2,000 tons register. I've known him ever since he was a babe, and the sailors won't fool him, I can tell you. I'd a talk with him this evening down at the hotel, and he's just the man for the job. I'd sign the papers appointing him to-morrow if they were put before me. He ought to have a good salary, though," he said, as he sat down, rather abruptly, some of them thought.

The secretary sighed as he shoved in his pocket the written speech, which the captain had allowed to slip to the floor. "It'll do for another time, I suppose," he said wearily; "when he gets over this infernal touch of sun or Burma head."

People in India get used to that sort of thing happening—of their older officials saying startling things sometimes. That's what the fifty-five years' service is for—to prevent it. The other speeches did not appeal to Captain Larry much; nor, for the matter of that, to the others either. He had certainly made the hit of the evening.

"It's great, this," he said bucolically to the secretary, as they drove home.

"What, sir?"

"Why, making speeches, and driving home in your own carriage. I hate going aboard ship in a jiggledy *sampan* at night. I'll have a string of wharves put all along the front there, so that ships won't have to load at their moorings. Just put me in mind of that to-morrow."

Next day there was considerable diversion on the "Newcastle Maid." "The old man's got the D. T.'s," the chief engineer told the first officer. "I locked him in his cabin last night when they brought him off, and he's banging things around there in great shape. Swears he's the ruler of Burma and Sir Gimnel Somebody. I won't let him out till he gets all right again, for he'd go up to the agents with this cock-and-bull story. They'd cable home to the owners, and he'd be taken out of the ship sure."

That's why Sir Lemuel tarried for a day on the "Newcastle Maid." Nobody would go near him but the chief engineer, who handed him meat and drink through a port-hole and laughed soothingly at his fancy tales.

After *chota hazre* next morning, the secretary brought to Captain Larry a large basket of official papers for his perusal and signature. That was Sir Lemuel's time for work. His motto was, business first, and afterwards more business. Each paper was carefully contained in a cardboard holder secured by red tape.

"The log, eh, mate?" said Larry, when the secretary brought them into his room. "It looks ship-shape, too."

"This file, sir, is the case of Deputy Commissioner Grant, 1st Grade, of Bungaloo. He has memorialized the government that Coatsworth, 2nd Grade, has been appointed over his head to the commissionership of Bhang. He's senior to Coatsworth, you know, sir, in the service."

"Well, why has Coatsworth been made first mate then?"

"Grant's afraid it's because he offended you, sir, when you went to Bungaloo. He received you in a *jahran* coat, you remember, and you were awfully angry about it."

"Oh, I was, was I? Just shows what an ass Sir Lemuel can be sometimes. Make Grant a commissioner at once, and I'll sign the papers."

"But there's no commissionership open, sir, unless you set back Coatsworth."

"Well, I'll set him back. I'll discharge him from the service. What else have you got there? What's that bundle on the deck?"

"They're native petitions, sir."

Larry took up one. It began with an oriental profusion of gracious titles bestowed upon the commissioner, and went into business by stating that the writer, Baboo Sen's, wife had got two children "by the grace of God and the kind favor of Sir Lemuel, the Father of all Burmans." And the long petition was all to the end that Baboo Sen might have a month's leave of absence.

Larry chuckled, for he did not understand the complex nature of a Baboo's English. The next petition gave him much food for thought; it made his head ache. The English was like logarithms. "Here," he said to the secretary, "you fix these petitions up later; I'm not used to them."

He straightened out the rest of the offi-

cial business in short order. Judgments that would have taken the wind out of Solomon's sails, he delivered with a rapidity that made the secretary's head swim. They were not all according to the code, and would probably not stand if sent up to the privy council. At any rate, they would give Sir Lemuel much patient undoing when he came into his own again. The secretary unlocked the official seal, and worked it, while the captain limited his signature to "L. Jones."

"That's not forgery," he mused; "it means 'Larry Jones.'"

"The Chief's hand is pretty shaky this morning," thought the secretary; for the signature was not much like the careful clerkly hand that he was accustomed to see.

Sir Lemuel's wine had been a standing reproach to Government House. A dinner there either turned a man into a teetotaler or a dyspeptic; and at *tiffin*, when the captain broached a bottle of it, he set his glass down with a roar. "He's brought me the vinegar," he exclaimed, "or the coal oil. Is there no better wine in the house than this?" he asked the butler; and when told there wasn't, he insisted upon the secretary writing out an order at once for fifty dozen Pommery. "Have it back in time for dinner, sure! I'll leave some for Lem too; this stuff isn't good for his blood," he said to himself grimly.

"I'm glad this race meet is on while I'm king," he thought, as he drove down after *tiffin*, taking his secretary with him. "They say the Prince of Wales always gets the straight tip, and I'll be sure to be put on to something good."

And he was. Captain Lushton told him that his mare "Nettie" was sure to win the "Rangoon Plate," forgetting to mention that he himself had backed "Tom-boy" for the same race.

"Must have wrenched a leg," Lushton assured Larry when "Nettie" came in absolutely last.

It was really wonderful how many "good things" he got on to that did run last, or thereabouts. It may have been the little alabaster Buddha in his pocket that brought him the bad luck; but as the secretary wrote "I. O. U.'s" for all the bets he made, and as Sir Lemuel would be into his own again before settling day, and would have to pay up, it did not really matter to the captain.

The regiment was so pleased with Sir Lemuel's contributions, that the best they had in their marquee was none too good

for him. The ladies found him an equally ready mark. Mrs. Leyburn was pretty, and had fish to fry. "I must do a little missionary work while the Ironclad's away," she thought. Her mission was to install her husband in the position of port officer. That came out later—came out at the ball that night. The captain assured her that he would attend.

There is always a sort of Donnybrook Derby at the end of a race day in Rangoon. Ponies are gently sequestered from their more or less willing owners, and handed over, minus their saddles, to sailors, who pilot them erratically around the course for a contributed prize. When the captain saw the hat going around for the prize money, he ordered the secretary to write out a "chit" for 200 rupees. "Give them something worth while, poor chaps," he said.

"And to think that the Ironclad has kept this bottled up so long," muttered Lushton.

"I always said you had a good heart," Mrs. Leyburn whispered to the captain. "If people would only let you show it," she added maliciously; meaning, of course, Lady Jones.

The Chief Commissioner was easily the most popular man in Burma that night. It was with difficulty the blue-jackets could be kept from carrying him home on their shoulders. "I hope Lem is looking after the cargo all right," murmured the captain, as he drove home to dinner. "I seem to be getting along nicely. Lucky the old cat's away."

The captain danced the opening quadrille at the ball with the wife of the Financial Commissioner, and bar a little enthusiastic rolling engendered of his sea life, and a couple of torn trails as they swept a little too close, he managed it pretty well. The secretary had piloted him that far. Then Mrs. Leyburn swooped down upon him.

There is an adornment indigenous to every ballroom in the East, known as the *kala jagah*; it may be a conservatory or a bay window. A quiet seat among the crotons, with the drowsy drone of the waltz fitting in and out among the leaves, is just the place to work a man.

I'm telling you this now; but Mrs. Leyburn knew it long ago: moons before Captain Larry opened the ball with the Financial Commissioner's wife. Not that Mrs. Leyburn was the only woman with a mission. Official life in India is full of them; only she had the start—that was all.

"It's scandalous," another missionary said to Captain Lushton. "They've been in there an hour—they've sat out three dances. I'm sorry for poor dear Lady Jones."

Among the crotons the missionary-in-the-field was saying: "I'm sure Jack ordered the launch to meet you at the steamer that time, Sir Lemuel. He knows you were frightfully angry about it, and has felt it terribly. He's simply afraid to ask you for the billet of port officer; and that horrible man who is acting officer now will get it, and poor Jack won't be able to send me up to Darjeeling next hot weather. And you'll be going for a month again next season, Sir Lemuel, won't you?"

Now, as it happened, the captain had had a row with the acting port officer coming up the river; so it was just in his mitt, as he expressed it. "I'll arrange it for Jack to-morrow," he said; "never fear, little woman." ("He spoke of you as Jack," she told Leyburn later on, "and it's all right, love. Lucky the Ironclad was away.")

A lady approaching from the ballroom heard a little rustle among the plants, pushed eagerly forward, and stood before them. Another missionary had entered the field. "I beg pardon, Sir Lemuel," and she disappeared.

"Perfectly scandalous!" she said, as she met Lushton. "Some one ought to advise dear Lady Jones of that designing creature's behavior."

"For Cupid's sake, don't," ejaculated Lushton fervently. "Let the old boy have his fling. He doesn't get out often."

"I've no intention of doing so myself," said his companion, with asperity.

But all the same a telegram went that night to Lady Jones at Promé, which bore good fruit next day, and much of it.

When they emerged from the crotons, Mrs. Leyburn was triumphant. The captain was also more or less pleased with things as they were. "Jack will probably crack Lem's head when he doesn't get his appointment," he thought.

The band was playing a waltz, and he and Mrs. Leyburn mingled with the swinging figures. As they rounded a couple that had suddenly steered across the captain's course, his coat-tails flew out a little too horizontally, and the yellow-faced alabaster god rolled on the floor. It spun around like a top for a few times, and then sat bolt upright, grinning with hideous familiarity at the astonished dancers. Not that many were dancing now, for a won-

dering crowd commenced to collect about the captain and the grotesque little Buddha. The lady-who-had-seen took in the situation in an instant; for jealousy acts like new wine on the intellect. She darted forward, picked up the obese little god, and, with a sweet smile on her gentle face, proffered it to the captain's companion, with the remark, "I think you've dropped one of your children's toys."

Captain Larry was speechless; he was like a hamstrung elephant, and as helpless.

A private secretary is a most useful adjunct to a Chief Commissioner, but a private secretary with brains is a jewel. So when Johnson stepped quickly forward and said, "Excuse me, madam, but that figure belongs to me; I dropped it," the captain felt as though a life-line had been thrown to him.

The secretary put the Buddha in his pocket; and it really appeared as though from that moment the captain's luck departed. He slipped away early from the ball; it seemed, somehow, as though the fun had gone out of the thing. He began to have misgivings as to the likelihood of the chief engineer keeping his brother shut up much longer. "I'll get out of this in the morning," he said, as he turned into bed. "I've had enough of it. I'll scuttle the ship and clear out."

This virtuous intention would have been easy of accomplishment, comparatively, if he had not slept until ten o'clock. When he arose, the secretary came to him with a troubled face. "There's a telegram from Lady Jones, Sir Lemuel, asking for the carriage to meet her at the station, and I've sent it. She's chartered a special train, and we expect her any moment."

"Great Scott! I'm lost!" moaned the captain. "I must get out of this. Help me dress quickly, that's a good fellow."

An official accosted him as he came out of his room. "I want to see you, Sir Lemuel."

"Is that your tom-tom at the door?" answered the captain, quite irrelevantly.

"Yes, Sir Lemuel."

"Well, just wait here for a few minutes. I've got to meet Lady Jones, and I'm late."

Jumping into the cart he drove off at a furious clip. Fate, in the shape of the Ironclad, swooped down upon him at the very gate. He met Lady Jones face to face.

"Stop!" she cried excitedly. "Where are you going, Sir Lemuel?"

"I'm not Sir Lemuel," roared back the disappointed captain.

"Nice exhibition you're making of yourself—Chief Commissioner of Burma."

"I'm not the Commissioner of Burma. I'm not your Sir Lemuel," he answered, anxious to get away at any cost.

"The man is mad. The next thing you'll deny that I'm your wife."

"Neither are you!" roared the enraged captain, and away he sped.

Lady Jones followed. It was a procession; the red spokes of the tom-tom twinkling in and out the bright patches of sunlight as it whirled along between the big banyan trees; and behind, the carriage, Lady Jones sitting bolt upright with set lips. The captain reached the wharf first. He was down the steps and into a *sampan* like a shot.

It was the only *sampan* there. The carriage dashed up at that instant. There was no other boat; there was nothing for it but to wait.

"Come, Lem, get into these duds and clear out," cried the captain, as he burst into his cabin.

"You villain! I'll have you sent to the Andamans for this," exclaimed the prisoner.

"Quick! Your wife's waiting on the dock," said Larry.

That had the desired effect; Sir Lemuel became as a child that had played truant.

"What have you done, Larry?" he cried pathetically. "You've ruined me."

"No, I've done you good. And I've left you some decent wine at the house. Get ashore before she comes off."

"There's no help for it," said Sir Lemuel. "There are your orders to proceed to Calcutta to load; your beastly chief engineer insisted on shoving them in to me."

"Don't 'my love' me!" said the Ironclad, when Sir Lemuel climbed penitently into the carriage. "An hour ago you denied that I was your wife."

And so they drove off, the *syce* taking the tom-tom back to its owner. It took Sir Lemuel days and days to straighten out the empire after the rule of the man who had been "King for a Day."

ADVERSITIES OF A PASSENGER ENGINEER.

A NARRATIVE OF PERSONAL EXPERIENCES.

BY HERBERT E. HAMBLÉN ("FRED. B. WILLIAMS"), Author of "On Many Seas."

AN ADVENTURE WITH TRAIN ROBBERS.—ORGANIZING A STRIKE.—RUNNING INTO AN EXCURSION TRAIN.—AN ENCOUNTER WITH A DRUNKEN ENGINEER.

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS FROM LIFE BY W. D. STEVENS.

ONE night as I was running along at a good gait, crowding the speed limit a little,—for I was trying to make a certain siding ahead of the express,—some one shook me roughly by the shoulder, and said: "Hey, you!" I wondered that the fireman should be so energetic in addressing me; so it was in a fit of ill-humor that I pulled my head in, and snarling out, "What do you want?" looked along the barrel of a big revolver and into a pair of fierce eyes under the brim of a slouch hat. That was all I could see. But it was enough. I had scraped a hole in the paint on the gauge-lamp globe, to read orders by, and the ray of light from it showed me this unpleasant sight. The cab being all in darkness, the gun and eyes appeared as if suspended in space.

There was also a voice, and it said: "I want you to slack up, right here, so's we kin git off."

"All right, sir," said I, and I shut right off. I reached for the whistle cord to call for brakes, but the voice said: "Hol' on, sonny; none o' that; 'tain't healthy;" so I let her roll. "Git outer the way till I see," said the voice, which, as the fireman had opened the door, I could now see belonged to a big, square-shouldered six-footer. He took my place at the window, and when she had slowed down sufficiently, I could hear voices in the rear counting one, two, three. They were counting themselves as they jumped off. The third man, after calling out his number, sang out, "All right." My friend with the ordnance climbed down on the step and dropped off without a word, and I went on. Presently the conductor came ahead to know why I had shut off. I told him to let off a gang of tramps. That night the express was half an hour

late, and passed me in the siding, at the rate of seventy miles an hour.

She had been flagged near where my "tramps" got off. One fellow got on the engine, and entertained the engineer and fireman, while his three partners looted the express car and took up a collection from the passengers.

After that, all freight engines and cabooses were furnished with arms, and as if by magic the tramps deserted our road for nearly a year, by which time the guns had become lost or stolen or useless, and gradually the tramps returned, soon becoming as pestiferous as before.

Owing to the efforts of a firm of real estate speculators, business began to boom on the road to such an extent that two new suburban trains were put on, calling for three passenger engineers, one for each engine, and one to swing between them and take part of a day from each, as the miles and hours were too long.

I was one of the lucky three, and at last found myself in charge of the head end of a passenger train. Being the youngest, I had the relief. That didn't suit me very well, for an engineer always wants to *own* his engine, fix things to suit himself, and have no one to interfere with her. However, it was so very much better than any job I had ever had, that for some time I thought I had reached the very acme of my ambition, and would never ask for anything more; but I had not been on the train six months before a condition arose that was as unpleasant as it was unexpected. It seems that for a couple of years previously the road had not been paying satisfactory dividends, so the board of directors unseated the president and general manager and filled those offices with others, pledged to retrenchment.

The shop crews were reduced, and even those who were retained were put on short time.

A COSTLY POLICY OF RETRENCHMENT.

A howl went up at once. It was impossible to get work done on engines and cars; breakdowns on the road became the rule instead of, as heretofore, the exception; conductors and engineers had to do most of the repairing when in the side track. The want of links and pins kept the train crews on the lookout for "iron." As brake-shoes were never renewed while a vestige remained, several wrecks were caused by inability to stop trains, any one of which cost the company more than all the brake-shoes used on the road in a year, and for once "no brakes" became, if not a valid, at least a reasonable excuse.

Cheap oil that would not lubricate cut our journals and crankpins, and, besides the time lost on the road, the cars and engines had to be laid up for want of shop men to repair them. Waste was no longer issued, so that the engines became coated with grease and dirt, making it next to impossible to detect a fracture in any of the parts. Under this reform administration the quality of the fuel became so depreciated that it was impossible to make time, the first result of which was that engineers and firemen were suspended, and the next, that business fell off, for people would neither ship their goods nor travel on a road where the service was so unreliable.

Within three months two engines were wrecked, and their engineers killed by broken parallel rods tearing up through the cabs, like huge iron flails, and flogging them to death. In the suit for damages brought by their widows,—as it was proved that the men had reported the necessity of having the brasses in those rods reduced for weeks, but there were no men to do it,—the company had to pay heavy damages. A broken driving-wheel tire ditched a passenger train—more damages.

Discontent was rampant; grumbling and cursing at the management became the order of the day. There was not a mile of safe track on the whole line. The wrecking train was hardly ever idle, and on more than one occasion it became necessary to send another train out to bring her in.

While we were laboring under these aggravating inconveniences, an order was

posted on the bulletin board to the effect that, after the first of the next month, all employees receiving one dollar and a half per day, or over, would be cut ten per cent. until further notice. This included engineers, firemen, conductors, and brakemen. The men gathered in knots and discussed the cut; but as there appeared to be no prospect of their arriving at an understanding, Frank Manly, my friend and particular chum, and I adjourned to my room and drew up two notices, as follows:

NOTICE.

All employees of this road engaged in train service who are dissatisfied with bulletin order No. 3, of June 14th, which orders a reduction of ten per cent. in all salaries of \$1.50, or over, are requested to meet at Schroeder's assembly room on the evening of July 1st, at 8.15 sharp. By order of

THE COMMITTEE.

These we printed with pen and ink, so as to make it impossible for any one to trace our handwriting; for, never having written anything of importance before, we had an exaggerated idea of our present undertaking. Then we had them posted, one on the round-house bulletin board and one on the conductor's bulletin board. But it proved hard enough to get the men to the meeting. The genuine railroader, although he would like exceedingly to possess the earth and the fulness thereof, is so everlastingly afraid of losing his job, that he submits to impositions that would cause a revolt in a Chinese laundry, contenting himself with damning the company in a low voice from behind the coal-pile or in the seclusion of his home, while a nod of recognition from the division superintendent, or the mention of his first name by the master mechanic, sets his heart to fluttering with ardent self-congratulations.

The meeting really accomplished nothing, and we held a second, and then a third, when a motion was finally passed to appoint a committee to wait on the president. I started in to nominate members for the committee. After I had nominated half a dozen unwilling candidates, an old fellow jumped up and bawled out: "Sa-ay! you've nominated about everybody in the room to serve on this committee, an' now, by gum, I nominate you." There was a roar of laughter at this, and as soon as it subsided, I turned to the chairman, and said, "I accept." This brought down the house. When the cheering was over I nominated the previous speaker, and amid

more noise he accepted. After this we had but little trouble in completing our committee.

AN APPEAL TO THE PRESIDENT.

The next day at eleven o'clock, we of the committee sat dressed in our best

order before him, ran his eye keenly along our rank and said:

"Well, gentlemen, I understand that you are a committee representing the employees of my road. Which is your chairman?"

I told him that I was the chairman.

"Ah, yes! what is your name, please?"

I told him.

"And your occupation?"

"Engineer."

"Yes? very well; now you may introduce your committee, please, giving their names and occupations."

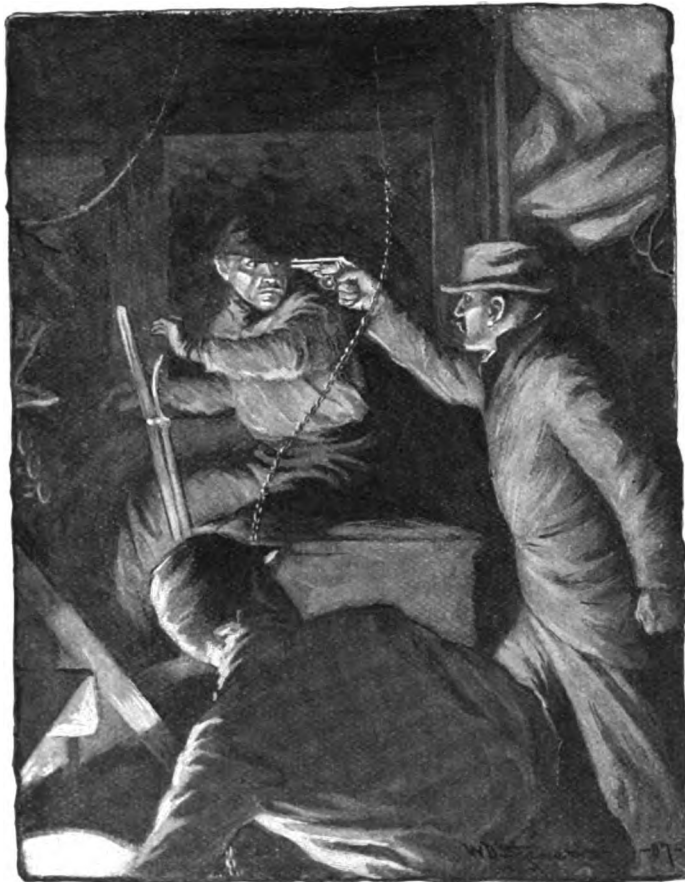
As I called out their names I could see each individual committee-man shrink and shrivel under the keen critical glance of the magnate, who evidently regarded us as imbeciles or freaks, an odd lot to be studied a bit, wheedled into subjection if possible, but under no circumstances to be allowed to interfere with his financial policy.

And the committee! I know that every mother's son of them was cursing the enthusiastic folly that caused him to accept the appointment.

The brief ceremony of introduction over, the president asked, with a cynical smile: "Well, gentlemen, what can I do for you?" I told him our errand, and he asked if we thought we

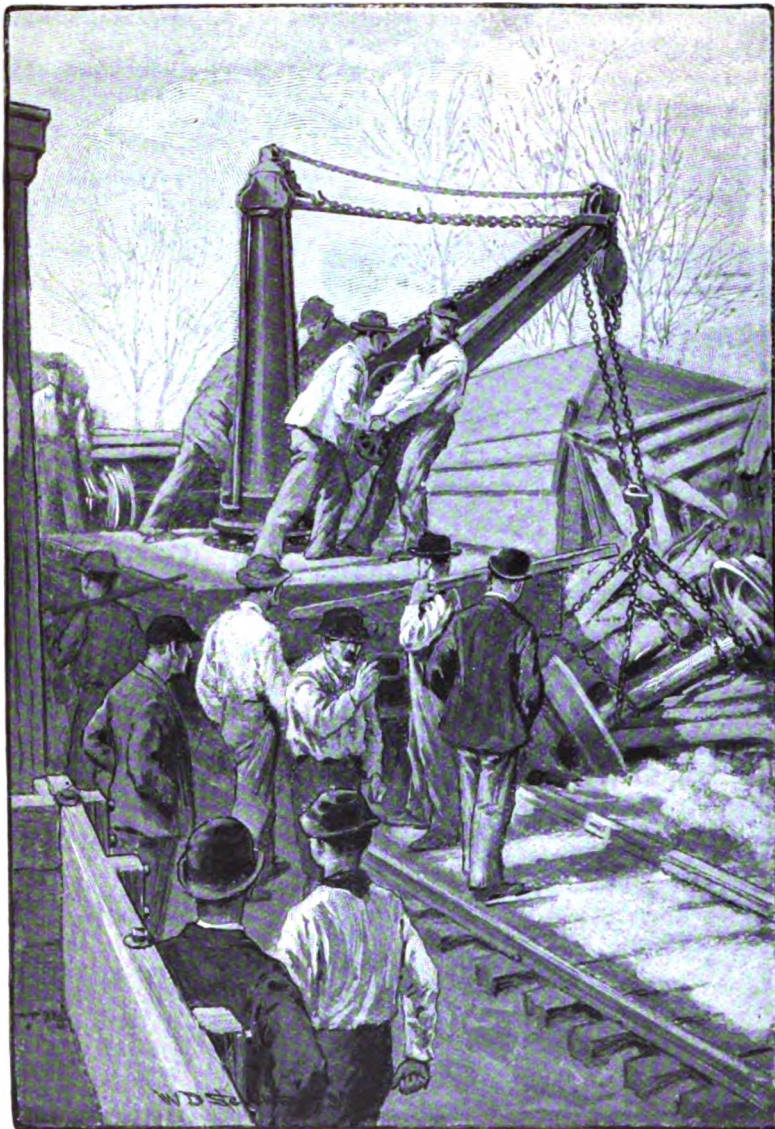
were more competent to manage the property than he was. Remembering that he was the president, I lyingly told him no. I told him that we didn't expect or wish to manage the property, but that we were working harder than we had ever done before, and getting less pay, which we didn't consider just.

He said that circumstances, which we would not be able to understand, had reduced the earning capacity of the road so that it was unable to pay the interest on its bonds and pay the wages we had heretofore received. He said that if the investors didn't get satisfactory returns for



"GIT OUTER THE WAY TILL I SEE."

clothes in the anteroom of the president's office, waiting for an answer to our request for an audience. Presently the door of the spacious private office was thrown wide open, and we were requested to enter. Hats in hands, and hearts in mouths, we filed in, I, in virtue of my office as chairman, at the head. Standing in the middle of the room, both hands in his pockets, his feet spread wide apart, and with an extremely fragrant cigar cocked at an angle of forty-five towards his left eye, was a tall, gray, spare man, plainly but expensively dressed, who when we at last got ourselves shuffled into some kind of



"THE WRECKING TRAIN WAS HARDLY EVER IDLE."

their money they would have the road put in the hands of a receiver; and then we should be paid in scrip, which we should have to sell for what anybody chose to give for it. Did we think we should be any better off then?

I said, "We don't think—" "Hold on, young man," said he; "you're doing altogether too much of the talking. I want to hear from some of the others." Then pointing to the old conductor who had nominated me on the committee, he said: "You're an old railroad man, and, I presume, a man of family; which would you prefer to do—take home your pay at

the end of the month in cash, and, by sacrificing ten per cent. for a short time, help to put the road on a paying basis; or receive your pay in scrip, which you would have to sell for perhaps twenty-five per cent., or more, less than its face value, for an indefinite time?"

"I can't pay my bills with what I'm gittin' now," said the old fellow.

The president bit his lip and flushed at the miscarriage of his attempt to flatter the old man into becoming his ally, and said, with ill-suppressed anger: "I'm afraid the exorbitant wages that you men have been receiving heretofore have induced you to live extravagantly; you should economize; I have to. My salary has been reduced in the same proportion as yours,

but I don't go to the board of directors and complain; I accept the situation, and am willing to accept even a further reduction, if necessary, to enable the road to pull through. You men don't understand the situation."

"Probably," said Denny King, the fireman, "you get more now than all of us put together."

"Yes, I presume I do. Presidents are usually paid a higher salary than firemen. But come, I haven't time to stand here talking all day. What do you men want? What is it that you expect me to do?"

"We were sent here, sir, by all the men

engaged in train service, to ask you to restore our pay, and they will expect an answer from you. What are we to tell them?" said I.

"You will tell them that I cannot possibly do so, at this time. But as soon as the earnings of the road will warrant the extra expense, I will consider the matter."

"Then you won't promise that we shall ever get it?" said I.

He was angry again, we could see that; but he controlled himself, thought a moment, and then said: "You may tell them from me, that every man from the president down has been included in this reduction of salaries; that I *hope* it will be only a temporary necessity; and that when the time comes to restore them, the restoration shall begin with the lowest-salaried employees, and I will be the last to benefit by it. I can say no more now. If that isn't satisfactory to you, you'll have to do whatever you see fit."

Turning his back to us, he sat down and began to write. Seeing that there was no more to be said, we walked out without so much as saying good day.

We made our report to the meeting that evening, and a furious debate followed. A vote was taken on the sense of the meeting, and it was shown that nearly three-fourths of those present were in favor of giving the company ample time to show whether they intended to deal fairly by us or not.

TAKING VENGEANCE ON THE EMPLOYEES.

But it would seem that the president was indeed bent on having trouble; for

now there commenced a series of discharges for the most trivial causes, and the victims were not the radicals either, but they were almost invariably the conservative old fellows who had been for years in the employ of the company, who had the best trains, and considered themselves fixtures; and who had wisely told us that we mustn't think that we could dictate to a railroad company.

Matters had been going on like this for nearly a year when a rumor began to circulate that the general officers had been put on full pay again. This was soon confirmed by one of the daily papers in a signed article. We called a special meet-



"SA-AY! YOU'VE NOMINATED ABOUT EVERYBODY . . . AN' NOW . . . I NOMINATE YOU."

engaged in that business, we must store our profits in the bank, and answer from the shareholders for them?" said I.

"You will tell them I possibly do so, at the expense of the earnings of the company at extra expense, I will consider the matter."

"Then you won't promise that I shall ever get it?" said I.

He was angry again. We could see that but he controlled himself, brought a moment, and then said: "You may be sure from me, that every man from the president down has been in receipt of a reduction of salaries; that I have only a temporary necessity; and that when the time comes to restore them, the restoration shall begin with the lowest-salaried employees, and I will be the last to benefit by it. I can say no more now. If that isn't satisfactory to you, you'll have to do whatever you see fit."

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TAKING VENGEANCE ON THE EMPLOYEES.

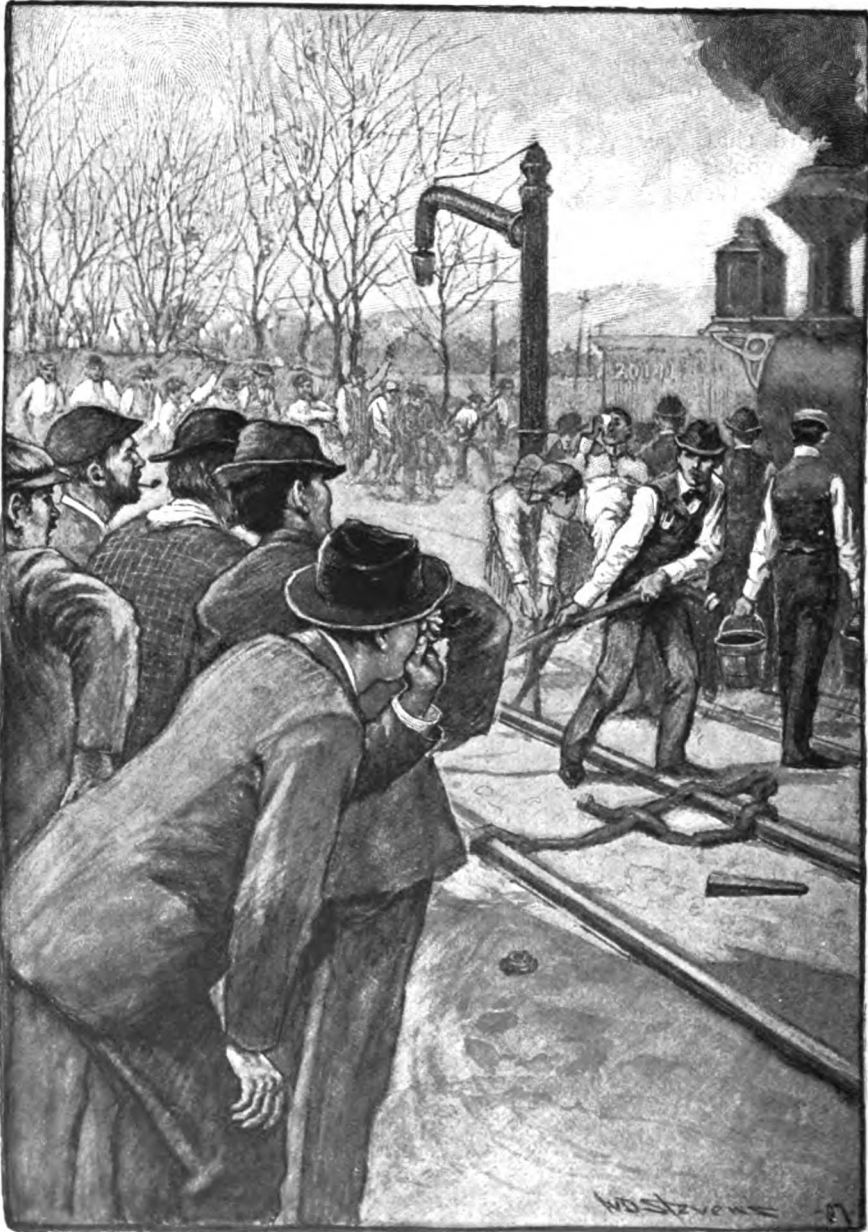
But it would seem that the president was indeed bent on having trouble;



ing to consider this new grievance. By this time there was no division of opinion. The committee were unanimously instructed to give the president three hours to restore the wages of every man on the road, and if he failed, a word that had been agreed upon was to be sent by telegraph to every conductor and engineer on the road or at work in the yards. A switchman was named in each yard to receive the word, and he was to post it on the

bulletin board in the yard-master's office, besides giving it verbally to all the men whom he could reach. The receipt of the word "Rain" constituted a notice for every man to stop work at four P.M. on the following day, no matter where he should be.

The same committee was again sent to interview the president. This time we were not admitted to the inner office; he stepped out into the anteroom and asked



"THE CLERKS IN THE OFFICES WERE HUSTLED OUT INTO THE YARD."

us our business. I reminded him of his promise: that when wages were restored, he would begin at the lowest-salaried man and remain until

the last himself. "Well, what of it?" said he. I handed him the paper and asked if the article to which I pointed was true. He glanced over it rapidly, his face flushed to the roots of his hair, and slapping the paper viciously with the back of his left hand, he said, with his teeth clenched and the words hissing through them like steam through a leaky stuffing-box: "This is the most outrageous insult to which I was ever subjected; what do you mean by coming here with this filthy rag? Do you realize that you are accusing me of wilful, deliberate lying?"

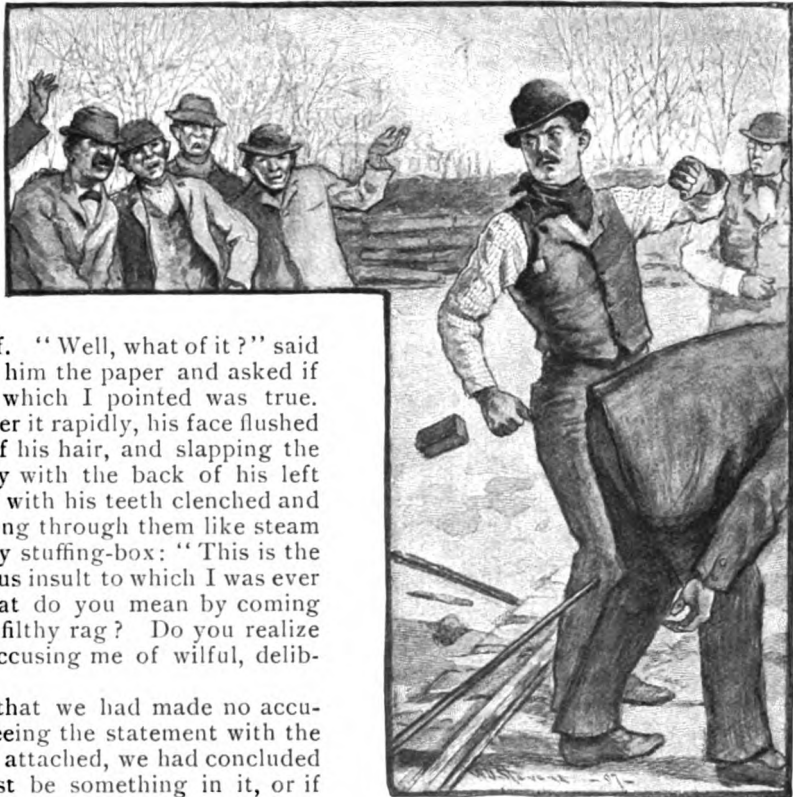
I told him that we had made no accusation; but, seeing the statement with the author's name attached, we had concluded that there must be something in it, or if not, that he would thank us for having called his attention to it so that he might punish the slanderer, and, anyhow, we had been sent to him to ask for a restoration of our pay.

He glared at me like a wild beast; I thought he would jump at my throat; but controlling himself with an effort, he said: "I told you men when you were here before, that when the financial condition of the road warranted the restoration of the former rate of pay, I would consider the matter. When that time comes, and I have considered it, you will be informed of my decision."

The brakeman on the committee chipped in here, and asked him if the report in the paper, that the general officers, including himself, had had their pay restored, was true or not?

"I don't think you know to whom you are talking. I will not be catechised. When I have any communication to make to the employees, it will be made in the usual manner, by means of an order."

He was about to return to his sanctum, and seeing that there was absolutely no hope of getting anything out of him, I said: "One moment, sir, if you please; we are not through yet. Our orders are to



"A HALF BRICK STRUCK A BURLY IRISHMAN IN THE SMALL OF THE BACK."

notify you that unless an order restoring our pay appears within three hours we will resign in a body."

"Who are *we*?"

"Every employee in the train service of this railroad."

"Very well. I can't help it; and as for this committee, you can consider yourselves discharged now, and I shall issue orders at once to have any of you who may be found trespassing on the company's property arrested and lodged in prison."

The door slammed and he was gone; at the same time a policeman appeared from somewhere, and ordered us out of the building.

A STRIKE ON.

For the next half or three-quarters of an hour we kept a telegraph operator busy sending the word "Rain" to innumerable addresses all along the line. The next day at four o'clock in the afternoon every wheel stopped, and every locomotive fire was dumped on more than seven hundred miles of railroad, including branches and leased

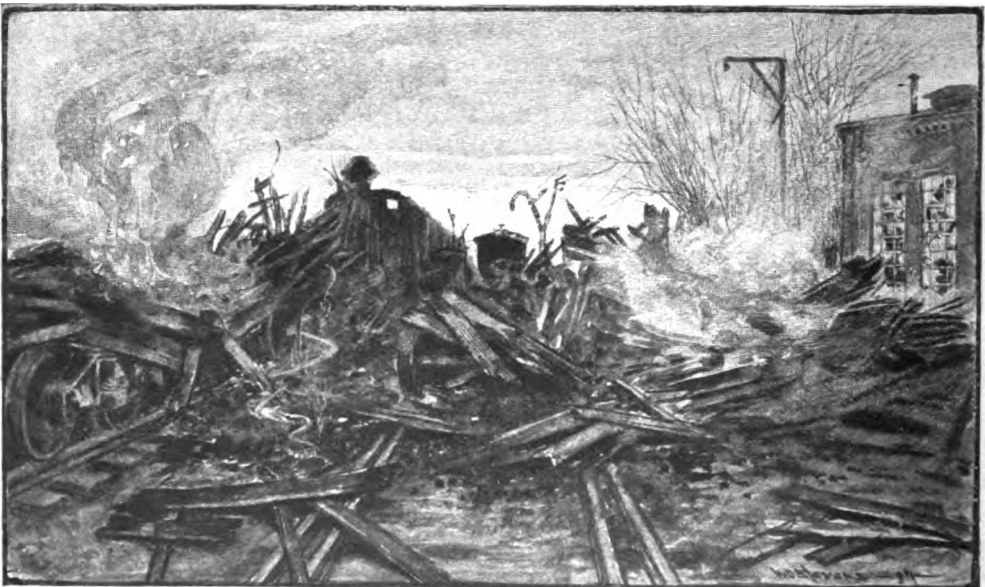
lines. The men were a unit, and the paralysis was perfect.

That night the road was dead. The next morning the papers blazed with accounts of the strike and advertisements for help. Engineers, firemen, railroad men of any kind, laborers who never saw a railroad, anybody that could work, could find permanent employment and good wages at the office of the superintendent of the — railroad.

The clerks in the offices were hustled out into the yard, and made to sweat and lacerate their delicate hands, tear and soil their clothes, and injure their tender feelings, by pulling spikes from switches, clawing the green coal out of the fire-boxes, dragging heavy and "narsty" hoses to the engines, and forming bucket and cordwood brigades, while we sat on the fences and cheered them on to their unaccustomed and unwelcome toil by such remarks as never fail to present themselves to the mind under such circumstances. The new employees, as fast as hired, were sent to help. Their appearance and awkward manner of going about the work offered fresh subjects for our witticisms. Their patience must have been sorely tried. From jeering it was but a short step to throwing various missiles. The clerks dodged in fear and trembling, but the laborers talked back, and gave threat for threat, sarcasm for sarcasm.

At length a half brick struck a burly

Irishman in the small of the back as he was straining at the clawbar to draw a spike. He straightened up a moment, rubbed his sore back, and then with a yell of rage he started for a grinning crowd with the heavy clawbar. It was the one spark necessary to kindle a furious conflagration. The whole population of the locality sympathized with us. They were out in force, and when the interloper resented what was considered to be his just deserts, he found that he had stirred up a hornets' nest. The crowd having once broken loose, charged through the yard, driving everything before them. Before the police arrived a dozen fires were started in as many different places; and owing to the impossibility of getting the fire engines through the yard, over fifteen hundred cars, many of them loaded with valuable merchandise, were burned to the ground before the flames could be extinguished, and seven locomotives, their tanks and boilers empty, were completely ruined. The night shut down on a dreary scene of smoking desolation, where but the day before the air had rung with the cheerful sounds of busy commerce. The sheriff telegraphed to the governor for troops, saying that he was unable to control the mob. The next morning militiamen were patrolling the yard, and the work proceeded with no further interruptions than an occasional jeering by the onlookers at the awkward attempts of the new men to get the few remaining dead engines watered and fired up.



"THE NIGHT SHUT DOWN ON A DREARY SCENE OF SMOKING DESOLATION."

In the meantime there was the gravest trouble up the road. At W— three locomotives had been run into the turntable pit. A rock cut, about a mile west of the station, had been choked by tumbling its natural walls into itself. This was accomplished by dropping cartridges into the seams and cracks along the top and on both sides and exploding them, the natural consequence being that huge blocks were split off and tumbled into the cut. The idea was to close the road and prevent the passage of trains; but after the job was done it occurred to the perpetrators that there was a branch that would enable them to run around the obstruction; so a hand-car was loaded with rend-rock, and four men took it to an iron bridge five miles further east, and before the second morning of the strike dawned, the bridge lay in the creek and the road was most effectually "cut in two."

It took them three days to get the trains in. Then, with such men as they could pick up, they began to operate the road—after a fashion. The president, having now presumably recovered from the first shock of the strike, swore out warrants for the arrest of all the members of the committee. Not caring to gratify the gentleman's animosity by serving the State at his request, I left town between two days, in company with my friend Manly. It was some time before, with hand on throttle and head out of window, I again went spinning over the iron.

WRECK OF AN EXCURSION TRAIN.

I had noticed that the flanges on the leading engine truck wheels were getting worn pretty thin and sharp, and had spoken to the foreman about turning the truck round, so as to bring the

good wheels ahead. He had promised to do so, but, as I suppose he didn't consider it a matter of immediate importance, he let it go a week. I let it run for another week, and then, as I didn't consider the engine to be quite safe with them, I told the foreman that I should have to go to the master mechanic about it, if he didn't attend to it right away.

"All right," said he; "I'll surely do it next trip in. I've been so busy for the last couple of weeks that I couldn't possibly spare a man a minute for any purpose."

"Very well," said I; "I'll take her out this trip; but I won't take her out again until that truck's turned round; 'tain't safe."



"THE ENGINE CRASHED DIAGONALLY THROUGH FOUR CARS."

A heavy Sunday-school excursion train left half an hour ahead of me. As she was an extra, I had no occasion to look out for her; it was her business to keep out of my way. They had ten cars, every seat filled, mostly with women and children. The ferry-boat was ten minutes late, and as our time had been shortened up fifteen minutes on the last time-table, I knew I would have hard work to get in on time. So as soon as I got clear of the yard, I let the old girl go for all there was in her, working all the fine points known to engineers to get every ounce of speed out of her, and yet keep her in steam, fire, and water. Eight miles out there was a low ridge over which the road ran; it was a short, rather steep grade up, and then a long gentle sweep down for about two miles, around a curve, and then fairly level running ground for the next twenty-five miles. When she pitched over the top of the knoll, I started down the long grade at a good gait, for here was my chance to get a swing on to carry me over the long level stretch beyond the curve.

As she gathered headway, I hooked her back a notch at a time until she was flying like a comet. The cars rolled like logs in a lake, and as I glanced back the last two were entirely obscured by the dense cloud of dust that we tore up from the track as we sped along. She was going sixty-five miles per hour if she was an inch. As I approached the curve I could see that the excursion train was in the switch just beyond waiting for me. I blew a crossing signal to let them know that I was coming, because excursionists have a great habit of getting off and spreading themselves all over creation every time their train stops, and I didn't wish to kill any of them. I fancied I could hear the women and children utter little frightened screeches as we flew by them.

It was a long, easy curve, and yet the speed was such that she struck it as solidly as if it had been a brick wall; she tossed her head round for an instant, and then plunged straight into the side of that ten-car train crammed full of happy women and children.

The flange of the leading wheel on the engine truck had broken and allowed the engine to leave the track. Naturally, as she tore the rails from the ties in her mad flight, the whole train followed her. The engine crashed diagonally through four cars, smashing them as effectually as you could smash the same number of eggs

with an axe. The cars following rammed, telescoped, and climbed over the others. When the engine stopped she lay on her left side beyond the siding. The cab was gone, the fireman was gone, but on my side of the run-board—at my very feet—lay the bodies of three little girls.

I tried to get up, but found that my right leg was held fast by one of the cab braces that had bent over and jammed it. The sounds that came from the wreck were appalling—yells and groans in the shrill voices of women and children, with occasionally a deeper tone, showing where a man was. I did not know at first that I was hurt at all, but now my imprisoned leg began to pain me; then I felt a suffocating sensation within, as if a blood-vessel had been ruptured and I was being drowned out with my own blood. My eyes became dim, my head swam, and I saw horrible sights.

The next thing that I knew I was in a hospital, a "sister" bathing my forehead with cool water. I tried to ask where I was, but she told me to be quiet. It was a week before my wife was allowed to see me; she told me that a large number of people on both trains had been killed outright and many more injured.

When the wrecking-train was called, the round-house foreman, who was called to go with it, disappeared, leaving his job and family behind; and although we heard occasional rumors of his having been seen in various parts of the country, he never came back, and I do not think that his family ever heard from him afterwards.

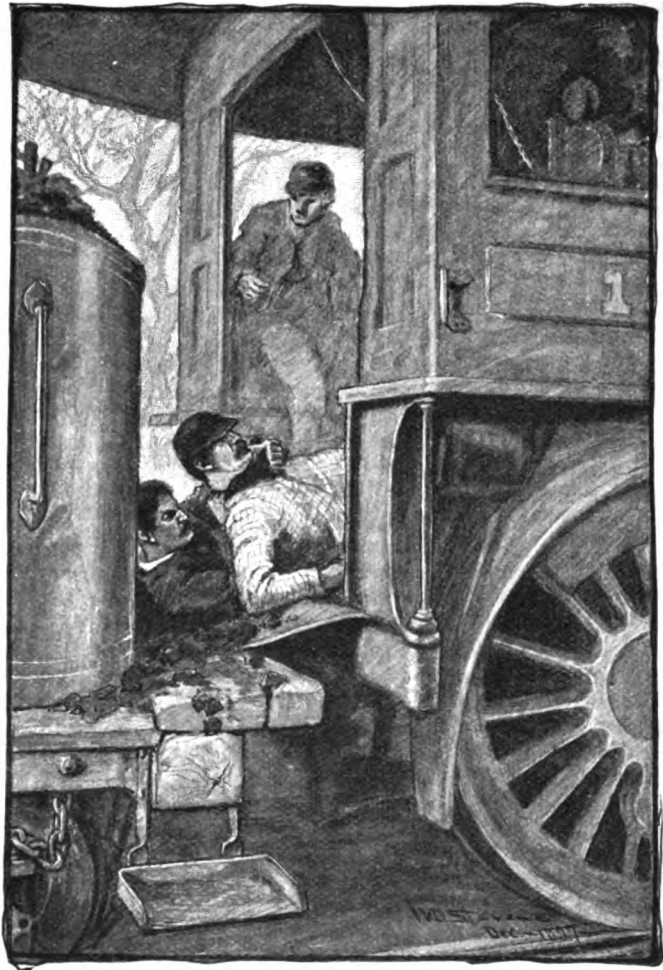
I had several ribs broken and received internal injuries from the effects of which I have never fully recovered to this day. My fireman was killed and his body completely dismembered, but no other employee on our train, strange to say, was at all severely injured. The baggage-master was found buried under a huge pile of heavy trunks which had been piled to the roof on each side of the car, and although the car rolled over on its side, with the exception of a few bruises he was unhurt.

I was exonerated from all blame both by the coroner and the company, and ordered to report for duty as soon as I felt able to do so; but though I had never been the least bit squeamish over accidents before, this one took a strong hold on me. There were several families in the little town where I lived that had relatives maimed or killed in the wreck; and though I knew that I was not legally responsible,

yet the thought that I might have prevented it by refusing to take the engine out tormented me so that I could hardly sleep nights. My appetite failed and I became thin, weak, and nervous. Finally, during a conversation with my wife, I promised her never to touch a locomotive throttle again, and, with one exception, I never have.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH A DRUNKEN ENGINEER.

The circumstances of this one exception were peculiar. I had now become a conductor, and I was called on one day to take out a special,—a frequent occurrence, as the land speculators were in the habit of giving free excursions occasionally to prospective purchasers. It was a hot day, and when I went ahead to speak to the engineer and see if he was ready, I noticed that he looked flushed and warm, but paid no attention, as it was quite natural that he should on such a day. We had a little talk concerning the trains and where we had better side-track, and it was agreed that we would not be able to make more than ten miles before we would have to take the switch for the first inward-bound train. When the passengers were all on I gave the signal and he pulled out with a jerk, slipping his drivers in a way that was irritating to an old engineer like myself. Before we were clear of the yard he was going at a forty-mile gait and the cars were thumping over the frogs and switches at a great rate. I wondered what he was going so fast for, because we had plenty of time to get to the switch and there was no possibility of our going any further. When we struck out into the open country the speed increased until I remarked to the baggage-master that the engineer seemed to be in an immense hurry. I looked at my watch, made a rapid mental calculation, and decided that he was



"HE . . . NEARLY SQUELCHED THE BREATH OUT OF MY BODY AS HE FELL ON TOP OF ME."

trying for the next siding, eight miles further along. If he kept up the gait that he was going,—and it was an open question whether he could or not,—he would reach the switch five minutes before the opposing train was due, which was not time enough; besides, a thousand and one things might happen to reduce his speed. And if the steam dropped five pounds it would knock him out. What could he be thinking of? I wondered.

We were within an eighth of a mile of the near end of the siding and I pulled the bell; but he passed the switch without slackening his speed, and paid not the slightest attention to my signal. I stepped into the smoker and pulled the air-valve wide open that set the Westinghouse brakes, and brought the train to a standstill just as the last car cleared the switch.

I told the rear man to open the switch so that we could back in, and jumped down on the ground to give the engineer the signal. As I came in sight of the cab, he stuck his head out of the window and shouted to me in a thick, unsteady voice, which explained at once what the trouble was, "Say, did you pull the air on me?" and he called me everything but a decent white man.

There was no time to blarney with him. I went back into the smoker and got the ventilator stick, which I concealed under my coat. I then told the head brakeman to come with me and look out for the engineer when I should get him out of the cab, and I told the baggage-master that I would blow three short whistles when I got control of the engine, in case I found that I was unable to relieve the brakes, and in that case he should crawl under the cars and bleed them off. I saw that neither of them relished the jobs that I had set them, and I knew that by many of the men I was regarded as an interloper from the East, so there was a chance that they might be more than willing to see me stuck. However, this was a time for action, not words; so, calling to the brakeman to come on, I again jumped off, on the left side, and, shouting to the rear man to go back with his flag, I ran quickly ahead to the engine, where I could hear the engineer vainly attempting to release the brake and cursing away to himself and the fireman as I stepped lightly up into the tender.

As I got up on the left side, neither of them saw me at first. The fireman was sitting on his seat, watching the engineer and idly ringing the bell, while the engineer himself was just in the act of pulling the reverse lever over to "take the slack," hoping, no doubt, to be able to start her in spite of the brakes.

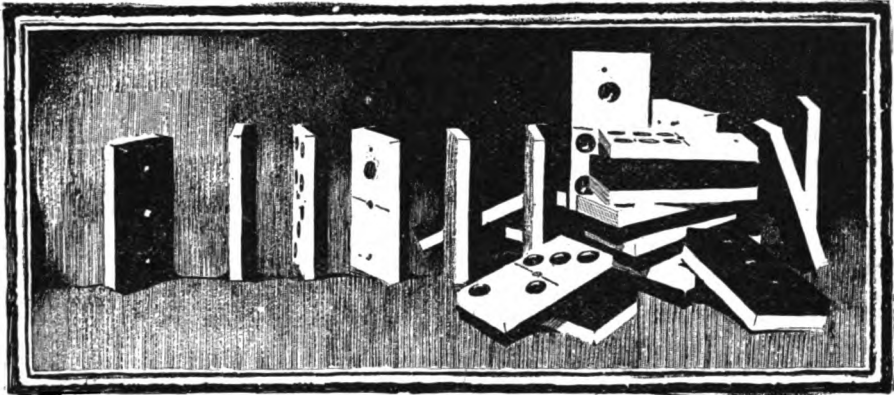
I let him get her in the back motion, and then seizing him by both shoulders, I settled back with all my might, dragging him from the foot-board down on top of myself. He was a big, fat fellow, and nearly squelched the breath out of my body as he fell on top of me, the wet coal splashing from under us, as when a barrel is dropped into the water. It cost

me a couple of minutes' hard struggle to turn him over, but, having done so, I didn't hesitate to give him a hearty rap with the ventilator stick, which quieted him at once; then I looked for my valuable assistant. He was on the ground, looking on. "Get out ahead there and flag," said I, and away he went. Then, stepping up in the cab, I found, to my great relief, that I was able to let the brakes off from there, the air-pump having had time to get the pressure up while I had been arranging matters with the engineer; so, telling the fireman to get off and close the switch after me, I backed the train in and called my head flag. By this time the engineer showed signs of returning consciousness; so I found a piece of bell-cord in the tank-box, and, calling on the baggage-master and brakeman, we tied him and put him in the baggage car. By that time the opposing train had passed, and I started the train. The fireman, who was not any too sober, here interfered, saying he wouldn't fire for "no brass-bound conductor!" My blood was pretty well up now, so I jumped down in the tank and argued with him for about three minutes in a manner that convinced him that his easiest way was to do whatever the "brass-bound conductor" told him to.

I stopped at the first telegraph office and sent back for an engineer. They sent me one, so that I only had to run the engine one way; but I was a sight for gods and men when I returned to the train. My coat was split up the back and one sleeve torn entirely out. I was drenched from head to foot in the inky black water into which I had fallen in the tender, and had a bad cut in the back of my head, from which the blood had flowed copiously, contributing a variety to the otherwise somber uniformity of my dirt.

The engineer was, of course, discharged; and the head brakeman, for having failed to assist me in capturing the engine, was jacked up for thirty days. As no one had seen the scrap between the fireman and me, and as he turned out to be a very decent fellow, with a widowed mother to support, I omitted making any report against him.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This is the last of Mr. Hamblen's papers depicting the life of the railroad worker as it is in actual daily experience. With this veritable record before them, our readers will now be particularly interested in some short stories soon to begin in the Magazine, which give the story-teller's presentation of the same life. The author of these stories, Mr. John A. Hill, like Mr. Hamblen, has been "all through it" himself. He was a locomotive engineer on the Rio Grande in the early days when every "run" yielded a strange adventure. The stories were published some years ago in a railroad journal, but their extraordinary combination of truth to fact with rare, romantic incident makes them of as much interest to the general public as to railroad people, and justifies their re-publication. A remarkably strong and original story by Mr. Hill, entitled "The Polar Zone," but not strictly a railroad story, will be printed in the May number.



The Row of DOMINOES

BY FRANK CRANE

The First Domino set up

THE appearance of a police court in Chicago is very like what I imagine the seat of justice must have been in the gates of an oriental city, where all who had grievances crowded unceremoniously about the judge and vociferously argued their cases, which were decided by the magistrate with summary decision. In front of the police justice's desk there is a jam of miscellaneous and generally unwashed and disreputable humanity. There are thugs, vagrants, thieves, confidence men, and drunkards, together with interested friends, curious onlookers, and the officers. The justice calls the case, and the parties concerned push their way to his desk, which is on an elevated platform, so that the chins of the litigants just appear above the edge of it. He glances at the upturned faces, swiftly administers the oath in a scarcely articulate mutter, and tells them to go on and tell what they know. While they are making their statements the justice is busy signing warrants

and making entries on the sheet before him. Occasionally an affidavit is handed him which he looks over; then rises, and without interrupting the witness, administers an oath to some person away back in the mass, who raises his hand, nods his head, and goes away.

On this particular occasion an old man was brought into court charged with stealing a bottle of gin from a department store. This he had done by slyly setting down over it a wrapper of brown paper, done up to look like a parcel, but with one end open. When he picked up his parcel again, it would not have been perceived that the bottle was in it, had not a house detective observed the whole transaction.

After the detective had made his complaint and rehearsed the facts in the case, the magistrate addressed the culprit:

"Well, sir, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Your honor," replied he, "I took it."



"... a jam of miscellaneous and generally unwashed and disreputable humanity."

I don't deny it. But I took it to get bread for my family. I haven't had any work for three months. My daughter had a job at Frank Brothers', but lost it a week ago. My boy was a messenger for the express company, but a few days back he was let out too. My wife is an invalid. What to do I didn't know. Just the other day a neighbor of mine dropped in, and we got to talking. I told him my situation, and that I had about made up my mind to steal. 'Well,' he says, 'I don't know but that's a good plan. I knew of a man once—he was friend of mine—and he was in just your fix, to a t-y-ty. I'll tell you about him,' he says."



The Second Domino set up

This man's name was Dennis Fagan. He lived over on Halsted Street. He was an iron molder and a good workman, and as industrious as ever a man was. When the big strike came on, he was thrown out of a place. He went around hunting something to do, but he couldn't find anything. He had some forty dollars that his wife had saved up, and that supported them for a while. But by and by that ran out. He was tramping the streets the whole time, and never a job could he strike. At last he gets desperate and says to himself that he'll steal something before he'll see his children starve. There was a butcher shop near by his house, and it was right on the corner of a street and an alley. Dennis had been past there many a time, and had noticed that there was a window in the shed back of the store. In this window he had often observed there was meat hanging up, a ham or a shoulder of mutton or a quarter of beef. So he makes up his mind he will go and take some meat out of that window. So one night he goes and watches around until about one o'clock in the morning, and then, when there's nobody passing and he thinks the coast is all clear, he sneaks down the alley and begins work on the window. He gets it open, and is just making off with a nice big ham when along comes a policeman and nabs him. "What are you doing with that ham?" says he.

"I'm a-taking it home," says Denny.

"Well, this is a pretty time of night to

be a-taking meat home," says the policeman. "I guess I'll run you in," says he.

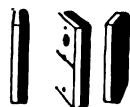
"Why should you be arresting me?" says Denny.

"I'm an honest man," says he. "I've

been out till late at work over on the North Side, and never got home till twelve, and the old woman made me go and get this meat

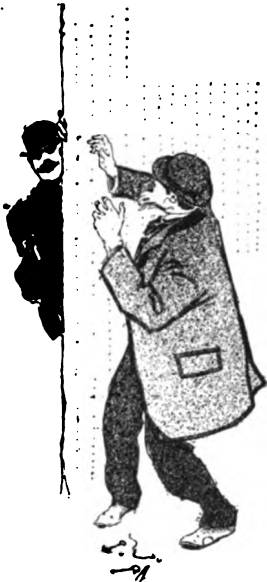
that she had bought to-day, and bring it home so the children could have it for breakfast," says he.

"That's a pretty story," says the officer. "You remind me of a fellow my partner was a-telling me about the other evening."



The Third Domino set up

My partner was on the detective force of the drainage canal last year. The men employed there were mostly of the tough sort, and they gave the neighbors along the line of the work a good deal of trouble with their pilfering and brawling and disorderly conduct one way and another. There had been considerable complaint, and the chief had given the officers strict orders to keep close lookout for all who were acting suspiciously. One night my partner, whose name was Tompkins, was coming down the street of a little village, near by one of the laborers' camps, and was keeping close to the dark side of the street, under the shadow of the houses, where the moonshine wouldn't disclose him, and he saw a fellow trying to get into a store. He was picking at the lock of the door when Tompkins caught sight of him.



"Don't shoot," says the man, "don't shoot."

Tompkins sneaked up as close as he could without alarming the fellow, and then he covered him with his revolver and ordered him to throw up both his hands.

"Don't shoot," says the man, "don't shoot. This is my store. I left something in it that I have to get, and I forgot my key."

"That may be all so," says Tompkins,

"but you can explain that to the judge. Your actions are suspicious. You'll come along with me."

"Who are you?" says the fellow.

"I'm an officer of the law," answers Tompkins, showing his star.

"Well, if that don't beat the mischief!" says the man, and then he burst out laughing. "Arrested for breaking into my own store!" says he.

"That's all right," says Tompkins, "but you go along in front of me, and don't you try to get away or give me trouble, or you'll be lame."

So they went on, the fellow marching before and my partner right behind him. As they were going along the fellow says.



Say, this is rich. By gum! Arrested for burgling my own store! Say, officer, this reminds me of a case that happened an uncle of mine in the war. He was in Sherman's army when it was going from Atlanta to the sea, you know. They had made camp one night down in southern Georgia somewhere, and my uncle, with a lot of other boys, concluded to go out foraging. Victuals weren't so mighty plenty, and there was a sort of an understanding that when the boys got a chance, they could shift for themselves. So this night, about midnight, Uncle George and six or seven others stole out of camp and made for a farmhouse they had seen that day back a piece on the road. After an hour's walk they got to the place, and succeeded in bagging a couple of dozen chickens. They wrung their necks, and put them in a sack, and started for camp. They hadn't gone far till they heard horses' hoofs behind them, and thinking the guerrillas were after them, they broke for the woods on either side of the road. They got separated, and it was nearly daybreak before Uncle George came to our sentries. He was alone, for he had lost the rest of the boys in their run through the timber. The sentry stopped him, and asked him for



"Well, if that don't beat the mischief!" says the man, and then he burst out laughing."

the countersign; and, sir, by jing! Uncle George had clean forgot it. No, sir, couldn't think of it to save his life. There wasn't any use trying to argue with the

ing to peek around the corner of the house to see who was in front. He left the side door open so that he could get back. He crept around the walk and looked, but



"... and there he was . . . he worked at the door a little, and then gave it up."

sentinel, and so he had to sit there under guard. The sentry knew him well, but he couldn't do anything but arrest him unless he could think of that password. So Uncle George he sat there cursing his luck. Pretty soon he says:



there wasn't anybody there at the front door. He went up to it and listened, and he could hear a gnawing sound inside. It was a rat that he had heard. Calling himself a fool he went back, but just as he got to the door he had left open, a gust of wind blew it shut. And there he was, with nothing on but his night-shirt. He didn't have a key, and the door was fastened with one of these new-fangled spring locks that wouldn't open for love nor money. He worked at the door a little, and then gave it up. Then he went around to the windows, but they were all fastened

Say, Ed—Ed Beecham was the picket's name—say, Ed, says he, this is something like old man Fister's experience when his wife wouldn't let him into the house, isn't it? Ed said he didn't remember hearing that one. Well, says Uncle George, you remember old man Fister used to live in that big house in Naperville, out in the edge of town? He was a miserly old codger, and terribly afraid of burglars and thieves, and his wife was a heap more fidelity than he was. He used to keep his house locked up with patent locks on the doors, and always had a gun handy where he could shoot anybody prowling around. One night he thought he heard a noise like some one was picking at the lock on the front door. He lay still awhile, and the noise kept on. He crept out of bed, and started to investigate, keeping quiet so he wouldn't wake his wife up. He sneaked down stairs and out at the side door, aim-



"Uncle George had clean forgot it!"



"The watchman came up and ordered him to surrender."

tighter than wax with bolts and things. It was in the spring, and not so mighty cold; but along about this time in the morning it was considerably chilly for a man that didn't have anything on but a shirt that took him just below the knees. There was nothing for it but to try to wake his wife. So he went to the front door and rattled it. It was some time before he aroused her, and when he did she woke up with a yell, thinking that the burglars had got her sure. She felt over for her husband, and when she discovered he wasn't there, she was more scared than ever. She didn't waste any time seeing who it was banging at the door, but she just hoisted the window and let out screech after screech for the police. Now, it happened that there was a new man on for town watchman that night, a man that didn't know Fister. He chanced to be near, and came running up with his gun ready to shoot the first thing he saw.

"Don't shoot, please don't!" says Fister, shaking with fear and cold.

The watchman came up and ordered him to surrender. Fister said he would be glad to surrender, as he was freezing to death. He begged the watchman to let him go to the barn for a horse-blanket to wrap himself in. So they went to the barn and got the blanket, and Fister was quite comfortable.

"Now," he says, "if you will just let me tell that idiot of a woman up there who I

am, it'll be all right. My name is Fister. I own this house. I thought I heard burglars, and came out to find them, and the door slammed on me, and not having any key I couldn't get back."

They went around to the window where the woman had been screaming, but she wasn't there. She had got so scared that she had gone back to bed and covered her head up in the bedclothes. Fister yelled and yelled, but the old woman was a little deaf and a heap scared, and couldn't have heard Gabriel's trumpet.

"Well, if this don't beat the Jews!" says Fister. "This is about the awkwardest mess I ever heard tell of. It reminds me of what the school-teacher told us last night about what happened to a king once in those books of his."

Muffling himself in the blanket, Fister sat down on a rustic seat with the watchman, under the window, and proceeded to tell:



The school-teacher said there was a king once in one of those Eastern countries that thought he would like to do a little investigating on his own account to see about the condition of things among his people, for he had a suspicion that his ministers and courtiers were lying to him.

So one night he put on a disguise and escaped from the palace when everybody thought he was in bed and asleep, and started out. He sauntered along the street seeing what he could see. All of a sudden a woman jumped out from behind a porch, and, catching hold of his coat, asked him to come along and help her, for she was in great trouble. The king talked with her a little, trying to find out what was her difficulty; but she wouldn't say anything except she was in great distress and would be ruined unless some noble stranger would come to her rescue. They talked on until they came



"That settled it for him."

under the light that shone from a shop window, and then the king noticed that the woman was mighty pretty. That settled it for him, for he was fond of a beautiful woman, as kings usually are. So he said all right, he'd go. She led him along through the streets until they came to a great big house. She opened the door with her key, and in they went, she cautioning him to keep quiet as he valued his life. Taking his hand she toled him on, and they came to a door, which she opened. Going into the room, he saw by the dim light of a lamp that there was a bed there and the form of a man on it. He went up to the bed to look at the man and saw that he was dead, and the blood had run out of the wound in his breast all over the sheets. Just then the woman set up a loud hollo for help, and cried bloody murder.

The servants came running in, and then, sir, by cracky, if she didn't go and lay the murder of that man on the bed on to the king!

Well, the upshot of it was that they bound him hand and foot and threw him into a dungeon. The next morning they led him before a judge, and the woman came there and swore point blank that she had seen the king murder her husband, when all along, you know, she did it herself. The judge asked the king then what he had to say for himself why he shouldn't be choked to death with a bow-string. The king was brave, and wasn't frightened much, and he said the whole business was a lie; and then he told the straight of the matter, but without letting on who he was.

But the woman, or some of her people, slipped money into the judge's hand, and he was for hanging the king right off. The king said that was a curious way of dispensing justice. He said it made him think of a story that had been told him the other day about a monarch that got into difficulty.



This monarch, said the king, was called Fan-wing, and he was the emperor of the Chinese. He lived away back yonder some thousands of years ago. One time he was having a war with the Jews, and his army was besieging one of their cities. Just

for fun the emperor went out one night with a company of his soldiers, disguised as a common person, to see if they couldn't make a sneak into the enemy's walls. Unfortunately the whole batch of them was captured. They were cast into prison, and the jailer treated them scandalously. But the daughter of the jailer saw this emperor, and fell in love with him, and used to bring him knick-knacks and things, and finally she connived so that he escaped. Not long after this the city fell. The emperor ordered the jailer and his family to be looked after and brought before him. When the jailer came into the emperor's presence and saw that it was his old prisoner that he had so misused, he was scared, you bet; but the girl had hopes, because Fan-



"... they bound him hand and foot and threw him into a dungeon."

wing had talked sweet to her, and had promised in the cell that if he ever got out of that he would do something handsome to the lady that had treated him so kindly.

"Well," says the emperor, "you old rip, what have you got to say for yourself? You treated us outrageous when you had us, and it's nothing but fair that I should rub it into you, now I've got you."

The jailer threw himself down on the



" . . . he was scared, you bet; but the girl had hopes, . . . "

floor and fairly wallowed and begged for mercy, and promised never to do it again.

"I don't much think you will," says the monarch, kind of significant like, "because you're liable to have throat trouble mighty soon. As for your beautiful daughter, I'm going to marry her; but I've a notion to have your measly head whacked off at onoe."

"Alas!" says the jailer, "this is like the case of our father Adam."

"And what was that?" asks the emperor, for those Orientals are always keen to hear a yarn.



*The
Eighth
Domino
set up*

Well, says the jailer, it's all about how Adam came to his death. Didn't you ever hear that? The emperor said he never had heard it, and the jailer went on. Adam was only nine hundred and thirty years old, when one day he was out in the woods and was surrounded by a troop of lions. They grabbed him before he could get away, and took him to their king, an old lion that lived up in the moun-

tains. When they had got there and he was brought up before the great beast, he was asked what his name was. He said it was Adam. Then they asked him what kind of a creature he was, and he said, "A Man." And when he said that, the old king lion got mad in a jiffy.

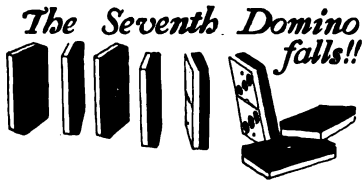
"You are of that race that slays all the other beasts!" he says. "One of my people strayed near your dwelling not long ago, and you slew him and skinned him. What have you to say why you also should not be slain and skinned?"

"Your majesty," says Adam, "all I can say is to remind you of an incident that occurred to one of my children. He was——"

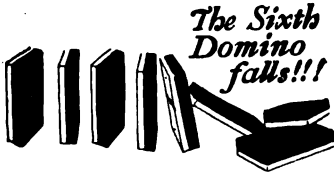


"No, you don't!" says the king lion. "This reminding business has gone far enough. We have got back to the first man now, and if we reverse this thing and start again towards the nineteenth century, there'll be no stopping it. It might as well end right now."

Whereupon the beasts fell upon Adam and finished him.



"Very well," remarked the emperor, "what is good enough for Adam is good enough for you." So he ordered the jailor to be executed, and made his daughter his 135th wife.



When the king had ended his story, some of the courtiers happened in the courtroom, recognized him, and rescued him. The king then commanded the unjust judge and the wicked woman to be tied together in a sack and pitched into the river.



By this time Mrs. Fister had sufficiently recovered from her fright to look out of the window again. She recognized her husband, and let him in.



My uncle George slapped his knee and exclaimed that that recalled the counter-sign—"Let him in." The sentry laughed, and allowed him to go on to his tent.



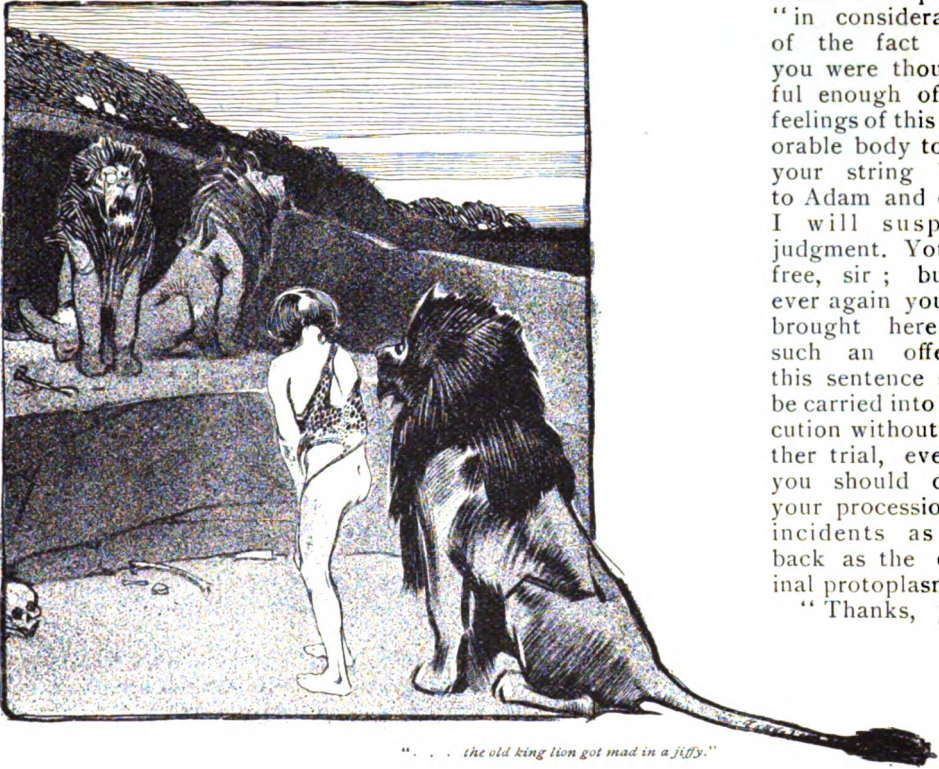
As he completed his tale, the supposed burglar, followed by Tompkins, ran across the Chief of Detectives himself, who knew the prisoner as an honest man and released him.



The policeman had become so interested in his own narrative that he was put off his guard, when suddenly the thief bolted with his ham into a dark passageway and escaped. He eluded the bullets fired after him, and was never discovered.



"Well," said the court, "I shall have



moment's pause, "in consideration of the fact that you were thoughtful enough of the feelings of this honorable body to run your string back to Adam and quit, I will suspend judgment. You are free, sir; but if ever again you are brought here on such an offense, this sentence shall be carried into execution without further trial, even if you should carry your procession of incidents as far back as the original protoplasm."

"Thanks, your

to fine you one hundred dollars and costs, sir, for taking up the valuable time of this court with this rigmarole."

The old man bowed his head and wept.

"But," continued the judge, after a

honor," returned the venerable Mr. Scheherazade, drying his eyes upon his sleeve, "thanks! Hereafter I shall steal no more; but shall confine myself to the more honorable occupation of lying."



DRAWINGS
BY
ORSON LOWELL



THE DAY OF THE DOG

By Morgan Robertson.

Pictures by Corwin K. Linson.

"**L**IGHT the glim—who's got a match?"

"Vere is mine kist? I get some stick-plaster."

"Keep yer dukes off thot bag; it's mine."

"It vas in my bunk."

"Yer bunk, ye bloody Dutchman! Take an upper bunk—where ye belong."

"Who's got a match? I'm bleedin' like a stuck pig."

"That mate or me won't finish the voyage 'f he kicks me again."

"No oil in the blasted lamp! Go aft to the steward, one o' ye, an' get some oil."

"Where's that ordinary seaman? Go get some oil; find him in the galley."

"There goes royal sheets—we'll have a reefin' match 'fore mornin'."

"An' I'd be a lot o' use on a yard to-night; I can't take a good breath."

"I dink he stove in your ribs, Yim, ven he yump off de fo'castle on you. He loose mine teet."

"He won't do it often. Wonder if sheath-knives'll go in this ship?"

"In my last ship day dake 'em away by der dock."

"Dry up—you an' yer last ship; it's the likes o' you that ruins American ships. What d'ye let go the t'gallant-sheet for?"

"I dink it vas der bowline. It vas der bowline-pin on."

"Where's that boy? Did he go for some oil?"

"Here he is. Got some oil?"

"Steward says to light up a slush-

bucket to-night. He ain't got no oil to spare, but'll break some out in the mornin'."

"Hope it'll break his neck doin' it."

"The mate says to rout out the dead man an' send him aft."

"Where is he? Get an iron slush-bucket out o' the bosun's locker, an' ask Chips for some oakum—never mind, here's a bunch. Where's that feller? Can he move yet?"

"Here he is. Hey, matey, heave out. Gentleman aft on the poop wants to shake hands. Out o' that wi' you!"

"That'll do, that'll do. Am I the corpse that is wanted?"

"Turn out!"

"I've listened to the conversation, but can understand nothing of it beyond the profanity. Can any one inform me in the darkness where I am? Am I at sea?"

"You are—at sea, one day out, in the hottest, bloodiest packet that floats. The mate wants you. Get out, or he'll be here. Come on, now; we've had trouble enough this day."

The flare of burning oakum in a bucket of grease illumined the forecandle and the disfigured faces of seven men who were clustered near a lower bunk. From this bunk scrambled a sad wreck. A well-built young man, it was, with a shock of long, thick hair overhanging a clean-cut face, which the flickering light showed to be as bronzed by sun and wind as those of the sailors about him; but in this face were weary, bloodshot eyes, and tell-tale lines that should not have been there; a quarter-inch stubble of beard and mustache covered the lower part, and it was further embellished by the grime of the gutter. The raggedest rags that could carry the name of shirt, trousers, or coat clothed the body; sockless feet showed through holes in the shoes; and from the shoulders, under the coat, hung by a piece

of cord an empty tomato-can with brilliant label.

"Tramp, be the powers," said one. "Isn't thot the name o' the bird, Jim?"

"Right you are, Dennis," said the one addressed—a tall, active American: he who had been called "Yim" by the sympathizing Swede with the "loosed" teeth.

"Yes," said the wreck, "tramp, that's my latest rôle. How'd I get here? I was in a saloon, drinking, but I don't remember any more. I might have been drugged. My head feels light."

"It'll be heavier with a few bumps on it," said Dennis. "Ye've been shanghaied 'long with three or four more of us. Gwan aft an' git bumped; we've had our share."

"What craft is this?"

"Ship 'Indiana' o' New York. Ye'll know her better 'fore ye see the next pint o' beer."

"'Indiana'?" repeated the wreck. "And do you happen to know, any of you, who owns her?"

"Western Packet Line," said Jim; "J. L. Greenheart's the owner. Get out o' here; the mate wants to see you."

"Thank you; but I don't particularly care to see the mate. The captain will answer very well for me. Allow me to introduce myself—J. L. Greenheart, owner of this ship and employer of every man on board."

Stricken as were those men with sore spots and aching bones, they burst into uproarious laughter at this flippant declaration, during which the ragged one moved toward the door and passed out.

"Lord help him," said Jim, "if he goes aft with that bluff! The mates are horses, but the skipper's a whole team."

Ten minutes later the ragged one returned—feet first and unconscious—in the arms of two of the watch on deck, who bundled him into the bunk he had lately quitted and said to the inquiring men:

"We don't know what happened. They had a lively muss on the poop, an' the skipper an' mates must ha' jumped on him; then they called us aft to get him."

The two passed out, and the seven men, with no time for sympathy or nursing, chose, with much bickering, the bunks they were to occupy, for the passage at least, patched up their hurts with what appliances they possessed, and turned in. But they had no sooner stretched out than the rasping voice of the second mate was heard at the door.

"Heye, in there," he called. "Who's that dock rat ye've got with you?"

"Don't know, Mr. Barker," answered Jim from his bunk. "He didn't sign when we did—shanghaied in place of a good man, likely—but says he's the owner."

"Did he know the owner's name without being told?"

"No, sir—nor the name of the ship; we told him."

"Where is he?"

"In the forrard lower bunk, sir—this side."

The second officer stepped in—the still-burning slush-bucket showing him to be a red-whiskered, red-eyed giant—and scanned closely the grimy features of this latest pupil in nautical etiquette. As though there was hypnotic power in the red eyes, the injured man opened his own and returned the stare, at the same time feeling with his fingers a discolored swelling on his forehead that bore plainly the stamp of a boot-heel.

"An all-round hobo; get him out at eight bells, if he can move," said the officer as he left the forecabin.

At four bells the helmsman was relieved, and reported to his mates in the watch on deck as follows:

"He marches up the poop steps an' tells the mate suthin' pretty sharp, an' then, 'fore the mate could stop him, he was down below routin' out the skipper. They had a run-in down there—I heard 'em plain—he was orderin' the skipper to put back to New York an' land him, an' the skipper got a black eye out of it. Then the second mate turns out, an' the first mate goes down, an' between 'em all three they boosts him up the co'panionway an' kicks him round the poop till he can't wiggle."

And when the lookout came down and told of his appearing on the forecabin deck shortly after the second mate's visit and sitting for an hour on the port anchor, muttering to himself and answering no questions, the watch on deck unanimously agreed that he was demented. At eight bells he was in his bunk, and responded to the vigorous shaking he received by planting his feet in the stomach of Dennis, the shaker, and sending him gasping into the opposite bunk.

"Howly Mother," groaned the sailor, when he could breathe. "Say, you scrapin's o' Newgate, try yer heels on sam one ilse—the second mate, f'r inshtance. Me cuticle won't hold any more shpots."

Dennis had been disciplined the day before, mainly while prostrate.

"Kicking seems to be the vogue here," said the man as he rolled out, "and I've been a Princeton half-back, so I'm in it. I've been kicked out of the cabin and off the quarter-deck of my own ship—pounded into insensibility with boot-heels. Why is this?"

"Now look-a here," said a sturdy, thoughtful-eyed Englishman—he who had vociferated for oil when the watch went below—"take my advice: turn to an' be civil, an' do as yer told. You can't run the after-end of her—ye've tried it; you can't run the fo'castle—there's too many against you. Stow that guff 'bout ownin' this ship or ye'll be killed. There ain't a Dutchman aboard but what's a better man than you, and every one of us has been hammered an' kicked till we didn't know our names. 'Cause why? 'Cause it's the rule in yer blasted Yankee ships to break in the crew with handspikes. You've caught it harder, 'cause ye didn't know better than to go aft lookin' for trouble. The sooner ye find yer place an' larn yer work, the better for you."

"Thank you for the advice; I'll take it if I have to, but it's against my principles to work—especially under compulsion. My head aches, and I'm pretty hungry, otherwise I——"

"Turn out!" roared a voice at the door, the command being accompanied by choice epithet and profanity. "Bear a hand."

"Who is that?" asked the man of principles. "I've heard that voice."

"Second mate," whispered the other; "don't go first," he added, mercifully, "nor last."

The first man to leave the fore-castle was Lars, the Swede, who received a blow in the face that sent him reeling against the fife-rail. Then came Dennis; then Tom, the Englishman; followed by Ned, a burly German; Fred, the ordinary seaman; and David, a loose-jointed Highlander, who the day before had lost all his front teeth by the swinging blow of a heaver and had since, for obvious reasons, added no Scotch dialect to the fore-castle discourse. All these escaped that big fist, the second blow, according to packet-ship ethics, being reserved for the last man out; and the last man out now was the man of rags.

But Mr. Barker had not time to deliver that blow. A dirty fist preceded its owner through the door, striking the mate between the eyes, and before the whirling points of light had ceased to dazzle his inner vision a second blow, crashing under his ear, sent him, big man that he was, nearly as far as

Lars had gone. Recovering himself, with a furious oath he seized a belaying-pin from the fife-rail and sprang at his assailant. One futile blow only he dealt, and the pin was wrenched from his grasp and dropped to the deck; then with an iron-hard elbow pressing his throat, and a sinewy left arm bearing, fulcrum-like, on his backbone, he was bent over, gasping, struggling, and vainly striking, lifted from his feet, and hurled headlong to the fore-hatch.

"You are one of the three with whom I dealt in the cabin," said a voice above him in the darkness; "now face me alone, curse you! Get up here and fight it out."

"Mr. Pratt," called the officer, rising unsteadily. "Mr. Pratt! Come forrard, sir."

It was a black night, with a promise of dirty weather to come in the sky astern, and the ship was charging along under topgallant-sails before a half-gale of wind, against which no sounds from near the bow could easily reach the quarter-deck. Only at rare intervals did the full moon show through the dense storm clouds racing overhead, and Mr. Barker was alone on a dark deck, surrounded by fifteen men not one of whom would have prayed for him. Dazed as he was, he knew his danger—knew that all these men needed was a leader, a master-spirit, to arouse them from the submissive apathy of the foremast hand to bloody retaliation. And a leader seemed to have appeared. Lars complained bitterly as he held his bleeding face. Angry mutterings came from the others; some drew sheath-knives, some abstracted belaying-pins from the rail; and a few, Tom among them, supplied themselves with capstan-bars from the rack at the break of the topgallant fore-castle.

"Mr. Pratt," bawled the demoralized officer as he backed away from his challenger; then, as though suddenly remembering, he drew a revolver from his pocket and pointed it at the man confronting him. At that moment, a lithe, springy man bounded into the group from around the corner of the forward house. Flourishing an iron belaying-pin, he yelled: "What's the matter here? Lay aft, you hounds—lay aft! Aft with you all. Mr. Barker, you here?"

"Here you are, sir—this feller here." A momentary appearance of the moon gave the newcomer light to see the leveled pistol and the man covered by it, who seemed to be hesitating and about to look around. One bound carried him close.

Down crashed the iron pin on the faltering man's head, and without a word or a groan he fell, limp and lifeless, to the edge of the hatch, and rolled to the deck. A menacing circle closed around the two officers.

"Drop that handspike—drop it quick!" said Mr. Pratt. "Quick, or I'll shoot you dead."

Tom allowed the six-foot club to slip slowly through his fingers until it struck

the deck; then he let it fall, saying sulkily: "Needs must when the devil drives; but it's only a matter of time, a matter of time. I'll have you hung."

"Put up your knives, every one of you. Put those belaying-pins back in their places, quick," snapped the officer. The two pistols wandered around the group, and the men fell back and obeyed him.

"Now lay aft, every man jack of you."

The incipient mutiny was quelled. They were driven aft before the pistols to the main hatch, where they surrendered their sheath-knives and received a clean-cut lecture on their moral defects from the first officer; then Tom was invited to insert his hands into a pair of shackles. He accepted the invitation (the pistols were still in evidence); and while he was being fastened to a stanchion in the half-deck the men at the wheel



"AM I THE CORPSE THAT'S WANTED?"

"Shame, shame!" cried the men. "He warn't in his right mind; he didn't know what he was doin'."

"It's bloody murder, that's what it is," shouted Tom in a fury of horror and rage. "Blast you, kill a man from behind who only wanted a fair fight!" He whirled his capstan-bar aloft, but held it poised, for he was looking into the barrel of the chief officer's pistol.

and lookout were relieved and the port watch dismissed.

Tom, with forecastle philosophy, congratulated himself on his present immunity from standing watch and stretched out for a nap, flat on his broad back, with arms elevated and hanging by the handcuffs above his head. He had nearly dozed off when the booby-hatch was opened and another prisoner was bundled

down the steps, moaning piteously; and, as he was being ironed to the next stanchion, Tom recognized, by the light of the mate's lantern, the ragged violator of precedent.

"Blow me, matey, but yer hard to kill," he said, when the mate had gone. "I thought you were done for. Know me? I'm the feller that advised ye to go slow."

"Oh, yes. What happened? Why are we here? What place is this?"

"'Tween-decks. We were unkind to the mates—blast 'em—that's why we're here. I'd ha' knocked the first mate stiffer than he knocked you 'f it hadn't been for his gun."

"Was it the first mate who struck me? Oh, there'll be an accounting—my head! Oh, my head!" groaned the man. "I believe I'm injured for life."

"Ye were too reckless, old man; ye oughter ha' watched for the mate. He's a holy terror; he half-killed all hands yesterday; that's why we couldn't stand by ye better. He jumped off the fo'castle on to Dennis, an' the two o' them kicked him all round the fore-hatch. David was knocked endwise with a heaver for goin' to windward o' the skipper, an' his teeth are all gone. Lars got soaked at the wheel—that's against the law, too; and ye see him get it again to-night. Dutch Ned let go the to'gallant sheet, an' the second mate sent him twenty feet. I got it in the nose just 'fore goin' below at eight bells, for no reason on earth but 'cause I was the only man left who hadn't got soaked—besides Fred, the boy; he got clear. An' the other watch got it just as bad. We're all used up an' no good at all; but you got it hardest, 'cause ye earned it. Blow me, but ye done the second mate up brown."

"But why is it necessary, and why do you submit to it—all you men at the mercy of three?"

"Pistols, matey, the pistols. An' Yankee mates are all trained buckoes—rather fight than eat. When the fists an' boots an' belayin'-pins an' handspikes can't do the business they pull their guns—we knew that. An' then, too, mutiny's a serious thing when yer hauled up 'fore the commissioner: all the law's mostly against the sailors."

"I have been drugged, kidnapped, and twice beaten insensible; there is law against that."

"If ye can get it; but ye can't."

"I'll try—I'll try; I've read a little law."

"Yer not a sailorman, matey, I can see; what's yer trade?"

"I have none."

"Never worked?"

"No."

"Jim says you fellers just hoof it round the country, sleepin' under haystacks summer-times an' goin' to jail winters. It's better than goin' to sea. But ye talk like a man that's been educated once. What brought ye down to this—whisky?"

"Y-e-s, and knockout drops. My head is getting worse. I can't talk. How can I lie down? What fiends they are! My head—my head!"

Tom advised the suffering wretch how to dispose himself, and again considered the question of sleep. But no sleep came to him that night. The injured man began muttering to himself; and this muttering, at times intelligible, at others not, often rising to a shriek of pain, lasted until morning and kept him awake. In spite of his life of hard knocks, Tom had so far learned nothing of the alternate delirium and lucidity consequent on slight brain concussion, and supposed this to be the raving of insanity. Kind-hearted as he was, the ceaseless jargon grated on his nerves. He listened to it and the sounds of shortening sail overhead, and wished himself on deck, in the wet and cold, away from this suffering, beyond his power to understand or relieve. At daylight, nearly at the shrieking point himself, he welcomed the throwing back of the scuttle and the appearance of the first mate, who, in yellow sou'-wester and long oilskin coat, descended the ladder and stepped to the side of his victim. Mr. Pratt was a young man, well put together, with black hair and whiskers, and dull gray eyes set in a putty-colored face. It was a face that might grin, but never could smile; yet it wore, as it bent over the moaning, tossing bundle of rags and blood, an expression of mental disquiet.

"How long's he been like this?" he suddenly demanded of Tom.

"Ever since he come down, sir. If you please, sir, I'd like to be put somewhere else or turn to. I wasn't myself last night, Mr. Pratt. I'll be crazy as he is, if I stay here with him."

In answer to this, Tom received two or three kicks in the ribs; then the officer went on deck, returning in a few moments with the captain of the ship—a man who in the rôle of jolly sea-dog might play a part well borne out by his physique. He was the very opposite in appearance to his

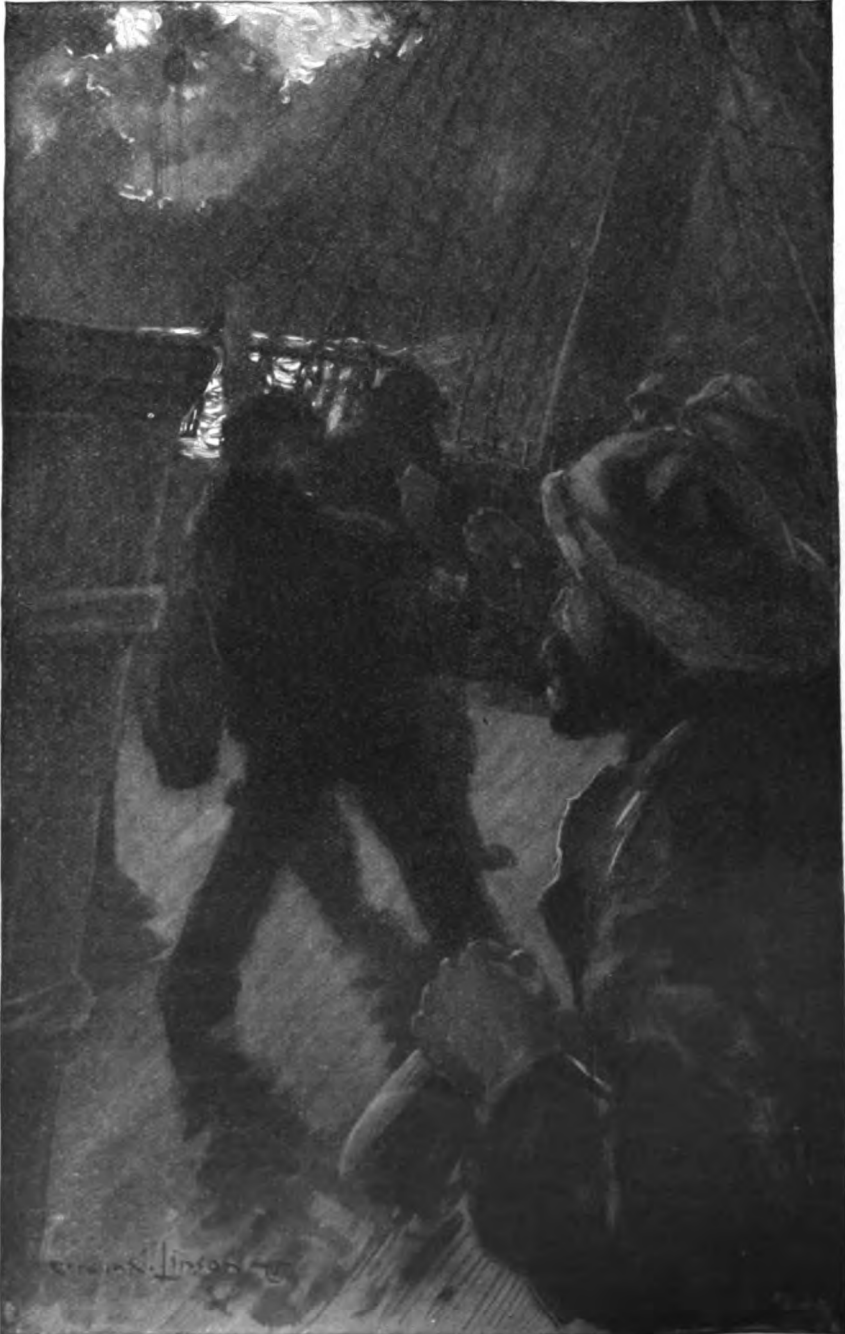
chief mate—short, broad, and smooth-faced, with an upturn to the corners of his mouth, and twinkling blue eyes, which, in spite of a dark circle around one of them, gave his countenance a deceptive look of suppressed merriment.

"So, ho, my man," he said, breezily,

"so you nearly kill my second officer, do you?"

"Not this fellow, Captain Millen," said the mate; "not him, the other. This man raised a handspike over me and threatened to hang me."

"I was excited, Cappen," said Tom.



"HE WAS BENT OVER, GASPING, STRUGGLING, AND VAINLY STRIKING."

"I thought Mr. Pratt had killed the man, which he didn't."

"Will you promise to turn to and do your work, and obey orders civilly, if I let you out?"

"Yes, sir."

"Unlock him, Mr. Pratt."

Tom was released. Rising to his feet, he said, respectfully: "Will I go on deck, sir?"

"Go on," answered the captain.

But Tom was not

mates an eye that in ten minutes was blacker than the captain's.

Captain Millen and Mr. Pratt stooped over and examined the remaining prisoner, now unconscious and breathing heavily, and the mate asked, uneasily: "Think I've done for him, sir?"

"Can't tell; he's all blood and the cut's hidden, and I wouldn't touch him with a fish-pole. I never shipped this hoodlum; the runners kept back a man and sent him."

"The Englishman says he's crazy—the men forrard, too; might be, or his yarn about owning the ship's just the bluff of a tramp."

"Possibly he's daft; but he didn't know the ship's name or the owner's name till the men told him, so Mr. Barker says; and when I told him in the cabin that the owner was a gray-headed man, it threw him out. Guess it's only a bluff. Have you logged him?"

"Yes, sir. Wrote him down just after I ironed him."

"I'll put him in the official log as a maniac; evidence enough even without the men's testimony—forces

himself into my cabin and claims to own the ship, and orders me to run back to New York and land him; unprovoked assault on an officer, and display of maniacal strength. You see, Mr. Pratt, if he dies it'll look better for us, and particularly you, to have him crazy; extra severity is necessary and excusable in dealing with dangerous lunatics. But we don't want him to die—we're too short-handed."

"Shall I have the steward down to fix him up, sir?"

"Yes, and tell him to get what he wants from the medicine-chest; and better be more careful, Mr. Pratt; it don't pay to get the law after you. I know it was



"ANOTHER PRISONER WAS BUNDLED DOWN THE STEPS, MOANING PITEOUSLY."

to escape so easily. As he passed them, Captain Millen's sledge-like fist shot out, and he fell in a heap.

"On deck with you," thundered the captain, whose eyes had not ceased to twinkle during the performance. Tom rose again, sneaked up the ladder and passed forward, where he showed his ship-

dark and Mr. Barker was badly scared; but, just the same, a light whack will always answer. Never strike a man near the temple, especially with an iron belaying-pin or a handspike; and when you have him down, kick him on the legs or above the short ribs. It's altogether unnecessary to disable a man, and unwise with a short crew. Be more careful, Mr. Pratt."

"Yes, sir," said the pupil humbly; "but they had their knives out, and I had no time to pick spots; I just let go."

They left the half-deck, and the steward, busy with the cabin breakfast, was ordered to desist and attend to the wants of the prisoner, which repugnant duty he performed perfunctorily, yet with the result of bringing him to consciousness and inducing him to eat. This, his first meal since he had come aboard, was followed by a refreshing sleep, with his bandaged head pillowed on a coil of new rope; and when he wakened in the afternoon he was able, with his shackles removed to his ankles, to minister to his own hurts.

His condition improved steadily; but a week passed before his nerves and faculties were sufficiently under control to warrant him in, as he expressed it, "taking another fall out o' them." He sent a request for an interview to the captain, who granted it.

"Well, what d'ye want?" he roared, before he was half way down the ladder.

"Want to talk to you," answered the unconquered wreck, in nearly as loud a tone.

"Y' do, hey? Well, talk civil, and be quick about it."

"Exactly. I am anxious to impress upon your mind, as quickly as your mind will receive the impression, the fact that you have made a serious mistake—that you have maltreated and confined in irons, on board one of his own ships, John L. Greenheart, your employer. You have not met him before, because you have only dealt with James L. Greenheart, his uncle and manager."

"Oh, you've struck a new lay, have you—invented a nephew to carry out your bluff? Well, it don't go." But there was a look of intelligent earnestness in the weary eyes of the claimant that induced Captain Millen to continue in defense of his denial—a needless waste of words, had he stopped to think.

"I've sailed in this employ twenty-five years," he stormed; "and I know, if I know anything, that there are no vaga-

bonds in the Greenheart family. Why, you infernal jail-bird, your dirty hide is as tanned as a shell-back's from tramping the highways."

"Just back from a yachting cruise in southern waters, Captain—I haven't yet learned your name."

"Rats! And when did you shave last? What kind of clothes do ship-owners wear?"

"I was slumming disguised as a tramp, when I was drugged and kidnapped. As for being unshaved, I was in the middle of a champagne spree—or I shouldn't have gone slumming at all—and scissored off my beard to heighten the disguise."

Captain Millen did not know what "slumming" meant, and did not care to ask, so he listened no further. The interview ended with a hearty round of profane abuse from him, and the aphorism, "Every dog has his day," from the other.

A few days later he sent a second request to the quarter-deck for a talk with the captain, but the favor was not granted. Fred, the messenger, who now brought his meals from the fore-castle, repeated the errand on the following day, was kicked off the quarter-deck, and refused to go again; so it was another week before he was able to communicate. Then Mr. Barker, rummaging the half-deck in the line of duty, listened to a proposition that he be allowed to work with the crew on terms of abdication and submission. This brought the captain.

"My health is suffering from this confinement," he said. "I cannot eat the swill you feed to me without the appetite coming from exercise in the open air. I am willing to work as a common sailor; and, as you will not recognize the name I give you, I will answer to any."

"Will you shut up about that owner racket?"

"I will."

"And do as you're told, and try to learn your work, so that you can be worth your grub?"

"Yes."

"'Yes?' Say 'Yes, sir,' when you speak to me or the officers. Learn that first."

"Yes, sir."

"All right; and mind you, any monkey work'll get you into more trouble. You're on the articles as Hans Johanne Von Dagerman, Dutchman, able seaman, fourteen dollars a month, and a month's advance—remember that when you're paid off. And you're down in my official log

as a dangerous lunatic. If you raise any row aboard my ship, you'll be shot, and your character and record will excuse it. Understand?"

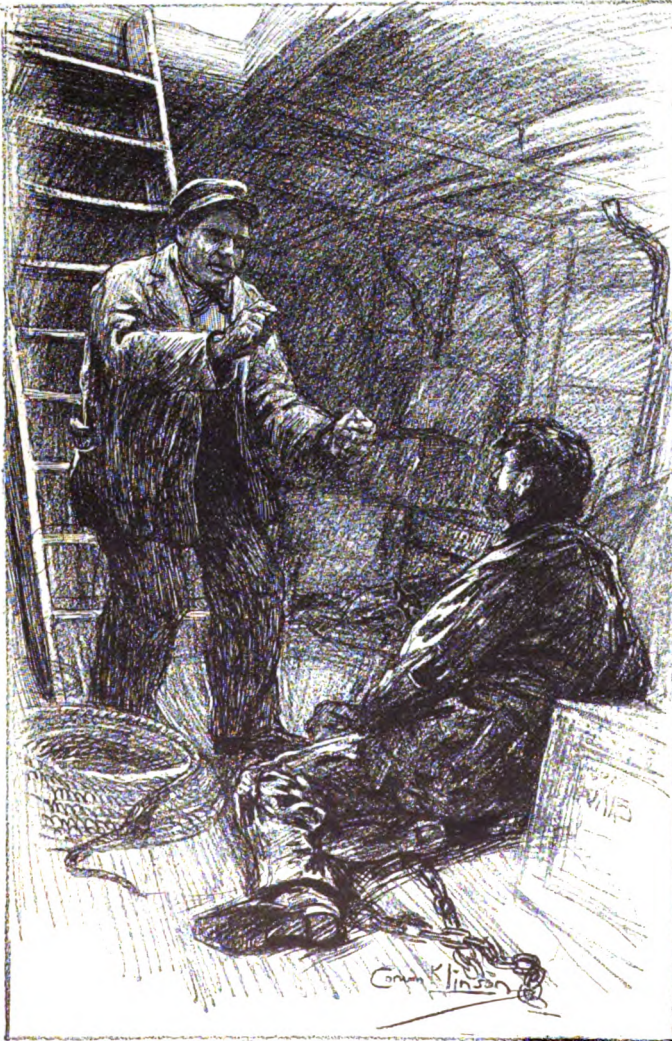
"I do. I accept the warning, the name, the nationality, and the conditions—even the lunacy. Only, Captain, as I am officially insane, I cannot be punished if I kill you all three—remember that." The weary eyes were sparkling.

"Oh, that's your game, is it? Want to get out to kill somebody? Down you go in my log as threatening my life and the lives of my officers, and here you stay in double-irons on bread and water."

So he was logged again, and another pair of manacles fastened to his wrists, with a foot of chain connecting the center links

to the stanchion. This gave him scope to lift from the deck to his mouth the one biscuit allowed him each day, and to drink from his tomato-can, which had been saved for him. But it was not the diet that broke him down. The water was good; and the biscuit, though not the soft, fluffy morsel eaten at tea-tables on shore, was the cleanest and sweetest food on the fore-castle menu, and one a day was as much as he could masticate during his waking hours. It was the confinement and double-irons. After three weeks, pale and emaciated, he sent up another plea for liberty, in which he relinquished the privileges of the insane, and to Captain Millen, when he appeared, he promised a line of good behavior while on board which debarred him the right to

return a blow. He made this promise on his honor, which he said was all they had left him. As the ship was short-handed, the captain accepted the promise and his services. Then, with his tomato-can in his hand, able-seaman Hans Johanne Von Dagerman, as we must now know him, went forward, a member of the starboard watch. At the end of the first day he had proved his incapacity and was disrated to ordinary seaman, at eleven dollars a month. This did not trouble him, until, having heard of the "slop-chest"—the store of clothing which captains lay in to sell to sailors at sea—he learned that he could not purchase until out of debt to the ship. His pay had stopped when he became a prisoner, and the time required to work off the fourteen dollars advance charged against him brought the ship, bound to Shanghai, well into the chilly weather to the south of Cape of Good Hope before he could draw from the slop-chest; and then he bought, not clothing, but salt-water soap, with which he washed his own



"HERE YOU STAY IN DOUBLE-IRONS ON BREAD AND WATER."

and the scant supply of rags contributed by his pitying shipmates, and took a chilly bath over the bows with a draw-bucket. He was certainly insane, and the men not only pitied him but feared him, forbearing all the petty persecutions which able seamen may inflict on a green hand in the watch below. He occasionally borrowed his friend Tom's scissors and looking-glass and kept his growing beard trimmed to a point—an outlandish, lubberly style, inspired, no doubt, by his lunacy. He manufactured, from the inner bristles of a condemned paint-brush, a fairly serviceable tooth-brush, with which, and a piece of bath-brick coaxed from the cook, he scoured his teeth—remarkably white and well-set—after each meal. Every morning, no matter what the weather, he took his douche-bath, using up valuable time in his watch below for the performance. When he had earned more money, he bought clothing, and paid his debts to his mates in kind—new shirts, etc., for old; and then only did he buy for himself. He refused to talk of his past, but frankly confessed to the others that he was crazy. All these idiosyncrasies counted against him, and drifting aft, through the medium of the cook and steward, were entered in the official log as additional evidence of his mental derangement.

He seemed to know something of sailors' work when he began—that is, he knew star-board from port, and the names of the sails, but not the ropes; and he could steer well enough to take his trick in fine weather. He learned rapidly, tutored by Tom and Jim; and, though often making mistakes that brought him abuse and sometimes knockdowns, he never resented, only showing, by the somber sparkling of

his weary eyes, that he appreciated and remembered. The big second mate, however, though prolific in profanely worded expressions of disapproval, avoided personal contact with him, candidly admitting to Mr. Pratt that once was enough for one lifetime and that he took no stock in the promises of crazy men.

At Shanghai, Hans Johanne Von Dagerman applied for liberty to go ashore, which was denied him; for he had drawn his wages up to date in slop-clothing, and with nothing to hold him to the ship, he might desert. As a consequence, he slipped overboard in the night, swam ashore, hid until morning, and entered the office of

the American consul just as Captain Milten had finished reading to that official from the official log an account of his misdoing. The consul listened to the deserter's story, and was so impressed with its untruthfulness and so incensed by his violent de-



mands that he depose Captain Millen from command, that he ordered him back to the ship in irons. He remained in the half-deck until the ship sailed for New York, and was then glad to be released on a second promise of good conduct.

On the homeward passage he kept his place and his promise, becoming, under the influence of his watch-mates, who began to like him, a fairly proficient sailorman—quick and intelligent in judgment, active and strong in the execution of orders. The ozone of the sea, with his hygienic personal habits, religiously clung to, had cleared the bloodshot eye, smoothed the premature lines in his sunburned face, and transformed him from the dilapidated wreck of humanity first introduced, to as handsome and manly-looking a sailor as ever pulled a rope.

The ship reached New York, and Captain Millen, according to instructions brought to him at Quarantine, anchored the "Indiana" off Staten Island pending the vacating of her dock by another ship. As this would not be for a fortnight, the men were sent ashore on a tug, and three days later paid off at the shipping-office. Then they disappeared from the ken and concern of Captain Millen and his officers, who, with the steward, remained by the ship, killing time as best they could. Smoking lazily under the quarter-deck awning one day, they became interested in a large steam yacht approaching on the starboard quarter. A dainty piece of cabinet-work she was, glistening with varnish paint and polished brass, with the American yacht ensign at the stern and the burgee of the New York Yacht Club at the fore-truck, yet showing, by her square stern and gaffs peaked from the deck, her probable English origin. Blue-shirted sailors dotted her white deck, two uniformed officers conned her from the bridge; and aft, on the fan-tail, seated in a wicker-work deck-chair, was a white-haired old gentleman. Captain Millen, viewing her through his glasses, suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, it's old Greenheart! Getting gay in his old age, buying steam yachts. Hope he won't dock my pay to make up for this."

As the beautiful craft drew up alongside and stopped, the old gentleman arose and took off his cap, which salute they answered; then a gig was lowered, manned by a neatly-dressed crew, and steered to the ship's gangway by a spruce young coxswain, who mounted the side and approached them. Touching his cap, he said:

"Mr. Greenheart would like to see Captain Millen, Mr. Pratt, and Mr. Barker on board the yacht."

"Well, well—certainly—yes, of course," said the captain. "Pratt, get a collar on; you, too, Barker. 'Tisn't every day we get into good society. Hurry up. Ready in a minute, young fellow." The coxswain descended to the gig, and the two mates to their rooms, where they made such hurried toilet as the urgency would admit of. As they came up, the captain said, impressively:

"Don't let on, now, that you expect anything: the old man's finicky; but I think this means promotion for all of us. The new ship was launched last week, and I'm more than likely to get her. That'll leave a vacancy here, and I've spoken well of both of you. But don't let on."

They entered the gig and were pulled to the yacht, where, on climbing the gangway steps, they found the side manned for them. Two lines of men, marshaled by a keen-eyed second mate, who stared curiously at the visitors, stretched across the deck, forming a lane through which they must pass. And these two lines were composed of the port and starboard watches of the "Indiana," spick and span, in clean blue uniform, each man gazing stonily over the shoulder of his *vis-à-vis*, and only one giving any sign of recognition. David, who had not smiled during the voyage, now grinned cheerfully around a set of false teeth. Agape with astonishment, the three visitors passed on until they were met by the smiling old gentleman, who shook hands with them and said:

"A little out of the ordinary, Captain—no, not my yacht—my nephew's. He has just returned from abroad, and thinks he was in the China seas about the time you were there. He wants to meet you and compare notes, and suggested a spin down the Bay. John," he called down the cabin stairs, "will you come up? Captain Millen is here. Allow me to introduce you. Gentlemen, my nephew, Mr. Greenheart. John, this is Captain Millen, our commodore—"

"Exactly."

Hans Johanne Von Dagerman had come up the stairs and seated himself in the deck-chair. His tar-stained hands were hidden in gloves; his symmetrical figure was clad in the New York Yacht Club uniform; and the weary eyes glittered in his bronzed face with an expression as deadly in its earnestness as the gesture which

brought two revolvers from his pockets and up to a line with the visitors' heads.

"Exactly," he repeated; "we've met before. Don't trouble yourself to introduce them, uncle—allow me. Allow me to make you acquainted with three as black-hearted, inhuman scoundrels as ever disgraced humanity."

"Why, John, John, what does this mean?" exclaimed the puzzled old gentleman, while Captain Millen, pale and embarrassed, stuttered: "I didn't know, sir; why didn't you tell me?" Mr. Pratt and Mr. Barker said nothing, but looked from the leveled pistols forward to the two lines of observant men, and noticed that the yacht was under way and heading to sea.

"Uncle, how long has Captain Millen commanded a ship for father?"

"Over twenty-five years, John; and he now stands first—as good, capable, and honest a captain as ever sailed a ship. I am astonished."

"Um—humph—I see. Yet I am afraid that if father knows now how his money was made,—how every dollar was wrung from the sweat, and the blood, and the suffering of slaves,—he is not resting easy in his grave. Uncle, you are getting old. In a week I shall expect a statement of the business of the line, with the names and whereabouts of the ships and the names of the captains. There is going to be one line of American sailing-ships conducted on humane principles. But before you relinquish control, examine the official log of the 'Indiana' for the last voyage, and you will learn that one Hans Johanne Von Dagerman is insane and not responsible for his actions. An official

log is excellent testimony in court. Now, then, you three, off with your coats and throw them down the companionway—quickly, or I'll lift the tops of your heads."

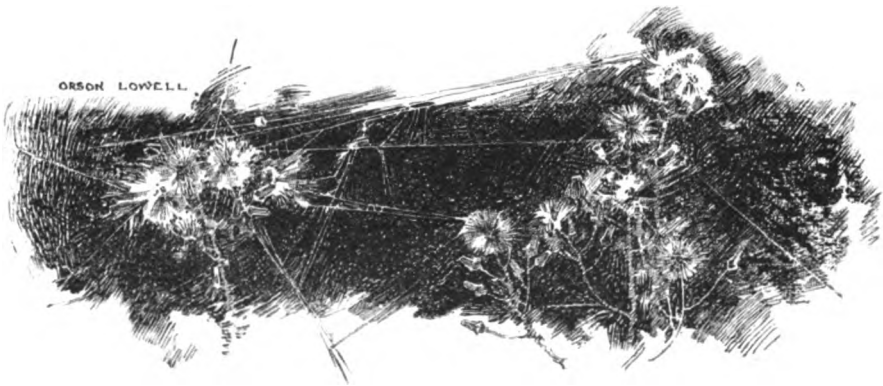
He was still seated in the deck-chair, but his voice rang out like the blare of a trumpet; and they obeyed him, while the old gentleman wrung his hands nervously.

"Turn your trouserspockets inside out," he commanded, and was obeyed again.

"Now, boys," he called, excitedly, "they haven't any pistols, and we've got them right where we want them. Tom—Jim—Ned—hurrah! here; come on! Lars—drive in; there's a railful of brass belaying-pins; there's a rack of handspikes; David, remember your teeth. Come on, Fred! Come on, the whole crowd of you! Let them know how it feels. Give it to them!"

An hour later, three men—scarred, bleeding, and groaning—stripped to remnants of underclothing, conscious of nothing but their terrible pain, were lowered into a boat and landed at the wharf of Bellevue Hospital, from which institution emanated, in a few days, certain official notifications to the police which resulted in certain official inquiries that were immediately hushed.

A few days later a shocked and agitated old gentleman betook himself to the mountains to be treated for nervous prostration; and in a few months a young club man—former good fellow, lately returned from abroad—had excited much gossip and puzzled comment among his friends, because of his serious demeanor, changed habits, and strict attention to business.

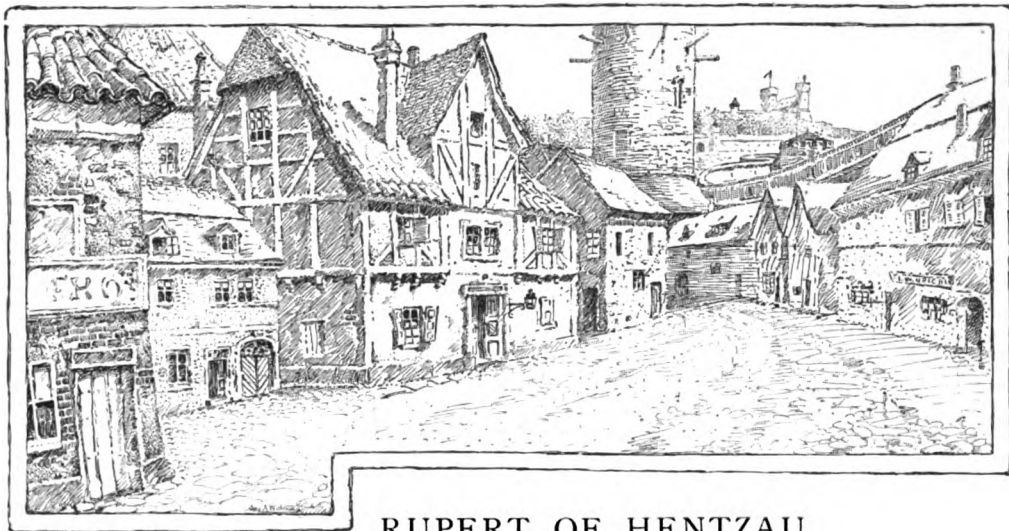


DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.



"I heard her sob." See page 356.

"RUPERT OF HENTZAU," CHAPTER XIV.



RUPERT OF HENTZAU.

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF FRITZ VON TARLENHEIM.

BY ANTHONY HOPE.

Being the sequel to a story by the same writer entitled "The Prisoner of Zenda."

WITH FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON.

INTRODUCTION AND SUMMARY OF EARLIER CHAPTERS.

Rudolf Rassendyll, as an act of friendship to Rudolf, King of Ruritania, his distant relative, takes advantage of a close resemblance between them and impersonates the king through a grave crisis in the latter's affairs. He even plays the king's part as the prospective husband of the Princess Flavia. But in so doing he loses his heart, while the princess suddenly discovers in her lover a fervor and fascination she had not found in him before. In the end, the princess dutifully marries the real king; but thereafter, once a year, she sends a gift and a verbal message to Rassendyll in token of her remembrance of him. This continues for three years. Then, under a passionate impulse, she sends with her yearly gift a letter. The bearer, Fritz von Tarlenheim, is betrayed by his servant Bauer, and assaulted and robbed of the letter by Rupert of Hentzau. The queen and her friends—Ras-

sendyll, Von Tarlenheim, Colonel Sapt, and Lieutenant Bernenstein—now put forth all their power and ingenuity to recover the letter. Despite their precautions, Rupert gets to the king one night when the latter is staying at a remote hunting-lodge. But before Rupert can give him the letter, or tell him of it, they fall into a quarrel, and the king is killed. Rupert flies. Sapt, Von Tarlenheim, and Rassendyll's servant, James, coming soon after to the lodge, learn what has happened from the king's attendant, Herbert, who himself soon dies of a wound received in the fight. Rischenheim (Rupert's accomplice), the queen, and Rassendyll are now at Strelsau, where Rassendyll is trying to get a meeting with Rupert, at Rupert's lodging, No. 19 Königstrasse, and force the letter from him. Rassendyll is generally supposed to be the king, and at present he dare not correct the mistake.

CHAPTER XIII.

A KING UP HIS SLEEVE.

THE tall handsome girl was taking down the shutters from the shop front at No. 19 in the Königstrasse. She went about her work languidly enough, but there was a tinge of dusky red on her cheeks and her eyes were brightened by some suppressed excitement. Old Mother Holf, leaning against the counter, was grumbling angrily because Bauer did not come. Now it was not likely that Bauer would come just yet, for he was still in

the infirmary attached to the police-cells, where a couple of doctors were very busy setting him on his legs again. The old woman knew nothing of this, but only that he had gone the night before to reconnoitre; where he was to play the spy she did not know, on whom perhaps she guessed.

"You're sure he never came back?" she asked her daughter.

"He never came back that I saw," answered the girl. "And I was on the watch with my lamp here in the shop till it grew light."

"He's twelve hours gone now, and never a message! Aye, and Count Rupert should

be here soon, and he'll be in a fine taking if Bauer's not back."

The girl made no answer; she had finished her task and stood in the doorway, looking out on the street. It was past eight, and many people were about, still for the most part humble folk; the more comfortably placed would not be moving for an hour or two yet. In the road the traffic consisted chiefly of country carts and wagons, bringing in produce for the day's victualling of the great city. The girl watched the stream, but her thoughts were occupied with the stately gentleman who had come to her by night and asked a service of her. She had heard the revolver shot outside; as it sounded she had blown out her lamp, and there behind the door in the dark had heard the swiftly retreating feet of the fugitives and, a little later, the arrival of the patrol. Well, the patrol would not dare to touch the king; as for Bauer, let him be alive or dead: what cared she, who was the king's servant, able to help the king against his enemies? If Bauer were the king's enemy, right glad would she be to hear that the rogue was dead. How finely the king had caught him by the neck and thrown him out! She laughed to think how little her mother knew the company she had kept that night.

The row of country carts moved slowly by. One or two stopped before the shop, and the carters offered vegetables for sale. The old woman would have nothing to say to them, but waved them on irritably. Three had thus stopped and again proceeded, and an impatient grumble broke from the old lady as a fourth, a covered wagon, drew up before the door.

"We don't want anything: go on, go on with you!" she cried shrilly.

The carter got down from his seat without heeding her, and walked round to the back.

"Here you are, sir," he cried. "Nineteen, Königstrasse."

A yawn was heard, and the long sigh a man gives as he stretches himself in the mingled luxury and pain of an awakening after sound refreshing sleep.

"All right; I'll get down," came in answer from inside.

"Ah, it's the count!" said the old lady to her daughter in satisfied tones. "What will he say, though, about that rogue Bauer?"

Rupert of Hentzau put his head out from under the wagon-tilt, looked up and down the street, gave the carter a couple

of crowns, leapt down, and ran lightly across the pavement into the little shop. The wagon moved on.

"A lucky thing I met him," said Rupert cheerily. "The wagon hid me very well; and handsome as my face is, I can't let Strelsau enjoy too much of it just now. Well, mother, what cheer? And you, my pretty, how goes it with you?" He carelessly brushed the girl's cheek with the glove that he had drawn off. "Faith, though, I beg your pardon," he added a moment later: "the glove's not clean enough for that," and he looked at his buff glove, which was stained with patches of dull rusty brown.

"It's all as when you left, Count Rupert," said Mother Holf, "except that that rascal Bauer went out last night——"

"That's right enough. But hasn't he returned?"

"No, not yet."

"Hum. No signs of—anybody else?" His look defined the vague question.

The old woman shook her head. The girl turned away to hide a smile. "Anybody else" meant the king, so she suspected. Well, they should hear nothing from her. The king himself had charged her to be silent.

"But Rischenheim has come, I suppose?" pursued Rupert.

"Oh, yes; he came, my lord, soon after you went. He wears his arm in a sling."

"Ah!" cried Rupert in sudden excitement. "As I guessed! The devil! If only I could do everything myself, and not have to trust to fools and bunglers! Where's the count?"

"Why, in the attic. You know the way."

"True. But I want some breakfast, mother."

"Rosa shall serve you at once, my lord."

The girl followed Rupert up the narrow, crazy staircase of the tall old house. They passed three floors, all uninhabited; a last steep flight brought them right under the deep arched roof. Rupert opened a door that stood at the top of the stairs, and, followed still by Rosa with her mysterious happy smile, entered a long, narrow room. The ceiling, high in the center, sloped rapidly down on either side, so that at door and window it was little more than six feet above the floor. There were an oak table and a few chairs; a couple of iron bedsteads stood by the wall near the window. One was empty; the Count

of Luzau-Rischenheim lay on the other, fully dressed, his right arm supported in a sling of black silk. Rupert paused on the threshold, smiling at his cousin; the girl passed on to a high press or cupboard, and, opening it, took out plates, glasses, and the other furniture of the table. Rischenheim sprang up and ran across the room.

"What news?" he cried eagerly. "You escaped them, Rupert?"

"It appears so," said Rupert airily; and, advancing into the room, he threw himself into a chair, tossing his hat on to the table. "It appears that I escaped, although some fool's stupidity nearly made an end of me."

Rischenheim flushed.

"I'll tell you about that directly," he said, glancing at the girl who had put some cold meat and a bottle of wine on the table, and was now completing the preparations for Rupert's meal in a very leisurely fashion.

"Had I nothing to do but look at pretty faces—which, by heaven, I wish heartily were the case—I would beg you to stay," said Rupert, rising and making her a profound bow.

"I've no wish to hear what doesn't concern me," she retorted scornfully.

"What a rare and blessed disposition!" said he, holding the door for her and bowing again.

"I know what I know," she cried to him triumphantly from the landing. "Maybe you'd give something to know it too, Count Rupert!"

"It's very likely, for, by heaven, girls know wonderful things!" smiled Rupert; but he shut the door and came quickly back to the table, now frowning again. "Come, tell me, how did they make a fool of you, or why did you make a fool of me, cousin?"

While Rischenheim related how he had been trapped and tricked at the Castle of Zenda, Rupert of Hentzau made a very good breakfast. He offered no interruption and no comments, but when Rudolf Rassendyll came into the story he looked up for an instant with a quick jerk of his head and a sudden light in his eyes. The end of Rischenheim's narrative found him tolerant and smiling again.

"Ah, well, the snare was cleverly set," he said. "I don't wonder you fell into it."

"And now you? What happened to you?" asked Rischenheim eagerly.

"I? Why, having your message which

was not your message, I obeyed your directions which were not your directions."

"You went to the lodge?"

"Certainly."

"And found Sapt there?—Anybody else?"

"Why, not Sapt at all."

"Not Sapt? But surely they laid a trap for you?"

"Very possibly, but the jaws didn't bite." Rupert crossed his legs and lit a cigarette.

"But what did you find?"

"I? I found the king's forester, and the king's boar-hound, and—well, I found the king himself, too."

"The king at the lodge?"

"You weren't so wrong as you thought, were you?"

"But surely Sapt, or Bernenstein, or some one was with him?"

"As I tell you, his forester and his boar-hound. No other man or beast, on my honor."

"Then you gave him the letter?" cried Rischenheim, trembling with excitement.

"Alas, no, my dear cousin. I threw the box at him, but I don't think he had time to open it. We didn't get to that stage of the conversation at which I had intended to produce the letter."

"But why not—why not?"

Rupert rose to his feet, and, coming just opposite to where Rischenheim sat, balanced himself on his heels, and looked down at his cousin, blowing the ash from his cigarette and smiling pleasantly.

"Have you noticed," he asked, "that my coat's torn?"

"I see it is."

"Yes. The boar-hound tried to bite me, cousin. And the forester would have stabbed me. And—well, the king wanted to shoot me."

"Yes, yes! For God's sake, what happened?"

"Well, they none of them did what they wanted. That's what happened, dear cousin."

Rischenheim was staring at him now with wide-opened eyes. Rupert smiled down on him composedly.

"Because, you see," he added, "heaven helped me. So that, my dear cousin, the dog will bite no more, and the forester will stab no more. Surely the country is well rid of them?"

A silence followed. Then Rischenheim, leaning forward, said in a low whisper, as though afraid to hear his own question:

"And the king?"

"The king? Well, the king will shoot no more."

For a moment Rischenheim, still leaning forward, gazed at his cousin. Then he sank slowly back into his chair.

"My God!" he murmured: "my God!"

"The king was a fool," said Rupert. "Come, I'll tell you a little more about it." He drew a chair up and seated himself in it.

While he talked Rischenheim seemed hardly to listen. The story gained in effect from the contrast of Rupert's airy telling; his companion's pale face and twitching hands tickled his fancy to more shameless jesting. But when he had finished, he gave a pull to his small, smartly-curved mustache and said with a sudden gravity:

"After all, though, it's a serious matter."

Rischenheim was appalled at the issue. His cousin's influence had been strong enough to lead him into the affair of the letter; he was aghast to think how Rupert's reckless dare-devilry had led on from stage to stage till the death of a king seemed but an incident in his schemes. He sprang suddenly to his feet, crying:

"But we must fly—we must fly!"

"No, we needn't fly. Perhaps we'd better go, but we needn't fly."

"But when it becomes known——?" He broke off and then cried: "Why did you tell me? Why did you come back here?"

"Well, I told you because it was interesting, and I came back here because I had no money to go elsewhere."

"I would have sent money."

"I find that I get more when I ask in person. Besides, is everything finished?"

"I'll have no more to do with it."

"Ah, my dear cousin, you despond too soon. The good king is unhappily gone from us, but we still have our dear queen. We have also, by the kindness of heaven, our dear queen's letter."

"I'll have no more to do with it."

"Your neck feeling . . . ?" Rupert delicately imitated the putting of a noose about a man's throat.

Rischenheim rose suddenly and flung the window open wide.

"I'm suffocated," he muttered with a sullen frown, avoiding Rupert's eyes.

"Where's Rudolf Rassendyll?" asked Rupert. "Have you heard of him?"

"No, I don't know where he is."

"We must find that out, I think."

Rischenheim turned abruptly on him.

"I had no hand in this thing," he said, "and I'll have no more to do with it. I was not there. What did I know of the king being there? I'm not guilty of it: on my soul, I knew nothing of it."

"That's all very true," nodded Rupert.

"Rupert," cried he, "let me go, let me alone. If you want money, I'll give it you. For God's sake take it, and get out of Strelsau!"

"I'm ashamed to beg, my dear cousin, but in fact I want a little money until I can contrive to realize my valuable property. Is it safe, I wonder? Ah, yes, here it is."

He drew from his inner pocket the queen's letter. "Now if the king hadn't been a fool!" he murmured regretfully, as he regarded it.

Then he walked across to the window and looked out; he could not himself be seen from the street, and nobody was visible at the windows opposite. Men and women passed to and fro on their daily labors or pleasures; there was no unusual stir in the city. Looking over the roofs, Rupert could see the royal standard floating in the wind over the palace and the barracks. He took out his watch; Rischenheim imitated his action: it was ten minutes to ten.

"Rischenheim," he called, "come here a moment. Here—look out."

Rischenheim obeyed, and Rupert let him look for a minute or two before speaking again.

"Do you see anything remarkable?" he asked then.

"No, nothing," answered Rischenheim, still curt and sullen in his fright.

"Well, no more do I. And that's very odd. For don't you think that Sapt or some other of her majesty's friends must have gone to the lodge last night?"

"They meant to, I swear," said Rischenheim with sudden attention.

"Then they would have found the king. There's a telegraph wire at Hofbau, only a few miles away. And it's ten o'clock. My cousin, why isn't Strelsau mourning for our lamented king? Why aren't the flags at half-mast? I don't understand it."

"No," murmured Rischenheim, his eyes now fixed on his cousin's face.

Rupert broke into a smile and tapped his teeth with his fingers.

"I wonder," said he meditatively, "if that old player Sapt has got a king up his sleeve again! If that were so——" He stopped and seemed to fall into deep thought. Rischenheim did not interrupt him, but stood looking now at him, now out of the window. Still there was no stir in the streets, and still the standards floated at the summit of the flagstaffs. The king's death was not yet known in Strelsau.

"Where's Bauer?" asked Rupert suddenly. "Where the plague can Bauer be? He was my eyes. Here we are, cooped up, and I don't know what's going on."

"I don't know where he is. Something must have happened to him."

"Of course, my wise cousin. But what?"

Rupert began to pace up and down the room, smoking another cigarette at a great pace. Rischenheim sat down by the table, resting his head on his hand. He was wearied out by strain and excitement, his wounded arm pained him greatly, and he was full of horror and remorse at the event which had happened unknown to him the night before.

"I wish I was quit of it," he moaned at last.

Rupert stopped before him.

"You repent of your misdeeds?" he asked. "Well, then, you shall be allowed to repent. Nay, you shall go and tell the king that you repent. Rischenheim, I must know what they are doing. You must go and ask an audience of the king."

"But the king is——"

"We shall know that better when you've asked for your audience. See here."

Rupert sat down by his cousin and instructed him in his task. This was no other than to discover whether there were a king in Strelsau, or whether the only king lay dead in the hunting-lodge. If there were no attempt being made to conceal the king's death, Rupert's plan was to seek safety in flight. He did not abandon his designs: from the secure vantage of foreign soil he would hold the queen's letter over her head, and by the threat of publishing it insure at once immunity for himself and almost any further terms which he chose to exact from her. If, on the other hand, the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim found a king in Strelsau, if the royal standards continued to wave at the summit of their flagstaffs, and Strelsau knew nothing of the dead man in the lodge, then

Rupert had laid his hand on another secret; for he knew who the king in Strelsau must be. Starting from this point, his audacious mind darted forward to new and bolder schemes. He could offer again to Rudolf Rassendyll what he had offered once before, three years ago—a partnership in crime and the profits of crime—or if this advance were refused, then he declared that he would himself descend openly into the streets of Strelsau and proclaim the death of the king from the steps of the cathedral.

"Who can tell," he cried, springing up, enraptured and merry with the inspiration of his plan, "who can tell whether Sapt or I came first to the lodge? Who found the king alive, Sapt or I? Who left him dead, Sapt or I? Who had most interest in killing him—I, who only sought to make him aware of what touched his honor, or Sapt, who was and is hand and glove with the man that now robs him of his name and usurps his place while his body is still warm? Ah, they haven't done with Rupert of Hentzau yet!"

He stopped, looking down on his companion. Rischenheim's fingers still twitched nervously and his cheeks were pale. But now his face was alight with interest and eagerness. Again the fascination of Rupert's audacity and the infection of his courage caught on his kinsman's weaker nature, and inspired him to a temporary emulation of the will that dominated him.

"You see," pursued Rupert, "it's not likely that they'll do you any harm."

"I'll risk anything."

"Most gallant gentleman! At the worst they'll only keep you a prisoner. Well, if you're not back in a couple of hours, I shall draw my conclusions. I shall know that there's a king in Strelsau."

"But where shall I look for the king?"

"Why, first in the palace, and secondly at Fritz von Tarlenheim's. I expect you'll find him at Fritz's, though."

"Shall I go there first, then?"

"No. That would be seeming to know too much."

"You'll wait here?"

"Certainly, cousin—unless I see cause to move, you know."

"And I shall find you on my return?"

"Me, or directions from me. By the way, bring money too. There's never any harm in having a full pocket. I wonder what the devil does without a breeches-pocket!"

Rischenheim let that curious speculation

alone, although he remembered the whimsical air with which Rupert delivered it. He was now on fire to be gone, his ill-balanced brain leaping from the depths of despondency to the certainty of brilliant success, and not heeding the gulf of danger that it surpassed in buoyant fancy.

"We shall have them in a corner, Rupert," he cried.

"Ay, perhaps. But wild beasts in a corner bite hard."

"I wish my arm were well!"

"You'll be safer with it wounded," said Rupert with a smile.

"By God, Rupert, I can defend myself."

"True, true; but it's your brain I want now, cousin."

"You shall see that I have something in me."

"If it please God, dear cousin."

With every mocking encouragement and every careless taunt Rischenheim's resolve to prove himself a man grew stronger. He snatched up a revolver that lay on the mantelpiece and put it in his pocket.

"Don't fire, if you can help it," advised Rupert.

Rischenheim's answer was to make for the door at a great speed. Rupert watched him go, and then returned to the window. The last his cousin saw was his figure standing straight and lithe against the light, while he looked out on the city. Still there was no stir in the streets, still the royal standard floated at the top of the flagstuffs.

Rischenheim plunged down the stairs: his feet were too slow for his eagerness. At the bottom he found the girl Rosa sweeping the passage with great apparent diligence.

"You're going out, my lord?" she asked.

"Why, yes; I have business. Pray stand on one side, this passage is so curiously narrow."

Rosa showed no haste in moving.

"And the Count Rupert, is he going out also?" she asked.

"You see he's not with me. He'll wait——" Rischenheim broke off and asked angrily: "What business is it of yours, girl? Get out of the way!"

She moved aside now, making him no answer. He rushed past; she looked after him with a smile of triumph. Then she fell again to her sweeping. The king had bidden her be ready at ten. It was half-past ten. Soon the king would have need of her.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEWS COMES TO STRELSAU.

ON leaving No. 19, Rischenheim walked swiftly some little way up the Königstrasse and then hailed a cab. He had hardly raised his hand when he heard his name called, and, looking round, saw Anton von Strofzin's smart phaeton pulling up beside him. Anton was driving, and on the other seat was a large nosegay of choice flowers.

"Where are you off to?" cried Anton, leaning forward with a gay smile.

"Well, where are you? To a lady's, I presume, from your bouquet there," answered Rischenheim as lightly as he could.

"The little bunch of flowers," simpered young Anton, "is a cousinly offering to Helga von Tarlenheim, and I'm going to present it. Can I give you a lift anywhere?"

Although Rischenheim had intended to go first to the palace, Anton's offer seemed to give him a good excuse for drawing the more likely covert first.

"I was going to the palace to find out where the king is. I want to see him, if he'll give me a minute or two," he remarked.

"I'll drive you there afterwards. Jump up. That your cab? Here you are, cabman," and, flinging the cabman a crown, he displaced the bouquet and made room for Rischenheim beside him.

Anton's horses, of which he was not a little proud, made short work of the distance to my home. The phaeton rattled up to the door and both the young men got out. The moment of their arrival found the chancellor just leaving to return to his own home. Helsing knew them both, and stopped to rally Anton on the matter of his bouquet. Anton was famous for his bouquets, which he distributed widely among the ladies of Strelsau.

"I hoped it was for my daughter," said the chancellor slyly. "For I love flowers, and my wife has ceased to provide me with them; moreover, I've ceased to provide her with them, so, but for my daughter, we should have none."

Anton answered his chaff, promising a bouquet for the young lady the next day, but declaring that he could not disappoint his cousin. He was interrupted by Rischenheim, who, looking round on the group of bystanders, now grown numerous, exclaimed: "What's going on here,

my dear chancellor? What are all these people hanging about here for? Ah, that's a royal carriage!"

"The queen's with the countess," answered Helsing. "The people are waiting to see her come out."

"She's always worth seeing," Anton pronounced, sticking his glass in his eye.

"And you've been to visit her?" pursued Rischenheim.

"Why, yes. I—I went to pay my respects, my dear Rischenheim."

"An early visit!"

"It was more or less on business."

"Ah, I have business also, and very important business. But it's with the king."

"I won't keep you a moment, Rischenheim," called Anton, as, bouquet in hand, he knocked at the door.

"With the king?" said Helsing. "Ah, yes, but the king——"

"I'm on my way to the palace to find out where he is. If I can't see him, I must write at once. My business is very urgent."

"Indeed, my dear count, indeed! Dear me! Urgent, you say?"

"But perhaps you can help me. Is he at Zenda?"

The chancellor was becoming very embarrassed; Anton had disappeared into the house; Rischenheim buttonholed him resolutely.

"At Zenda? Well, now, I don't—Excuse me, but what's your business?"

"Excuse me, my dear chancellor; it's a secret."

"I have the king's confidence."

"Then you'll be indifferent to not enjoying mine," smiled Rischenheim.

"I perceive that your arm is hurt," observed the chancellor, seeking a diversion.

"Between ourselves, that has something to do with my business. Well, I must go to the palace. Or—stay—would her majesty condescend to help me? I think I'll risk a request. She can but refuse;" and so saying, Rischenheim approached the door.

"Oh, my friend, I wouldn't do that," cried Helsing, darting after him. "The queen is—well, very much engaged. She won't like to be troubled."

Rischenheim took no notice of him, but knocked loudly. The door was opened, and he told the butler to carry his name to the queen and beg a moment's speech with her. Helsing stood in perplexity on the step. The crowd was delighted with the coming of these great folk and showed

no sign of dispersing. Anton von Strofzin did not reappear. Rischenheim edged himself inside the doorway and stood on the threshold of the hall. There he heard voices proceeding from the sitting-room on the left. He recognized the queen's, my wife's, and Anton's. Then came the butler's, saying, "I will inform the count of your majesty's wishes."

The door of the room opened; the butler appeared, and immediately behind him Anton von Strofzin and Bernenstein. Bernenstein had the young fellow by the arm, and hurried him through the hall. They passed the butler, who made way for them, and came to where Rischenheim stood.

"We meet again," said Rischenheim with a bow.

The chancellor rubbed his hands in nervous perturbation. The butler stepped up and delivered his message: the queen regretted her inability to receive the count. Rischenheim nodded, and, standing so that the door could not be shut, asked Bernenstein whether he knew where the king was.

Now Bernenstein was most anxious to get the pair of them away and the door shut, but he dared show no eagerness.

"Do you want another interview with the king already?" he asked with a smile. "The last was so pleasant, then?"

Rischenheim took no notice of the taunt, but observed sarcastically: "There's a strange difficulty in finding our good king. The chancellor here doesn't know where he is, or at least he won't answer my questions."

"Possibly the king has his reasons for not wishing to be disturbed," suggested Bernenstein.

"It's very possible," retorted Rischenheim significantly.

"Meanwhile, my dear count, I shall take it as a personal favor if you'll move out of the doorway."

"Do I incommode you by standing here?" answered the count.

"Infinitely, my lord," answered Bernenstein stiffly.

"Hallo, Bernenstein, what's the matter?" cried Anton, seeing that their tones and glances had grown angry. The crowd also had noticed the raised voices and hostile manner of the disputants, and began to gather round in a more compact group.

Suddenly a voice came from inside the hall: it was distinct and loud, yet not without a touch of huskiness. The sound of it hushed the rising quarrel and silence

the crowd into expectant stillness. Berenstein looked aghast, Rischenheim nervous yet triumphant, Anton amused and gratified.

"The king!" he cried, and burst into a laugh. "You've drawn him, Rischenheim!"

The crowd heard his boyish exclamation and raised a cheer. Helsing turned, as though to rebuke them. Had not the king himself desired secrecy? Yes, but he who spoke as the king chose any risk sooner than let Rischenheim go back and warn Rupert of his presence.

"Is that the Count of Luzau-Rischenheim?" called Rudolf from within. "If so, let him enter and then shut the door."

There was something in his tone that alarmed Rischenheim. He started back on the step. But Berenstein caught him by the arm.

"Since you wished to come in, come in," he said with a grim smile.

Rischenheim looked round, as though he meditated flight. The next moment Berenstein was thrust aside. For one short instant a tall figure appeared in the doorway; the crowd had but a glimpse, yet they cheered again. Rischenheim's hand was clasped in a firm grip; he passed unwillingly but helplessly through the door. Berenstein followed; the door was shut. Anton faced round on Helsing, a scornful twist on his lips.

"There was a deuced lot of mystery about nothing," said he. "Why couldn't you say he was there?" And without waiting for an answer from the outraged and bewildered chancellor he swung down the steps and climbed into his phaeton.

The people round were chatting noisily, delighted to have caught a glimpse of the king, speculating what brought him and the queen to my house, and hoping that they would soon come out and get into the royal carriage that still stood waiting.

Had they been able to see inside the door, their emotion would have been stirred to a keener pitch. Rudolf himself caught Rischenheim by the arm, and without a moment's delay led him towards the back of the house. They went along a passage and reached a small room that looked out on the garden. Rudolf had known my house in old days, and did not forget its resources.

"Shut the door, Berenstein," said Rudolf. Then he turned to Rischenheim. "My lord," he said, "I suppose you came to find out something. Do you know it now?"

Rischenheim plucked up courage to answer him.

"Yes, I know now that I have to deal with an impostor," said he defiantly.

"Precisely. And impostors can't afford to be exposed."

Rischenheim's cheek turned rather pale. Rudolf faced him, and Berenstein guarded the door. He was absolutely at their mercy; and he knew their secret. Did they know his—the news that Rupert of Hentzau had brought?

"Listen," said Rudolf. "For a few hours to-day I am king in Strelsau. In those few hours I have an account to settle with your cousin: something that he has, I must have. I'm going now to seek him, and while I seek him you will stay here with Berenstein. Perhaps I shall fail, perhaps I shall succeed. Whether I succeed or fail, by to-night I shall be far from Strelsau, and the king's place will be free for him again."

Rischenheim gave a slight start, and a look of triumph spread over his face. They did not know that the king was dead.

Rudolf came nearer to him, fixing his eyes steadily on his prisoner's face.

"I don't know," he continued, "why you are in this business, my lord. Your cousin's motives I know well. But I wonder that they seemed to you great enough to justify the ruin of an unhappy lady who is your queen. Be assured that I will die sooner than let that letter reach the king's hand."

Rischenheim made him no answer.

"Are you armed?" asked Rudolf.

Rischenheim sullenly flung his revolver on the table. Berenstein came forward and took it.

"Keep him here, Berenstein. When I return I'll tell you what more to do. If I don't return, Fritz will be here soon, and you and he must make your own plans."

"He shan't give me the slip a second time," said Berenstein.

"We hold ourselves free," said Rudolf to Rischenheim, "to do what we please with you, my lord. But I have no wish to cause your death, unless it be necessary. You will be wise to wait till your cousin's fate is decided before you attempt any further steps against us." And with a slight bow he left the prisoner in Berenstein's charge, and went back to the room where the queen awaited him. Helga was with her. The queen sprang up to meet him.

"I mustn't lose a moment," he said. "All that crowd of people know now that

the king is here. The news will filter through the town in no time. We must send word to Sapt to keep it from the king's ears at all costs: I must go and do my work, and then disappear."

The queen stood facing him. Her eyes seemed to devour his face; but she said only: "Yes, it must be so."

"You must return to the palace as soon as I am gone. I shall send out and ask the people to disperse, and then I must be off."

"To seek Rupert of Hentzau?"

"Yes."

She struggled for a moment with the contending feelings that filled her heart. Then she came to him and seized hold of his hand.

"Don't go," she said in low, trembling tones. "Don't go, Rudolf. He'll kill you. Never mind the letter. Don't go: I had rather a thousand times that the king had it than that you should . . . Oh, my dear, don't go!"

"I must go," he said softly.

Again she began to implore him, but he would not yield. Helga moved towards the door, but Rudolf stopped her.

"No," he said; "you must stay with her; you must go to the palace with her."

Even as he spoke they heard the wheels of a carriage driven quickly to the door. By now I had met Anton von Strofzin and heard from him that the king was at my house. As I dashed up, the news was confirmed by the comments and jokes of the crowd.

"Ah, he's in a hurry," they said. "He's kept the king waiting. He'll get a wiggling."

As may be supposed, I paid little heed to them. I sprang out and ran up the steps to the door. I saw my wife's face at the window: she herself ran to the door and opened it for me.

"Good God," I whispered, "do all these people know he's here, and take him for the king?"

"Yes," she said. "We couldn't help it. He showed himself at the door."

It was worse than I dreamt: not two or three people, but all that crowd were victims of the mistake; all of them had heard that the king was in Strelsau—ay, and had seen him.

"Where is he? Where is he?" I asked, and followed her hastily to the room.

The queen and Rudolf were standing side by side. What I have told from Helga's description had just passed between them. Rudolf ran to meet me.

"Is all well?" he asked eagerly.

I forgot the queen's presence and paid no sign of respect to her. I caught Rudolf by the arm and cried to him: "Do they take you for the king?"

"Yes," he said. "Heavens, man, don't look so white! We shall manage it. I can be gone by to-night."

"Gone? How will that help, since they believe you to be the king?"

"You can keep it from the king," he urged. "I couldn't help it. I can settle with Rupert and disappear."

The three were standing round me, surprised at my great and terrible agitation. Looking back now, I wonder that I could speak to them at all.

Rudolf tried again to reassure me. He little knew the cause of what he saw.

"It won't take long to settle affairs with Rupert," said he. "And we must have the letter, or it will get to the king after all."

"The king will never see the letter," I blurted out, as I sank back in a chair.

They said nothing. I looked round on their faces. I had a strange feeling of helplessness, and seemed to be able to do nothing but throw the truth at them in blunt plainness. Let them make what they could of it, I could make nothing.

"The king will never see the letter," I repeated. "Rupert himself has insured that."

"What do you mean? You've not met Rupert? You've not got the letter?"

"No, no; but the king can never read it."

Then Rudolf seized me by the shoulder and fairly shook me; indeed I must have seemed like a man in a dream or a torpor.

"Why not, man; why not?" he asked in urgent low tones.

Again I looked at them, but somehow this time my eyes were attracted and held by the queen's face. I believe that she was the first to catch a hint of the tidings I brought. Her lips were parted, and her gaze eagerly strained upon me. I rubbed my hand across my forehead, and, looking up stupidly at her, I said:

"He never can see the letter. He's dead."

There was a little scream from Helga; Rudolf neither spoke nor moved; the queen continued to gaze at me in motionless wonder and horror.

"Rupert killed him," said I. "The boar-hound attacked Rupert; then Herbert and the king attacked him; and he killed them all. Yes, the king is dead. He's dead."

Now none spoke. The queen's eyes never left my face.

"Yes, he's dead!" said I; and I watched her eyes still. For a long while (or long it seemed) they were on my face; at last, as though drawn by some irresistible force, they turned away. I followed the new line they took. She looked at Rudolf Rassendyll, and he at her. Helga had taken out her handkerchief, and, utterly upset by the horror and shock, was lying back in a low chair, sobbing half-hysterically; I saw the swift look that passed from the queen to her lover, carrying in it grief, remorse, and most unwilling joy. He did not speak to her, but put out his hand and took hers. She drew it away almost sharply, and covered her face with both hands. Rudolf turned to me.

"When was it?"

"Last night."

"And the . . . He's at the lodge?"

"Yes, with Sapt and James."

I was recovering my senses and my coolness.

"Nobody knows yet," I said. "We were afraid you might be taken for him by somebody. But, my God, Rudolf, what's to be done now?"

Mr. Rassendyll's lips were set firm and tight. He frowned slightly, and his blue eyes wore a curious entranced expression. He seemed to me to be forgetful of everything, even of us who were with him, in some one idea that possessed him. The queen herself came nearer to him and lightly touched his arm with her hand. He started as though surprised, then fell again into his reverie.

"What's to be done, Rudolf?" I asked again.

"I'm going to kill Rupert of Hentzau," he said. "The rest we'll talk of afterwards."

He walked rapidly across the room and rang the bell.

"Clear those people away," he ordered. "Tell them that I want to be quiet. Then send a closed carriage round for me. Don't be more than ten minutes."

The servant received his peremptory orders with a low bow, and left us. The

queen, who had been all this time outwardly calm and composed, now fell into a great agitation, which even the consciousness of our presence could not enable her to hide.

"Rudolf, must you go? Since—since this has happened—"

"Hush, my dearest lady," he whispered. Then he went on more loudly, "I won't quit Ruritania a second time leaving Rupert of Hentzau alive. Fritz, send word to Sapt that the king is in Strelsau—he will understand—and that instructions from the king will follow by midday. When I have killed Rupert, I shall visit the lodge on my way to the frontier."

He turned to go, but the queen, following, detained him for a minute.

"You'll come and see me before you go?" she pleaded.

"But I ought not," said he, his resolute eyes suddenly softening in a marvellous fashion.

"You will?"

"Yes, my queen."

Then I sprang up, for a sudden dread laid hold on me.

"Heavens, man," I cried, "what if he kills you—there in the Königstrasse?"

Rudolf turned to me; there was a look of surprise on his face.

"He won't kill me," he answered.

The queen, looking still in Rudolf's face, and forgetful now, as it seemed, of the dream that had so terrified her, took no notice of what I said, but urged again: "You'll come, Rudolf?"

"Yes, once, my queen," and with a last kiss of her hand he was gone.

The queen stood for yet another moment where she was, still and almost rigid. Then suddenly she walked or stumbled to where my wife sat, and, flinging herself on her knees, hid her face in Helga's lap; I heard her sobs break out fast and tumultuously. Helga looked up at me, the tears streaming down her cheeks. I turned and went out. Perhaps Helga could comfort her; I prayed that God in His pity might send her comfort, although she for her sin's sake dared not ask it of Him. Poor soul! I hope there may be nothing worse scored to my account.

(To be continued.)



THE NATION'S RAILROADS.

BY GEORGE B. WALDRON.

WHEN George Stephenson taught the world how to make a steam engine propel itself along parallel rails, he opened a new chapter in industrial development. But no doubt even his sanguine mind did not apprehend that some then living would see these shining bands of steel binding whole continents as one people, and almost the entire globe in one commercial union.

Seventy years ago there was not a mile of steam railroad in the United States, and even a half century ago there were but 6,000 miles. Twenty years later, at the close of the Rebellion, the mileage was only 40,000; but it jumped to 80,000 in 1878, and to 150,000 a decade later. To-day 440,000 miles of railroad interlace the earth's surface, of which 185,000 miles are in our own country. Add the second, third, and fourth tracks, the terminals and the sidings, and the aggregate in the United States reaches 245,000 miles, or enough to complete one gigantic span from the earth to the moon.

Were this roadway equally distributed over the nation's territory, there would not be a spot on the entire 3,000,000 square miles more than eight miles distant from some road. This mileage, however, is far from equally distributed. While for each hundred square miles of territory in New Jersey, Massachusetts, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Illinois there is from twenty to thirty miles

of railroad, the vast western empires of Idaho, Nevada, Wyoming, Arizona, New Mexico, and Oklahoma have barely one mile for each hundred square miles of area. Those States lying north of the

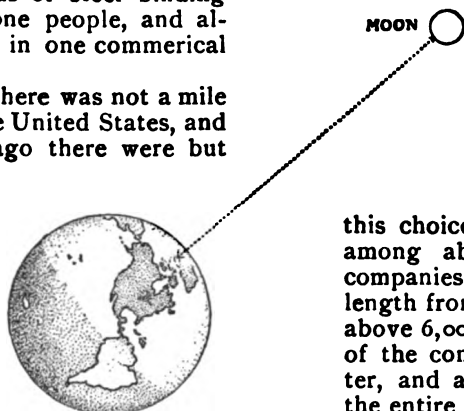
Ohio and the Potomac, and east of the Missouri, comprising more than half the nation's population, but less than a fourth of the territory, have fully half of the mileage.

The ownership of this choice treasure is distributed among about 800 independent companies, whose roads range in length from a few hundred feet to above 6,000 miles. A bare dozen of the companies control a quarter, and a score own a third, of the entire mileage.

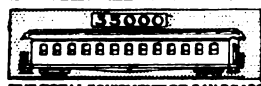
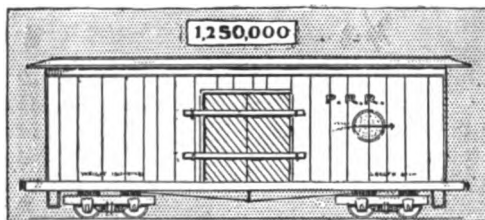
For the equipment of the roads 37,000 locomotives are required, of which 10,000 are passenger, 21,000 freight engines, and the rest for yard and switching service. These draw 35,000 passenger and baggage cars and 1,250,000 freight cars.

Were all the road engines in use at one time, there would be an average of one train on every six miles of road the country over. End to end with all the cars attached, they would make one solid train over 9,000 miles long, or nearly three times the distance from New York to San Francisco.

Eight hundred million miles is the aggregate distance made by these trains in the year, a figure beyond human conception. This mileage represents nine trips from the earth to the sun, and over three thousand to the moon. It means an average of 2,250,000 miles a day, nearly 100,000 each hour, and a train gird-



ENTIRE LENGTH OF TRACKS IN THE UNITED STATES.



THE TOTAL EQUIPMENT OF RAILROADS
FREIGHT CARS
LOCOMOTIVES
PASSENGER AND BAGGAGE CARS

ing the earth at the equator every fifteen minutes.

But each of the passenger trains on the average carries forty passengers, making the aggregate distance traveled by individuals fourteen thousand million miles. This represents 4,000,000 trips from ocean to ocean, and nearly 600,000 journeys around the world; or one every minute of the day and night during the year. At the average rapidity of travel the total time spent on trains during a single year by the American people aggregates 80,000 years.



AGGREGATE YEARLY DISTANCE MADE BY TRAINS, MEANS, A TRAIN CIRCLING THE EARTH AT THE EQUATOR EVERY 15 MINUTES.

this freight into one solid train, and it would fill 40,000,000 cars, which would cover every mile of track in the country. Store the goods in dwelling houses, and those transported during one Presidential term would crowd from cellar to garret every dwelling in the United States.

To move this enormous freightage there is needed an army of some 850,000 employees. One in twenty-eight of the working population of the nation is employed in railroad service. Their earnings aggregate nearly a half billion dollars. With their families and those of workers in the allied industries furnishing needed supplies of all kinds, probably 5,000,000 people draw their support from the railroads.

In making a trip of 1,000 miles across the country on main trunk lines, two or



Equally striking are the facts as to the movement of freight. Not less than 800,000,000 tons are transported an average of 125 miles, making a total, during the year, of one hundred thousand million ton miles. Load

three station agents may sell a passenger tickets, half a dozen gatemen and porters aid him in getting aboard his trains. Four or five conductors and as many more trainmen may minister to his comforts on the journey. He may catch sight of the engineer and firemen, oil-stained and grimy, in their cab. But for the score of railroad men he sees on the way, there are 10,000 whom he may never see. To operate a thousand miles of road in the Eastern States requires over 900 engineers and firemen, 1,400 conductors and trainmen, 1,300 station men, 600 switchmen and flagmen, 1,900 trackmen, 2,200 in the repair shops, and 400 officials and clerks in the central offices. Of the hundreds of thousands employed on the railroads in this country, not one in four is actually in train service.

Consider the financial side of the nation's roads. In building and equipping the 185,000 miles, there have been issued five and a half billions of stock, and an equal amount of bonds. Add another billion for floating debt, and the

total securities aggregate twelve thousand millions, or about one-sixth of the entire wealth of the nation. Distribute these securities equally among the people, and to each family would fall about \$900. Turn this wealth into gold, and 20,000 teams would be needed to carry away the precious metal. But the entire gold stock of the world is not large enough to purchase more than a third of the roads of this one nation.

From the operations of these thoroughfares the gross

annual revenues reach \$1,200,000,000, about one-fourth of which comes from passenger traffic. This is more than ten times the entire annual product of the gold and



ONE IN EVERY TWENTY-EIGHT WORKING MEN IS EMPLOYED IN THE RAILROAD SERVICE.

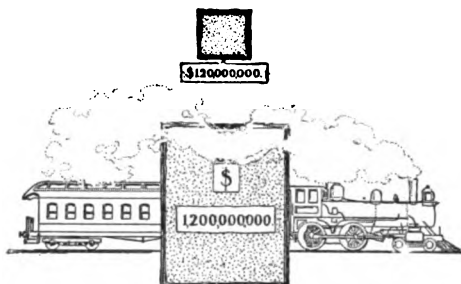


THERE ARE THOUSANDS HE NEVER SEES..MANY OF WHOM COOPERATE TO MAKE HIS JOURNEY SAFE AND COMFORTABLE.

silver mines of the country. Add the iron, copper, lead, and other minerals, and the sum is still but a fourth of the receipts of the railroads. Include the millions of tons of coal, the building stone, petroleum, gas, and every other product extracted from the earth, and the aggregate falls short by half. Now add the values to the farmers of all the wheat, rye, oats, barley, potatoes, and tobacco produced by the entire nation, and the sum would still fail to equal the tolls collected by the railroads each year.

Of this immense sum, seven hundred millions goes for wages, supplies, repairs, and other necessary running expenses, leaving a round half billion to be applied on capital. So enormous, however, is the investment, that, save in a few favored instances, the returns are exceedingly meagre. Some \$350,000,000 is absorbed in interest on the bonds, yet nearly \$1,000,000,000 of these securities receives no return for its use. Dividends on stock reach \$90,000,000. But about \$4,000,000,000 of the stock, or seventy dollars in every hundred, is passed by in the distribution. Little wonder, therefore, that during the last twenty years more than 500 companies have failed to meet their obligations and have gone into the hands of receivers. The combined length of these bankrupt roads is 100,000 miles, or more than half the present mileage. Their stocks and

bonds aggregated five and a half billions, which is about one-half the entire issue of railroad securities. Of this no less than 29,000 miles, representing one and three quarters billions of values, went under during the single panic year of 1893. How much of this wealth has been lost in the wreckage or wiped out through the various schemes of reorganization is best known to the unfortunate holders. Certain it is that these losses in the aggregate must reach hundreds of millions.



ENTIRE ANNUAL PRODUCT OF GOLD AND SILVER MINES COMPARED TO GROSS ANNUAL REVENUES OF RAILROADS.

An interesting feature of railroad travel is the element of personal safety. With myriads of opportunities for men to blunder and for steel to fail, the wonder is that accidents are so few. Each of the 2,000 passenger trains moving night and day has from forty to a hundred or more wheels, while the wheels on one of the 4,000 constantly moving freight trains may number 500. These wheels strike 300,000,000,000 rails during the twelve months. Yet scarcely fifty wheels and a hundred rails give way so far as to cause a recorded train accident in the course of the year. On the average a person would travel 4,500,000 miles before being injured, and 72,000,000 miles before being killed. Traveling night and day year after year the passenger would sustain his first injury at the end of twenty-five years, and meet his death by train accident at the end of four centuries.

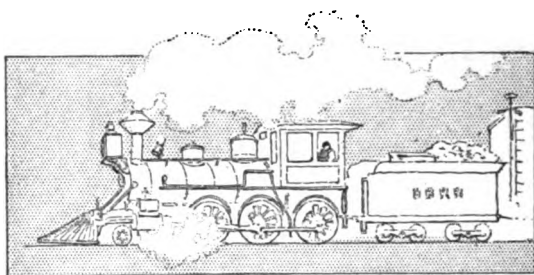


IF THE TOTAL SECURITIES OF THE RAILROADS WERE DISTRIBUTED AMONG THE PEOPLE EACH FAMILY WOULD GET ABOUT \$900

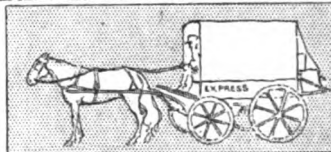
Comparatively safe as is the traveler, no such assurance belongs to the man who holds his life in custody. The railroads of the country, on the average, kill four employees a day, and cripple and maim eighty-two. Of the men directly concerned with the moving trains, one in every ten is injured during the year, and one in each 150 meets his death.

Next to the general officers the engineer receives the highest pay; but unless he has nerves of steel his life can scarcely be a happy one. Besides the scores of passengers whose safety may depend upon the quickness of his eye and hand, he has under his charge a train whose value may easily be \$100,000—more than he could earn in a lifetime. A wrong reading of a signal, a mistake in an order, and two of these palatial trains may crash together, involving the company in an instant in perhaps \$500,000 of damages. For besides the valuable rolling stock, there are the passengers, whose injuries have a commercial value in a court of law.

The service performed by these highways in moving goods is difficult to appreciate. The work done in a single year is equal to the transporting of one ton of freight 100,000,000,000 miles, or from ocean to ocean every second of the twenty-four hours. To accomplish this in the old way, by wagons, would require twice as many horses as are to-day in the entire



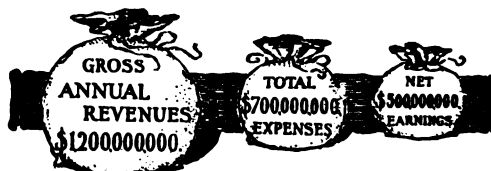
THE SERVICE PERFORMED BY RAILROADS IN MOVING GOODS, IF DONE IN THE OLD WAY, WOULD COST TWICE THE ANNUAL WEALTH PRODUCTION OF THE NATION.



country, and at a cost equal to twice the present annual wealth production of the nation. With the aid of the railroads one man's daily work on the average transports a ton of goods 500 miles. A man with two horses probably could not accomplish the same result in a month. On tracks as level and smooth as

those provided by the leading trunk lines, one two-inch cube of coal weighing a pound will furnish power sufficient to move a ton of goods with its share of the train two miles along its journey.

A half century ago the canvas-top wagon was the pioneer of American civilization. But just in the nick of time came the railroads. These have built up the broad empire of the West until our nation stands first in wealth, first in industrial progress, and is rapidly taking the lead in the commerce of the world. Not yet have these thoroughfares approached the natural limit of their development. When the States of the South and West shall have become as well supplied as those of the northeast, the mileage will increase threefold, and the business swell to some seven or more times its present proportion. That time can come only when, developed by these same railroads, the nation will have a population numbered by the hundreds of millions, and when Denver and San Francisco rival in size the Chicago and New York of to-day.



REMINISCENCES OF MEN AND EVENTS OF THE CIVIL WAR.

BY CHARLES A. DANA,

Assistant Secretary of War from 1863 to 1865.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT COLLECTION OF CIVIL
WAR PHOTOGRAPHS.

VI.

MR. LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET.

DURING the first winter I spent in Washington in the War Department, 1863-64, I had constant opportunities of seeing Mr. Lincoln, and of conversing with him in the cordial and unofficial manner which he always preferred. Not that there was ever any lack of dignity in the man. Even in his freest moments one always felt the presence of a will and of an intellectual power which maintained the ascendancy of his position. He never posed or put on airs or attempted to make any particular impression; but he was always conscious of his own ideas and purposes, even in his most unreserved moments.

I knew, too, and saw frequently, all the members of his cabinet. When Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated as President, his first act was to name his cabinet; and it was a common remark at the time that he had put into it every man who had competed with him for the nomination. The first in importance was William H. Seward, of New York, Mr. Lincoln's most prominent competitor. Mr. Seward was made Secretary of State. He was an interesting man, of an optimistic temperament, and he probably had the most cultivated and comprehensive intellect in the administration. He was a man who was all his life in controversies, yet he was singular in this, that, though forever in fights, he had almost no personal enemies. Seward had great ability as a writer, and he had what is very rare in a lawyer, a politician, or a statesman—imagination. A fine illustration of his genius was the acquisition of Alaska. That was one of the last things that he did before he went out of office, and it demonstrated more than anything else his fixed and never-changing idea

that all North America should be united under one government.

Mr. Seward was an admirable writer and an impressive, though entirely unpretentious, speaker. He stood up and talked as though he were engaged in conversation, and the effect was always great. It gave the impression of a man deliberating "out loud" with himself.

The second man in importance and ability to be put into the cabinet was Mr. Chase of Ohio. He was an able, noble, spotless statesman, a man who would have been worthy of the best days of the old Roman republic. He had been a candidate for the Presidency, though a less conspicuous one than Seward. Mr. Chase was a portly man—tall, and of an impressive appearance, with a very handsome, large head. He was genial, though very decided, and he occasionally would criticize the President, a thing I never heard Mr. Seward do. Chase had been successful in Ohio politics, and in the Treasury Department his administration was satisfactory to the public. He was the author of the national banking law. I remember going to dine with him one day—I did that pretty often, as I had known him well when I was on the "Tribune"—and he said to me: "I have completed to-day a very great thing. I have finished the National Bank act. It will be a blessing to the country long after I am dead."

The Secretary of the Navy throughout the war was Gideon Welles, of Connecticut. Welles was a curious-looking man: he wore a wig which was parted in the middle, the hair falling down on each side; and it was from his peculiar appearance, I have always thought, that the idea that

he was an old foggy originated. I remember Governor Andrew of Massachusetts coming into my office at the War Department one day and asking where he could find that "old Mormon deacon, the Secretary of the Navy." In spite of his peculiarities, I think Mr. Welles was a very wise, strong man. There was nothing decorative about him; there was no noise in the street when he went along; but he understood his duty, and did it efficiently, continually, and unvaryingly. There was a good deal of opposition to him, for we had no navy when the war began, and he had to create one without much deliberation; but he was patient, laborious, and intelligent at his task.

Montgomery Blair was Postmaster-General in Mr. Lincoln's cabinet. He was a capable man, sharp, keen, perhaps a little cranky, and not friendly with everybody; but I always found him pleasant to deal with, and I saw a great deal of him. He and Mr. Stanton were not very good friends, and when he wanted anything in the War Department he was more likely to come to an old friend like me than to go to the Secretary. Stanton, too, rather preferred that.

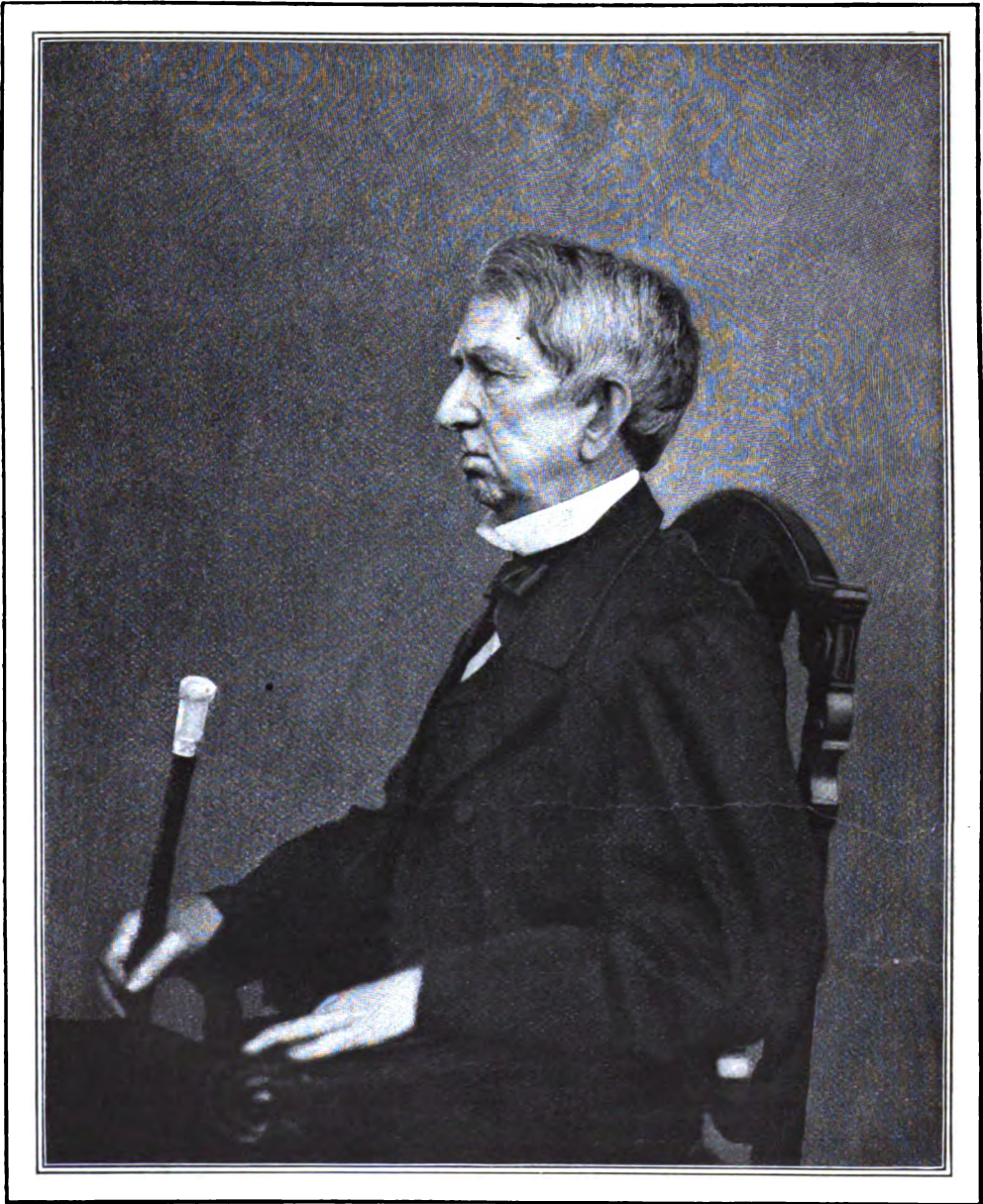
The first Attorney-General of the cabinet was Edward Bates of Missouri. Bates had been Mr. Greeley's favorite candidate for the Presidency. He was put into the cabinet partly, I suppose, because his reputation was good as a lawyer, but principally because he had been advocated for President by such powerful influences. Bates must have been about sixty-eight years old when he was appointed Attorney-General. He was a very eloquent speaker. Give him a patriotic subject, where his feelings could expand, and he would make a beautiful speech. He was a man of very gentle, cordial nature, but not one of extraordinary brilliancy.

The relations between Mr. Lincoln and the members of his cabinet were always friendly and sincere on his part. He treated every one of them with unvarying candor, respect, and kindness; but, though several of them were men of extraordinary force and self-assertion—this was true especially of Mr. Seward, Mr. Chase, and Mr. Stanton—and though there was nothing of selfhood or domination in his manner toward them, it was always plain that he was the master and they the subordinates. They constantly had to yield to his will in questions where responsibility fell upon him. If he ever yielded to theirs, it was because they convinced him

that the course they advised was judicious and appropriate. I fancied during the whole time of my intimate intercourse with him and with them that he was always prepared to receive the resignation of any one of them. At the same time I do not recollect a single occasion when any member of the cabinet had got his mind ready to quit his post from any feeling of dissatisfaction with the policy or conduct of the President. Not that they were always satisfied with his actions; the members of the cabinet, like human beings in general, were not pleased with everything. In their judgment much was imperfect in the administration; much, they felt, would have been done better if their views had been adopted and they individually had had charge of it. Not so with the President. He was calm, equable, uncomplaining. In the discussion of important questions, whatever he said showed the profoundest thought, even when he was joking. He seemed to see every side of every question. He never was impatient, he never was in a hurry, and he never tried to hurry anybody else. To every one he was pleasant and cordial. Yet they all felt that it was his word that went at last; that every case was open until he gave his decision.

LINCOLN'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

This impression of authority, of reserve force, Mr. Lincoln always gave to those about him. Even physically he was impressive. According to the record measurements, he was six feet four inches in height. That is, he was at least four inches taller than the ordinary man. When he rode out on horseback to review an army, as I have frequently seen him do, he wore usually a high hat, and then he looked like a giant. There was no waste or excess of material about his frame; nevertheless, he was very strong and muscular. I remember that the last time I went to see him at the White House—the afternoon before he was killed—I found him in a side room with coat off and sleeves rolled up, washing his hands. He had finished his work for the day, and was going away. I noticed then the thinness of his arms, and how well developed, strong, and active his muscles seemed to be. In fact, there was nothing flabby or feeble about Mr. Lincoln physically. He was a very quick man in his movements when he chose to be, and he had immense physical endurance. Night after night



WILLIAM H. SEWARD, SECRETARY OF STATE IN LINCOLN'S CABINET. BORN, 1801; DIED, 1872.

he would work late and hard without being wilted by it, and he always seemed as ready for the next day's work as though he had done nothing the day before.

Mr. Lincoln's face was thin, and his features were large. His hair was black, his eyebrows heavy, his forehead square and well developed. His complexion was dark and quite sallow. His smile was something most lovely. I have never seen

a woman's smile that approached it in its engaging quality; nor have I ever seen another face which would light up as Mr. Lincoln's did when something touched his heart or amused him. I have heard it said that he was ungainly, that his step was awkward. He never impressed me as being awkward. In the first place, there was such a charm and beauty about his expression, such good humor and friendly

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A series of important portraits of Lincoln will be found in *McCLURE'S MAGAZINE* for February, 1898. A portrait of Secretary Stanton appeared with the first of Mr. Dana's papers, in the number for November, 1897.

spirit looking from his eyes, that when you were near him you never thought whether he was awkward or graceful; you thought of nothing except, What a kindly character this man has! Then, too, there was such shrewdness in his kindly features that one did not care to criticize him. His manner was always dignified, and even if he had done an awkward thing the dignity of his character and manner would have made it seem graceful and becoming.

The great quality of his appearance was benevolence and benignity: the wish to do somebody some good if he could; and yet there was no flabby philanthropy about Abraham Lincoln. He was all solid, hard, keen intelligence combined with goodness. Indeed, the expression of his face and of his bearing which impressed one most, after his benevolence and benignity, was his intelligent understanding. You felt that here was a man who saw through things, who understood, and you respected him accordingly.

LINCOLN AS A POLITICIAN.

Lincoln was a supreme politician. He understood politics because he understood human nature. I had an illustration of this in the spring of 1864. I had been treating the matter of the constitution of the United States should be amended so that slavery should be prohibited. This was not only a change in our national policy, it was also a most important military measure. It was intended, not merely as a means of abolishing slavery forever, but as a means of affecting the judgment and the feelings and the anticipations of those in rebellion. It was believed that such an amendment to the constitution would be equivalent to new armies in the field, that it would be worth 1,000,000 men, that it would be an intellectual army that would tend to paralyze the enemy and break the continuity of his ideas.

In order thus to amend the constitution, it was necessary first to have the proposed amendment approved by three-fourths of the States. When that question came to be considered, the issue was seen to be so close that one State more was necessary. The State of Nevada was organized and admitted into the Union to answer that purpose. I have sometimes heard people complain of Nevada as superfluous and petty, not big enough to be a State; but when I hear that complaint, I always hear Abraham Lincoln saying,

"It is easier to admit Nevada than to raise another million of soldiers."

In March, 1864, the question of allowing Nevada to form a State government finally came up in the House of Representatives. There was strong opposition to it. For a long time beforehand the question had been canvassed anxiously. At last, late one afternoon, the President came into my office, in the third story of the War Department. He used to come there sometimes rather than send for me, because he was fond of walking and liked to get away from the crowds in the White House. He came in, and shut the door.

"Dana," he said, "I am very anxious about this vote. It has got to be taken next week. The time is very short. It is going to be a great deal closer than I wish it was."

"There are plenty of Democrats who will vote for it," I replied. "There is James E. English of Connecticut; I think he is sure, isn't he?"

"Oh, yes; he is sure on the merits of the question."

"Then," said I, "there's 'Sunset' Cox of Ohio. How is he?"

"He is sure and fearless. But there are some others that I am not clear about. There are three that you can deal with better than anybody else, perhaps, as you know them all. I wish you would send for them."

He told me who they were; it isn't necessary to repeat the names here. One man was from New Jersey and two from New York.

"What will they be likely to want?" I asked.

"I don't know," said the President; "I don't know. It makes no difference, though, what they want. Here is the alternative: that we carry this vote, or be compelled to raise another million, and I don't know how many more, men, and fight no one knows how long. It is a question of three votes or new armies."

"Well, sir," said I, "what shall I say to these gentlemen?"

"I don't know," said he; "but whatever promise you make to them I will perform."

I sent for the men and saw them one by one. I found that they were afraid of their party. They said that some fellows in the party would be down on them. Two of them wanted internal revenue collectors' appointments. "You shall have it," I said. Another one wanted a very important appointment about the custom-house

of New York. I knew the man well whom he wanted to have appointed. He was a Republican, though the Congressman was a Democrat. I had served with him in the Republican county committee of New York. The office was worth per-

allowed to form a State government, and thus they helped secure the vote which was required. The next October the President signed the proclamation admitting the State. In the February following, Nevada was one of the States which rati-

fied the Thirteenth Amendment, by which slavery was abolished by constitutional prohibition in all of the United States. I have always felt that this little piece of side politics was one of the most judicious, humane, and wise uses of executive authority that I ever assisted in or witnessed.

The appointment in the New York custom-house was to wait until the term of the actual incumbent had run out. My friend, the Democratic Congressman, was quite willing. "That's all right," he said; "I am in no hurry." Well, before the time had expired, Mr. Lincoln was murdered and Andrew Johnson became President. I was in the West, when one day I got a telegram from Roscoe Conkling:

"Come to Washington." So I went.



SALMON P. CHASE, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY IN LINCOLN'S CABINET. BORN, 1808; DIED, 1873.

haps \$20,000 a year. When the Congressman stated the case, I asked him, "Do you want that?"

"Yes," said he.

"Well," I answered, "you shall have it."

"I understand, of course," said he, "that you are not saying this on your own authority?"

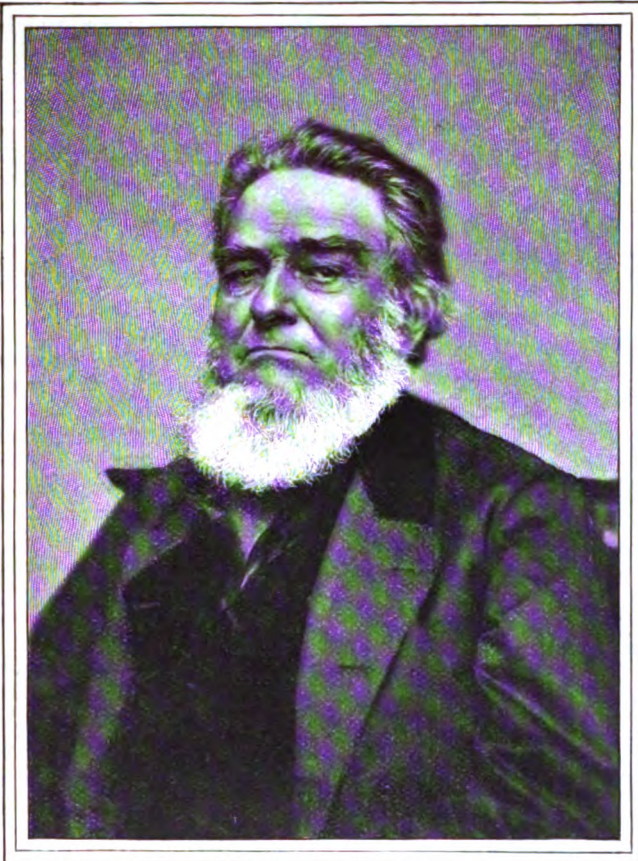
"Oh, no," said I; "I am saying it on the authority of the President."

Well, these men voted that Nevada be

go and see President Johnson," Mr. Conkling said, "and tell him that the appointment of this man to the custom-house is a sacred promise of Mr. Lincoln and that it must be kept."

Then I went to the White House, and saw President Johnson.

"This is Mr. Lincoln's promise," I urged. "He regarded it as saving the necessity of another call for troops and raising, perhaps, a million more men, to continue the war. I trust, Mr. President,



EDWARD BATES, ATTORNEY-GENERAL IN LINCOLN'S CABINET. BORN, 1793; DIED, 1869.

pretended agent of the Confederate authorities in Canada, saying:

"I am authorized to state to you, for your use only, not the public, that two ambassadors of Davis & Co. are now in Canada with full and complete powers for a peace, and Mr. Sanders requests that you come on immediately to me at Cataract House to have a private interview; or, if you will send the President's protection for him and two friends, they will come on and meet you. He says the whole matter can be consummated by me, them, and President Lincoln."

This letter was followed the next day by a telegram, saying: "Will you come here? Parties have full power."

Upon receiving this letter Mr. Greeley wrote to President Lincoln, more or less in the strain of the articles that he had published in the "Tribune." He complained bitterly of the way the business of the government was managed in the great crisis, and told the President that now there was a way open to peace. He explained that the Confederates wanted a conference, and he told Mr. Lincoln that he thought that

that you will see your way clear to execute this promise."

"Well, Mr. Dana," he replied, "I don't say that I won't; but I have observed in the course of my experience that such bargains tend to immorality."

The appointment was not made. I am happy to say, however, that the gentleman to whom the promise was given never found any fault either with President Lincoln or with the Assistant Secretary who had been the means of making the promise to him.

One of the cleverest minor political moves which Mr. Lincoln ever made was an appointment he once gave Horace Greeley. Mr. Greeley never approved of Mr. Lincoln's manner of conducting the war, and he sometimes abused the President roundly for his deliberation. As the war went on, Greeley grew more and more irritable, because the administration did not make peace on some terms. Finally, in July, 1864, he received a letter from a

he ought to appoint an ambassador, or a diplomatic agent, of the United States Government, to meet the Confederate agents at Niagara and hear what they had to say. Mr. Lincoln immediately responded by asking Mr. Greeley to be himself that representative and to go to Niagara Falls.

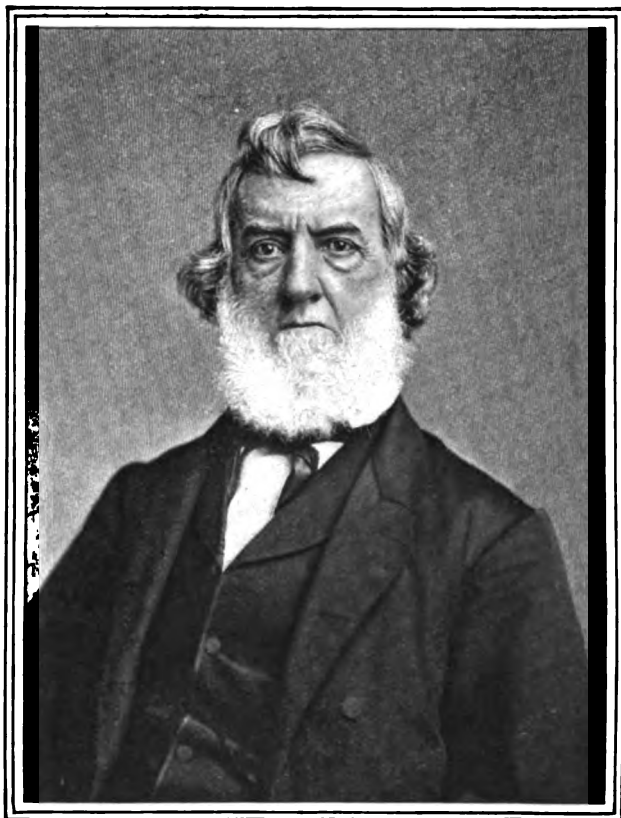
"If you can find any person anywhere," the President wrote, "professing to have any proposition of Jefferson Davis, in writing, for peace, embracing the restoration of the Union and abandonment of slavery, whatever else it embraces, say to him he may come to me with you, and that if he really brings such proposition he shall at the least have safe conduct with the paper (and without publicity, if he chooses) to the point where you shall have met him. The same, if there be two or more persons."

Mr. Greeley went to Niagara, but his mission ended in nothing. The poor man, led astray by too great confidence, failed

in his undertaking and was almost universally laughed at, I saw the President not long after that, and he said, with a funny twinkle in his eye: "I sent Brother Greeley a commission. I guess I am about even with him now."

THE CHARACTER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Lincoln had the most comprehensive, the most judicious mind; he was the least faulty in his conclusions of any man I have ever known. He never stepped too soon, and he never stepped too late. When the whole Northern country seemed to be clamoring for him to issue a proclamation abolishing slavery, he didn't do it. Deputation after deputation went to Washington. I remember once a hundred gentlemen, dressed in black coats, mostly clergymen, from Massachusetts, came to Washington to appeal to him to proclaim the abolition of slavery. But he did not do it. He allowed Mr. Cameron and General Butler to execute their great idea of treating slaves as contraband of war and protecting those who had got into our lines against being recaptured by their Southern owners; but he would not prematurely make the proclamation that was so much desired. Finally the time came, and of that he was the judge. Nobody else decided it; nobody commanded it; the proclamation was issued as he thought best, and it was efficacious. The people of the North, who during the long contest over slavery had always stood strenuously by the compromises of the constitution, might themselves have become half rebels if this proclamation had been issued too soon. At last they were tired of waiting, tired of endeavoring to preserve even a show of regard for what was called "the compromises of the constitution" when they believed the constitution itself was in danger. Thus public opinion was ripe when the proclamation came, and that was the beginning of the end. He could have issued this proclamation a year before, perhaps, and the consequence of it might have been our entire defeat; but when it

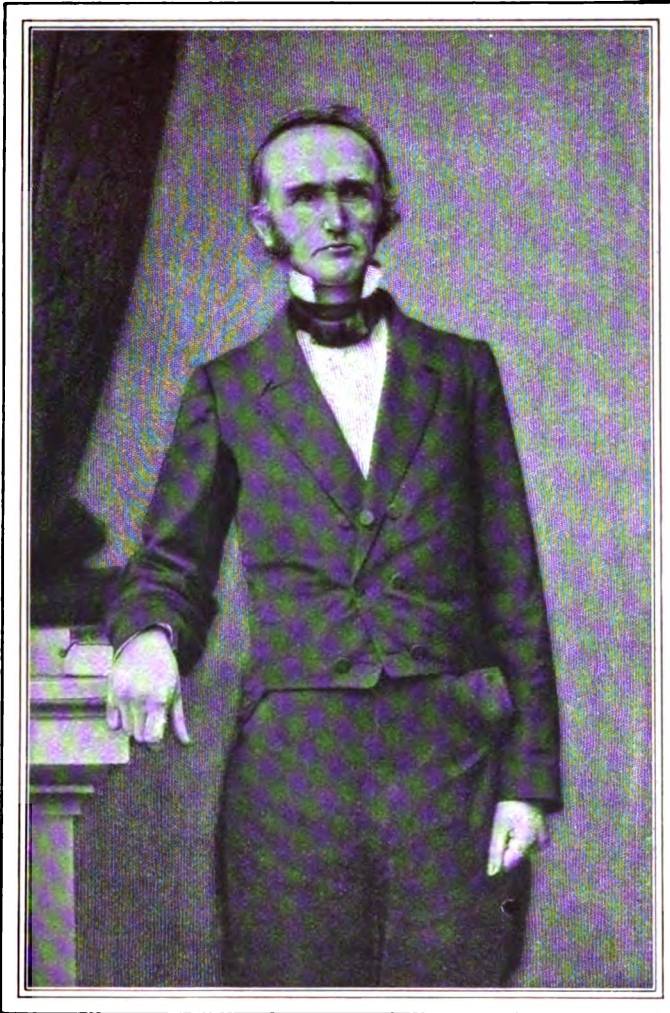


GIDEON WELLES, SECRETARY OF THE NAVY IN LINCOLN'S CABINET. BORN, 1802; DIED, 1878.

came it did its work, and it did us no harm whatever. Nobody protested against it, not even the Confederates themselves.

This unerring judgment, this patience which waited and which knew when the right time had arrived, is an intellectual quality that I do not find exercised upon any such scale and with such unerring precision by any other man in history. It proves Abraham Lincoln to have been intellectually one of the greatest of rulers. If we look through the record of great men, where is there one to be placed beside him? I do not know.

Another interesting fact about Abraham Lincoln is that he developed into a great military man; that is to say, a man of supreme military judgment. I do not risk anything in saying that if one will study the records of the war and study the writings relating to it, he will agree with me that the greatest general we had, greater than Grant or Thomas, was Abraham Lincoln. It was not so at the beginning; but after three or four years of constant practice in the science and art of war, he ar-



MONTGOMERY BLAIR, POSTMASTER-GENERAL IN LINCOLN'S CABINET. BORN, 1813; DIED, 1883.

ory, just as he had the ability to see the essential thing. He never took an unimportant point and went off upon that; but he always laid hold of the real question, and attended to that, giving no more thought to other points than was indispensably necessary.

Thus, while we say that Mr. Lincoln was an uneducated man in the college sense, he had a singularly perfect education in regard to everything that concerns the practical affairs of life. His judgment was excellent, and his information was always accurate. He knew what the thing was. He was a man of genius, and contrasted with men of education the man of genius will always carry the day. Many of his speeches illustrate this.

I remember very well Mr. Stanton's comment on the Gettysburg speeches of Edward Everett and Mr. Lincoln. "Edward Everett has made a speech," he said, "that will make three columns in the newspapers, and Mr. Lincoln has made a speech of perhaps forty or fifty lines. Everett's is the speech of a scholar, polished to the last possi-

bility. It is elegant, and it is learned; but Lincoln's speech will be read by a thousand men where one reads Everett's, and will be remembered as long as anybody's speeches are remembered who speaks in the English language."

That was the truth. Who ever thinks of or reads Everett's Gettysburg speech now? If one will compare those two speeches he will get an idea how superior genius is to education; how superior that intellectual faculty is which sees the vitality of a question and knows how to state it; how superior that intellectual faculty is which regards everything with the fire of earnestness in the soul, with the relentless purpose of a heart devoted to objects beyond literature.

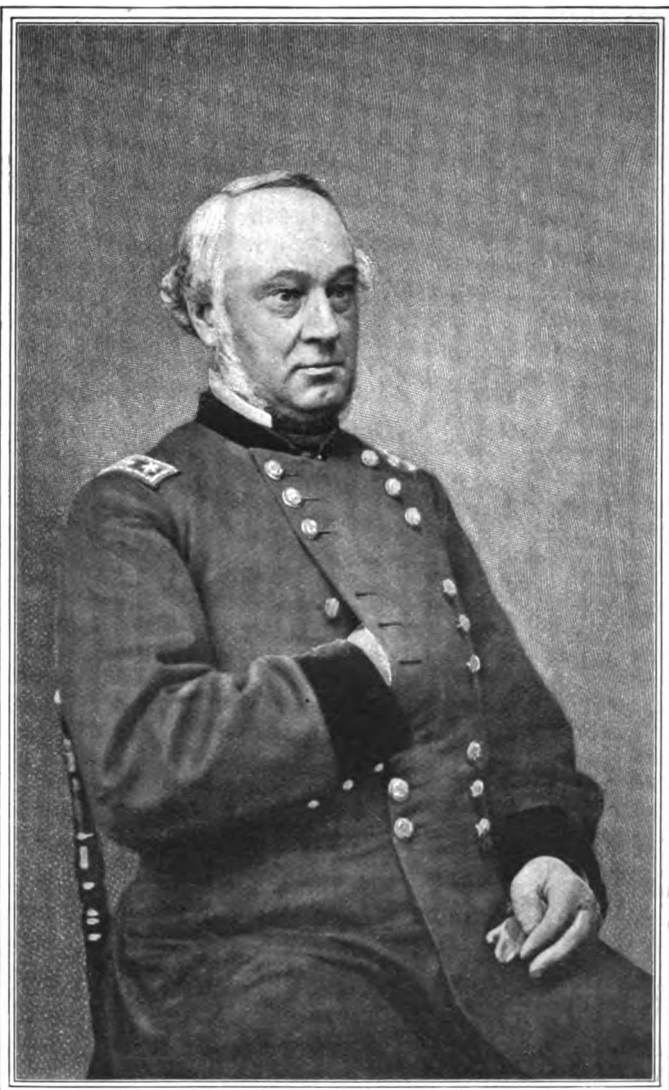
Mr. Lincoln was not what is called an educated man. In the college that he attended a man gets up at daylight to hoe corn, and sits up at night by the side of a burning pine-knot to read the best book he can find. What education he had, he had picked up. He had read a great many books, and all the books that he had read he knew. He had a tenacious mem-

bered he knew. He had a tenacious mem-

Another remarkable peculiarity of Mr. Lincoln's was that he seemed to have no illusions. He had no freakish notions that things were so, or might be so, when they were not so. All his thinking and reasoning, all his mind, in short, was based continually upon actual facts, and upon facts of which, as I said, he saw the essence. I never heard him say anything that was not so. I never heard him foretell things; he told what they were, but I never heard him intimate that such and such consequences were likely to happen without the consequences following. I should say, perhaps, that his greatest quality was wisdom. And that is something superior to talent, superior to education. It is again genius; I do not think it can be acquired. All the advice that he gave was wise, and it was always timely. This wisdom, it is scarcely necessary to add, had its animating philosophy in his own famous words, "With charity toward all, with malice toward none."

Another remarkable quality of Mr. Lincoln was his great mercifulness. A thing it seemed as if he could not do was to sign a death warrant. One day General Augur, who was the major-general commanding the forces in and around Washington, came to my office and said:

"Here is So-and-So, a spy. He has been tried by court-martial; the facts are perfectly established; he has been sentenced to death, and here is the warrant for his execution, which is fixed for to-morrow morning at six o'clock. The President is away. If he were here, the man certainly wouldn't be executed. He isn't here. I think it very essential to the safety of the service and the safety of everything that an example should be



H. W. HALLECK, GENERAL-IN-CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES ARMY FROM JULY 23, 1862, TO MARCH 12, 1864. BORN, 1815; DIED, 1872.

made of this spy. They do us great mischief; and it is very important that the law which all nations recognize in dealing with spies, and the punishment which every nation assigns to them, should be inflicted upon at least one of these wretches who haunt us around Washington. Do you know whether the President will be back before morning?"

"I understand that he won't be back until to-morrow afternoon," I replied.

"Well, as the President is not here, will you sign the warrant?"

"Go to Mr. Stanton," I said; "he is the authority."

"I have been to him, and he said I should come to you."

Well, I signed the order; I agreed with General Augur in his view of the question. At about eleven o'clock the next day I met the general. "The President got home at two o'clock this morning," he said, "and he stopped it all."

But it was not only in matters of life and death that Mr. Lincoln was merciful. He was kind at heart towards all the world. I noticed his sweetness of nature particularly with his little son, a child at that time perhaps seven or nine years old, who used to roam the departments and whom everybody called "Tad." He had a defective palate, and couldn't speak very plainly. Often I have sat by his father, reporting to him some important matter that I had been ordered to inquire into, and he would have this boy on his knee. While he would perfectly understand the report, the striking thing about him was his affection for the child.

He was good to everybody. Once there was a great gathering at the White House on New Year's day, and all the diplomats came in their uniforms, and all the officers of the army and navy in Washington were in full costume. A little girl of mine said, "Papa, couldn't you take me over to see that?" I said, Yes; so I took her over and put her in a corner, where she beheld the gorgeous show. When it was finished, I went up to Mr. Lincoln and said, "I have a little girl here who wants to shake hands with you." He went over to her, and took her up and kissed her and talked to her. She will never forget it if she lives to be a thousand years old.

BACK TO THE FRONT.

I remained in Washington the entire winter of 1863-64, occupied mainly with the routine business of the Department. Meantime the Chattanooga victory had made Grant the great military figure of the country, and deservedly so. The grade of lieutenant-general had been immediately revived by act of Congress, and the President had promptly promoted him to the new rank, and made him general-in-chief of all the armies of the United States. His military prestige was such that everything was put into his hands, everything yielded to his wishes. The coming of Grant was a great relief to the President and the Secretary. Halleck, the late general-in-chief, consented to serve as Grant's chief-of-staff in Washington, practically

continuing his old service of chief military adviser to the President and the Secretary of War, while Grant took the field in active direction of operations against Richmond. Halleck was not thought to be a great man in the field, but he was nevertheless a man of military ability, and by reason of his great accomplishments in the technics of armies and of war was almost invaluable as an adviser to the civilians Lincoln and Stanton. He was an honest man, perhaps something lacking in moral courage, yet earnest and energetic in his efforts to sustain the national government. I have heard Halleck accused of being unjust to his inferiors, especially Grant. I believe this wrong. I never thought him unjust to anybody. He always had his own ideas, and insisted strenuously on following his own course, but I never detected a sign of injustice in his conduct towards others. I think this false impression came from the fact that he was a very critical man. The first impulse of his mind towards a new plan was not enthusiasm; it was analysis, criticism. His habit of picking men and manners to pieces to see what they were worth gave the idea that he was unjust and malicious towards certain of his subordinates.

It was March when Grant came to Washington to receive his new grade of lieutenant-general. Soon afterwards he joined the Army of the Potomac. On the 4th of May he had moved out from Culpeper, where the army had been in winter quarters since the previous December, and crossed the Rapidan with an effective force of 120,000 men. General Lee, his opponent, had about 70,000.

For two days after Grant moved we had no authentic reports from the army, although it was known that great events were transpiring. Mr. Stanton and Mr. Lincoln had begun to get uneasy. The evening of May 6th I was at a reception, when a messenger came with summons to the War Department. I hurried over to the office in evening dress. The President was there, talking very soberly with Stanton.

"Dana," said Mr. Lincoln, "you know we have been in the dark for two days since Grant moved. We are very much troubled, and have concluded to send you down there. How soon can you start?"

"In half an hour," I replied.

In about that time I had an engine fired up at Alexandria, and a cavalry escort of a hundred men awaiting me there. I had gotten into my camp clothes, had bor-

rowed a pistol, and with my own horse was aboard the train at Maryland Avenue that was to take me to Alexandria. My only baggage was a tooth-brush. I was just starting, when an orderly galloped up with word that the President wished to see me. I rode back to the Department in hot haste. Mr. Lincoln was sitting in the same place.

"Well, Dana," said he, looking up, "since you went away I've been thinking about it. I don't like to send you down there."

"But why not, Mr. President?" I asked, a little surprised.

"You can't tell," continued the President, "just where Lee is or what he is doing, and Jeb Stuart is rampaging around pretty lively in between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan. It's a considerable risk, and I don't like to expose you to it."

"Mr. President," I said, "I have a cavalry guard ready and a good horse myself. If we are attacked, we probably will be strong enough to fight. If we are not strong enough to fight, and it comes to the worst, we are equipped to run. It's getting late, and I want to get down to the Rappahannock by daylight. I think I'll start."

"Well, now, Dana," said the President, with a little twinkle in his eyes, "if you feel that way, I rather wish you would. Good night, and God bless you."

By seven o'clock the morning of May 7th I was at the Rappahannock, where I found a rear guard of the army. I stopped there for breakfast, and then hurried on to Grant's headquarters, which were at Piney Branch Meeting House. There I learned of the crossing of the Rapidan by our army, and of the desperate battle of the Wilderness on May 5th and 6th.

CUPID'S MESSENGER.

BY GERTRUDE ADAMS.

MISS PORTER, the learned Ph.D. and professor of logic, sat in her study in their joint apartments looking up some points on fallacies. Edith was in the reception-room adjoining, and although the door was closed, Miss Porter knew from the earnest masculine voice that occasionally interrupted the feminine treble that the persevering Mr. Paul Verdenal had again appeared to waste two or three hours of Edith's time. Edith had come to New York to pursue music, and Mr. Verdenal had come to New York to pursue Edith. Mr. Verdenal, apparently, that afternoon, had the inside track. At last there was the sound of a closing door, and Edith appeared in the study.

"He's—he's asked me," she said, walking to the window and frowning out at the Palisades.

"Did you tell him yes or no?" Miss Porter inquired crisply.

"Dear me, I didn't tell him either," the girl replied. "A question like that, a question of your whole future happiness, you know, could scarcely be decided upon in one mad instant, and I've a short enough time as it is, heaven knows. I've given my word of honor to send an answer to the steamer before ten to-night. That means getting a messenger-boy—"

"Special delivery is cheaper and just as sure. The postman collects at five," interrupted Miss Porter.

"That gives me only two hours to think it over. Still, if I can save as much as fifteen cents, it's worth the extra brain pressure. You see," the girl went on, "he—Mr. Verdenal—Paul—Mrs. Paul Verdenal—" she said meditatively, and then stopped, blushing and smiling all to herself. It was fully five minutes before she came out of the sentimental labyrinth in which she had lost herself. "Paul," she resumed, at length, "sails to-morrow noon for South America. It's a good long eighteen months' mining contract this time, so, of course, he wants all his business settled up before he sails, and——"

"And you are to be settled up, too, along with the other unfinished business," Miss Porter supplied.

"Yes," she said; "and he wanted me to tell him right smack off whether I would or wouldn't. He's so awfully direct. 'Come,' he said, 'you know whether it's yes or no.' But I begged for a little time. He has a lot of business down town to see about, so he can't come up town again to find out. My answer must be at the steamer for him. He's

going aboard to-night, so that he can see about the loading of his mining things early to-morrow morning. He was awfully curt when I told him I couldn't for the life of me tell him yes or no. Oh, dear, I dare say he fancied—well, I don't know what. And here it is after three!"

She got up and looked at herself in the mirror over the fireplace, and then gazed half enviously at Miss Porter, who was cutting her way through the pages of a thick logic with the complacent expression of one whose mind is at ease.

"It means giving up my freedom," Edith said wistfully, looking at Miss Porter and inviting contradiction.

"A married woman is under the thumb of her husband," that lady found time to

say, as she slid her paper-knife between the leaves.

Edith wriggled uneasily.

"Don't," she said; "I feel as though an iron clamp or vise was around somewhere. Does Paul strike you as a tyrannical sort of man?"

"He's the sort of man who would be master in his own house, I think," said Miss Porter.

"Oh, well," said Edith, cocking her head on one side and looking critically at Miss Porter, "after all, what do you know about him? You can't judge him, you really can't, from the little you have seen of him. And, besides, you've always managed to get on the wrong subjects with him—women's having latch-keys, and

their going alone to the theaters at night. He never shows off at his best on those subjects, because he has such mediæval opinions, you know. But, anyway, tyrannical or not, I should loathe a man I could twist around my finger; now, wouldn't you?"

"I should not, under any circumstances, enjoy life with a bully," rejoined Miss Porter, after a moment's thought.

"We are not considering life with a bully," said Edith, "we are considering life with a mining engineer."

She seated herself at Miss Porter's desk, and began pulling over the note paper.

"I'm going to write here, if you don't mind," she said. "I don't want to go



"'HE'S—HE'S ASKED ME,' SHE SAID, WALKING TO THE WINDOW AND FROWNING OUT AT THE PALISADES."

to my own desk. It's stuffed so full of Paul's letters that I haven't room for a thing in it."

She seized a pen, and began scratching away.

"If you have any advice to offer," she said, while she was writing, "speak now. It's your last chance."

"If you love him," said Miss Porter deliberately, "tell him yes. If you do not love him, tell him no."

"Thank you," laughed Edith. "Oh, wise and upright Ph.D., you have made it so very clear and simple. I see my way perfectly."

At the end of ten minutes Edith's voice broke the silence.

"Do you want to hear this?"

Miss Porter signified her willingness.

Edith read aloud, slowly and impressively:

"Dear Paul,—I have thought it all over very carefully, and it seems to me I am not the kind of woman to make you happy. This is my final decision. I most earnestly trust that it will make no difference in our friendship.

"Yours very sincerely,
"EDITH ARMITAGE."

There was silence for a moment.

"Well, what do you think of it?" Edith asked.

"I think it sounds a little—cold," said Miss Porter.

"Well, you can't make that sort of letter sound very warm and effusive," Edith replied calmly; "but now how's this?"

She took up a sheet of blue note paper, and began reading aloud:

"Dear, dear Paul;" she got no further, however, and after a moment's hesitation, she handed the note to Miss Porter, who quickly read this brief note upon the blue paper:

"Dear, dear Paul—Yes, yes, yes. You asked

me three times this afternoon the same question, and I have answered you now for all time.

"EDITH."

"But why two?" asked Miss Porter, with a puzzled frown, as she gave back the note, "and which are you going to send?"

"I don't know yet," she said. "I have until five to decide, and I want them both ready, so that I shall be perfectly free to think up to the last minute, and then I am prepared for whatever I decide upon. Now I am going off by myself, so that I can have it perfectly quiet to think."

She disappeared, and five minutes later the "Du und Du Waltz" awoke the echoes of the quiet apartment. Miss Porter recollected Edith's saying that when she and Paul were children together, in San Francisco, they used to waltz to the "Du und Du," and Miss Porter concluded that playing this waltz was Edith's way of thinking.

Ten minutes later the "Du und Du" died a harmonic death, and twenty minutes later Edith appeared in the

study in her bicycle suit.

"I haven't made up my mind yet," she announced. "But I am going out on my wheel. I can always think better when I am whizzing along in the open air. You can't think, you know, all stewed up in a little apartment."

She was buttoning her jacket, and tucking in the long ends of a blue Liberty scarf which she had around her neck, as she spoke.

"Are your eyes good?" she demanded abruptly.

"I can tell a hawk from a handsaw," Miss Porter replied.

"Yes, but at what range? Come here to the window," she commanded.



"A BLUE SCARF FLOATED STEADILY OUT IN THE OCTOBER BREEZE."

Miss Porter rose, and crossed the room. "Do you see that car," Edith asked, "down by the hospital?" What color is it?"

"Blue," replied Miss Porter.

"Good," exclaimed the examiner. "Now, I am going out for my spin, and I am going to think all the time, and at about five minutes to five I shall ride up to that corner, and I shall signal to you which letter you are to post to Paul. If I wave my handkerchief, put the special delivery stamp on the white envelope and send it; and if I wave my blue scarf, then send the blue one."

"Child's play," Miss Porter commented, with a smile. "Why don't you take them both with you, and send the one you want to send yourself?"

"I should have to carry them in my pocket, which would spoil the hang of my skirt; and, besides, I might—I am in such an agony of doubt—send them both," the girl replied.

When she had gone, Miss Porter tried to settle down to the quiet reading which her soul loved; but after each paragraph she gave a startled look at the clock, fearing that her absorption might tempt the hands of the clock to more rapid movement than the government allows. At ten minutes of five, with a look of relief, she rose and went to the window. Promptly at the appointed time she saw Edith flash into sight around the corner of St. Luke's Hospital. The opera glasses which Miss Porter focused upon her, revealed her riding slowly about in a circle, fumbling at her jacket. Presently she turned her wheel so that it faced Miss Porter, and as she rode half up the street, and then turned and rode down again, a blue scarf floated steadily out in the October breeze, adding a new note of color to the red sunset clouds that were sending their glow over the Palisades and across the Hudson.

Miss Porter turned from the window as Edith wheeled away to the Boulevard.

At five o'clock there was in the hands

of the postman a letter in a blue envelope, addressed:

"MR. PAUL VERDENAL,
"S.S. 'Advance,'
"West Twenty-seventh Street Pier,
"New York."

Edith was back just in time to dress for dinner.

"We must go somewhere," she said to Miss Porter, who seemed inclined to pro-



"HE PULLED HIS CHAIR NEARER AND LEANED ON THE EDGE OF THE BOX-RAIL."

test. "I can't bear to be left alone with my thoughts any longer; I want a radical change of atmosphere and tone. Now, what do you say to our going after dinner to that place where that English music-hall singer is?"

Miss Porter said several things, and would have said several more had not Edith interrupted her with, "Yes, I know it's smoky and all that, but it's perfectly respectable, oh, perfectly; and I've often heard you say you were thankful that you were sufficiently emancipated to go without fear anywhere in New York where a respectable man would go. And from the point of view of my music, it is really my duty to go. The newspapers and the musical journals say it is really something new in the way of recitative singing."

The programme had already begun when she and Miss Porter took their seats quite far back in the music-hall, and gazed

through the air blue with smoke at an expert juggler juggling with hoops and glass balls. Miss Porter tired of him soon, and interested herself in watching the house. While she was gazing about, a party of men filed into one of the stage-boxes. They were not in evening dress; indeed one of the men wore rough tweeds. There was something familiar to Miss Porter in the appearance of the one thus clad—something in his carriage, for she could not see his face. After he sat down, he turned slightly and lighted his cigarette.

"It's Paul Verdenal," exclaimed Miss Porter.

Edith turned about quickly, and glanced in the direction in which Miss Porter was looking. She did not speak.

There were five men in the box, and they seemed to be in the gayest mood as they talked and laughed and smoked. A hopeless "left-out" expression slowly spread itself over Edith's face.

The juggler meanwhile vanished from the stage in a whirlwind of glass balls and hoops, and an Irish "lady artiste" of imposing height and magnificent breadth advanced to the front of the stage and began a stentorian music-hall recitative, "Ain't I a nice little gurrul?"

The box full of men clapped enthusiastically. Paul Verdenal's shoulders shook with convulsive enjoyment at each repetition of the coy inquiry. He pulled his chair nearer and leaned on the edge of the box-rail as his interest waxed.

"Come, let's go," said Edith, with a little gasp. "That woman is singing off the key, and this smoke is choking me."

When they were once again in the cool night air and had turned into Broadway, Edith spoke:

"Do you know," she began, "Paul said

business would keep him down-town? Now, I don't think going to a place like that is business."

"It must be," murmured Miss Porter; "for it certainly isn't pleasure."

"He said," Edith went on in a sepulchral tone, "'I am so sorry I can't see you again; but business, and saying good-bye to one or two old friends, sandwiched in between, will keep me down-town until

I sail.' Those were his very words. And he said, too, he couldn't draw a free breath until he knew whether he could look forward to a—a—a—well, have me, you know. Now, for a man who has said all that, I really do think he is enjoying himself amazingly, don't you?"

Miss Porter acknowledged that Paul Verdenal, with his fate hanging in the balance, gave every evidence of a man who was on very good terms with the world.

They walked after this for some time in silence. When they were opposite Madison Square Edith spoke again, very gravely.

"That letter this afternoon was sent off without due deliberation. I am going to ask you to do something for me. They say the friendship of women isn't like the friendship of men; but you will be as faithful as a man friend, won't you?"

"I will try to be," Miss Porter replied cautiously.

"Will you go down to that steamer and get Paul to give me back that letter I sent him? You may tell him that you sent it, and that I want it back; that there is a mistake about it. He won't refuse you. If you go over at once, you will be there when he goes aboard. He said he would go aboard at ten. Tell him that he shall have his answer from me before he sails to-morrow noon. Now go; get a cab."



"AN EXPERT JUGGLER JUGGLING WITH HOOPS AND GLASS BALLS."

"But, Edith," remonstrated Miss Porter, "why do you want me to go to the steamer? You can write and tell him that you have changed your mind."

"No, no; it's cruel to let him read that note of mine and then get another note from me taking it all back. Now, do go. I have such a strong intuition that I have made a mistake. I don't think he cares for me as he vows he does, and his tastes are wholly different from mine. Now go; take a cab."

Edith gave one final imploring glance in Miss Porter's direction, and then darted out into the middle of the street, toward a cable-car which had stopped at her signal.

A few moments later, Miss Porter, characteristically disregarding the expensive cab advice, got into a cross-town car and jogged thoughtfully over to the West Side. From the terminus she walked up to Twenty-seventh Street. It was not a pleasant walk; but the thought that she compared most favorably with any faithful friend of the other sex cheered Miss Porter's uneven path over rough cobblestones and past forbidding warehouses.

As she walked down the long pier, fragrant with licorice and other South American products, an unpleasant thought assailed her. Who could tell how long she might be forced to wait for the festive Mr. Verdenal? Might he not prolong his farewell ceremonies until cock-crow?

Notwithstanding these cheerless forebodings, Miss Porter walked resolutely up the gang-plank and sat down on the deck of the clean white steamer.

There was an unusually heavy cargo to be shipped South, and, late as it was, great trucks and wagons came rolling down the pier with freight to be loaded into the hold.

One of the ship's officers appeared on the deck, and, as he was pacing slowly by her, Miss Porter stopped him to explain that she was waiting to see a Mr. Verdenal who expected to come aboard that night. She also asked if it would be possible to ascertain whether a special delivery letter addressed to Mr. Verdenal had been received on the steamer. The officer sent some one below to inquire. Presently the man returned to say that there were several letters awaiting Mr. Verdenal, but none of them bore a special delivery stamp.

After this information, and while Miss Porter was strolling restlessly toward the forward end of the deck, there was a

sound of light wheels rolling down the pier. She turned quickly and walked over to the deck-rail. A hansom had paused at the gang-plank, and two men got out. One of them she recognized as Paul. He and his companion hurried up the gangway, and before she had time to reach them they were on their way down into the saloon.

She waited on deck, slightly annoyed at the delay, but secure in the knowledge that Edith's letter had not yet been delivered.

Presently they were heard coming up the stairs, but Paul went to his stateroom, and the friend came out on deck alone, sitting down not far from Miss Porter. While she sat there in the half-light, wishing herself well out of the affair, and wondering when Paul would emerge again, he shot suddenly out of the cabin and across the deck to where his friend was sitting.

"It's all right, Jim, old fellow," Miss Porter heard him say. "I wasn't at all sure. But it went, after all, straight as water through a sluice-box. The matter's clinched now."

Then, to the amazement of Miss Porter, Paul executed a sort of clog-dance in front of his friend, who evidently had seen enough of that sort of thing at the music-hall; for he seized Paul by the arm, took the pipe from between his own lips, and growled out:

"Well, keep your hair on, old man. You're not the first fish that's been hooked."

Miss Porter fancied from this, to her, half-foreign language, that Paul had received good news from some business venture; and, rising, she walked to the other end of the deck, until he should be quiet enough to behave like a rational being.

It was getting late, and as no messenger had come aboard since her arrival, it seemed to her foolhardy to wait until the delivery of the letter. She concluded, therefore, that she would pledge Paul upon his honor to return to Edith, unopened, the letter for which she had come. This required tactful handling, and she was mentally rehearsing an opening plea, when she heard quick steps behind her. Turning, she faced Paul Verdenal.

"You? Miss Porter!" he exclaimed; then he swiftly concealed his overpowering amazement, like the well-bred man he was. "The steward just told me that there was a lady who had been waiting to see me for some time, but 'I could not imagine who it could be.'"

"Mr. Verdenal," Miss Porter began, "Miss Armitage——"

"Edith," he interrupted, with a radiant smile. "Of course, you know all about it. She told me she was going to consult you. She has the greatest opinion of your judgment, you know. Yes, I've just got her note," he rattled on, not noticing Miss Porter's start of surprise, for he seemed totally lost in a mist of amiable joyousness. "Edith said she would have it here by ten. I got here to the minute, but the note was nowhere to be found in the saloon. I was completely bowled over. You know she always keeps

her word. Then I went up to my state-room, and there I found her note. I was relieved, you can fancy. Tell Edith she can have no idea of the suspense I have been in to-night."

"She perhaps has just a faint idea of it," said Miss Porter.

"Well, possibly," Paul admitted. "And I am so glad that, when Edith consulted you in this little affair, your judgment didn't fail you, Miss Porter."

While Paul, in the excess of his gratitude, was shaking hands with Miss Porter, she suddenly gave his hand a most cordial pressure, and resolved, at that instant, that her duty for the night was over. She could not get the note. Cruel it might be to keep Paul Verdenal in ignorance of the truth, but it was Edith's, not her task to enlighten him. The only task that claimed her attention was the sufficiently difficult one of offering a plausible excuse for her singular appearance on shipboard at that hour of the night.

"It is getting late, Mr. Verdenal," she said, "and I must go. Good-by. You have my best wishes, and I am glad to



"'YOU? MISS PORTER?' HE EXCLAIMED."

have had this little glimpse of you. Edith was sure I would see you if I came here at this time."

"And you took all this trouble just to say good-by to me?" he said, looking both touched and amazed, as well he might, at this unexpected devotion on Miss Porter's part. "I was going to ask for you, this afternoon; but the truth is, I forgot all about it. You understand the—the agitation I was in made me forget much that I should have remembered."

He accompanied her with great ceremony down the gangway, and insisted upon sending her home in the cab which was waiting on the pier for his friend.

"Tell Edith," he said, just before the cab turned, "that I shall be up in the morning to see her. I don't sail until noon; so tell her if she has any musical engagements to cut them."

"It's very easy for Edith to change her plans," said Miss Porter, smiling grimly. "I shall deliver your messages."

When she reached home, she found that it would be necessary, before delivering any messages, to awaken Edith. That

young lady was curled up like a kitten, sound asleep, in a nest of pillows upon the broad window seat in Miss Porter's study.

"Well?" she said sleepily, opening her eyes and smiling at Miss Porter, who exclaimed in an indignant voice:

"Edith, you amaze me; you ought to be walking the floor!"

"I did until I got tired; you have been gone such a long, long time."

"He had opened your note," said Miss Porter, sinking into her arm-chair and drawing off her gloves, "before I could speak to him, so I told him nothing. I let him think I was an erratic fool of a woman who took the trouble to wish him *bon voyage* in a romantic, unconventional way. When you write your refusal, do explain briefly about me."

"He had read my note, had he?" said Edith, who was then very wide awake. "How did he seem about it?"

"Very happy," replied Miss Porter; "quite mad with delight. Poor fellow, I never liked him so much as I do to-night, Edith."

"And he was very happy, was he?" said Edith, thoughtfully. "Well, he does think a great deal of me, after all. Do you know—coming home I—I thought I had been a little too hasty in deciding to get the note back."

Edith had here the grace to blush.

"I wish you had been hasty enough to notify me of your change of mind," observed Miss Porter.

"Ah, but I couldn't do that, you know," said Edith. She had piled all the fluffy pillows in her lap, and, resting her round chin on the top of one, she smiled at Miss Porter over the barricade.

"Because, don't you see, it was just the—the thought of your going over there, and undoing my acceptance of him, and making him appear in the light of one lost to me forever, that made me realize how—how much I cared for him after all. It was that thought, and the thought, too, that it wouldn't be long before Paul would be attracted by some other girl; he's a dear fellow, Paul, but fickle, I am afraid. Yes, it was the thought of this other girl's inevitable appearance that made me decide that, even if you did wrest the letter from him, I should send it right back to him the first thing in the morning. Now, you can understand exactly what it was that changed me. It's quite in your line; there's no intuition about it, it's all perfectly logical."

"It's all perfectly dog-in-the-mangerical," replied Miss Porter. "Paul Verdenal deserves to be accepted for some better reason, too."

The pile of pillows was scattered into the four corners of the study. Edith sprang to her feet.

"You dear thing," said she, "you're cross. You don't know it, but you are; and I am going to make you a Welsh rabbit. We'll have a nice little bachelor supper to celebrate my engagement."

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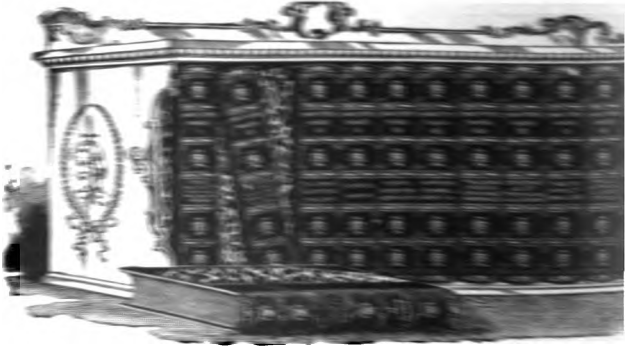
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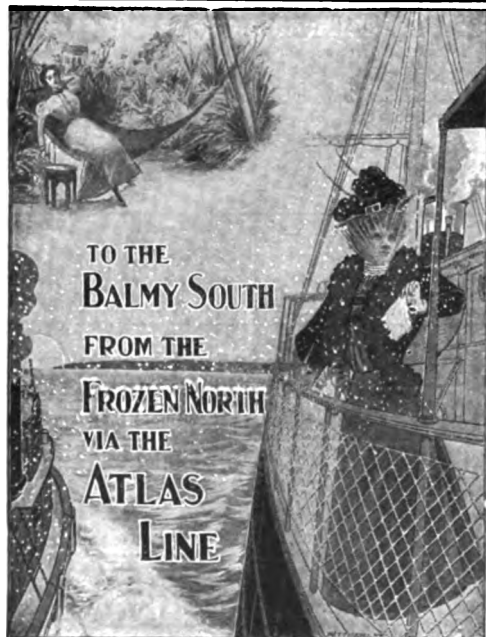
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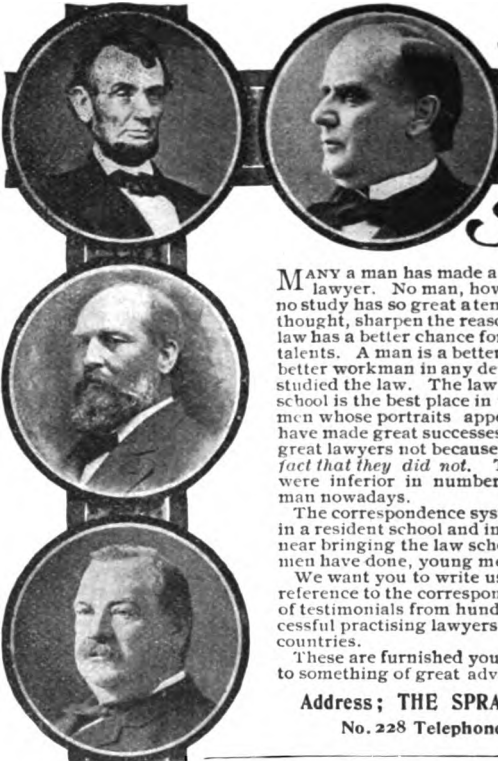
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(We have them more numerous than one would believe),

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WE GIVE
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Millions NOW USE Pearline

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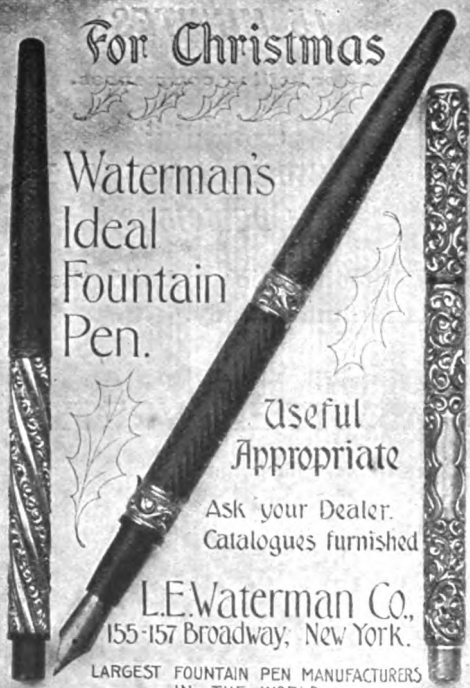
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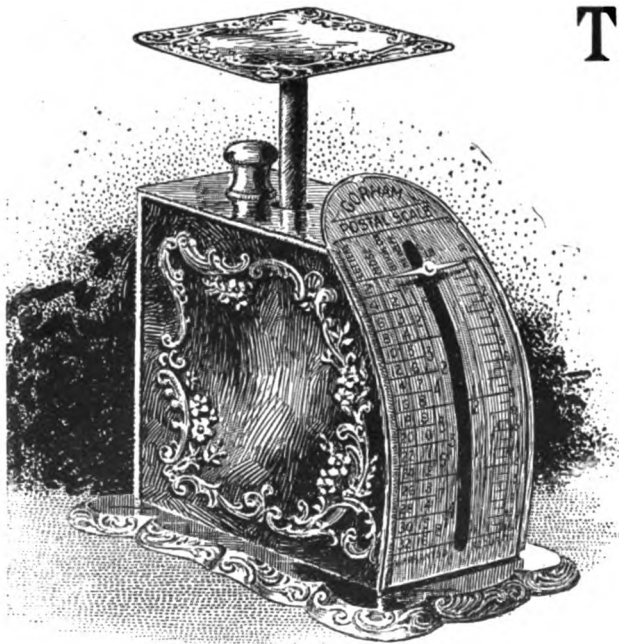
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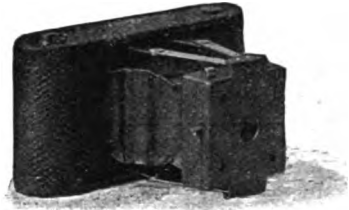
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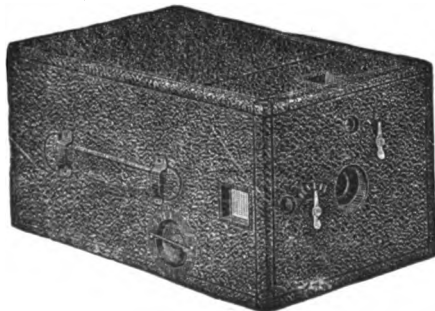
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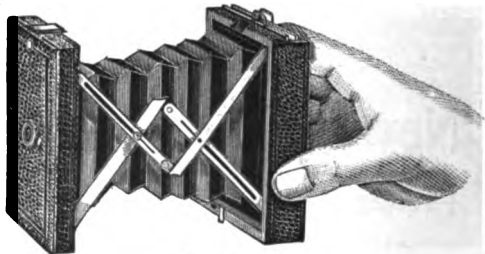
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— *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 1967, 201: 1231-1232.

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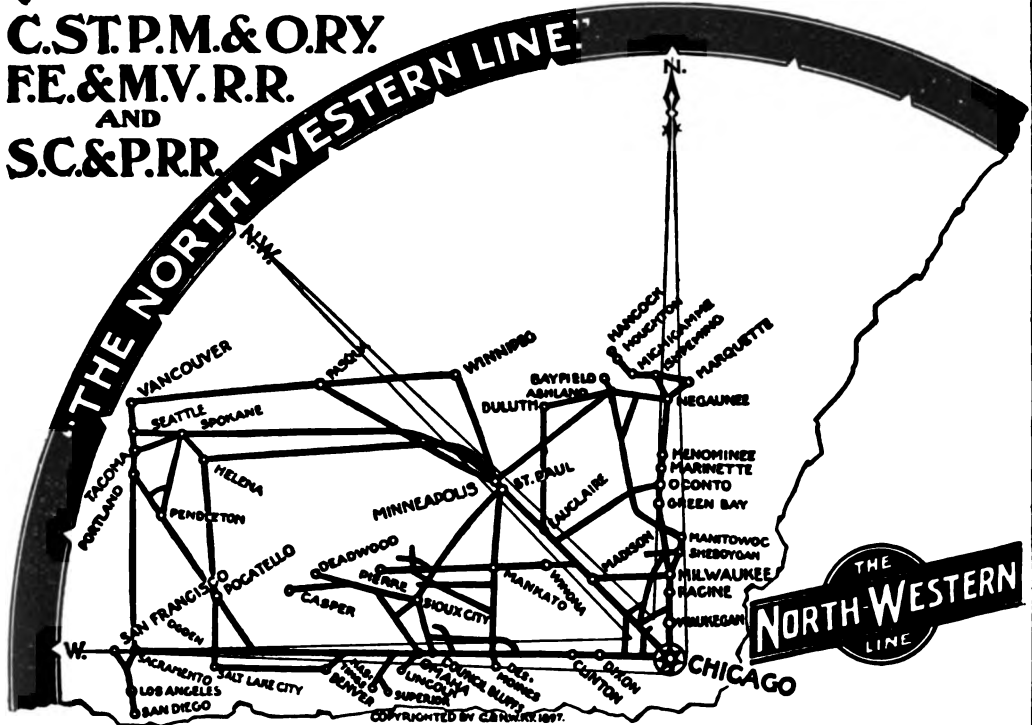
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Cash on hand and in bank, - - - - -	1,355,412.53
Loans on bond and mortgage, real estate, - - - - -	5,908,610.72
Interest accrued but not due, - - - - -	227,730.38
Loans on collateral security, - - - - -	945,400.94
Loans on this Company's Policies, - - - - -	1,106,580.51
Deferred Life Premiums, - - - - -	288,990.19
Premiums due and unreported on Life Policies, - - - - -	228,448.75
United States Bonds, - - - - -	14,000.00
State, county, and municipal bonds, - - - - -	3,612,646.78
Railroad stocks and bonds, - - - - -	4,864,206.75
Bank stocks, - - - - -	1,084,047.00
Other stocks and bonds, - - - - -	1,449,455.00

Total Assets, - - - - - **\$22,868,994.16**

LIABILITIES.

Reserve, 4 per cent., Life Department, - - - - -	\$16,650,062.00
Reserve for Re-insurance, Accident Dept., - - - - -	1,365,817.22
Present Value, Instalment Life Policies, - - - - -	426,288.00
Reserve for Claims resisted for Employers, - - - - -	290,066.30
Losses unadjusted, - - - - -	269,794.94
Life Premiums paid in advance, - - - - -	25,330.58
Special Reserve for unpaid taxes, rents, etc., - - - - -	110,000.00

Total Liabilities, - - - - - **\$19,146,359.04**

Excess Security to Policy-holders, - - - - - **\$3,722,635.12**

Surplus to Stockholders, - - - - - **\$2,722,635.12**

STATISTICS TO DATE.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Life Insurance in force, - - - - -	\$91,882,210.00
New Life Insurance written in 1897, - - - - -	14,507,249.00
Insurance issued under the Annuity Plan is entered at the commuted value thereof as required by law.	
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897, - - - - -	1,235,585.39
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, - - - - -	13,150,350.57

ACCIDENT DEPARTMENT.

Number Accident Claims paid in 1897, - - - - -	15,611
Whole number Accident Claims paid, - - - - -	307,990
Returned to Policy-holders in 1897, - - - - -	\$1,381,906.81
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, - - - - -	21,210,095.96

Returned to Policy-holders in 1897, - - - - -	\$2,617,492.20
Returned to Policy-holders since 1864, - - - - -	34,360,626.53

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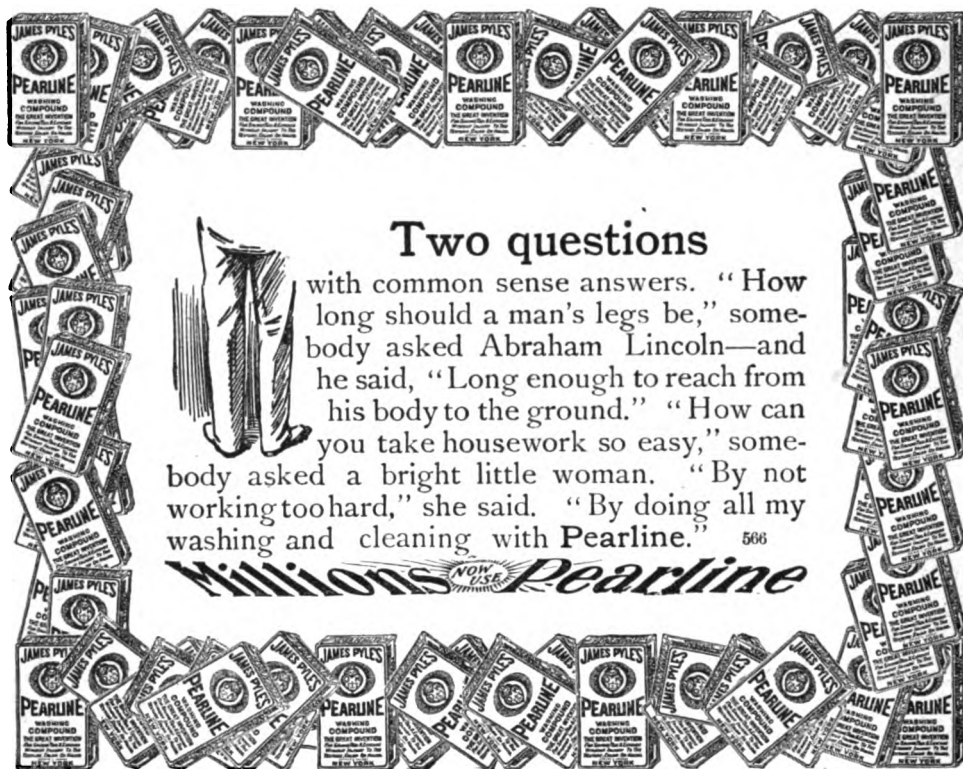
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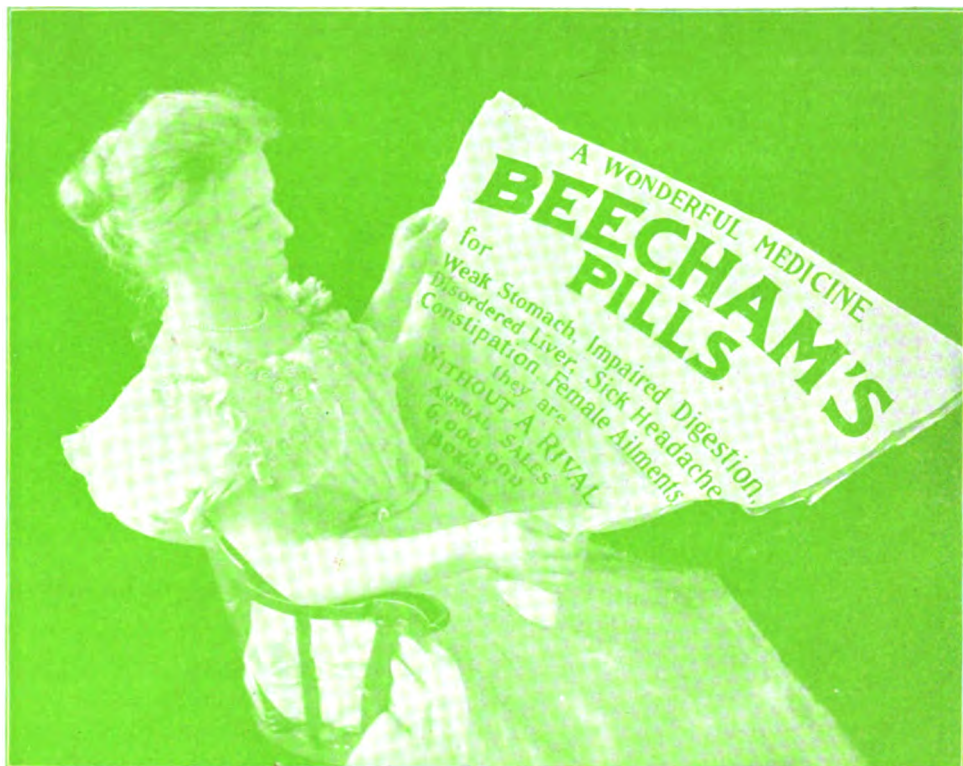
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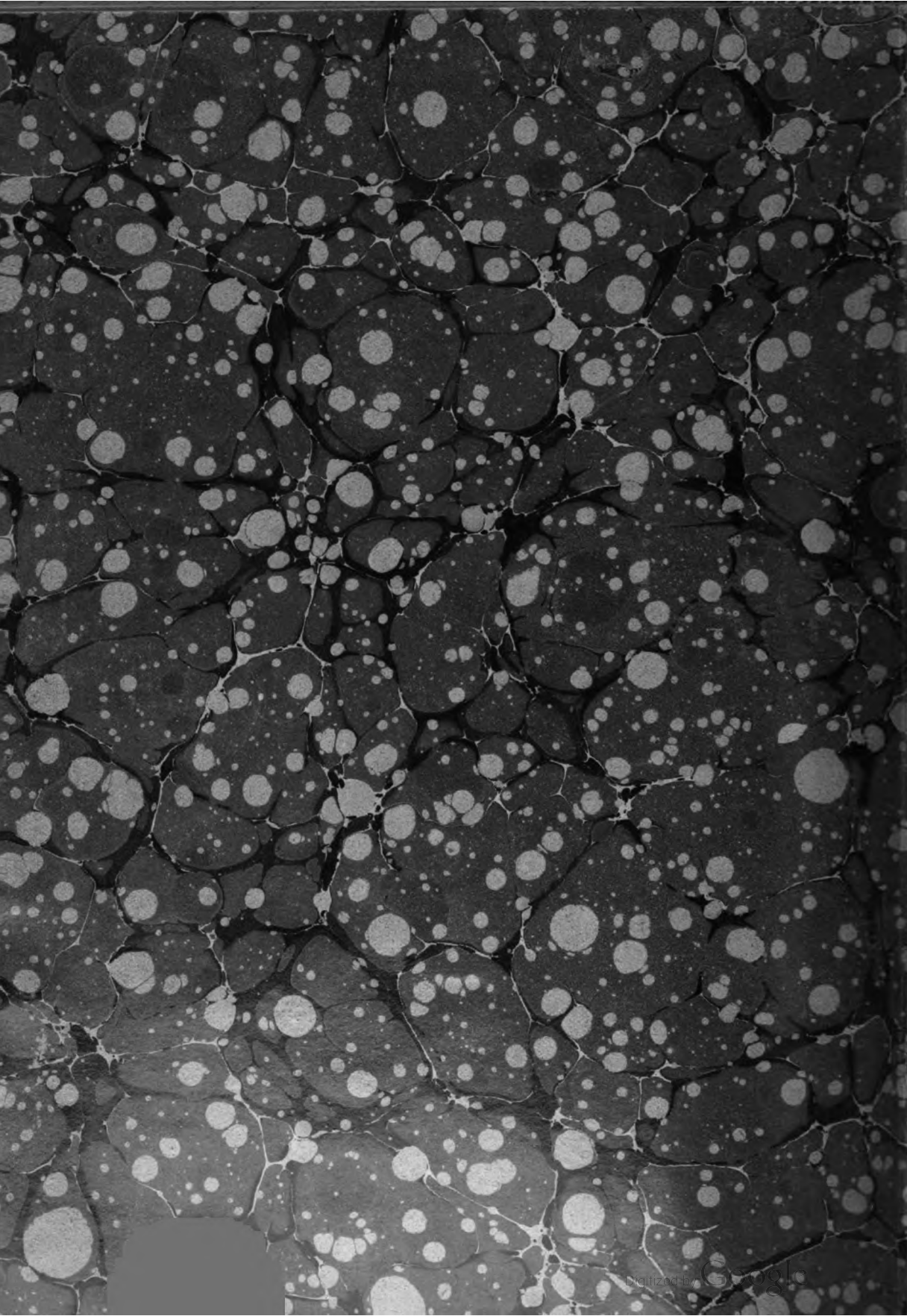
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